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## THE COLLEGE OF PRECEPTORS.

THE new buildings of the College of Preceptors in Bloomsbury Square are not unworthy of the largest examining body in the United Kingdom; for none of the universities or great educational corporations can show such an annual total of examinees. Nearly sixteen thousand men and women, boys and girls, were examined by the College during last year. Hitherto, the practical difficulty of finding room for the enormous numbers who present themselves at the various London examinations has proved almost insurmountable. The house in Queen Square has long been ludicrously inadequate for requirements of this magnitude. But in its new home the College is comfortably housed. The hall is spacious enough to seat easily a thousand students at the same time; and it is probable that the operations of this indefatigable corporation will develop into still more huge proportions when it is no longer trammelled for space.

Few people probably realise the work which has been so thoroughly, although so unostentatiously, performed by the College of Preceptors during its forty years' existence. In the examination of teachers alone, it has discharged a duty of incalculable importance. It is one of the many functions of the institution to provide facilities to the teacher for acquiring a knowledge of his profession, as well as to examine and to certify as to his fitness; and in this way it has more than fulfilled the objects with which it was founded. Then the half-yearly examinations of pupils, which is another distinct branch of its work, afford a most useful test of their progress, whereby both teachers and the public can form a satisfactory criterion of the value of the instruction received and given. In this respect, too, the College was a pioneer, for its pupil examinations were founded some years before the institution of the University Local Examinations, and even before those organised in 1856 by the Society of Arts. For more than thirty years, immense numbers of boys and

for examination, while visiting examiners are also appointed by the College for the inspection and examination of public and private schools. Another subsidiary but important branch of the operations of the College is the organisation of courses of lectures on 'the Science, Art, and History of Education.' In 1873, moreover, the Council instituted a professorship—the first established in this country-of the Science and Art of Education as a special subject of instruction. Lessons on the methods of teaching various special subjects are also arranged from time to time, and meetings are held monthly for the purpose of discussing educational topics. There is, too, a library of educational works for the use of members.

Established in 1846, the College of Preceptors was incorporated by royal charter in 1849, for the purpose of promoting sound learning, and of advancing the interests of education, more especially among the middle classes, by affording facilities to the teacher for the acquiring of a sound knowledge of his profession, and by providing for the periodical session of a competent Board of Examiners, to ascertain and give certificates of the acquirements and fitness for their office of persons engaged or desiring to be engaged in the education of youth, particularly in the private schools of England and Wales.' The charter declares that the persons whose names are entered in the register-book shall be members of the corporation, and constitutes them one body, politic and corporate, to have perpetual succession and a common seal. The corpora-tion is, moreover, empowered to purchase and hold personal property, and, notwithstanding the statutes of mortmain, such lands, buildings, and hereditaments as may be necessary for the purposes of the College, provided these do not exceed fifty acres. The charter goes on to provide that there shall be a Dean and Secretary and a Council of forty-eight members, of whom one shall be President and three Vice-presidents, and one-fourth of whom are to retire from office girls have every half-year presented themselves annually. The affairs of the corporation are

managed and directed by this Council, which has the custody and control of the common seal.

So much may be said for the constitution of the College, as provided for under the charter. But it would be tedious to detail the curiously exact provisions made with regard to its management; it will suffice to say that so far these have worked well. And so, too, have the bylaws, which provide, amongst other things, that all persons engaged in education who have passed an examination satisfactory to the Council are admissible

We have already indicated the two main visions into which the work of the College is divided. As to the first, the examination of teachers, it may be added that there are three grades for which diplomas are granted—Associate, Licentiate, and Fellow. The subjects for the diploma of Associate include the English language with special reference to its grammatical struc-ture; the outlines of English literature; English history with special reference to the leading constitutional changes; geography, arithmetic, the theory and practice of education; and either classics, a modern language, mathematics, or science. Candidates for the diplomas of Licentiate or Fellow pass a harder examination in the theory and practice of education, and have to take up two or three respectively of the extra subjects. Women and it may be mentioned that they now form a large proportion of the candidates at the examinations for diplomas—are allowed to substitute either the theory of music or drawing for mathematics. From all this, it will be seen that these examinations afford a sound test of general knowledge.

It is unnecessary to go into further details as to their scope. It may, however, not be without interest to add that the subjects of examination in the theory and practice of education include mental and moral science, logic, physiology, lessongiving and criticism of methods, and the history of education. As to the examinations for certificates, held half-yearly at various centres and at schools 'in union with the College of Preceptors,' it may be remarked that they are divided into five classes—first, second, and third, and higher and lower commercial. For the first class there are eight obligatory subjects, including English grammar, English history, geography, arithmetic, algebra, Euclid, Latin, and either French or German, Spanish or Italian, or Greek; and candidates may be examined in not more than five of the following additional subjects: Scripture history, plane trigonometry, mechanics, mensurahistory, plane trigonometry, mechanics, mensura-tion, experimental physics, chemistry, natural history, political economy, book-keeping, music, and drawing. The second-class examination con-sists of six obligatory, and not more than four optional subjects; and the third class, of four obligatory, and not more than four optional sub-jects; while the higher and lower commercial examinations are the same as those for the first and second classes respectively, with the substitu-

tion of a modern foreign language for Latin.

The higher certificates of the College are recognised by Her Majesty's judges and by the General Medical Council, so that the holders of them are

Kingdom. All first and second class certificates the holders of which have passed an examination in Latin are, moreover, recognised by the Pharmaceutial Society and by the Royal Veterinary College. In fact, the examinations of the College of Preceptors have come to be regarded as a sort of general preliminary examination, a fact that accounts in some measure for the enormous numbers who avail themselves of their advantages. It is satisfactory to know that the number of girls' schools from which candidates are sent up periodically is now very considerable, and is rapidly increasing. In the case of all female candidates, it should be mentioned that algebra, geometry, and Latin are optional, and may be replaced by

any three other subjects.

The College has, indeed, already come to exercise a very appreciable influence upon middleclass education, and in its development will probably become still more influential. In giving cohesion to the individual efforts of private middle-class schools, it has accomplished a great work, the real importance of which has yet to receive the recognition it deserves. Owing to their isolation and their want of co-operation, private schools are largely lost sight of, whereas they perform functions which are every whit as important as those discharged by the great public schools. In the same way, too, so far as female. education is concerned, the real value of the work done by the smaller schools is to a large extent dwarfed by the factitions importance which is given to the high schools and colleges.

It should, moreover, be borne in mind that the College of Preceptors has been the first to establish in this country a chair of Education. In the coming time, it may be that educational history and the science of teaching will form a necessary part of a liberal education. But it is not so today. Even the very names of many of the great educators have an unfamiliar sound. Sir Thomas Elyot's Governour, and Roger Aschan's Scholemaster-those two great authorities for physical education—and John Brinsly's Ludus Literarius, are almost forgotten books. It is as Provest of Eton that Sir Henry Wotton is remembered, and not as the author of A Philosophical Survey of Edu-cation. The Tractate of Education is the least known of John Milton's writings. Few except educationists have probably even heard of Sir William Petty's Plan of a Trade or Industrial School, which appeared in 1647; and Samuel Hartlib's Propositions for erecting a College of Husbandry are almost unknown even in these days of agricultural colleges. Of Comenius, who is perhaps the true founder of educational science, it is safe to say that few people know much. Nor has the influence of Pestalozzi and Froebel yet become so highly valued as it deserves. Here, indeed, lies a rich field of study, and this the College of Preceptors has made its own.

Two projects, it should be added, are at the present time engaging the attention of the Council. The one, the registration of teachers, has long been outstanding. As long ago as 1861, a circular of the Council brought a proposed Scholastic Registration Act before the heads of the principal schools in the country and Medical Council, so that the holders of them are exempt from the preliminary literary examinations held by the Incorporated Law Society and by the various medical corporations of the United disposed of the building difficulty, proposes to accumulate a fund from the surplus revenue of the College for the purposes of founding scholarships for intending teachers, and for the establishment of a Training College for teachers in secondary schools. But we have said enough to indicate the wide usefulness of this great educational corporation.

## RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MEHALAH,' 'JOHN HERRING,' 'COURT ROYAL,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.-THE WORKING OF THE POISON.

WHEN Richard Cable left the Anchor, the hour was not late, but he had drunk more than his head could bear. He had always been an abstemious man; consequently, a glass or two more than what he usually allowed himself greatly upset him. On this sole occasion he had not exercised that self-restraint which was habitual with him, for on this evening the fire in his blood had urged him to slake it. But that was not all. He had felt real pleasure in being once more in congenial society—in society which exercised no thraldom over him, in which he was relieved from the suspicion that he was being watched and criticised. This sense of liberty after irksome bondage impelled him to relax, and for once to forget that there were limits he had been accustomed to set himself. He appreciated the kindliness of the men he was with, and he sought to meet them on their own ground, to show them good-fellowship. As the fever in his veins cooled and his wrath passed away, he became cheerful, and for the first time for many days-happy. It is said that children brought up under stern discipline become dissolute when emancipated from parental governance. Cable had been for some time under discipline peculiarly galling, and now that for a moment he was free, he forgot that his liberty was not absolute.

Richard left the Anchor on the arm of Jonas Flinders, his brother-in-law. He was in good-humour. 'The yacht shall be rechristened to-morrow,' he said. 'She shall be called henceforth the Bessie—that will please my mother; she is Bessie; and the baby is called after her. The best of beats shall bear the name of the best

of women and the dearest of babes.'

The air from the sea was cold; it fanned the hot face of Richard. The sky was without cloud. There was no moon, and many stars were visible; not that the sky was crowded with them, as on a winter night, because there was twilight in the heavens; nevertheless, many showed. The evening star twinkled. Sivius turned red and green and gold, flashed and winked like a diamond. The night was so cool, the breath from the sea so fresh, that Richard's hot head seemed to him to steam. 'There is the Big Bear,' said he, leaning heavily on the arm of Jonas, and pointing to the constellation known to every child. 'There

he is turning about on the end of his tail. He's got his nose high up now-he'll have to bring it down before morning. Often have I watched him go round like the sails of a windmill, when I've kept watch on board the lightship.-Jonas! I think I'm turning about myself, like the Great Bear; but my head is the point on which I revolve. It's a wonderful consideration to me. Jonas, that the Great Bear always knows what to do with his front-paws. They are the pointers. Draw a line through them wherever they may be, and it touches the north star. And when you consider that the Bear is never still, always turning about on the tip of his tail, I say it is marvellous! There is instinct for you. I couldn't do it. My paws are never in place. If I stick them into my pockets, I am wrong. If I put them down straight and stiff, one on either side of me, I'm wrong again. If I plant them on my knees, it is worse than ever. If I draw the back of one of them across my face, it is as bad as murder. Then, Jonas, whatever shall I say about my hindfeet, as Hezekiah Marriage calls them? I can't keep them anywhere where they do not give offence. I've curled them in a sort of knot under my chair where I've been sitting, and I was told I looked absurd—ill at ease. I've stretched them out straight before me, and I was informed I was uncouth. I've put one on one side of my chair and the other on the other side, and that was not right neither; and then the boots have been so smeared with rancid tallow, to keep out the water, that they won't do neither. I'm well aware, Jonas, in the sphere to which I'm elewated, that I'm looked on much as a great ungainly Bear; but I wish in that same firmament I knew how to dispose of my extremities. Oh, the agony of mind those extremities of mine have caused me! Why is it, Jonas, that no beast or bird or creeping thing has any thought about or difficulty with its extremities, but only man?—and we're made to believe he is the lord of creation.—I tell you what I think, Jonas—you're not laughing at me. It is in polite society only—we get laughed at and sneered at. It is not my feet, but her eyes that are the pointers; they are for ever pointing out my extremities, turn them about and put them where I may. Take her bright brown eyes and draw a line through them He checked himself, and said hastily: 'I'm not speaking of my wile; I'm not going to have her alluded to in this company, nor her name named, because your mouths have not been fashioned to pronounce it right, nor can your heads understand her ways of going on, and I won't have any commenting on and criticising of what you do not understand. We'll turn the conversation to the Bessie.'

The cold night-air was affecting him. He who was usually so little of a talker, had become loquacious; but then for many days he had been afraid to speak lest he should commit a solecism, and now that the fear was removed, he talked a great deal.

There is the light out yonder—or two, is it?
—where I used to be in the boat. They have put
another wessel there now, and another man is in

Why! Jonas, I almost wish I were back at the old work, cleaning of the lamp, instead of always being a-snuffing and cleaning and polishing of myself—and never able to get myself right, always smudges somewhere, and rust-marks, and always smudges somewhere, and smud out yonder, one day passed smoke and smut. Out yonder, one day passed True much like another, and all peaceable. True enough, we had storms, and I was tossed about; but there never was any storm and tossing about inside of me; and now it is all inward, and none without. I'd rather the billows ran mountains high and the breakers foamed over my head, than have the seas so heavy within.—What creatures we are, Jonas! When I was on the boat, I was always longing to be ashore with my little ones; and when I was ashore-somehow, I wasn't altogether sorry when my time came to return to the ship. So, I guess, when a man's a bachelor, he longs to be married; and when he's married, he looks back on his singleness with great longing. We always wally what we haven't got. Man is a perwerse animal, Jonas.'

Polly was a good wife. You think of her at times still—though she wasn't rich and accom-

plished. 'Polly!'-Richard tried to recover himself; he was lurching against his brother-in-law. 'Polly was an excellent wife.—But, Jonas, I will have no comparisons drawn. If you mean to insinuate anything against my present wife, you make me your enemy for life. Polly was everything that was right and good in her way; and I have no doubt that—that she—her name is more than we can pronounce right, we uneducated folk—she-What was I saying? She also is all that is excellent in her way. We do not compare them; they are different.—Let us turn the conversation. The Great Bear stands in the sky, always a turning on the end of his tail, which is a moral lesson to us always to keep the conversation a-turning.

The two had nearly reached the cottage. Richard's talk became more disjointed, his walk less steady. The cold air ensuing on the heated atmosphere of the tavern parlour, exercised its usual effect. He had left the Anchor exhilarated;

he was now intoxicated. Was this the same Richard Cable who was wont to return home with raised head and even step, and whistling, to let his little ones know that their father was coming to them to kiss them ere they closed their eyes in sleep? Was this the same Richard Cable now reeling along the road maundering nonsense? What had occasioned this change? Only a drop of poison infused into his blood. The boys in Æsop's fable throng change at the form fable threw stones at the frogs, whereon one of the tribe raised his head out of the water and said: 'What is fun to you is death to us;' and said: What is thin which in his pain, when so may many a man croak in his pain, when merry creatures pelt him with hard words: 'What is fun to them demoralises me.' Bichard was is fun to them demoralises me.' Bichard was already demoralised. His self-respect had met with a mortal wound. This self-respect was the stay which had held up all his other virtues. Strong in his manly dignity, he had been gentle, patient, self-controlled, modest, and temperate. Josephine had struck at his sense of moral dignity, and when that gave way, every grace that had leaned on it went into the dust at the

same time.

A Spanish buil-light is by no means the even

conflict of equally opposed antagonists that we supposed in childhood. The bulls have no inclination to fight; their disposition is peaceable. It is only after persistent and prolonged efforts, that the matadores can good them into pugnacity. They endure without resistance the stab of knife and the prog of lance. They turn their heads away, so as not to see the fluttered scarlet cloaks. And we men are much the same-placable, indisposed to gore, ready to rub our noses against the hands of our guily tricked-out tormentors, against hands wet with our blood. We thrust our stupid heads against their breasts, asking to be patted on our flanks or rubbed between the horns. We do not want to fight, not we! We would not tear away a ribbon or a lace, or trample on a bugle off the frippery that adorns our tormentors. We have been stabbed, but we submit to wounds, and when next goaded, limit our protest to a subdued bellow. Possibly, we shake our heads in threat, but we mean no harm. When at length, with cruel ingenuity, our pretty persecutors drive barbs into the open wounds, and these barbs are armed with crackers and squibs and Catherine-wheels; and when they dribble Greek-fire and flaming sulphur into our sores, then, in our agony, we toss our heads and paw the ground, and strike the barriers of plank with our horns, ripping them like rushes, and we race, bellowing, blinded, mad, round the arena —then woe to those who stand in our way; we are no longer responsible for our actions.

Bessie Cable was sitting in the cottage by the table, in the front kitchen. She had been cutting out a dress for baby, a little pink dress with white sprigs on it, a very small pattern; and Mary sat on a stool beside her, hemming the pieces together. The cut-out scraps lay on the table, some ready for Mrs Cable to sew together. Near her feet was the cradle, in which baby lay

'O grannie!' said Mary, 'will she not look yeet in this pink dress? And she will have sweet in this pink dress? a red sash and red bows on her little shoulders. She will be a sweet little rosebud, will she not? Then Mary stooped over the sleeping child. '190, grannie! look at her,' she said. 'Was there ever such a darling! What a pretty little dimple she has! She is laughing in her sleep. I do believe she is dreaming about her new frock.

Do you think, grandmamma, that babies know what is going to happen? I suppose the angels do, because they are so near God, who knows everything that is to be. I daresay little babysouls that have just come down from God can see a little way into what is going to happen, and that is why Bessie is laughing now-she sees the pink frock in which she will be so smart on Sunday.'

on Sunday.

I do not suppose babies see into the future, dear Mary, not even little pink frocks with carnation bows. I do not think it would be well for them. They would see many sorrows and pains; and then, instead of smiling in their sleep, their tears would trickle over their cheeks. They have because they are blind to what is to are happy because they are blind to what is to

'Grannie,' pursued Mary, 'how do babies' souls come to them? Pather took me outside one night and let me see the falling stars, and he said they were baby-souls coming down out of heaven from the hand of God. Why do the falling stars always go out when they come near

'Because, I suppose, they enter into the little

bodies.'

'But-grannie,' Mary went on-she was a thoughtful child, and asked more questions than Bessie Cable had the wit to answer-'how is it that there are no rising stars? They are all falling, and none flying up. It ought not to be so. If we see the little bright souls come down when babies are born, then, when good people die, we should see their souls like bright stars mount up to heaven.—Have you seen them do that?'

'No, dear, never.'

'But why not, grannie?'
'Because the souls get so dust-clogged and darkened and stained with their sojourn on earth, that the brightness is dimmed, and God must clean them again before they shine.

Mary considered a while, and then said: 'I don't think father's soul will need much cleaning,

it shines so bright now.'
'Hark!' said Mrs Cable. 'There is his tread.

-No; it is not his tread.'

A hand on the door; it was thrown open, and Richard Cable staggered in, without his coat, which he had forgotten, and left on the cupbeard in the Anchor parlour. His face was red, his hair disordered, his eyes wandering.

Mary looked up, sprang to her feet with a cry of delight, and with open arms prepared to run to him. His mother laid her work on her lap, and looked at him with doubt and alarm. Mary was arrested by something in his appearance so unusual as to frighten her.

'Richard!' said Mrs Cable, 'what has hap-

pened ?'

'She shall be christened to-morrow,' he replied; rechristened to-morrow-and called henceforth the Bessie.'

His mother knew what had occurred. The tone of his voice, the drawl in his speech, his position lurching from one foot to the other. declared it.

'Father, dear,' said little Mary, 'how strange

you look!

'Mary,' said Mrs Cable hastily, 'go away. Run up-stairs at once, rising and catching Mary by the hand. 'Your father is—is unwell. You must go instantly to your room. Say your prayers by yourself, and pray for him.' She hurried the child to the stairs,

Mary went reluctantly; but she was a docile child, and did not venture to disobey. On the stairs she stood and blew a kiss to her father from her little palm. 'Grannie,' she said, 'he is not very unwell, is he? He will be well to-morrow.—Dear father, try to be quite well soon.'

'Halloo!' said Richard, staggering to the table, 'what have we here? A new frock for little Bessie! Ha, ha! Shall we have the yacht new christened to-morrow? No disrespect meant to my wife. No slur cast. But we can't pronounce the name right, so had better not pronounce it at all.' Then he went to the cradle. 'Bessie!' he said, 'come along and crow over giving your name to the yacht. A fine boat that answers her helm, as a racer does a touch on the bridle.'

He stooped, put his hands into the cradle under the child, and raised it out of its crib. 'There's grog in the captain's cabin,' he said, swinging the sleeping child aloft, 'there's water down below. -Halloo! at sea already-life on the ocean wave and on the rolling deep! Up we go! Down we go! He lurched over.
'For heaven's sake, Richard,' cried his mother

from the staircase, where she stood holding Mary's hand—'Richard, let the baby alone! Put her

back in the cradle.'

The Bessie shall rake the 'Don't you fear! stars with her topmast, and dance in the foam of the ocean. Sha'n't she, my baby! Up she swings with straining timbers, down she goes!' He lost his balance, fell over the cradle; and the child dropped from his hands on the stone floor, before Mrs Cable had time to unlock her hand from Mary's clutch and fly to catch the babe from his uncertain hold. The little creature uttered a cry and was still. But oh!—with a shriek, piercing, tearing through the house, frightening the children in their beds, the father picked himself up on his knees and clasped his hands, one on each side of his head, sobered in one moment of supreme agony and remorse. He knelt as one turned to stone, with his eyes riveted to the white motionless child, lying on the pavement, his face turned to the hue of death. Was the little one killed? Was it severely injured?

'Run, run for the doctor!' ordered Mrs Cable, coming up, yet shrinking from laying her hand under the fallen child, fearful what she might

Still, frozen, so immovable that he did not even tremble, Richard knelt, upright, holding his head, with elbows out, and gray lips unclosed and blank eyes. The child lay on its back, with the little arms apart, motionless, with eyes fixed, and no colour in the face, no movement of the breast, no pulse beating, only a bubble hanging between

'Run, run for the doctor!' again ordered Mrs

Then Richard staggered to his feet like one suddenly roused from sleep, and yet under the influence of a dream. Still in his shirt sleeves, and without thought to put on his hat, he went to the door, and ran. He stayed at the doctor's door, but he did not wait for him and return with him to the cottage. He ran on, ran for an hour without stopping in one directiontowards Brentwood Hall.

#### BLIND JACK OF KNARESBOROUGH.

THERE is a wonderful law of compensation in nature, if we read her aright; for if she deprives us of one sense, she so quickens the apprehension of the rest that in time we are scarcely conscious of our loss. Blindness has ever been considered the most terrible of such calamities, from the utter helplessness and dependence it is supposed to entail upon its unhappy object. Probably the most extraordinary instance on record of man.rendering himself, as it were, wholly independent of eyesight, and actually excelling in such pursuits as depend most upon the visual organs, is that of

John Metcalf, whose life, under the name of Blind Jack of Knaresborough, has been recorded in two curious old tracts. As his sobriquet implies, John Metcalf was born at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, in the year 1717. His parents were working-people; and when the boy was about six, he was attacked by smallpox, then a scourge as deadly as the plague. He recovered, but with the total loss of sight; but, strange to say, there was nothing in the appearance of the eyes themselves to indicate that they had lost their power; and throughout his life, no one ever suspected, from his look or manner, unless previously informed that such was the case.

By the time he was ten years old, he seems to have experienced little inconvenience from his loss; he could find his way about any part of Knaresborough and join in all the sports and mischief of boys of his own age. Having a taste for music, he was taught the violin. One Squire Woodlands took a great fancy to the poor lad, used to have him up to the Hall, and take him hunting; for, strange as it may sound, there was not a bolder rider in the county of York than blind Jack. No kind of sport came amiss to him. He learned to swim in the Nidd, and soon became so expert that he was employed to dive for the bodies of the drowned. He gained his living principally, however, by playing his violin at weddings and village merry-makings; and in 1732 he received an offer to play at the Harrogate Assembly Rooms. This was some forty years before the immortal Humphry Clinker paid his visit to the northern spa; but the description given by Melford of the public room where the company 'drink tea in the afternoon, and play at cards or dance in the evening, would equally apply to this period. How primitive the company were may be gauged from the fact that the previous fiddler, the sole musician of the place, was nearly a hundred years old. Jack was highly successful, and soon made himself a favourite with the visitors and the resident gentry, to whom he recommended himself by his love of all kinds of open-air sports, especially those of hunting, cockfighting, and horse-racing. He was a constant attendant at the York race-meetings, mixed with the Squires as an equal, betted, and was so fortunate, that he was able to buy a racer of his own and run him for small plates. He once rode a match himself for a heavy wager under most difficult conditions. A one-mile circle was marked out by posts, and this was to be ridden thrice round. Large sums were laid that Metcalf would never be able to keep the course; but at each post he stationed a man with a bell, and as this was struck on his approach, he knew exactly when to turn, and so came in the winner, beating his competitor, who had eyesight in his favour.

At bowls, which would seem to depend so much

adept that few could beat him. He played with cards on which the figures were raised; and his fellow-players named their cards as they laid them down. Boxing is another art that would seem to be unattainable by a blind man, and here again Metcalf upsets all preconceived ideas. There was a gigantic bully at Knaresborough who had constituted himself the terror of the One day he insulted a friend of Jack's place. in a public-house, whereupon the latter challenged him to fight. The fellow eagerly took up the glove, making sure of an easy victory; but in the course of twenty minutes, Metcalf, without receiving any injury himself, had inflicted such a thrashing upon his opponent that he howled for mercy.

Jack was a fine-made man, stood six feet two in his stockings, and was robust in proportion. Although disfigured by the smallpox, he was a great favourite with his companions of the opposite sex ; but in consequence of some disagreement on this score, he found it necessary to quit Harrogate for a time, and took the opportunity of paying his first and last visit to London. While in the metropolis, he met several of his Yorkshire patrons; and upon his return to the north, some months afterwards, one of these, Colonel Liddell. who was on the point of starting on the same journey, offered to take him down in his chaise; but Jack gratefully declined his offer, saying he preferred to walk. The two travellers started at the same hour; but at every stage the pedestrian was in advance, and at nightfall put up, by previous arrangement, at the same inn as the colonel. On the Saturday night, the latter expressed his intention of resting through the Sunday; but Jack was determined to push on, and so arrived at his destination a day in advance of the chaise. This would have been a remarkable feat for a man possessed of all his faculties; but for a blind man to outstrip a chaise the whole way in so long a journey was little less than marvellous.

Jack had fixed his affections upon a Miss Benson, the daughter of a Harrogate innkeeper; and upon returning to that town, was greatly concerned to hear that her parents—who looked much higher for their daughter than a blind fiddler—had forced her (during his absence) into an engagement with a young man of property; that the banns had been published, and the wedding-day fixed. On the evening before the bridal morning, Jack received a message from his lady-love asking him to meet her that night in the neighbourhood of the inn; and there he had the delight of hearing that she was still faithful to him and hated his Being a bold fellow, he proposed that they should run away together and get married in a neighbouring town; and the lady, nothing loth, consented. In the meantime, the bridegroom-expectant had made great preparations for celebrating the happy event, ordering a dinner far two hundred persons. But when morning came, the bride was not to be found; nor was anything heard of her until the next day, when the run-At howis, which would seem to depend so much upon accuracy of sight, Metcalf was a great proficient. Yet more marvellous was his skill for John made the most devoted of husbands, at card-playing at which he became such an ever forgetting the excellent home from which

he had taken her, and always doing his best to surround her with such comforts as she had been accustomed to enjoy. After his marriage, Metcalf purchased a house in his native town, but still continued, with the help of a boy, to constitute the entire orchestra of the Harrogate Assembly Rooms. He also set up a four-wheeled chaise and a onehorse chair for the accommodation of visitors, these vehicles being the first public carriages About the same time, he ever started there. entered into the fish-trade, making journeys with packhorses to the coast, and thence conveying his goods to Manchester or Leeds; and so indefatigable was he, that he would frequently walk two days and a night with little or no rest.

During the rebellion of 1745, a gentleman of Harrogate named Thornton raised a company at his own expense, to help to repel the invaders, and asked Metcalf to join and assist him in rousing the military ardour of the rustics around. blind hero willingly answered to both demands; and being sent out with a recruiting sergeant, worked so zealously, that in two days he had induced one hundred and forty men to join. And when the company started to meet General Wade at Newcastle, Jack, dressed in his blue and buff uniform, with a gold-laced hat upon his head, marched at the head of the company, fiddle in hand, playing Britons, strike Home, and other patriotic airs, which he accompanied with his

During his brief military career, Metcalf met with many adventures. Captain Thornton's company was in the surprise at Falkirk, and was dispersed, the leader being taken prisoner, a fate which ultimately befell his faithful henchman, John Metcalf, who was captured by Prince Charlie's men as a spy. His blindness, however, obtained his acquittal, after which, though with much difficulty, he succeeded in rejoining the king's forces in time to be present at several engagements. Jack, from his affliction, was one of the lions of the army, and the Duke of Cumberland was greatly struck by the accuracy with which he kept step and performed all his duties. His musical abilities came in well when the Duke gave a ball at Aberdeen, where for eight hours Jack fiddled away to twenty-eight couples, eliciting frequent cries of 'Bravo!' and 'Well done, Metcalf!' from His Royal Highness, who had taken a great liking to the blind soldier, so much so, indeed, that had Jack chosen to follow him to London, the Duke would have taken him under his patronage. But after the battle of Culloden, our hero went back to his wife and children, to his old post as the Harrogate orchestra, and gave up soldiering for the rest of his life.

Always sharp and shrewd, however, he had picked up some ideas during his campaign which he quickly put in force; and as soon as peace and order were restored between the two countries, he journeyed into Scotland, and bought up certain articles of native manufacture then little known in England, and did a good trade in retailing them on the southern side of the Border. Those being the days of smuggling, he also did a little in the contraband line. Then he started as a horse-dealer, and was considered one of the finest judges of the equine race in Yorkshire; for so marvellously acute was his sense of touch, that he could almost unerringly judge an animal by

simply running his hand over it. Among his other ventures, he started in 1751 the first stage wagon that ran between York and Knaresborough, driving it himself, and performing the journey twice a week in summer and once in winter.

But not even these multifarious callings were sufficient to exhaust his energies. During his leisure hours he studied mensuration in a way peculiar to himself; and given the length and girth of a piece of timber, could with surprising rapidity reduce its contents to feet and inches. These studies suggested to him the idea of roadmaking. His first essay was a piece of three miles in length between Fearnsby and Minship. He was perfectly successful; and hearing that a new bridge was to be constructed at Boroughbridge, he applied for the contract. 'What do you know about bridge-making? was the half-contemptuous question his application was greeted with. With the most perfect lucidity, and on purely scientific principles, he explained his plans, and obtained the work. There was another piece of road which all the surveyors had pronounced impossible to construct, on account of the underlying bog; but Jack undertook to accomplish the task; and by making a foundation of brushwood—an idea that at that time it would seem had not occurred to any one-he succeeded in making a perfectly firm and dry causeway. For many years he now solely devoted himself to repairing and making roads and bridges in different parts of Lancashire, Derbyshire, Cheshire, and

Yorkshire.

Though arrived at a somewhat advanced age, Metcalf could not even yet conquer his restless disposition. One of his daughters had married a man in the cotton business, and he was at once seized with a desire to embark in cotton speculations; so, in 1781 he bought spinning-jennies and a carding-engine, spun yarn and manufactured calicoes and printed goods, and took them to Knaresborough to sell, sometimes carrying as much as five stoneweight for many miles. He continued to live with this daughter in Cheshire until 1792, when he returned to his native county, and settled, with another married daughter, at Spofforth, near Wetherby. He now employed himself buying hay and timber-trees. He would measure the stacks with his arms, ascertain the height, and then calculate the number of solid feet they contained. He went through a similar process with the timber. In the year 1800, being then eighty-three years old, he determined to pay a visit to York, in which he had not set foot for thirty-two years; yet he found his way about the streets with perfect ease. During his peregrinations, he passed along a certain road which he had not traversed for sixty years, yet such was his marvellous memory, that he discovered a difference in the hanging of the gates leading to a gentleman's mansion he used to visit as a youth. Going among such of his old friends as were yet in the land of the living, he proved to be as cheerful and convivial as ever, playing his fiddle for the young people to dance to, and thoroughly enjoying the sport himself. Still firm on his legs, he trudged all the way from York to Knaresborough, doing his ten miles in three and a half hours. Long ere this, in 1788, he had lost his faithful partner, who preceded him to the grave by twenty-two

years, for it was not until 1810 that this extraordinary man, hale and hearty and in full possession of his faculties almost to the last, passed

## CHECKMATED.

#### CHAPTER I.

THE position of Mr David Chester-sometimes known as 'old Davy,' and very often as 'old Chester'-at the time our story opens was one which is only too common, is very sad and hard to bear, and which receives less sympathy than should be awarded to it. He was a clerk out of a situation, and not likely soon to obtain one; for he was turned fifty-five years, and with his thin gray hair and spare wrinkled face looked fully his age. Now, too, he had grown shabby, although decently so, and this added in no slight degree to the difficulty, which needed no addition.

Everywhere it was the same story-he was too old. David strove to show that his experience made him valuable, and that he would come cheap; but he knew beforehand, without the bitter experience he soon obtained, that there is not much virtue in arguments addressed, under such circumstances, to possible employers. 'We prefer younger clerks,' was a reply which could not be gainsaid.

So on one particular day—which, however, was not special in its character—he was standing in Cheapside, hesitating which of two visits he should pay first. A friend had told him that a certain firm was taking on clerks for temporary work, and he thought Chester would be just the man for them. So David went to this house first. He was not kept long in suspense. All openings filled, settled the matter; but, in addition, the clerk who spoke to him added cheerfully: We have turned away nigh upon a hundred fellows to-day. Poor Chester having grown used to these rebuffs, the sting was not so keen as it once had been; nevertheless, he was a trifle more depressed in his air as he left the counting-house.

His next visit was to Brisby, Gadham, & Co., merchants and Indian agents in Great St Amyott's Court. This was a more trying and, he feared, even a more hopeless visit than the other; for David had served the house when old Peter Gadham ruled there—there had been no Brisby for many years—and had sat for fully a quarter of a century in the dull, sky-lighted office; and with no great salary, no great ambition, perhaps with no great abilities, had jogged on contentedly enough. But old Gadham died. His heirs and successors, on coming into the business, saw that the staff were a drony lot, a long way behind the age; and as they wanted a more go-shead set of people about them, most of the clerks were dismissed.

David Chester would doubtless have received his dismissal in any case. In old Gadham's family his dismissal in any case. In old Gadham's family there had been jaclousies and heartburnings, such as will gather where the wealth of a bad-tempered, tyrannical old man is coveted and hungered for by a circle of relations; and there had been deeper cause even than this for ill-blood. We

need not go very closely into these matters; it will be enough to say that the son of old Gadham, his only son, who naturally expected-or at one time had done so-to inherit his father's wealth and business, was wholly excluded, and another branch of the family succeeded. It need hardly be said that there was a great deal of ill-feeling over such an arrangement; and as David was supposed to be a partisan of young Ernest Gadhain, he was a marked man with the new people. Poor David was wrongly suspected, for he really dis-liked the young man, who, if only half of what was said of him was true, quite deserved the treatment he had received—was, indeed, let off easily. But some circumstances had given David the repute of being Mr Ernest's adherent, and he was accordingly the first to be paid his month's salary in lieu of notice.

The reader can now understand the clerk's reluctance to call on this firm to ask the boon of some employment as messenger, office-keeper, or anything, in their own or some other ware-house. He had called upon them several times, meeting scant encouragement, but had not tried such an appeal as this, the making of which was terribly painful.

He saw the head-clerk, which he deemed forthnate, inasmuch as this gentleman was well dis-posed to David and sorry for his ill-luck. He listened to the story the clerk had to tell; told with some sorrowful touches which showed the need of the applicant.

'Upon my word, Chester, I hardly know what to say,' began the head-elerk. 'Things are dreadfully flat; yet, if' He ceased abruptly; and David, looking round, saw that the head of the firm had entered the office.

This was a portly but harsh-looking gentleman, over whose features came a sterner cast as he met the visitor's eyes. 'Chester here again! What does he want now?' This was of course addressed to the head-clerk, who told in very few words the substance of what he had just heard; and David sought to add something about his long service in the firm; but the principal, either not hearing or not heeding him, said: 'I thought you understood, Chester, that there was nothing for you here. You had better understand it now for good and all; and I do not care about finding you hanging round the place. As he finished, the principal turned and left the office by his private door, as he had entered, without speaking further to the head-clerk, a pretty clear proof that he was out of temper. So the head-clerk looked at David and shook his head ruefully; and the unlucky visitor left the office, mortified and ashamed.

'He always has been a bitter enemy to me,' muttered David, as he plodded on his long, fagging, familiar walk to Kentish Town, where he lived. His worn and wearied look, as he entered his little realout told his story as higher entered his little parlour, told his story plainly enough to Josie, his daughter, the whir of whose sewing-machine, audible enough in the passage,

good news.—Now, have your tea; it is all ready.'

Whatever other desirable properties might be lacking to David, he usually possessed a good appetite, this, not unfrequently, when it was rather inconvenient; but to-day he could make no way with his little stew, savoury though it was; and his daughter, checking herself in her cheerful gossip, asked him if he were ill, or had over-walked himself, or had one of those nasty headaches again.

'No, Josie,' returned her father; 'I have suffered from nothing, and nothing has happened that might not have been foreseen. I was foolish enough to try again at Gadham's; and Mr Robinson, the chief bookkeeper, would have listened to me; but Mr Gadham came in.' then detailed, with perhaps some added colouring, the unpleasant interview with the head of the firm, his daughter making various sympathetic comments as he proceeded. 'It is all through that business of Mr Ernest and his father,' David concluded. 'Because it is known I was the one generally chosen to take messages backwards and forwards, after the quarrel-which I could not help—these people think I was all on Ernest's side, and tried to prejudice the old man against them. I have always said, that while Mr Ernest behaved very wrongly, especially in drawing bills or cheques on his father without permission, yet he did this for no great sum, and, as an only child, he took liberties. But he was punished too severely-too severely for that fault, Josie. Yet he was not a good young man. But there!' he exclaimed, rallying with an effort, 'I need not go over all this again. Let me eat my dinner, and be thankful I have such a nice dinner to eat.'

Josic resumed her sewing-machine; and after finishing his meal, David sat and smoked his pipe by the open window, for it was summer-time; and a belt of garden lying between the house and the pavement of the quiet street, made the lookout quite secluded, if not absolutely countrylike

Josie being busy, and David occupied with his own thoughts, they had not spoken for some time, until the garden gate creaking, the latter looked up, and saw Minnie coming in. 'And some one with her, Josie!' he exclaimed. 'A man. Who could it be?'

A knock following, he rose to open the door; and Josie, pausing to listen, turned scarlet—she was usually pale—which grew deeper in colour as she heard a laugh at the door, with an exchamation of surprise from her father: 'Come in, my boy! Come in, and let us have a good look at you! Who would have dreamed of seeing you so soon!—Why, Josie, it is Geoffrey—Geoffrey Coyne!'

Minnie, a girl of sixteen, but a big and bouncing lass, came first, and was followed by a well-built, good-looking young fellow of some three or four and twenty. His bronzed cheeks and a certain roll in his gait bespoke the stranger to be of the 'scafaring persuasion,' as indeed he was, being employed on a large ship as clerk, store-keeper, purser, or whatever the proper nautical description may be

description may be.

'Yes, here I am!' he exclaimed.—'And how are you, Mr Chester? I met Minnie at the top

of the street; she could not say anything then, but I know she is glad to see me. With this he kissed the smiling Minnie; and having previously shaken hands with Chester, there was no reason why he should not kiss Josie as well.

The sewing-machine was at once abandoned, and Geoffrey became the centre of the little group, telling of his adventures, his promotion, his hopes for the future, which latter, from his appealing so often to Josie, who sat by his side, included perhaps more than he brought prominently forward. It appeared that the young fellow's mother had been for many years housekeeper to the chief owner of the 'line' in which Geoffrey was employed, and from this humble but creditable influence, his position was secure, and his advancement had been rapid. Even the ill success of David was brightened with a tinge of the cheerfulness which the newcomer diffused around him

'We will soon make that all right!' he cried, with a hearty slap on the old fellow's shoulder. 'I will see our owner; and if you would like to have something down at the waterside offices, I have no doubt I could get you an offer. They do not pay high salaries there, but the hours are east.'

David of course expressed his pleasure at hearing this, and also his readiness to accept any position. Then the young man had to hear, from father and daughter, an account of the injustice and cruelty of Mr Gadham, at which he was sympathetically indignant.

He turned the conversation, however, by suddenly exclaiming: 'I quite forgot! I have two Australian presents for Josie and Minnie.—Minnie's is the prettiest. What do you think it is?'

The pleased and blushing Minnie guessed several of the objects most dear to the girlish mind, but in vain.

'Nothing of the kind,' returned Geoffrey. 'It is a treasure from an Australian chief—his greatest treasure. A necklace, Minnie, beautifully made of the skin of a snake—here both the girls shuddered—'and fibre from the bark of a tree, ornamented with twelve eye-teeth taken from the heads of his dead enemies—all taken by himself or his tribe.'

by himself or his tribe.'
The girls, with something like a scream, protested against such a present; while even David gave it as his opinion that 'it would not do.'

'To tell you the truth, I do not think it would,' said Coyne, laughing. 'I could have had it, however, from my friend Jack—Cloudy Range Jack—who insisted upon giving me some little keepsake; so I chose two others, not half so much prized as the necklace had been.—A brooch for you, Minnie, studded with nuggets of gold, just as they came from the mine. The same for Josie, a trifle larger, with a circle of garnets as well.'

The brooches were produced, examined, fastened on, and pronounced 'lovely;' David adding that he thought it very generous of Mr Jack

'No, no !' interrupted Coyne; 'not Cloudesley, but Cloudy Range Jack. I never knew his other name. There are plenty of men over there who are called after the ranges, or districts, or diggings where they have been working, and it is not

considered strict etiquette to inquire further. Jack had been living at Cloudy Range; so you see how he got his name. It was through a little adventure on his part-and I suppose on mine also-that we became such friends. One night I had been a few miles up the country, and while walking back I saw, by the light of the half-moon, two men standing under the shade of a tree, evidently hiding. I thought they were after no good, so went cautiously and on my guard towards them; but a man, walking in the other direction, came up first, and the thieves sprang upon him. He was knocked down by a blow which laid his head open, and I think they meant killing him; but, luckily, I was armed, and fired a couple of shots from I was armed, and fired a couple of snots from my revolver at the fellows. They were both hit, but were able to make off; and I helped the stranger up. He went back to the city with me. He, as you have guessed, was Cloudy Range Jack, one of the best fellows I ever met; and I believe we shall be friends for life. But I did something after that which Mr Chester may not think very business-like.'

'I don't suppose I shall set myself up for a judge of what is business-like or not,' said David, with a smile which was anything but cheerful;

but let us hear it.' 'Well,' continued Coyne, after a moment's hesitation, 'Jack had heard of a land or mining spec, which he was sure was good, although the owner had grown tired of it; and as he gave me the chance, I joined him. It took my savings and an advance note on our agents; but at the worst, I can sell for what I gave; in fact, I had a slightly better offer before leaving; but Jack, who knows all about the spot, says he would not take ten times the money. This was only not take ten times the money. just before I sailed for home.'

David said nothing, though in his heart he did not think highly of the speculation—with a man whose name, even, Geoffrey did not know! But the girls were hopeful, as Geoffrey was.

On inquiry, Geoffrey found that his chief-the shipowner-was out of town, but was sure to return before the Royal Oak sailed, and the young man felt confident that his application on behalf of his old friend would be successful. So David Chester made up his mind to bear the delay hopefully; but every day made it worse and harder for the little family to struggle on, as Minnie earned but a trifle, while Josie had to toil very hard at the machine to provide even the plain food which satisfied them. The mother

had been dead some years.

'Thank heaven!' the clerk was wont to say, she was spared this trouble. I had thought, he would often continue, that I never, never could be reconciled to her loss; but now I can

say I am thankful she is gone.'
Partly from force of habit, and partly because it was so dull and dreary to sit all day at home, the clerk made his usual visits to the City, and called occasionally at some friendly office, but with the invariable result. Upon a certain day, as Chester was going slowly home, tired as usual and full of misgivings as to his young friend's inducates proving sufficient to serve him, a

who spoke was a tall man, well dressed, with a larger beard and moustache than is commonly seen, and he was probably nearer forty than thirty years of age. He smiled as he met the inquiring look of the old clerk, then, clapping him on the shoulder, laughed openly. you know me?' he asked.

'Yes, yes; I think I do,' hesitatingly replied Chester; 'but I cannot call to mind where'-

'Ah! ah! you cannot!' laughed the other. Well, the middle of Aldersgate Street is not a good place for indulging in sentimental reministwo of wine will not freshen your memory, although, David, I did not think a few years would have made such a difference. He turned, and Chester followed him; the old fellow was not proof against the temptation of a glass of wine, a luxury unknown to him through all these dreary days of failure. Ensconced in the private bar of a tavern hard by, the stranger ordered the wine, and then faced Chester again.

Do you mean to say that you cannot-I see you do, now,' he cried; 'I see it in your

'Yes, I know you, said Chester; 'you are Mr Ernest Gadham. I knew your voice at first, and there was something in you- But how changed you are! You are stouter; you had no beard or moustache in those days, and your dress ?

'All great improvements, no doubt you mean to say, interrupted the other. 'Well, never mind those points. Here is your health, my old

David readily did so, and hi trompanion proceeded: 'They thought—you k ow who I mean—that I was dead; they hoped it; and hearing nothing of me, believed it. I suppose you are not with them?'

This was a subject on which Chester required small pressing, and he launched out into a history of the firm of Brisby, Gadhan, & Co., with lengthy episodes detailing his own grievances, and the atrocious treatment he had experienced

at their hands.
There has been foul-play among them, said Ernest, when at last the history was finished. My poor old father did not bear such malice against me. You know he made a will in my favour, shortly before his death.'

'Did he indeed?' responded Chester, sympathetic in his turn.

'Did he!' echoed Ernest. 'Why, you know he did; you witnessed it, with Sperbrow—that ill-looking fellow who called himself my father's confidential clerk.

confidential clerk.'

'Yes, you are right,' assented Chester. 'I witnessed a will with Sperbrow; but I did not know what was in it. Was it in your favour?'

'Of course it was. And where is it now?' exclaimed Ernest. 'Those who benefited by the old will, no doubt could tell. But anyhow, I understand you to say you did witness a will with Sperbrow?'

'O vest I can swear to that!' answered David

O yes; I can swear to that! answered David. Where is Sperbrow now, I wonder? Oh, he is dead long ago. Died in New York, I have heard, said Ernest. If I had heard of his being heared there. I should not hear aread. David Chester!—honest old Davy once again! his being hanged there, I should not have cared; The person it would have served him right.—Now, David,

what are your prospects? Perhaps I can help you a little, as I have still a few friends left. Perhaps I can help

You want a situation, I suppose?'
This was another theme on which David's tongue was easily set in motion, and he told his hope of a situation at the docks. 'Oh, nonsense! That will not do for you,' said his listener. 'You would have to move from Kentish Town to the Isle of Dogs, or somewhere near; eighteen shillings a week salary, and be turned off directly business grew dull—not to speak of breaking up your home and losing the little connection your

daughter has built up. No; that will never do.'
Had David been in a less excited mood, he might have felt some wonder as to how Mr Ernest should know that his daughter had a dressmaking connection, as he had certainly not alluded to it; or, for the matter of that, he might have been surprised at Mr Ernest knowing that he had any daughters at all. Just now, however, he was hardly in the condition to analyse closely the utterances of such an unexpected friend, and felt nothing but the deepest gratitude when Ernest said he would call upon him next day, before which time he would consult some of his friends.

And so they parted.

The clerk's exhibaration lasted after the effects of the wine had ceased, for now, at last, there was to be a change in his luck, and all the way home he was picturing brilliant visions of the future. Once or twice he found himself speculating as to the part of the conversation in which he had given Mr Ernest his address; he could not clearly make this out, so he dis-

missed it as of no consequence.

'And was Mr Sperbrow such an ill-looking. bad fellow as Mr Ernest describes, father?' asked Josie, when she had heard his story.

'No; I always thought him a very nice decent sort of party, returned David. 'Perhaps Mr Ernest knows something more about him; but I never heard a word to his discredit, and I

am sorry he is dead.

Whether David had or had not given his address to Ernest, the latter was true to his word and called upon the clerk the next day. His manner was particularly pleasant when speaking to Josie, openly paying her compliments on her good looks, which, although well deserved, were embarrassing, and then excusing himself by referring to the rough society in which he had lived for a long time, which had rather unfitted him for English circles.

One of his friends, he mentioned in the course of conversation, was a person of much influence in the theatrical world, and so he, the speaker, was enabled to promise Miss Josie admission to some of the best theatres in London. Josie's eyes sparkled at this, and so did David's, for this was a treat rarely falling to their lot, and they were enthusiastic lovers of all dramatic exhibitions, from the circus, which they had seen. to the opera, which they had never seen, but pic-tured as something almost beyond mortal beauty.

Then as to David's future: one thing was certain, Mr Ernest explained, which was, that the clerk must give up all idea of drudging at the docks. He had already seen a gentleman, who had promised that at the turn of the season -poor David did not know what turn or what season was meant—he would give him a befitting tion of the refreshment bar.

situation. Meanwhile—this was in a whispered conference apart from the girls—there was a fivepound note for present use; and he, Mr Ernest, would take care that his old friend Chester should not run short, until he was fairly lodged in such a berth as would enable him to manage properly.

The reader, then, may guess the impression left by Ernest Gadham, and the praises which were sounded on his departure, after a tolerably long visit. What made his conduct the more gratifying, as David explained to Geoffrey-who was, unfortunately, too late in his visit to see the gentleman-was, that he had no right to expect such kindness.

He had never been a special favourite with young Mr Gadham; on the contrary, though he did not like to say it, he had somewhat disliked the young man. He preferred to account for this marked kindness by supposing that Mr Ernest had been particularly analysis for his been persecuted and punished merely for his devotion to the old firm, and felt that he ought

to be compensated.

The praise of Mr Gadham did not diminish when, on the very next morning, tickets arrived—'Dress circle and all, father!' as Josie said, with something approaching to awe in her voice— for a popular play. It was not easy, in the face of Minnic's arguments, to decide who should use these tickets; but it was a great deal less easy to decide what Josie should wear on such a state occasion. A few tears of vexation found their way to the girl's eyes when she reviewed her scanty wardrobe. She was a thoroughly amiable girl, bright and cheerful, but she was mortal, and she was feminine, and it would be asking too much of feminine mortality to expect a girl of nineteen to be superior to such considera-tions. The tickets, it was decided, should be used by Josie and Geoffrey.

It was in the interval between the second and

third acts of the last piece, when Josie was just beginning to regret that all would soon be over; that she gave a little start, and uttered an ejacula-

tion which drew Geoffrey's attention.

In answer to his inquiry, she said: 'I have just seen Mr Gadham; I am sure it was him. Yes, there he is, leaning against the column in the corner. I think he saw me; but do not

let us appear to be watching him.'
Geoffrey looked carnestly in the direction intimated, auxious to see their generous patron. He saw him leaning against the pillar as described; but a rush of returning seat-owners took place just then, in anticipation of the rising of the drop scene, and when this had subsided, he had either taken a seat where he was hidden, or he had left the house, for they could see him no longer. But as they were leaving the theatre at the close, they saw Mr Gadham emerge from a lobby at the foot of the stairs. He smiled at them, and waved his hand, then stopped, evidently intending to await them. But as he did so, a man, tall and well dressed like himself, but scowling and ill-favoured—so Josie afterwards described him—came out from another lobby, and recognised Mr Gadham. The exclamation he uttered attracted the latter's attention, who started as he turned round, but shook the other's hand warmly; then both hurried off in the direc-

All this could be seen by Josie and her companion, for they were within a dozen steps of Mr Gadham when he disappeared. They were astonished and disappointed, and of course talked it over as they rode home in the omnibus. Geoffrey said it was no business of his, and Mr Gadham must do what he pleased, yet it was plain that for the time, his admiration of that gentleman had somewhat abated. He could not understand his conduct. 'And in fact,' said the young man, 'I do not quite understand what he means by this sudden friendship for your father, for whom he never seems to have cared before. I don't quite understand it-I really do

## FISH OVA AND FISHERY WASTE.

CONSIDERABLE attention has lately been directed to what is called 'fishery waste,' and by-and-by plans for the utilisation of much valuable material that is now entirely lost, or at least only partly made use of, will no doubt be devised. In the meantime, it may prove somewhat useful to show-even in that rough-and-ready way which can only, for want of definite informa-tion, be adopted—the difference between the seed sown, or not sown, and the harvest realised. The prodigious powers of reproduction with which nearly all fishes are endowed have been often noticed in connection with their natural history; nor, extraordinary as they may appear to those not familiar with the subject, has there been much exaggeration in the statements made. Taking the herring as an example, the fact of its fecundity can be easily ascertained and established. Throughout Scotland, it is a condition of 'the cure' that the fish salted must be 'full fish'-in other words, must contain the whole of their spawning substance, in order to entitle them to be branded by the Fishery officers, as a mark of their having been cured in the manner prescribed by the Fishery Board. By means of this rule, we obtain an opportunity of becoming familiar with the reproductive power of the herring. Cured herrings from Loch Fyne and elsewhere in Scotland are on sale in many places, and as most of them contain their roes (and milts), we thus find out that the eggs of the herring are almost incredibly numerous, especially when it is taken into account that the fish is not a big one; as a rule, it requires two and a half, and sometimes three or even more herrings to weigh a pound. To ascertain the number of eggs in the roe of a herring is not a difficult task. The simplest plan is to tie the roe in a bit of muslin cloth and drop it for a couple of minutes into boiling water; then carefully weigh the whole mass of roe; after which, cut the ligatures that bind the eggs together, and fill a thimble with the ova. Count the number of eggs in the measure; finish the process by weighing the lot, that is, the thimbleful; and then you possess the clue to the total figure, which is obtained by dividing the weight of the whole by the

weight of the thimbleful. A herring roe usually weighs about an ounce, less or more; and the number of eggs-taking a reasonable average, formed from the counting of some score of roes -will be thirty-one thousand.

The destruction of fish ova annually is enormous, and is not confined to any one fish, as will be shown when we come to consider the case of the cod and haddock. As regards the waste of herring-roe-in one night's fishing at a well-known herring-fishery where, during the season, from eight hundred to one thousand boats are usually at work, it has been ascertained that many barrels of spawn-literal tons, in factare wasted because of the fish of the shoal hit upon being almost in the act of spawning. Instead of being restored to the sea, the ova are usually sold to farmers for manure along with other offal! That the eggs so disposed of are ripe, is proved by their exuding freely from the fish; and as they have had the chance of being well mixed while in the boats with the milt of the male herring, the proportion of the sexes being about equal-a case, as we may say, of accidental pisciculture—they would, in all probability, had they been restored to the water whence the herrings which produced them were taken, have hatched, and thus contributed to the millions of fish destined to compose future shoals. Despite such waste, herrings continue, according to some accounts, to be more abundant than ever. During the fishing season of 1885, it may be considered to be pretty near the truth if we state that about two million barrels of herrings were captured off the Scottish coasts. Of that quantity, 1,572,952 barrels were cured; whilst the remainder were sold directly from the boats as fresh herrings; and as each barrel contains at least seven hundred, we can arrive at an idea of the total number captured in one season, which we place at 1,400,000,000 of individual fish. But man, it has been affirmed, with all his cunning devices of capture makes almost no impression on the herring shoals. It has been computed that cod and other fish will consume every year 29,400,000,000. Another factor in the figures of herring consumption is the number eaten by gannets, which has been estimated at 1,110,000,000 of individual herrings. Dogfish and the numerous other enemies of the Clupcide may be set down as consuming every year as many herrings as are taken by the fishermen of the United Kingdom, which brings out a total in this range of enloulation of say 35,000,000,000 of these fish. What, it has more than once been asked, will be the dimensions of a shoal of herrings? It is not possible to do more, we fear, than guess at the area occupied; but if the spaces taken up by all the public parks of the kingdom were joined together and filled with herrings five deep, the area so obtained would not probably be so large as some of the Scottish shoals. On some places off the Scottish coasts as many, perhaps, as a thousand boats will be fishing on the same evening, each boat carrying a train of nets extending from two to three miles in length; and that extent of netting will enable our readers to judge how numerous the fish must be that require such

called the fish of the rich man; it has been named the 'venison of the waters.' A sixty-pound A sixty-pound salmon is nearly all the year round of more value than a Southdown sheep. These fine fish when brought to market range in weight from about eight to thirty-five pounds; but occasional big ones are taken which vary from thirty-eight to sixty pounds; such fish are not, however, very Taken all over, salmon average not plentiful. less than twenty pounds per fish, though a few years ago the average had sunk to eighteen pounds. Grilse, the young or unspawned member of the salmon family, generally run from four to seven pounds; and the average weight of these fish may be taken at five and a half pounds. A salmon of the weight of about twenty-five pounds will yield twenty thousand eggs. These must be deposited in fresh water-although the fish is also able to live in the sea-and require from one hundred to one hundred and twenty days to hatch, according to temperature. During a very mild winter, the period of hatching is not so prolonged as it is in severe weather. In pro-tected places under cover, salmon ova hatch in from sixty-five to seventy-five days; but in the old ponds at Stormontfield, on the river Tay, and in the river, the eggs seldom yielded their young under a period of four months. Although the salmon, as compared with the herring, may be said to deposit its eggs in a protected place—in the tributary waters, that is to say, of some great salmon stream—a vast number of them are wasted. Spawning takes place in the running water, so that many of the eggs exuded are rapidly borne along by the rushing stream, and are lost so far as the future salmon supply is concerned. Under such circumstances, thousands of the eggs escape the fertilising power of the milt of the male fish, while further thousands are devoured by numerous enemics, which hover around to prey upon them, many kinds of birds being among the number, while the trout inhabiting the same stream of water gorge themselves with the dainty

In offering any remarks on the stock and marketable fish of a salmon-river, it must be borne in mind that a given expanse of water will only breed and feed a given number of fish. It is not a little remarkable that while it is somewhat of a merit to capture herrings while full of their spawning matter, salmon when filled with milt and roe are protected by statute; for such fish there is a close-time, and during its observance it is a crime to capture them. It ought to be known that during their spawning seasons fish, as a rule, are unfit for food, their flesh being poor, watery, and probably unwholesome, in con-sequence of their fat-forming materials being diverted to the formation of their reproductive substances.

The sea-fish which are endowed with the power of reproducing their kind in millions are the conger eel, the turbot, the cod-fish, and two or three of its congeners. Examples of the conger containing from six to fifteen million ova have not been unfrequent, and yet this fish is very rarely seen in our fish-markets or fishmongers' shops: there seems to be a prejudice against it. Congers are frequently sold in foreign fish-

lent, and highly susceptible to the art of the

The classic turbot yields its eggs in millions; one of these fish, weighing twenty-three pounds. being found to contain a mass of roe that, when manipulated, was resolved into fourteen million. eggs. The turbot, although not what may be termed a scarce fish, is not so plentiful as it apparently ought to be, judging from its reproductive Taking it all the year round, the turbot is a costly fish, and much dearer usually in London and other large cities and towns than even the salmon. Forty years ago, a turbot could be purchased at many places on the Scottish seaboard for twenty pence, that could not now be bought for the same number of shillings. A considerable number of the turbot which are sold in Billingsgate are brought from Holland by Dutch fishermen. It is to be regretted that large numbers of very young turbot are frequently caught in the trawl-nets, in which they are suffocated by the weight of other fish. These are lost to the table.

As has been indicated, the cod-fish and two or three of the other members of the Gadida family yield their eggs in millions; the roe of a large cod-fish will weigh seven or eight pounds, and will contain from five to eight million ova. Actual counting is the best guide to the number of eggs which any single fish contains. In America, the number of eggs in various individual fish have been ascertained by actual counting. In each of two cod, which weighed seventy pounds, the number of ova exceeded nine million, the net weight of the mass of eggs being in each case eight pounds two ounces. In other examples, the eggs ranged from about nine million in a fiftyone-pound cod-fish, to nearly three million in

one which weighed twenty-one pounds.

The herring, taking its size into account, is as prolific as the cod. Estimating the common run of these Clupeida at three and a half fish to the pound, it would take about seventy herrings to equal the weight of a twenty-one-pound cod-fish, and such a number of herrings would yield, in all probability, considerably more than three mil-lion ova. The cod-fish is wonderfully abundant within the range of its habitat. The officers of the Scottish Fishery Board, in accordance with instructions, keep a note of the quantity cured under their superintendence. From a special Report, we learn that, in the course of one year, three and a half million of cod, ling, and hake were caught to be cured in Scotland, whilst a large number was also false to be whilst a large number was also taken to be sold fresh. But the take of cod in Scottish waters is small when compared with the total number of these fish which are caught all over the world. We have it on pretty good authority that in a recent year seventy-five million of cod-fish were taken from European waters, and seventy-nine million and a half from American waters; while half that number, it is thought, will be wasted in the prosecution of the fishery. As for the numbers of these animals that never arrive at maturity, it would be vain to make an attempt at computation. With regard to the eggs which float on the water till the infant fish is able to burst from its fragile prison, millions upon millions fall a prey to the numemarkets. Abroad, that member of the eel family millions upon millions fall a prey to the nume-seems to be appreciated. Its flesh is excel- rous animals which seem created to devour them.

In addition to what may be termed the accidental losses occurring from causes over which man has no control, there is carried on, chiefly from Norway, a trade in cod-roe, which is always in demand by the French fishermen for use as a ground-bait. Seventy thousand barrels filled with the roes of the cod were exported from Norway in the year 1880; and as each barrel on the average will contain three hundred roc-bags, we have thus a total of twenty-one million cod-roes put to a non-productive

The roes, as we may say, are an accident of the cod-fishery. Cod-fish are not caught purposely in order to obtain their eggs; but fish with spawn being taken, that substance is at once utilised by being salted down for export to France. When the trawl-net is hauled on board, it contains a vast percentage of immature fish, which are usually rejected, and thrown into the water; but as many of them are dead, they are lost to the future. In line-fishing, the capture of the animal living is what is always aimed at, as one living cod-fish is worth three or four dead ones. A cargo of live cod is valuable, as the fish can be housed in perforated boxes, and be killed for market as the demand arises. Fish so caught, if about to spawn, ought to be restored to the water.

Another member of the cod-fish family which is also wonderfully abundant is known as the haddock, and is really an excellent and much appreciated table-fish, either served fresh, or smoked as a 'Finnan haddie.' Nearly two million eggs have been found in one of these fish, the weight of which was nine and a half pounds. There is almost no other fish which is brought to market in such quantities in an immature state. This can be seen by any person who will take the trouble, during the earlier months of the year, to glance at the displays of haddock in our fishmongers' shops, where hundreds of these small fish may be seen that have never had the chance of spawning, and most of which are not more than three or four ounces in weight-fine

frying fish, five to the pound.'

Those fish which seem to have been from the beginning destined to the frying-pan, the tooth-some flounder and others of the flat-fish family, are also wonderfully fecund, and yield very large numbers of eggs. Scleeting the sole as an example. It is one of our most popular fishes. It is certain that during the last twenty years we have been eating more soles than the stock can fairly yield; in other words, the sole is being overfished. One would suppose that n fish which yields its eggs in hundreds of thousands would always be plentiful; but in the case of the sole we have evidence to the contrary. It has been fished for as if the stock would never go done, and thousands of soles are sold which are a long way from maturity. 'Slips' these little fish a tong way from majority. Since these little lish are called, and they are not bigger than a dainty lady's hand, say a hand for which 'number sixes' would be almost too large. No soles ought to be brought to market which are below the size of a big man's foot. Evidence has been offered of the destruction of immature soles which is constantly taking place. Hundreds of thousands are annually captured which those who capture them are afraid to bring on shore, they are so small.

As regards the common flounder, the fact has been placed on record that on one occasion two and a half million of these fish were taken. The plaice is a plentiful fish-over thirty-three million of it have reached Eillingsgate and been disposed of in the course of a year. In one particular season, the consignments to that piscatorial bourse of the smaller flat-fishes became so great, the fish being so plentiful, that on some especial days they were given away in any quantity to all who came for them. The largest of all the flat-fishes is the halibut, examples of which have been taken weighing from twenty-five to eighty pounds. That fish is also a prolitic breeder.

From the figures already given, and others which might be adduced, if further proof were necessary, the difference between the seed sown and the harvest gathered is not a little startling. The seed is sown in millions, but it is only in thousands the harvest is gathered. A time is coming, however, when such waste as is really preventable will be prevented. As has been hinted in the course of the preceding remarks, fishermen have but little chance of selection, and can only capture such fish as enter their nets; hence the vast numbers of small and immature haddocks and soles which are offered for sale in our fishmongers' shops. Hence also it is that about Easter the roes of our chief round-fish are always to be seen on sale. These can be so cooked as to form appetising plats, and having been obtained, it is proper they should be utilised; but, nevertheless, the fact of tons of this spawn being on sale shows us in some degree the fishery waste that is always going forward. The philosophy of a close-time is that fish may have leave to spawn unmolested by man; but so long as it is a condition of the herring-fishery that only 'full herrings' can receive the highest brand, there can never be any rest for that popular and abundant fish; indeed, it seems to be a condition of nature that these animals of the great deep are most accessible to man at that season of their lives only when they stand most

## SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

in need of his protection.

The night-wind sighs about my humble biggin. The streets are quiet, for the old clock 'ben the hoose' has just struck twelve, and my thoughts, as they are wont, wanter listlessly about the room. The flickering fire reflects its fitful light about me, and casts weird shadows along the floor, for my lamp has burned low. From picture on to picture my eyes wander; but the uncertain light will not stay with them. The oaken sideboard, which has been an heirloom in the family now for generations, stands dull and dead beside me. The otherwise meagre furnishings of my lonely room offer little food for meditation, and I gaze upon the dying embers before me until the glowing tiny casements fall one by one in total wreck and ruin, and their place is marked by blackened ashes.

Upon the mantel-shelf are ranged, with studious care, the little trinkets of a happier time. Here, my mother's tiny caken workbox, beneath the

unlocked lid of which are placed her silver thimble, that she loved so well; her needles, now besmeared with rust, from lack of use; and her little odds and ends, so needful once, and once so much respected. And there is father's silver snuff-box, with initialed lid and well-carved top; and when I take it from its place, the happier past reveals itself to me. I see his comely face reflected on the lid; I hear his kindly voice speak words of homely comfort and correction, as I have often heard in days gone by. I look, and as I look, the face is gone, and the merry chat of old familiar friends, friends of my father's, strikes upon my ear. The merry song, the merrier laugh, the joyful click of glasses when the toasts are pledged—these bring me back to festivities, rare, though always happy. sounds and faces vanish. I open wide the lid, and in the corners of the box there still are seen small particles of my father's favourite snuff. Even now, it has not lost its flavour; and as its minute atoms seek my brain, I think I sit once more with him in the 'auld kirk at hame.' I hear us chant in dragging measures the solemn psalm, and favourite of my father's, 'Old Hundred.' I hear the earnest pastor pray, and the lesson read; and when the sermon is begun, I see the 'snuff-mull' passed from hand to hand; and involuntarily, I stretch it out at arm's-length, even now. Old faces, familiar with their friendliness, appear before me one by one; and forms that I used to know stand betwixt me and the fire. I shut the snuff-box lid, and faces and forms sink away from me. But what is this that lies beside the box? A silver watch with dimpled case. Ah! that, too, tells its tale! Full many a time I have seen that old watch wound and carried forth in hands that used to hold me as a child, and clasp in firm grip with mine in meetings and partings of the later years. I have seen it in its brighter days, when its works were active, and not dead, as they have been for so long! Its owner too! Ah me! how short and yet how long it seems since he took me on his knee and told the story of that very watch.

'The dimple on the case?' he'd say, in answer to my childish query. 'Why, my lad, I've told you that a thousand times, I'm sure.' And now, I hear the story told again. I see the opposing forces stand at Waterloo; I hear the heavy guns burst in upon my car, the yells of pain and shouts of exhortation; and among the British ranks stands one I know to be my father. The bullets, bringing death, whiz past in fast succession. I watch my father with his brave companions fighting in the thickest of the fray. I fear his death, and pray for his deliverance. A bullet strikes his breast. 'O God,' I cry, 'he's gone!' I look again; but still he fights right manfully. How is this? That silver watch guarded the spot which the bullet struck. My father's life was saved! I hear a cheer that shakes the earth

like chaff; and now I know that Waterloo is won. The scene of carnage melts away. I put the watch back to its sacred place, just as the dying notes of victory touch my ear.

Beside the watch there lies a time-stained case. I open it, and find therein my father's and my mother's spectacles. As I draw them from their place, I am once more a reckless lad at home. I sit before the glowing fire, upon the favourite footstool at my mother's knee. She wears her spectacles; and as she strokes my head with her soft hand, I hear my father's voice. Before him lies the 'big ha' Bible,' and from its well-thumbed page he reads the 'old, old story.' Worship done, I feel the gentle pressure of my mother's lips as I say 'Good-night' to her. Again I look at them, and other scenes break in upon my view. My father sits in his armchair and reads; while mother plies her stocking-wires, that always went so fast, and all to keep her 'dear boy' and his father comfortable.

Again I am a schoolboy, and once more I see my father 'put his glasses on,' and with the handle of his snuff-spoon, point the lines as I decipher them.

I close the case, and as I try to think, the solemn strains of music strike upon my ear. It is the deep notes of a funeral service. My father's chair is empty, and my mother weeps. A sad and slow procession wends its way along the country road; and now I stand within an old churchyard, close beside an open grave. I see the coffin lowered, and something tells me that it is my father's. I hear the sullen thud of the dank mould upon the coffin lid. I feel my senses reel-and then there is a blank which I can never fill.

I put the ancient case away, and as I do so, a curious tremor seizes hold on me. I stand beside a bed, and on it lies my mother. I watch her as her fitful breath tells that the flickering flame of life is all but gone. I feel her press my hand, and hear her tell me, in a faltering whisper, not to grieve, but to put my faith in Christ, and we should meet again, though not on earth. Again I stand beside an open grave and sob, as her 'narrow bed' is hidden from my sight; and then the melancholy scene falls

back and disappears.
Once more I scan the mantel-shelf, and there, half hidden in a crevice of the wall, I see a tiny paper parcel. I open it, and find within a lock of yellow hair. Ah me! that golden ringlet opens out a volume of the past. I feel that I am young again and full of hope. The moon shines down upon the glassy lake, and I stroll listlessly with a fair companion along the woodland path, and speak of love and future happiness. I feel the gentle pressure of my loved one's hand, and hear her fell me that she'll aye be mine! But darker days come on. I watch the progress of that dry, harsh cough; I see the face grow wan and pinched, the eyes grow dull, the shoulders stoop, the hands grow thinner by degrees. She tells me she is dying; and I know she speaks the awful truth. was saved! I hear a cheer that shakes the earth My hopes and aspirations fall, for they were all on which I stand; I see the stubborn foe disperse built up in that sweet form! I watch her while she dies—by day and night I watch, till the change comes, and I am left alone! But on the evening that her spirit fled, she gave me that yellow curl from off her head, and there and then

I vowed to keep it sacred.

I hear the old clock chime the hour of two; I look around me, and the room is dark. My fire is out; my oil-lamp burns low; and I have been

amidst the Shadows of the Past.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MEMORIAL TO MOZART.

AFTER much discussion, it has at length been decided that Mozart is to have a statue erected to his memory in front of the Opera House at Vienna, which is said to be one of the finest and most appropriate sites that could have been selected throughout the city. The design for the statue it is understood will be thrown open to compatition. competition. Public and private subscriptions have at present brought in upwards of five thousand two hundred pounds, so that it is to be hoped that the memorial will be one worthy of him who was not only one of the most accomplished musicians of his day, but the most graceful and melodious of writers, and who raised the tone of opera in Germany to the high position it subsequently obtained and retained. The music of Mozart, whether sacred or secular, will surely live in the hearts and minds of all true lovers of the 'divine art,' and of all who can appreciate the polished melodies of genius wedded to the learned harmonies of science, so long as music itself exists. But, by a strange irony of fate, Mozart, the amiable and gifted composer, popular everywhere, admired by all, died a very poor man; and his son was allowed to eke out a precarious existence by teaching music in the capital where upwards of five thousand pounds has been readily subscribed for the erection of a statue to the father, who was in his own day left almost to the tender mercies of poverty!

## THE EXTINCT AUSTRALIAN LION.

It has long been a disputed point, and indeed a vexed question, as to whether the so-called great Australian lion ever existed. Some interesting discoveries, however, have been recently made in the Wellington Caves, New South Wales, of undoubted remains of this animal. The bones are at present deposited in the Mines Department Museum, Sydney, and consist of several very complete jawbones, containing the teeth in an excellent state of preservation. Prior to being publicly exhibited, they were submitted to the inspection of Professor Sir Richard Owen, of the British Museum; and his opinion is, that the animal was a marsupial or pouch-bearing lion, fully equal in size to the existing African species. Discoveries of leonine remains have at various times been made in New South Wales, and also in Victoria, and the specimens in question are well preserved. They have been excavated from post-pleiocene deposite; and in connection with them were the remains of what are known as the Tasmanian Tiger and the Tasmanian Devil. An equally interesting fact is that Professor Owen, when referring, many years ago, to the herbivorous characteristics of the Australian Diprotodon,

expressed his conviction that some large carnivorous animal must have been co-existent with him, to keep the race in check, and that probably lions then inhabited Australia, an hypothesis which has been fully verified. These facts are interesting, as helping to establish the fact of the existence in former ages of the lion in Australia.

### FRIENDSHIP'S MESSAGE.

I.

Fairno ever faithful, as I sit alone,
Sad as the gloaming that infolds me round,
Dead embers dropping on the white hearthstone
Fall on mine ear with melancholy sound,
And the low winds are sighing with regret,
Though dying day is faintly smiling yet.

II.

The moon has risen o'er the silent street
Like the pure soul of the departed day,
Shedding from heaven a benediction sweet,
The while her silvery beams like spirits stray,
With noiseless footsteps through my open door,
And gently wander o'er the cottage floor,

111

Dreams of delightful moments passed with these Come to me, dearest, with this pensive hour; Through shadowy trees thy like robe I see Sweeping so lightly o'er each slumberous flower; I see the dewdrops twinkling here and there.

'Mid the dark tresses of thy clustering hair.

IV.

As with the tinkling brook our voices blend,
I mark the flush upon thy dimpling cheek,
And whisper softly in thine ear: 'Sweet friend,
They know thee not who say the world is bleak;

To me at least 'tis neither bleak nor drear,' So long as thy warm heart is throbbing near.'

Y.

And as I speak, my hand steals into thine,
Like a tired bird that seeks some resting-place;
I know, I feel, thy precious love is mine,
By thy fond eyes and sympathetic face.
My voice is trembling, as I tell thee how
Life would be dark without thy friendship now.

T.L

Let it be changeless, dear, through good and ill.

When friends less loved shall coldly pass me by.

I will not mourn, if then art faithful still.

How could I miss them, sweet, when then art nigh?

Ah, I could even smile, and let them go.

Content with thee, because I love thee so.

VII.

When sorrow's tears have dimmed thy gentle eyes,
Thy sacred grief shall chain me to thy side:
He will not shrink from cold December skies,
Who won thy friendship in the summer's pride:

Then in our hearts shall summer roses blow. For love alone can thaw the wintry snow.

FANNY FORRESTER.

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## THE LAND OF SALMON.

Not Scotland, reader, nor the north of Ireland, nor even the wonderful land in the Far West, where fish by the thousand become the property of the enterprising 'canners'—no; but away to the East, at the *Ultima Thule* of Asia, which drops like a pendule from the continental bulk into the waters of the North Pacific. In other words—Kamschatka, the little-known peninsula to the west of the strange seal-world of which we have lately seen something in these pages (see No. 152). Kamschatka still belongs, as the Seal Islands used to do, to Russia; and it has been very much of a 'sealed book' to Europeans generally, however much it may be known to the officials of the great White Czar.

The history of Kamschatka may be said to date from 1690, for in that year it is supposed to have been discovered by Morosco or Moroskoi, a Cossack chief. Seven years later, Russia took formal possession, without knowing much about the new land; and only in 1728 was it demonstrated by Behring to be a peninsula. Captain Clerke, the successor of Captain Cook, voyaged up to its shores, but died as soon as he sighted them in 1779, and was buried at Petropaulovski. This place, which may be called the capital of Kamschatka, was practically founded by Behring, who wintered there in 1740, and established a little settlement, which he called after his two vessels, the St Peter and the St Paul. It was from this place that, in the following year, Behring started on his last eventful and disastrous voyage to the north. As he sailed he would doubtless see, one hundred and forty-six years ago, what a traveller of our own country saw in 1882, and has thus described: Rarely have I seen a wilder-looking coast than that of South-eastern Kamschatka. The brilliant sunshine which poured upon rock and headland (it was the month of August) redeemed it from gloom, but the wildness and desolation of the scene were indescribable. Precipitous cliffs, at the foot of which none but a bird could land; deep valleys, running down to the sea, at whose mouths

still lay the accumulated masses of last winter's snow; pinnacle rocks, like rows of iron teeth, shown to warn off any one rash enough to contemplate a landing-this was what met our gaze, as we anxiously scanned the coast with our glasses. Beyond, the land rose in abrupt humps and irregular masses, and appeared to be clothed with a uniform growth of low but dense underwood, above which the distant cones of snow stood out clear and hard against the sky. It was an impracticable-looking country enough; but we had visited it with the firm intention of going through it; and experience in other lands having taught us how often difficulties disappear upon a closer acquaintance, we did not allow ourselves to feel discouraged. An hour or two later, we arrived at the narrow entrance of Avatcha Bay, and shaped our course over a smooth sea for the little harbour of Petropaulovski.'

Thus wrote Dr F. H. H. Guillemard, who, in the yacht Marchesa,\* visited many lands, but none more remarkable than this of which we are now writing. Avatcha Bay is stated to be one of the finest harbours in the world, outrivalling even the bays of Rio and of Sydney, which are usually accorded the first place. It is a nearly circular basin of about nine miles in diameter, with a narrow entrance to the south-south-east, with a depth of ten to twelve fathoms, no dangers, and surrounded by superb scenery. To the south of Avatcha Bay is the volcanic mountain Vilutchinska, rising in a cone to seven thousand feet, now quiescent, and with a flat-topped neighbour, rising to eight thousand feet. To the north there is a trio of volcanoes 'such as one rarely sees'towering masses of glittering snow, around whose summits light vaporous streamers float out.

Petropaulovski (or Petropaulsk, as the people call it 'for short') is a mere hamlet, with more houses than inhabitants. It is no longer a military post and arsenal, and the entire authority is

<sup>\*</sup> See The Cruise of the Marchesa (John Murray, London, 1886). We here acknowledge our indebtedness to this work for much of the information we now present.

vested in the Russian representative or Ispravnik. There are some ten European residents, six gentlemen and four ladies, the former employed in superintending the operations of the Alaska Commercial Company and other fur-traders. There is also a doctor, Dybowski, whose district extends over one hundred thousand square miles! This Dr Dybowski is a great naturalist and geologist—a Pole, exiled to Siberia, then pardoned, and made government doctor in Kamschatka. He occupies himself with science in the summer, and visits his patients during the winter, when travelling is easier by means of sledges.

Salmon is the great wealth of Kamschatka. At one haul of the seine in the bay, a boat's crew landed three hundred. The Avatcha River is teeming with the fish; and at one little village of ten huts, twenty thousand fish is said to be no uncommon single day's take! This is where they are permitted to stake the river; but everywhere the harvest is more than abundant. During the season the people work day and night, in order to lay up a store for the winter; for they both live among and live upon salmon. The air is laden with the odour of the fish, and the people

are permanently saturated with it.

The way they dry the salmon is this: They have in each village a set of open sheds, in which they hang up the fish across sticks, after splitting them down to the tails, removing the heads, and cleaning and washing the insides. The sticks are placed a few inches apart, with the ends resting on poles which run from end to end of the sheds, so that they are exposed to the air, but protected from the sun. They are also hung so as to be out of reach of the numberless dogs which the natives always have about them. And there they hang until they are swarming with maggots; then they are buried in pits for three or four months; and if so much decomposed as to have to be ladled instead of lifted out, so much the better for their tastes!

A Russian traveller, Krasheninikov, one hundred years ago, wrote that 'the fish come from the sea in such numbers that they stop the course of the rivers, and cause them to overflow the banks; and when the waters fall, there remains a surprising quantity of dead fish upon the shore, which produces an intolerable stench; and at this time the bears and dogs catch more fish with their paws than people do at other places with their nets.' The fish begin to ascend the Kamschatkan rivers from the sea in May, and continue to arrive up to about the middle of August. They go up to spawn; but few ever come down again; in fact, in the case of some of the species, every fish appears to perish in the rivers—by overcrowding, and at the hands of man and other natural enemies; for all the birds and beasts of this strange land seem to live on salmon.

Dr Guillemard, who is not prone to exaggeration, says that he never realised how vast are the numbers of salmon until he saw the rivers. Their back fins would be in sight as far as the eye could follow the stream; hundreds would be aground and gasping in the shallows; hundreds more dead or dying on the banks; while those in the waters were absolutely touching each other; and in ford-

ing, the horses could hardly avoid stepping on them. In such circumstances, fishing is useless; you simply walk into the water; select your salmon as you would at the fishmonger's, and spear him at your leisure—that is, if you are more epicurean than the natives, who cut them all, fresh or foul, dried or rotten. And yet the millions which are caught and eaten annually are as nothing to the millions which perish naturally, and line the banks of the streams with their rotting carcases.

One cannot help thinking what a vast waste of natural wealth there is in this curious land, and how, if commercial enterprise would engage in utilising it, even the 'canneries' of the Pacific States and Labrador night be reduced to insignificance in comparison. But distance from markets, and climate, are important factors; and besides, imported skilled labour would be needed for the 'canning' process. It is not so easy to see, however, why Kamschatka should not export large quantities of dried, salted, smoked, and kippered salmon—work quite within the capacity

of the native labour.

Besides being the home of the salmon, Kamschatka is also the home of a much more valuable animal, commercially speaking — the sable. The fur of this animal is the most valuable export of the country, and a large proportion of the inhabitants are solely engaged for the greater portion of the year in sable-hunting. The export trade seems to be practically controlled as the Americans say-by a Russo-American Jew, who is familiarly known as the 'king of Kam-schatka,' and who is said by Dr Guillemard not to be at all a favourite, either of the Russian government or of the hunters and inhabitants generally. He takes all their skins off their hands—usually at a 'slump' price per head, good and bad together—and he pays them pretty much on the truck system, having a general 'store' at Petropaulovski, to which they must all resort for their needful supplies. We learn that in St Petersburg the price of a single sable skin ranges from two to twenty-five pounds. In Kamschatka, the wretched peasant, living upon half-rotten fish, and exposed to the rigours of a climate which in its severity surpasses that of almost every inhabited region of the world, receives nominally an average of sixteen roubles\* per skin. In reality, he has to take out this value in goods. He is wise if he does so, and can keep clear of the brandy, which, in spite of the law which forbids its sale anywhere but in Petropaulovski, lms proved the ruin of so many of his countrymen.'
The fur of the sable is in best condition in

The fur of the sable is in best condition in winter, and it is trapped then; for in the spring, even if the winter coat remains, the hair drops out after the skin has been prepared. The hunters usually start for their winter's expedition about the end of September, and they have trained dogs with them, a good sable-dog being one of the most valuable possessions of a Kauschatkan hunter. Twenty sables in a season are considered a good catch; but a party of four will sometimes bring in one hundred and twenty or so for their winter's work. There is no official record of the

<sup>\*</sup>The Russian paper rouble is worth nearly half-a-crown; the silver rouble, about three shillings and six-

number annually exported; but the most of them go through Petropaulovski; and it is known that in 1882, the individual called 'the king' shipped from that place over two thousand. Another portion, however, does not come south, but finds its nearest market at a settlement called Tigil, in the northern part of the peninsula. Perhaps we might place the total export at somewhere about three thousand skins.

The following notes on the animal and the method of hunting, &c., are by Dr Guillemard: 'The sable is always skinned from the tail—bagshaped; and while performing this operation in the approved fashion of the country, we listened to a sermon on sables and sable-hunting from Afanasi (a native). They are, he told us, for the most part of nocturnal habits, and though they occasionally feed by day, generally spend that period of the twenty-four hours in holes at the roots or in the trunks of trees. They dislike the presence of man, and are rarely to be found in the neighbourhood of the villages, their favourite resort being the depths of the forests least frequented by the natives. It is considered that the most inaccessible and least known parts of the country are the best hunting-grounds. They live on hares, birds of all kinds, and in short, almost any living thing they can kill; but they are also said to eat berries, and even fish. There are, indeed, but few animals apparently which do not live on salmon in Kamschatka. Sables have only one litter during the year, generally in the month of April, and bring forth four or five young at a birth in a nest in the holes of trees. When the hunter is bitten for the first time by one of these animals, the bite is almost invariably followed by severe illness; but on subsequent occasions no ill effects are produced, with the exception, possibly, of slight inflammation of the wound. There are various methods employed in catching sables; but there are fewer of them trapped now than used to be the case. Dogs are almost invariably employed to run them down in the deep snow, or to "tree" them; and they are also smelt out by these trained animals in their holes at the roots of trees. great object is to tree the sable, if possible. The hunter then surrounds the base of the tree with nets, and either shakes down his quarry or knocks it off the boughs with sticks. If it does not fall into the net, it is run down by the dogs, or compelled again to take refuge in a tree. Should the tree be too high for this method to be successful, it is cut down, or the sable is shot; but the hunters generally avoid the use of the gun if possible, as it is apt to spoil the skin.

One sable shot by the Doctor's party measured twenty-seven inches in extreme length, and the tail, which in winter is furnished with a thick brush, which disappears in summer, was seven inches long.

Bears are very numerous and of great size. They are hunted in July, August, and September. A single hamlet will sometimes shoot and trap as many as ninety in a season; and there are hunters who boast of having killed more than four hundred bears in their lifetime. Foxes also abound, and a great variety of winged game.

One of the most remarkable animals of Kam-schatka is the Bighorn, or wild sheep, which for the most part frequents the precipitous slopes of no cereals, although it is stated that rye would the sea-cliffs, but is also sometimes met with do very well in some parts of the valley of the

in the interior. This interesting animal is thus described: 'The general colour of the Kamschatkan wild sheep (Ovis nivicola, Eschscholtz) is a brownish gray, and the hair is very long and thick. The head and neck are more distinctly gray than the rest of the body; the forehead is marked with an ill-defined dark patch; and the lips are nearly white. On the anterior aspect, the legs are of a dark glossy brown; but posteriorly, a narrow white line runs down the entire length of the limb. The tail is short, and dark brown; the runp and the centre of the belly pure white. The ears are remarkably short.'

The measurement of an adult male Bighorn was found to be sixty-seven inches extreme length, fifty-five inches greatest girth, and thirty-nine inches height at the shoulder. The length of the horns round the curves was thirty-five inches, and the breadth from tip to tip about twenty-five inches. Bighorn keep usually in small herds of from three to nine individuals, the males apart from the females and young. The flesh is said to be delicious, superior in flavour to that of the finest domestic sheep.

In winter, the people are clothed in garments of dressed reindeer skin. The kukkunkas is a loose sacque, composed of pieces of the skin sewn together with the sinews of the animal, and provided with a bearskin hood, to draw over the head. Below is worn a pair of breeches of similar character, and then boots, made of soft leather throughout, sole included. Leprosy is very common in Kamschatka, although less prevalent in the interior, and is supposed to be due to the fish diet.

The aboriginals of Kamschatka are Kamschatdales and Koriaks; but little is known of their origin, and both have decreased in numbers since the Russian occupation. The country is now chiefly peopled by Siberian-Russians, and by a race the product of intermarriage between them and the aboriginal Kamschatdales. This new race it is usual to distinguish as Kamschatkans; and a greedy, disagreeable kind of people they seem to be. They are of a low order, and live in summer either in wretched huts by the river-banks, or in lofts above the sheds in which they hang their fish. In winter, they have semi-subterranean dwellings. Their habits and diet are alike filthy; and their notions of honesty meagre. The pure Kamschatdales, on the other hand, appear to be a kindly and a hospitable people. The houses of the better class of natives of Russian blood are usually log-built, unpainted, containing usually two, and sometimes, but rarely, four rooms, in which will be found a few chairs, a rough deal table, a tawdry gilt eikon of the Russian Church, and any number of cockroaches and unmentionable insects. The houses are in many places raised above the ground, either upon stones, like haystacks, or upon low wooden pillars. The floors are boarded, and the house is warmed by means of a huge brick stove built in between the rooms, which develops immense heat. The diet of these develops immense heat. The diet of these upper classes' is—besides fish—milk, sour cream, ryebread, and bilberries. The bilberry seems to be the only fruit in Kamschatka. A few patches of potatoes and cabbages occasionally surround the better villages; but, unless at Melcova, there are no cereals, although it is stated that rye would

Kamschatka River. The harvest of the river and the sea is enough, however, to occupy all the time and thoughts of the Kamschatkan, and he has neither the leisure nor the taste for agriculture.

# RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XXIX .- CUTTING THE CABLE.

JOSEPHINE'S spirits went up like a cork in water when she left Hanford. She liked Lady Brentwood. She was fond of society, and the society met at Brentwood Hall was usually agreeable. Lady Brentwood was an admirable hostess; the baronet, a cheery, kind man who rather petted and flattered Josephine. But these were not the prime causes of her exhilaration. She was rejoiced for a few hours to be free of Richard, who was to her a constant cause of anxiety and annoyance. She, in her way, was feeling the same reaction that rushed over Richard when he came among his friends at the Anchor. She asked herself now why she had married him, and was not able at once to find the true answer. She had, in fact, taken him for several reasons. She never had really loved him; but she had been grateful to him, and she had been attracted by his simplicity, integrity, and manliness—by the contrast he presented to her father. But perversity had had its part in bringing her to marry Richard. She knew that by so doing she would anger her father and offend her aunt; and having lost all respect for both, she went head-long in a course which, because disapproved by them, she argued must be right. Without any fixed standards of right, she was swayed by her impulses, often good, but sometimes exaggerated till all the goodness was lost. She had felt her need of a guide; but Richard was useless to her; he was a drag, an encumbrance, a cause of perplexity. Now, she recognised the justice of her father's opposition, and regretted that she had not received it with respect. In her selfcondemnation she was drawn towards her father as she had never been drawn before. She had revolted against his contemptuous disregard for truth and cynical disparagement of sincerity. Now, she began to see that he was not wholly in the wrong. Truth, sincerity, are raw and rude virtues, not to be taken up in their natural state in the lump, but to be minced, and spiced, and rolled into forced-meat balls, or tucked into pates, and garnished and glossed over, and served round as a hors-dawers. Life is not to be sustained thereon; they are to be picked at and

taken in small portions at the end of a fork.

Naked truth is a savage virtue fit only for naked savages, suitable to an age when men ate acorns and beechmast. Civilisation from its first initiation was a covering up and disguising of truth. No cultured man speaks the bare truth to his neighbour, but rubs off its edges and smooths and polishes it. The bare truth blinds like the sun, and must be looked at through smoked glass. The perfectly true man is insufferable to every man he comes in contact with. Aristotle may have called the perfect man tetragones, four-square, but such a man is full of angles, which impinge on and bruise his neigh-

bours. Everything in life is full of disguise; truth is enveloped in as many coverings as a Chinese ivory carved puzzle-ball—the charm lies in the sculpture of the coats, not in the pip within. Our clothing, from the first apron of leaves, is disguise; our speech is the veil we throw over our thoughts; the courtesies of life are the figments which interpose between us and our fellows, to prevent our coming to blows. These thoughts passed through Josephine's brain; and she began to admit that her father was not so much in fault as she had supposed, and that she was premature in condemning him. She gravitated towards him, now that she was in this humour; and his quick observation showed him that he had acquired an ascendency over her he had not previously possessed.

When they were at Brentwood Hall, some time elapsed before dinner, whilst their hostess was engaged. Then Josephine took her father's arm, and they wandered together into the conservatory. He saw that she desired to speak with him on what was uppermost in her breast, yet was shy of opening the subject. 'Do you care for begonins, papa?' she asked. 'I think they are not attractive plants. They have nothing but their colour in their favour.—Oh, do look at the maiden-hair fern. How prettily it is grown in cork along the walls; and see! it springs up luxuriantly in every cranny between the joints of the pavement. It will not flourish thus with us.'

'It wants warmth, and hates a draught. To every plant, a proper climate is needed that it may thrive. Bring the coarse bracken in here, and it will spindle; put a maiden-hair out of doors, and it will languish.'

'What a pity it is, papa, that there is no managing a fernery at our place. The pipes heat the vines and flowers; and if another house were added on, there would not be heat enough to warm it. It is a pity Cousin Gabriel contrived his greenhouses so badly that there is no enlarging them without complete reconstruction?

ing them without complete reconstruction.'

'My dear, we should build our houses and shape our futures without corners for pities to lodge.'

'What do you mean, papa?'

'I mean, that we should well consider what we are about to do; and then, when we have acted, we shall not be exclaiming: "What a pity! what a pity! I did not see this before." In all our plans, we should contrive to let the pities be outside, like the vents for sewage gas.'

Josephine knew that her father was thinking of her and what she had done. 'We cannot always help ourselves; the pities will come.'

'They may come, where forethought has been exercised; where it has not, they will come.'

'And when they are there?'

'We must get rid of them if we can,'

'That is easier said than done,' observed Josephine.

To which her father remarked in answer: Where there is a will there is a way.

They walked on together for some little way without speaking; but presently, Mr Cornellis said with a tone of voice that conveyed a sneer: 'Among the many pities that occur, there is one strikes me with peculiar force at this moment—that the Wadi el Arabah is dry,'

'Why so?'

Because, if there were water-communication between the Gulf of Akabah and the Dead Sea, that intelligent and adventuresome sailor, your good husband, might be sent in the yacht to Jericho.

'Papa!' Josephine sighed.

'As there is not,' pursued Mr Cornellis, 'might he not be induced to attempt the north-west passage? There would be, to be sure, the chance of his getting crystallised in an iceberg—like a mastodon.'

Josephine shrank from her father; she unlocked

her arm from his; his tone offended her.

'One thing is certain,' said he. 'Richard is reduced to abject misery; he is weary of life among us. I give him his due. He knows he is out of his element. He wants but a touch to convert his rotary orbit about you into a parabola, with a perihelion at remote intervals.'

He waited a few minutes for her to speak, but

she said nothing. Her face was troubled.

'It is said,' continued Mr Cornellis, 'that if you give a man rope enough, he will hang himself.— You, my dear'—he looked at her out of the corners of his eyes—'you have been given plenty of Cable, and are beginning to throttle—in self-defence, you must cut your Cable.

This was all that passed between them, but it sufficed. Her father had shown Josephine the only way out of her present difficulties. The only way out of her present difficulties. alienation must be made complete; she and her husband must separate without scandal, with mutual consent. Each was in a wrong position, and felt uncomfortable. But would Richard as readily agree to this arrangement as herself? He loved her, and she did not love him. He had his nice notions of duty, which might keep him dangling about her. But there was a greater impediment than this—his children. Would he be induced to leave them? Would he be persuaded to depart with them? How could she even suggest to him that he should do this? For the first time, she felt an impatience of the children boil up in her. 'Little cumbersome pests!' she said, as she put on her bracelets, but she did not allude to the bracelets.

She was beautifully dressed at dinner—a creamy white silk with orange flowers and lace; round her neck was a chain of pearls. She looked strikingly beautiful. Her clear olive cheek was flushed with excitement, and her large brown eyes were full of light. By day, the white would not have suited her complexion; but it was otherwise at night. She was taken into dinner by the baronet, and she exerted herself to be agreeable. Sir John was a very old friend, whom she had known since she was a child, one who had humoured and encouraged her, and laughed at her sharp speeches. Not a word did he say about Richard. He expressed no regret that he was not present. He asked her about her voyage, about Heligoland and Bremerhaven, and Hamburg and the Danish Isles, which she had visited on her wedding tour. He had a yacht of his own, and at one time had gone about in it a good deal; but of late years he had felt his age, and given up the boat to his son. As we get old, we do not lose our love of the amusements of our youth; but we feel the labour that attends them, and the effort we make in taking our pleasure neutralises the pleasure itself.

On the other side of Josephine sat Captain Sellwood, who had taken into dinner a heavy young lady. The captain made a few cumbrous attempts at conversation, which fell dead, and were followed by periods of silence.

'I hear the discharge of minute-guns,' said Josephine in a low tone to him. 'You and your convoy make no way. I am a fast clipper, and

have come to the rescue.'

She was in good spirits. She was sorry for the captain, whom she had affronted when he proposed to her, and she was eager now to make all the amends in her power. Accordingly, when not engaged with Sir John, she threw herself with energy into the difficult task of waking up and maintaining a conversation with Captain Sellwood and his partner. She was only partially successful. She was like a boy trying to fly a kite when there is little wind. When he runs and lugs at the string, up goes the kite; when he desists, it heads downward and lies inert upon the grass. As the captain was at her side, Josephine was not subjected to the gaze of his solemn ox-like eyes. This was a relief to her; she could not have endured the scrutiny. With some, when they look at you, you can see in their eyes what ideas they have formed, favourable or otherwise, concerning you. There is a certain amount of satisfaction in that; but with Captain Sellwood it was not possible to do so; there was no reading anything in them.

Josephine was playing an unreal part. At the bottom of her heart lav a leaden burden of care and mortification, but she gave no token of it in her conduct. Her face was full of smiles, her

eyes of humour.

'When are you going back to India?' she asked of the captain.

He did not know exactly-he had a long leave

of absence, on account of ill-health.

'General torpidity?' asked Josephine.
'A torpid liver—yes. Perhaps I may have

to leave the army.'

Then she turned to Sir John Brentwood, and noticed Lady Brentwood bowing; so she rose, and the ladies followed her into the drawing-room. As she passed her father, she caught his eye; it said plainly: 'You are queen here now only because Richard is absent.'

The drawing-room of Brentwood House was a long room, occupying the entire garden front of the mansion. It was lit with tall Queen Anne windows, now covered with pea-green curtains embroidered with yellow and brown heart'seases. The room was panelled and painted creamy white, the mouldings picked out with gold. All the furniture was in white and gold and pea-green. The ceiling was remarkably rich with wreaths of plaster-work flowers and fruits in the style of Grinling Gibbons. Between the windows were full-length family portraits, some of great beauty—giving colour and depth of tone to a room otherwise pale in its decorations. There was one famous painting there, by Gainsborough, of a Lady Brentwood seated by the seashore under a tree, listening to the murmur of the waves in a shell that she held to her ear. She was in white satin, with a black lace scarf thrown lightly over her head. Blue bows adorned her dress. Gulls flitted over the deep-blue sea in the background. The expres-

sion of the sweet face was one of melancholy; sion of the sweet face was one of melancholy; and a look of yearning for something far away was eleverly depicted in the eyes. That something far away was her husband, Sir Beaulieu Brentwood, who lung between another pair of windows—a gorgeous figure in crimson satin. He went by the name of Red Ruin in the family, because of the disasters he had brought on it. The picture had been painted in Italy. The dress was fantastic, worn at a masquerade The dress was fantastic, worn at a masquerade, borrowed or hired from the garde-robe of some theatre—red stockings, slashed trunk-hose and jacket, a hat with a crimson feather.

'You are looking at Red Ruin,' said Lady Brentwood. 'Fortunately for the family, he fell abroad in a duel. He had eloped with a Roman princess, and was run through the body by the husband. If he had lived a year or two longer, the Brentwoods would now be nowhere, the estate sold, the family irretrievably impover-

ished.'

Josephine studied the Gainsborough.
'His poor wife,' said Lady Brentwood, 'looks like patience on a monument, smiling at grief. He deserted her, treated her shamefully, hardly He deserted her, treated her shamefully, hardly allowed her enough to live upon; and yet she forgave everything, and was, I believe, the only person who wept true tears at his death. I do not think I should sigh, and look so longingly for his return, had Sir John played me these tricks. I am east in another mould. Some folks would be glad enough to be rid of their husbands. You, my dear, have not been married long enough to know what a relief it is to be quit of them for a while.—Bless been married long enough to know what a rener it is to be quit of them for a while.—Bless me! what is all that noise in the hall? What a clatter the servants are making.' Just then, a footman entered. 'Thompson,' she said, 'what is the meaning of this? Are you all gone mad ?'

'Please, my lady, might I speak to your lady-ship a moment outside?' 'What is it? I insist on knowing. What has

happened? Speak out, Thompson.'
My lady, there's—a man, a fellow got into the house in his shirt sleeves and without his hat.'

'Well, turn him out.—Is he tipsy?'
'We can't make out, my lady, exactly. The butler has had a deal of work getting him into the housekeeper's room.'
'How yexing! Send for the gamekeepers,

and have him expelled. Is he insane??

We don't know what to make of him, my lady. He says he's come after his wife. "Wife-wife! She's not here. He must be

tipsy.'
'He's very hot and excited, my lady; he says as his name is Cable.'

Lady Brentwood started.

Josephine's blood rushed in a wave to her Josephine's blood rushed in a wave to her heart, and then poured through all her veins, like the bore in the Severn. For a moment the room spun round and she saw nothing distinctly; but she speedily recovered herself, and with crimson brow and eyes that flamed with anger, she said: 'Let me go, dear Lady Brentwood. I will see him?' Then she left the room, with firm foot but bounding heart, and pulses in her temples that smote like hammers. 'Lead the way, Thompson!' she said haughtily. 'The man desires, possibly, to speak with me.

The footman conducted her along a passage and down steps to the parlour of the house-keeper, a room that smelt of preserves. She was followed by her hostess, ready to retire if need be, but desirous to be at hand to prevent scandal.

In the housekeeper's room was Richard Cable in an armchair, the butler and the housekeeper by him endeavouring to compose him. He was in a condition of great agitation. His face hot, his hair wet, he was panting for breath; his sleeves were unbuttoned at the wrist, his tie twisted to one side of his neck. His collars were limp and crumpled.

'If you will kindly leave me alone with him,' said Josephine, controlling herself, and turning to the housekeeper and butler, 'I will send him away.' Turning round, she saw Lady Brentwood in the doorway.—'Dear Lady Brentwood,' she said, going a step towards her, 'I am ashamed and grieved that you should have been disturbed. Let me manage this matter, I will dismiss him very speedily.' dismiss him very speedily.

Her hostess at once withdrew, and the servants disappeared. When she was left alone in the room with Richard, she stood opposite him, looking at him with angry brow and eyes that darted flashes of fire. Her teeth, her lips, her hands were clenched. Her eyebrows were contracted, so that they met above her nose. His breast was heaving; drops of sweat stood on his brow and rolled down his face like raindrops.

'Well,' she said at length, 'are you going to speak and inform me as to the reason of this new outrage? Are you bent on driving me to curse the day that I ever took your hand to raise you out of the gutter?'

He did not answer; he could not; his breath was spent; the blood boiled and sang in his ears. Perhaps he did not hear her words.

Why had he come? He did not ask him-

self this question. It did not occur to him to ask it. He had come, impelled by a natural instinct, not by any articulate reason. She was his wife, the one who stood nearest to him in the whole world. He had committed a crime; in the whole world. He had committed a crime; he was conscious of an agony of remorse and terror which filled him. To whom should he fly in such an hour of supreme pain but to his wife, to pour into her ear the story of his trouble, to ask her sympathy, her assistance?

He had not stopped to consider; had he done so, he might have hesitated; he might have doubted whether she was a person ready to meet doubted whether she was a person ready to meca-him with open arms and comfort him in his sorrow. But he did not stay to think; he ran-straight forward, thrust on by remorse. His mind was dazed with despair, incapable of think-ing, and so he acted upon natural, unreasoning instinct. To whom other than a wife should he turn—the refuge of a tortured soul, the proper sharer in overy sorrow the only one who with sharer in every sorrow, the only one who with a ray of love could enlighten the darkness which enveloped his brain and heart? Now his wife stood before him, with bare bust and arms, in white silk and lace and flowers, wearing pearls about her neck and sparkling brooches on her arms, with long white gloves, neatly buttoned, and a fan in one hand.

Richard Cable looked at her; and now, for the first time since he had started on his run, did the thought emerge out of the confusion and pain in him, that this beautiful, dazzling, stately creature was not one to solace, advise, and help him.

'What is it?' she asked in a hard tone; and as she spoke, there sprung up in her mind the recollection of her father's words, 'Cut your Cable,' and she saw that the desired opportunity had arrived.

She waited a moment, and then said again: 'I have asked you twice, what is the meaning of this insult?' Then, with concentrated bitterness: 'Are you too tipsy to speak?'

He raised his hands and clasped his head:

'I have killed—or hurt'—

'Whom?'

'Little Bessie! I let her fall—on the stone floor—little Bessie!' Then he broke down, covered his face with his hands, and sobbed.

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She stood unmoved before him. She waited a moment for him to recover himself, then in the same hard tone she asked: 'What have you come here for?'

'For you.'
'For me? Why? Bessie is no child of mine.
Go back!'

'Will you not come with me?'

'I—I go with you!' She laughed contemptuously. 'Ici je m'amuse parfaitement bien. You do not understand French. It does not matter—you can gather the sense.' She turned her back on him and left the room.

## A NIGHT WITH A VOLUNTEER LIFE-BRIGADE.

How many readers of this Journal have spent a night with a Volunteer Life-brigade on a rocky coast during a storm? Probably few. Yet good, humane work is done on our shores by these Brigades, and it is well that their self-denying labours should be more widely known and acknowledged. All are more or less familiar with the work of fire-brigades; indeed, the London fire-brigade has gradually won by its promptitude, its daring, and its achievements, a national position, and Englishmen speak of it with feelings of pride. Let us, then, try to interest our readers in another Brigade, not so well known as the band of brave men who rescue their fellow-creatures from a terrible death by fire, yet who have saved many lives from a watery grave during those tempestuous nights when people are mostly safely housed and wrapped in refreshing sleep.

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The Volunteer Life-brigade was conceived on a stormy night in November 1864, at the mouth of the Tyne. The ill-fated steamer, the Stanley, was making for the harbour amid a blinding storm of wind, rain, and snow; but in the darkness, she missed the channel, and ran upon the rocks to the north of it. Here she grounded, about two hundred yards from the shore. Besides the usual crew, there were many passengers on board, and their cries for help during the night were heart-rending. The lifeboat was useless, since to come near those rocks with a raging sea dashing against them meant destruction. The Coastguard did their utmost to form a line of communication between the ship and the shore, but it was all in

vain. They were too few in number to fight successfully with the difficulties on that terrible night. Thousands of people, as the night sped, gathered on the shore, and all were willing, nay, anxious to help, but were powerless, since they did not know how to do it. There was the help-lessness of ignorance, and also the confusion of ignorance. They ran hither and thither, or stood bewildered in their powerlessness, knowing, as hour after hour passed by, that the ship was slowly breaking up, and that the people on board, whose cries reached them only too plainly during the pauses of the tempest, were being swallowed up mouthful by mouthful by the angry, ravenous sea, and all the time they were powerless to give any assistance.

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When the morning came, and the storm had somewhat abated, and the tide gone down, the remnant of the ship was there; and dead bodies were picked up, to be sorrowfully claimed and reverently interred. And what else? The minds of a few gentlemen who had been present during the night were stirred to do something, that such a disaster should not take place in the future, if any means could be devised to prevent a similar loss of life. In a few days, a small committee was established; and it was ultimately resolved to form a Brigade of Volunteers, whose self-imposed duty should be to render skilled assistance to the Coastguard. Volunteers from all classes came forward willingly; and soon four companies, of thirty men each, were formed, with a captain to each company, elected by the members.

The duty of each volunteer is to become as efficient in using the life-saving apparatus as the Coastguardmen whom they are to help. For this purpose, the Brigade is drilled at regular times all the year round in rocket-practice; for, be it remembered, that when a ship runs aground, the one great object is to establish communication between the stranded ship and the shore by means of a line or rope. Of the numerous plans devised, the rocket-apparatus is the most successful, partly because the rocket-stand is so light that one man can carry it on his shoulder, being simply a triangular framework of tubular steel, and from it the rocket is fired. The apparatus can be fixed on the rocks, or beach, or cliff, or pier, or, if need be, a boat. The rocket has a light line attached to it; and in the case of a ship, this line is sent, if possible, over the vessel between the masts. If the shot be successful, and the stranded crew know how to work the apparatus, they seize the rocket-line, haul it in as rapidly as possible, for attached to it is an endless line called the whip.

(The seamen on board some ships do not know the use of the rocket-apparatus; for not many years ago, a French vessel came ashore at Hartle-pool, and every man could easily have been saved, but only one was, and that by drifting ashore. When questioned about their apparent negligence in not seizing the line thrown over the ship, the man said they did not know what it meant, but thought that the English were firing upon them. A similar occurrence took place near the mouth of

near those rocks with a raging sea dashing against them meant destruction. The Coastguard did their atmost to form a line of communication ship, by means of the whip, a strong three-inch between the ship and the shore, but it was all in rope, called the 'hawser.' The hawser is fastened

to the mast also, a little above the whip. A travelling block is placed on the hawser, and upon this travelling block is suspended the 'breechesbuoy,' which is an ordinary cork life-buoy, with the addition of a bag of tanned canvas, with two holes in the bottom, so that the persons to be rescued may pass their legs through. When the whip is secured, 'clove-hitched' to the traveller, all is ready to carry the breeches-buoy backwards and forwards along the hawser between the ship and the shore. Great care must be taken—and it is the greatest care at this stage—that there are no 'turns' in the whip, so that the travelling block may pass to and fro easily.

Having thus prepared the way, let me give my experience of a night with a Life-brigade. I am a landsman, and was staying with a friend living on the north side of the mouth of the Tyne. He was a member of the Life-brigade; and on a December evening, when he came home from his daily duties, he remarked that the wind was strong from the east and steadily rising, and that a friend he had met on the way home told him the sea was 'making' fast. Showers of rain and sleet had fallen through the day, and the bank of clouds to the east gave every appearance of a 'nasty night' at sea, as darkness closed in.

We partook of tea; and in the well-lighted, comfortable room, my friend, his wife, and family were enjoying the evening, when about seven o'clock the conversation and laughter were brought suddenly to an end by a loud report. 'The guns! Listen!' said my friend Frank. A second report. 'Two; but wait for an answer, and make sure,' two; but wait for an answer, and make sure, he said. In about a minute's time, two cannon were fired in quick succession. A short pause was made, and then little Jack broke silence eagerly with: 'On the north shore, father; you will have to go.'—'Yes, my boy. I hope we shall have a successful night, and that no time will be test.' And at once he wait for the sure of the sure lost.' And at once he went to prepare for his duties as a Life-brigademan.

During his absence from the room, Mrs Holmes explained to me that a battery placed on the cliff at the mouth of the river fired two guns if the man on the lookout gave notice of a ship in danger on the north side of the harbour; and three guns on the south side. And to make sure that the Brigademen throughout the whole of that the Brigademen throughout the whole of the borough should know, Her Majesty's ship Castor, anchored in the river, and used for the purpose of training the men of the Royal Naval Reserve, answered back with two or three shots, as the case might be. Nothing stirs the hearts of the people at the mouth of the Tyne so much as 'the guns.' Almost every one has friends aboard ship, and a vessel in danger may mean

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ship was in distress there.

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The vessel—which afterwards proved to be one of those iron screw colliers so common on this coast-had struck on the end of the unfinished pier, and as it was low water at the time, it was some distance off. Mr Brown, the chief of the Coastguard, with his men, led the way, and had charge of the rocket-apparatus. Soon all was fixed, and the rocket rushed with its hissing kind of roar towards the stranded ship; but what with the darkness, the sudden gusts of wind driving the sleet and rain, the doubts as to the precise position of the vessel, and the difficulties experienced at night, which all Life-brigademen know so well, it was not till the third shot that the crew got hold of the line and secured it to the mast. With reasonable promptitude they drew in the whip, and got a hawser made fast, when the with, and got it hawser made last, when the steamer gave an ugly lurch. She was, in fact, fast settling down, for the hole made in her iron side was a large one. The breeches-buoy was sent off, and two passages made successfully; but the rescued ones told the men to make all haste, for the chiral and the state of the chiral series. for the ship could not hold together as she was for long. The cradle went a third time to the vessel; but there appeared to be some negligence at this point. My friend, who told me all this afterwards—for I could only guess at the time what was going forward—was of opinion that the ship was filling so fast that the seamen were trying some other and more rapid means of safety, for no response was made when the buoy went seet and rain, we liurried on, and in twenty guesswork, since it was pitch-dark, with sleet and nainubus came to the Brigade-house. This is a rain driving all the time. Frank told me that comfortable wooden house, with a watch-tower the minute they waited seemed like half an hour, across the third time. Of course all this was only

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The 'memo.' was on stamped paper, and already drawn out. Chester signed readily enough, be-

him 'to rights' once more, and he had known nowhere where he could turn for such a sum; so why should he hesitate or criticise? The bill he had signed said nothing about any situa-tion, it was true, and it was made payable to some strange name; his clerkly habits enabled him to note these points; but if Mr Gadham

preferred this form, why should he object?

The landlord and the baker, David's only creditors, were at once dealt with in a manner satisfactory to all parties; and the better raiment in which David now appeared was due to a visit paid to the poor man's banker, the pawnbroker, who had held charge of David's 'Sunday clothes' for some months past.

Mr Gadham on this day prolonged his visit considerably, and on the next called for Josie and Minnie, to give them a drive round the parks, the latter having obtained a half-holiday. The girls were delighted with the excursion, which to them seemed to be reaching quite the apex of fashionable life, and they came home all blushes and exultation at the remembrance of the aristocratic circles in which they had been moving, and, it is possible, in belief of the admiration they had attracted.

What Geoffrey thought of the matter was hardly made plain by his remarks; but the reflections of Mr Chester, as he sat apart and smoked his of Mr Chester, as he sat apart and smoked his pipe in the twilight, took a strange colouring. 'It seems hardly possible,' thought the old clerk; 'but if Mr Ernest's attention to our Josie don't mean something, I am no judge. It is hardly fair to Geoffrey; and though this is, of course, a fine chance for Josie, yet, somehow or other, I don't quite like it. I would rather see the girl left in her own circle.'

David was not the only member of the family who had a suspicion in this direction, for Minnie was continually launching jokes and mysterious innuendoes, which told on her sister, confusing her and flushing her cheeks and brow, yet pleasing her, beyond doubt. She infinitely preferred Geoffrey, but what girl of nineteen could be insensible to such a conquest?

On the deviafter this excursion David received.

On the day after this excursion, David received a letter from Mr Gadham, desiring him to be at a certain office in the city, where he would meet the writer, who wished to see him on a matter of the highest importance. This was trebly

underlined.

'A situation for me, and a better one than he had expected,' thought David.

The office appointed was not exactly a mercantile office, such as he had expected to find. It was a dull, gloomy house, let out in floors, as the inscriptions at the door clearly showed. as the mscriptons at the door clearly showed, to lawyers, and on the ground-floor were 'Ellit's and Barrable, Solicitors'—the names he had been given. 'I hope it is nothing in the man-in-possession way, or the serving of writs, or anything of that kind,' he muttered; 'I am sure I shall not like that.'

The room he entered was dull; a few heavy leathern chairs were in it, and a large table strewn with bundles of writings and the like, after the fashion of a solicitor's office; and at this table was seated the only occupant of the room, Mr Ernest Gadham. That gentleman started up and welcomed David, congratulating him upon his

punctuality.

'I have preferred to speak to you personally, Mr Chester, he continued, 'rather than allow my solicitors to open the matter to you, although it is, of course, in their way of business. I thought you would rather talk it over with a friend, in the first instance.'

'You are very kind, sir; I am much obliged to you, said David, as the other paused.
'An extraordinary discovery has been made,' resumed Mr Gadham.—The fact is, Chester, my father's will—his true, his proper will—has been found. It is witnessed by yourself and Sperbrow, your fellow-clerk; and the whole of the property is left to me—it is mine!

'Good-ness me a-live!' gasped the clerk; 'this is news indeed! And how was it found, sir,

and where has it been all this time?'

'Both turn out to be the simplest matters possible,' returned Mr Gadham. 'The will was possible, feathful air dataman. The time was made, as you know, and as you can swear so far as your own signature is concerned.'

'To be sure I can,' exclaimed David; 'and glad I shall be to do so.—But I beg your pardon,

Mr Ernest; please go on.

'A Mr Harrison, a solicitor, was sometimes employed by my father in legal matters, although not his regular attorney. A short time before his death, he sent to the solicitor a packet of papers referring to some hopeless debts; and my father dying soon after, they were thrust into a room devoted to such rubbish. After a time, Mr Harrison also died; and then nobody knew or cared anything about these papers, which were indeed as a whole of no value to any one, and the only wonder is that they were not burned or sold to the paper-mills. But lawyers are a careful race; and on the chambers being let, when Mr Harrison's affairs were settled and the business transferred-only the other day-a man was employed to examine these papers, and among them he found my father's will! Whether the old man had thought to hide it there, and afterwards forgot it; whether he fancied it would be safer there than elsewhere; or whether it was merely an accident, will now, we may be sure, never be known. The document is in the hands of my solicitors, who will lose no time in reclaiming my property. We have sent for you, David, to know if you can unhesitatingly swear to having witnessed such a will?'

'Swear! I should think I could! I forget the date, but yet I remember the day as well as if it was yesterday. I remember Sperbrow making a little joke over our fees.—He's dead, poor fellow, you tell me?

A few more questions were asked by Mr Gadham, all of which were answered by David in a manner which evidently gave satisfaction to the gentleman. The latter then proposed a glass of dry sherry, so drew a decanter and glasses from a cupboard and poured out a liberal mea-

David made quite a neat speech in proposing health and success to his patron. Gadham shook hands with him, and declared that as soon as he should be settled in his rights, he would see that his old friend David should be placed above the necessity of seeking any more situations-no more

toil for him and his.
'Him and his!' thought David; that was Josie.
He hardly liked the idea of behaving unfairly

to Geoffrey; but even if he made up his mind, could he be sure of Josie? The tempers and whims of women were so unreasonable, that she But surely, with such a chance she would not be perverse!

'And now, Mr Chester,' said Ernest, 'I will call the gentleman who has charge of my affairs, and settle your part of the business at once. He rose, and going into the next room, returned almost directly with a gentleman, whom he introduced as Mr Ellitt. This was a stern-looking man, with bushy black whiskers and beard, no moustache, but thick penthouse-like brows, which

added markedly to the harsh character of his face.
'This is Mr David Chester,' said Gadham, introducing the old clerk, 'the witness to the will; Mr Ellitt.'

The lawyer looked keenly at David for a few seconds from beneath his overhanging brows, during which scrutiny David, although he knew there could be nothing to find fault with in himself, felt very uncomfortable.

'A very suitable man, I should say, for a witness,' said Mr Ellitt, which even at the moment appeared an odd form of expression. Then we will take your affidavit, Mr Chester. Here is the will. You remember it, I have no doubt; and here is your signature. The signature below it is of course Sperbrow's.'

'I do not remember the will at all,' said David, 'for I saw nothing of it, except where I signed. That is my signature, and that is Sperbrow's;

But what, my friend?' asked Mr Gadham, with a smile. Before speaking, however, he had interchanged a glance with the solicitor, in which neither of them had smiled. 'But what, David? -Speak out.

It does not matter. I must have been mistaken; but I fancied Sperbrow signed above me. However, there it is.'

Yes; there it is; and, as you correctly say, you must have been mistaken, interposed Mr Ellitt. 'The material point is for you to swear to your signature. Here is the affidavit. I will read it over to you.'

The solicitor accordingly read a good deal of what sounded like so much jargon to the clerk; but among it all there was, he could distinctly understand, his declaration that he had witnessed the will of Mr Peter Gadham, at the latter's request, and, of necessity, in his presence. observing certain formalities prescribed by the solicitor, he signed, and the business for the present was over. David thereupon left, both gentlemen shaking hands warmly with him.

sciously held up his head rather more than usual as he walked along. As he turned into his street with an air which was positively buoyant, whom should he meet but Geoffrey Coyne!

The young fellow coming up with his usual friendly smile, and speaking in his usual cheerful tone, much of the effect of David's recent meditations vanished at once, and he found himself treating Geoffrey as heartily as though no visions of a more influential son-in-law had ever crossed his mind.

in?' asked Geoffrey. 'I have a few words of some importance to say to you.'

'With pleasure, my boy,' replied David; but as he uttered the words, he seemed to hear the faint echo of the trouble which had but recently left his mind.

The young man was silent until they had turned into a half-finished, little-frequented square hard by.

'I thought I would tell you at once,' began Geoffrey. 'I believe you will be pleased at what I have to say; I am sure I hope you will. It is only to say that we-I mean, of course, Josie and myself-are engaged; and I hope

to be able to marry within the year. That is all.' 'Oh!—That is all, is it?' said Chester. He made such a pause before answering, and spoke in so queer a voice, that the young man looked

round in some surprise.

'That is all,' he returned; 'excepting that I am happy to tell you of a promise I have had from our principal. I saw him at his house yesterday. He gave me a promise which I think justified me in asking Josie to be my wife.

'And she accepted you, I suppose, as you say you are engaged?' returned David, slighting the reference to the important interview with the prin-

cipal, and still speaking in a lethargic manner.

'To be sure she did!' exclaimed the young man. 'Have we not been sweethearts, so to speak, ever since we were children at the same day school! I daresay I told her a hundred times, before I was ten years old, that she was to be my little wife; and now, you see, it will be true, after all.—Come, Mr Chester; rouse yourself! A friendly shake of the arm accompanied this speech. 'Say that you are glad to

panied this speech. Say that you are glad to hear my news, and that you wish us joy. I am sure you do.'
'O yes!—no doubt, I do,' replied David, with a desperate gulp. 'But you must make some allowance for my astonishment. I was thinking of-of a subject so totally different, as I came along, that I could hardly bring my mind to-to understand such a surprising announcement.

'I was in hope that there would have been nothing of a surprise in it; I thought I had made my feelings pretty clear. But I am forgetting all about my chief's promise. We will walk round the square once more, while I tell you my good news and what my prospects are. If there is one man in the world, above all others, who will rejoice to hear it, that man is yourself."

David heard the explanation of his friend, and parted from him in as friendly a style and with as good a grace as he could assume. 'Surely, Mr Ernest means to marry Josie,' It was but a brief parting, as Geoffrey told him said old David to himself as he walked home, he should be round again in the evening. His ship was to sail soon, so he could not afford to lose any time. It seemed certain that this would be his last voyage, for the promise given by his chief included permanent and profitable employment on shore as his own private elerk, a post much coveted by a person in the position of Geoffrey.

On entering his house, the clerk noted the brightened eye and heightened colour of his daughter, who was evidently nervous and excited while getting his tea, and looked wistfully at her father ever and anon, expecting him to speak, as 'Can you spare me one minute before going he could see plainly enough,

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He had been sadly disappointed by hearing, in all the flush of his new hope and new ambition, Geoffrey's announcement; yet he did not blame the young people for this, knowing that only a short time before it was the news which he would have been delighted to hear. So, with an effort, he mastered his feelings, and said: 'Well, Josie— I met Geoffrey Coyne up the street, and what do you think he told me?'
'I believe I know, father. I hope it has made

We have you as happy as it has made me. known Geoffrey so long, and he is so good and so truthful. This was evidently cold, tame praise compared with what her heart prompted, for her eyes were moist as she spoke, and her colour

deepened.

'Did you never have any ambition to rise above his—I mean, our sphere?' said David. 'Did you never fancy you might make a—a loftier match? Not a better, as regards the young man, certainly not; but that is, you see, I mean a wealthier—a—a— His speech faded out here, while he was conscious that he was not doing very well, and that Josie was staring at him in amazement.

"Wealthier and loftier!" exclaimed the girl.
"Not I, father, even if I could have had the chance. But the days are past for fairy princes, or kings' sons and Cinderellas. We shall be quite happy as we are; and we shall live close to very of course."

to you, of course.'
Josie ran on in this strain for a good while. Her heart was so full of her new happiness, that she did not dream of watching to detect in her father's face anything which might appear like a shadow of trouble in the midst of all

this brightness.

The week which elapsed before Geoffrey sailed was, in one important respect, a very quiet was, in one important respect, a very quiet one; no news reached Chester about the impending lawsuit, and no visit from Mr Gadham was made. But it so happened that on the very next day after Geoffrey had sailed, Mr Gadham called upon David. The visitor was all good taxoner and countinents. temper and compliments.

temper and compliments.

'A treat now and then for you or your, young people, I may promise,' said Gadham. 'I have thought of one or two little excursions which I am sure would please Miss Josie, who, I find, has seen scarcely anything of the world. With your permission, then, I will call for her now and then, and we will try to see the best of the country outside London. I used to think myself a pretty fair guide; I must polish up my memory.'

my memory.

Josie was out when this speech was made, at which David was glad; but Mr Ernest prolonged his visit until the girl returned. When Josie came in, Mr Gadham was more loquacious than before, offering all sorts of treats to her and to Minnie, and Josie recalled, with a little shudder, what her father had said about a wealthier lover. She knew at once what the speech had meant. It was impossible for a young feminine mind not to feel a trifle dazzled by feminine mind not to feel a trifle dazzled by such a preference, about which Minnie had so often jested with her. Now, however, there seemed no jesting; and now, too, she did not admire Mr Gadham so much as at one time she had persuaded herself she did. This change of feeling may have been due to Geoffrey's influence.

The discovery had one good effect-it put her on her guard, and prevented her from committing herself by various promises which, in the heedlessness of her ignorance, she might have spoken. David was silent as regarded his visitor when he left; so was Josie; but Minnie made up for their taciturnity by chattering about the numerous trips they were to make, the sights they were to see, and the general outshining of all their friends which was to follow.

Josie and Minnie were going out to make one or two small purchases—an event not quite so rare, since the loan of the twenty pounds, as before—and were standing at the parlour-window with their bonnets on, saying a few words to their father, when a tap was heard at the door. Supposing this to be the landlady, or one of the family, for the reader has no doubt divined, much earlier in our history, that David was not a householder, he gave the usual command of Come in.

The tapper complied. It was a tall gentleman, whose broad shoulders, black beard, whiskers, and heavy brows, David recognised as having recently seen, although for the moment he could

not remember when or where.

'I must apologise for my abrupt appearance,' said the gentleman, lifting his hat to Josie and Minnie; 'but on coming to the outside door, I saw an elderly lady, who, in answer to my inquiry for you, directed me to knock here. My name is Ellitt.—You remember me, Mr Chester?'

'Oh, certainly!' exclaimed David, who now recalled the solicitor at whose office he had sworn his affidavit.—'Pray come in Mr Ellitt. These

his affidavit.—'Pray, come in, Mr Ellitt. These are my daughters—Josie and Minnie.'

'I am pleased to see them,' returned the solicitor, who looked at the girls with a glance keener than ever—so David thought; unpleasantly searching and harsh, the girls felt it. The latter went out at once, supposing, as Minnie said,

that the gentleman had come to talk business.
'I daresay he has,' said Josie, as they turned out of the little garden; 'but who do you think he is? Why, he is the man who came up to Mr Gadham at the theatre, just as he was going to speak to us. I did not like his look at all.'
'And I am sure I don't like it, and never shall,' said the outspoken Minnie, and the sisters discussed Mr Ellitt unfavourably as they pursued

discussed Mr Ellitt unfavourably as they pursued

their tour.

'My errand here is a business one, said Mr Ellitt to David, 'as you may suppose, but I am glad it has had a pleasant east given to it by my seeing your daughters. I have heard of them— at least, of Miss Josie, the elder. I had heard of her good loosen, the had no idea she was so strikingly handsome.'

'She is pretty,' returned the clerk, who was easily led to talk upon this subject, as well as on many others. 'Everybody thinks so. Too many think so, I may almost say.'

'Cannot be too many, Mr Chester,' said the visitor cheerfully. 'She will find a rich husband

than might have been expected, he followed up his inquiry; and, ere he left the theme, David had given a number of tolerably clear and strong

hints as to Mr Gadham's attachment.

If this introductory discussion could searcely be called business, the same could not be said of that which followed. Another discovery had been made, slight enough in itself, yet of value as bringing out strongly the fact that Sperbrow knew he had signed his employer's will. Among the miscellaneous papers stowed away with the will, a brief note had turned up, addressed to Sperbrow, and the presumption was that this had been written by David. 'Here is the document,' concluded the solicitor, laying a letter on the table. 'It is only signed D. C.; but of necessity it must have been you who wrote it, and you will no doubt remember doing so.'

'I don't remember it in the least,' said Chester, after putting on his spectacles and examining the document.—'It is certainly like my writing, and I do not believe there was any other D. C.

about the place; yet I never wrote that letter.'
'Would it not be more feasible to suppose you have forgotten it, Mr Chester? You will recall it, I am confident, on reflection. We must prove it, if possible; the death of Sperbrow makes it

aportant.'
I shall not recollect it, if I try for a week, returned David, shaking his head gravely. 'I never wrote to Sperbrow on that or, I should say,

any other subject.'
'You ought to make an effort, you really ought, when you think how generously Mr Ernest intends to behave to you. I have seen the figures; but, as a professional man, I cannot reveal them. Besides—he paused ere continuing this continuation. ing this sentence, and gave a peculiar smile-there are your other expectations. All may

depend upon the identification of this note.'
'How can I identify a note which—which I can't identify?' said David. He felt that this was hardly a neat form of speech, but he could

not help stumbling.

'You are making a difficulty where none should exist, persisted the lawyer. 'You know that you must have written this note-that no one else could have done so. You have indeed owned that there was no other D. C. in the firm. Use your memory, Mr Chester!

'I am doing so,' responded David, growing a trifle dogged in his manner under this pressure; and the more I think of it, the less I believe I wrote that letter. That is my answer, and I

should say that was enough."

There was a great deal more said on both sides; but at last Mr Ellitt smilingly observed that he supposed nothing more could be done that night,

## TAKING THINGS COOLLY.

wait,' was the calm reply. Instances of remarkable coolness and assurance amongst adventurers 'out West' are only to be expected. To begin with a small example. A boy who comes of a chronically borrowing family, went to a neighbour's for a cup of sour milk. 'I haven't got anything but sweet milk,' said the woman pettishly.—'I'll wait till it sours,' said the obliging youth, sinking into a chair.

But in many of the cases now under consideration, foreigners of several nationalities will be found to have figured conspicuously in the matter

of taking things coolly.

It is related that a lady and gentleman came to a ferry, and the boatman deputed his grand-son to row them across. 'Why do you not manage your boat yourself,' asked the lady, 'instead of letting this child do it?'—'Oh, don't you be afraid, ma'am,' answered the ferryman; the lad can swim.'

Equally indifferent to the fate of others was one of the sufferers by a late railway accident. He was seen rushing anxiously about, when some one asked if he was hurt. 'No; but I can't

find my umbrella.'

About a year ago, when the upper part of an hotel was on fire, one of the servant-girls was directed to awaken two gentlemen who were asleep in an up-stairs room. She knocked at the door, and, with the greatest simplicity, said: 'I beg pardon, gentlemen, for disturbing you, but the house is on fire.' This case of what may be called ludicrous politeness brings to mind another. 'Hi! you dropped a brick up there!' shouted a pedestrian on whose shoulder one of those articles had fallen from a three-story scaffold.—
'All right,' cheerfully responded the bricklayer; 'you needn't take the trouble to bring it up.'

'What is the matter?' asked a lawyer of his coachman. 'The horses are running away, sir.'—'Can't you pull them up?' 'I am afraid not.' - Then, said the lawyer after judicial delay,

'run into something cheap.'
Lawyers remind us of judicial matters, and the latter have often to do with the career of To one of these nocturnal visitors. burglars. burglars. To one of these nocturnal visitors, who had entered a gentleman's bedroom, and was seen standing in front of the bureau, the question was put by the roused sleeper: 'Well, what do you want here?' 'I want money and bonds,' hissed the burglar through his clenched teeth, 'and quick about it too.'—'My friend,' returned the occupant of the bed, 'I've been looking for those things for the last twenty years without success. But on on with your burglary. without success. But go on with your burglary; I'm sleepy.'

Another cool business character, on leaving the city for a trip to Paris with his family, placed a placard just inside the hall door, couched in the following language: 'To Burglars.—All my plated jewellery and other valuables are in the Safe Deposit Company's vaults. The trunks, Our neighbours across the Channel are fond of relating humorous little incidents of sang froid in which an Englishman usually acts the rôle of chief character. As, for instance: A man entered a furniture-shop and said: 'Have you any old furniture ?'—'No, sir; but we can make you some!' This reminds us of the Englishman in a restaurant who called for stale bread. 'We have none, my lord.'—'Make some, then; I will don't spill any candle-grease on the carpets.' The facetious writer of such a notice must surely have been a relative of the gentleman who, on being told by a beggar whom he refused to tip, that he would commit suicide with a razor, asked him to do it outside, and not spoil his floor.

There is a probably well-known little humorous account of an Irishman who went to the theatre for the first time. Just as the curtain descended on the first act, an engine in the basement exploded, and he was blown through the roof, coming down in the next street. After coming to his senses, he asked: 'An' what piece do yez play next?'

A Danish officer is pictured to us making observations in regard to the deviation of rifle bullets. One day, when walking on the ram-parts at Düppel, he saw a Prussian sharpshooter taking aim at him. While the soldier placed himself against a tree, in order to take a steadier himself against a tree, in order to take a steadler aim, the officer raised his glass to watch his movements. 'This is all right,' said he; 'the musket is just on a line with my breast—we shall see!' The trigger was pulled, and the Danish officer quietly wrote down: 'At a distance of about five hundred yards, the deviation of a ball from a rifled musket is about one profers.' metre.

A certain American sea-captain was a perfect philosopher, and no amount of ill-luck ever depressed his faith or good spirits. Coming ever depressed his faith or good spirits. Coming into the harbour once with an empty ship, after a three years' cruise, he was boarded by a townsman, who inquired: 'Wal, cap'n, how many barrels?' Had a good voyage?'—'No,' responded the skipper. 'I hain't got a barrel of ile aboard. But,' said he, rubbing his horny palms with satisfaction, while his hard features relaxed into a smile. 'I've had a mighty good sail.' relaxed into a smile, 'I've had a mighty good sail.'

Another imperturbable character was the hero of the following little incident. A gentleman was travelling in a smoking compartment on the Midland Railway, and at a certain station a German entered the carriage and took his seat opposite him. When the train had started, the foreigner, noticing the other's Havana, inquired if he could oblige him with a cigar. The Englishman, ounge him with a cigar. The Englishman, astonished at the request, reluctantly pulled out his case, and saw with disgust the other select the best he could find, and take a match from his pocket and light it. After taking a few puffs with evident enjoyment, the German, beaming at his companion through his spectacles, affably continued: 'I vould not haf droubled you, but I had a match in mein boogit and I did not become had a match in mein boggit, and I did not know vhat to do mit it.'

Blondin is said to have given the following caution to a nervous man whom he was carrying on his back across the Niagara Falls: 'I must request you to sit quiet, or I shall have to put you down.

The wife of a Parisian returning home, rang at her own door. Nobody came, so she rang again. Still nobody appeared. Finally, at a louder and longer ring, the man-servant concluded to show himself. 'Pray, are you deaft's said the lady. 'I beg pardon, madame,' said he trangually, 'but I heard only the third ring.'

on her usual day for receiving visitors, 'Dear me, what has happened? you look so pleased, said the lady of the house.—'My dear,' replied her visitor, 'I am quite preud of myself. Only ner visitor, 'I am quite preud of myself. Only fancy, while driving here, my coachnoin, clumsy fellow, did not observe a gentleman who was crossing the street; the horses ran against him, knocked him over, and sont him relling in the mud.—Well, would you believe it? I wasn't frightened a bit.'

A Spaniard can prove not a whit behind other Europeans in acting with provoking coclaess when it so pleases him. A traveller, on reaching a Spanish country town, went to a sloes maker, as one of his bacts needed repair. He found the honest tradesman reclining in the shade in front of his cottage and smoking. 'Could you mend me this boot at once?' he inquired. you mend me this need at once? he inquired. The worthy master looked at him, made no reply, but called his wife. 'How much money have we left?' he said. The wife pulled out an old leather purse and counted the money. 'Twelve pesetas.'—'That is enough for to-day and to-morrow,' observed the shoemaker; and added, lazily; 'No, sir; I cannot comply with your wish.' your wish.'

The ladies, we should think, would not recommend the cool behaviour of a Danish bride-groom on his wedding day to be extensively imitated. A wedding was arranged to take place at a little church in the touth of Juthard. The bride was there to the minute; but the indispensable bridegroom was long in making his appearance. At last he came, carrying a spade on his shoulders. The railway had been snowed up, and not wishing to miss the chance of earning an honest penny, he had helped to clear the line. Putting down the spade, he went into the church. At the conclusion of the ceremony, he escorted his bride to the church door, where he left her, as if nothing had happened, and walked off to the railway to include in the useful pastime of clearing away the snow. Reaching his home after dark, he expressed his satisfaction at having killed two birds with one stone.

But perhaps few instances in the way of treating the affairs of life with calm equanimity are more amusing than the one with which we conclude. Professor B —, of the university of Bonn, is a very absent-minded man. He was busily engaged in solving some scientific problem. The servant hastily opened the door of his studio and aunounced a great family event. 'A little stranger has arrived.' 'El(?'—'There is a little boy.' 'Little boy! Well, ask him what he wants.'

## FULFILMENT OR COINCIDENCE!

Towards the end of the second decade in the present century, there stood, on the southern borders of Yorkshire, a fine old Elizabethan house, called Holyoake Manor, which for several generations had belonged to an old Yorkshire family named Holyoake. At the commencement of our story, the only surviving members of the family were Squire Holyoake and his son Harry, That servant's remarkable composure was quite who were intimate with the Holyoakes were often equalled by a countrywoman's of his employer's, heard to say that two happier men than the who entered the house of one of her lady friends Squire and his handsome son did not exist; and a highly promising young man of nineteen. Those who were intimate with the Holyoakes were often

their merry company, and in particular the younger man's, was sought far and near.

In his twentieth year, young Harry Holyoake was sent by his father to Cambridge, to complete a hitherto somewhat erratic educational career; and several months after his departure, the Squire was seized with a worse than usual attack of his old enemy, the gout. Now, the most amiable of old cheffly, the goul. Now, the most annable of temperaments will sometimes give way under the agonies of such a complaint; and the Squire, thoroughly good-natured and kind-hearted though he naturally was, proved, on this occasion at least, no exception to the rule. News was brought to him one morning, during a severe attack of pain, that a strange tribe of gypsies had encamped in the park adjoining the house, and that neither by threats nor by entreaties could they be induced to leave. This so enraged the sick man, that he determined he would himself drive out the intruders. He was well known as a man who, whether for good or evil, never violated his word; and accordingly, a few days later, he, with considerable difficulty, succeeded in reaching the encampment. The first person he encountered was a withered-looking old gypsy woman, who, seeing him approach, advanced with tottering steps to meet him, evidently bent upon conciliation; but the thought that, for the first time in his life, he was being bearded, on his own domains too, by a parcel of thieving rogues, as he called them, for the moment quite overpowered the Squire's better nature, and in a fit of irrepressible rage, and before any of the athletic-looking gypsies standing around could interfere, he seized the old woman by her straggling gray locks, and after belabouring her with a stout cudgel which he carried, flung her, with his remaining strength,

bleeding and half-senseless, upon the ground.

After a few moments of dead silence, during which the Squire's better feelings had reasserted themselves, the woman slowly rose, and, with intense malignancy glaring out of her sunken bloodshot eyes, over one of which a thin stream of blood trickled, addressed him thus: 'A curse -the curse of the old gypsy queen alight on you and yours for ever! For this work of to-day, you shall live to see the last of your race and home, and then you will remember the

gypsy's words.'
The Squire was momentarily appalled at the depth of hatred which accompanied the words; and before he had quite recovered his accustomed equanimity, the encampment, at a sign from the old woman, was being rapidly broken up; and a few minutes later the hindmost of the tribe was

seen disappearing among the trees.

Some six months after these events, as the Squire was one morning about to sit down to a rather late breakfast, an important-looking letter, bearing the Cambridge postmark of that period, was placed in his hands. If the covering looked important, the contents, to judge by the pallor that overspread the Squire's usually rubicund face as he perused the lines, must have been infinitely more so. After gazing for a while in a vague, helpless manner, first at his faithful old attendant, and finally around the comfortable-looking

more immediately after to see his master, whom he had known and loved since a child, fling himself upon the floor and burst into uncontrollable grief, murmuring brokenly: 'My boy, my own dear boy! Even your death I would gladly have welcomed before this.'

The news gradually leaked out that Harry Holyoake had brought disgrace upon the old name-that he had long been suspected of cheating at cards; that one night, while heavy with drink, he had been undeniably caught in the act, and had in consequence been summarily

expelled the university.

The day following the receipt of this announcement, another letter was received from Harry himself, stating that he could never again face his father after the disgrace, and begging the Squire to accept the care of his (Harry's) wife to whom, it was now known, he had been clandestinely married at Cambridge—and little child. Before the Squire had decided upon his reply, the young wife and child arrived at the manor, and were kindly enough received. The child was several months old, and his endearing little ways quickly won the old man's heart.

Of Harry, nothing more was heard for many

years.

Twenty years slipped rapidly by, and the incidents already related were well-nigh forgotten in the neighbourhood of the manor. Harry's wife had died shortly after her arrival; but the child had grown up into a stalwart, handsome young fellow, the darling of his grandfather's heart, and the pride of the whole country-side. The young Squire, as he was universally called, was first everywhere and in everything; there was no more fearless rider in the hunting-field than he, nor a more active partner in the ballroom. On his twenty-first birthday there were great rejoicings at the manor, which was wholly given up to feasting and merriment in honour of the occasion. It had been a long-standing arrangement that Everard—he had been named after his grandsire -should, on attaining his majority, spend a few months' holiday on the continent, in conjunction with a young man of somewhat similar age, named Dick Houghton, the son of a neighbouring Squire. Accordingly, the festivities over, the young men started, full of health and spirits, for their projected trip.

One wild, tempestuous night towards the close of January 18—, a man, closely wrapped in a great-coat, and wearing a full dark beard, might have been seen, apparently with no specific object in view, walking down one of the narrow, disreputable-looking streets diverging from the Rue de S— to the river-side. Externally, there was nothing about this man deserving other than a casual attention; but could one have divested him of the disguise which he wore in the shape of the full beard referred to, and effaced the slight limp which showed itself as he walked, the consternation that would have been manifested by the criminal portion of the quarter would have been room, he suddenly started to his feet, and in unbounded, for he was no other than Monsieur concentrated tones ejaculated: 'He, a Holyoake, to do it! Curse him! a thousand times curse him!' The old attendant was startled still sion of Parisian criminals; the man who was indeed popularly supposed to be gifted with second-sight, so successful did his professional ventures generally prove. It was well known that a gang of more than usually lawless desperadoes infested the quartier, and it was more than suspected that their headquarters were situated in the narrow street down which Monsieur Bertholot was now limping. The master-spirit and leader of the gang, and by far the most daring and reckless of them all, was said to be an Englishman, who, thanks to a long residence in Paris—which had probably obliterated any insular eccentricities that might otherwise have betrayed him—had hitherto managed to elude a highly deserved nunishment.

highly deserved punishment.

We need hardly say that Monsieur Bertholot was on the track of these men. Not many days previously he had visited, as usual disguised, one of the numerous drinking saloons by the riverside, where he had been struck by the general superiority of one of the frequenters over the rest of the habitues. The slight, indeed almost imperceptible foreign accent of the man further impressed him, and he decided upon cultivating his acquaintance. This he did, with the result that in a few days he, the prince of the Parisian police, found himself wholly hand-in-glove with the very man who had so long baffled him.

It had been arranged that this night the gang was to be taken. After limping some distance down the street, the detective halted before a large sombre-looking house, the door of which he tapped in a peculiar manner. After a pause, the door was cautiously opened, and Monsieur Bertholot entered, and followed his conductor some distance along a labyrinth of intensely dark rooms and passages, and finally stopped before a door, through the chinks of which a brilliant light was visible. After some more cabalistic tapping, the door was thrown open, and Monsieur Bertholot found himself—not for the first time—in a room with a long table running its entire length, around which sat some twenty or thirty men, intent upon a game of hazard. The new arrival, after a boisterous welcome, seated himself near to two young men, who, with eager flushed faces, were absorbed in the game.

The play had proceeded for some time with

The play had proceeded for some time with apparently varying luck, when one of the young men suddenly sprang to his feet, and directly charged the leader, a determined-looking man of near middle age, with foul-play. The words were no sconer uttered than a pistol report rang out shurp and clear, and the young man's body fell heavily forward upon the table at the instant the door was burst open, and a body of police filled the room and secured the ruffians, who were too much taken by surprise to make any resistance.

It transpired at the trial that the murdered man was one Everard Holyoake, of Holyoake Manor, Yorkshire. From the moment this was known, the demeanour of the accused underwent a complete change; his callous indifference disappeared; and he seemed as one overwhelmed with remorse and grief. That night he managed to commit suicide in his cell, and a piece of paper was found upon him in which it was stated that the dead man was his own and only son!

The terrible news nearly killed old Squire Helyoake But his cup was not even yet full. One evening, after the inmates of the manor

had retired for the night, it was discovered that the house was in flames; and though all escaped with life, the structure by the next day was a mass of smouldering ruins. Some of the neighbours had seen a tribe of gypsies in the vicinity on the night of the fire, and one man had detected two members of the tribe lurking near the house. Nothing, however, was definitely proved, for the gypsies had disappeared as mysteriously as they had come.

The Squire did not long survive this last blow; he died soon after, bitterly regretting his harsh treatment of the old gypsy woman, and firmly persuaded that his misfortunes were due solely to her execution.

#### OUT AT SEA.

I know that I am dying, mate; so fetch the Bible here, What's laid unopened in the chest for five-and-twenty

And bring a light along of you, and read a bit to me, Who haven't heard a word of it since first I came to sea.

It's five-and-twenty year, Iad, since she went to her rest

Who put that there old Bible at the bottom of my chest; And I can well remember the words slie says to me: 'Now, don't forget to read it, Tom, when you get out to sea.'

And I never thought about it, mate, for it clean slipped from my head;

But when I come from that first voyage, the dear old girl was dead.

And the neighbours told me, while I stood as still as still can be,

That she prayed for me and blessed me as was just gone out to sea.

And then I shipped again, mate, and forgot the Bible there,

For I never give a thought to it, a sailing everywhere; But now that I am dying, you can read a bit to me, As seems to think about it, now I'm ill and down at sea.

And find a little prayer, lad, and say it up right loud, So that the Lord can hear it, if it finds Him in a crowd. I can scarce hear what you're saying for the wind that howls to lee;

But the Lord'll hear above it all, for He's been out at sea.

It's set in very dark, mate; and I think I'll say good-night.

But stop—look there! why, mate, why, Bill, the cabin's turning light;

And the dear old mother's standing there as give the book to me!

All right; I'm coming ! Bill, good-bye! My soul's going out to sea!

J. S. FLETCHER.

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POPULAR

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THE INFLUENCE OF THE STORY-BOOK.

In all ages and in all lands, the art of narrating a story by word of mouth or by the ready pen has been practised; and a few individuals among the rest of mankind have been gifted with this faculty, which they have exercised in preparing food for the fancy of their hearers or readers in fable, epic, or the modern novel. These few are akin to the artist who differs from the mere portrait-painter. The last-named can produce a resemblance which may be perfect in light and shade, and even in expression; but though this may give us pleasure, it does not stir in us the admiration that we award to one who can produce a situation calling forth our emotions. The faculty which is able to produce this is much more rarely met with.

A well-told tale is as rare as a perfect day; it is the result of happy influences, and, like a welldeveloped man or woman, requires favourable circumstances for its development. It owes much of its interest to the language used in telling it, and the skill with which it is illustrated, as in the plays of Shakspeare. The plots of many of these plays are not original; but the way in which the author has made, from what were originally but phantoms, galleries of life-like figures, is a striking proof of his power. A similar effect is often produced by writers of tales.

It shows great merit in a story when the incidents of it linger long in the memory. Silas Marner, by George Eliot, is a remarkable instance of this quality. Any one who has read this tale must have noted the ease with which each incident may be recalled, even a long time after it has been read; and this characteristic seems to result from its being free from superfluous matter, from the way in which the main incidents are grouped, and from the beauty and simplicity of the tout ensemble.

Love and war, with the troubles resulting therefrom form the materials of most of the ancient novels are the results of complicated difficulties by Nathaniel Hawthorne; the German Undine;

incident to a more advanced stage of civilisation. Life abounds in incidents for the modern talewriter. There are many people who confine their generosity to what they consider their own class, and who spend time and money in deeds of charity, yet think nothing of wounding the feelings of those a little beneath them in rank. They are kind after their own fashion, but would sacrifice their dearest friends rather than lose an inch of their hard-won social station. Such people are common both in real life and in novels. and when the story of their doings is well told it excites in the reader much interest.

To read a good story has a similar effect to spending a few hours in pleasant company; it cheers and relieves the mind; the small troubles that may have vexed us lose their hold upon us: and when we return to them, we are so refreshed and invigorated by the action of change, that they weigh but lightly upon us. Sometimes an incident recalls to our memories some of the pleasures and pains of that brief season of early youth of which we all like to prolong the remembrance. Stories from other lands have a great charm for young people and children; there is for them the novelty of learning about foreign customs, and seeing that human nature is alike in its deep experiences, under very different outward ways and manners.

The beauty of many simple stories, some of them of a past age, yields us as much wonder and admiration as the more lengthy and artistic compositions of to-day, from which they differ as the wild-flower does from the more gorgeous production of the hothouse. Thus the bloom of the common furze, with its outer petals protected with down, and its brilliant yellow colour set off by dark prickly foliage, well repays close inspection. So does a homely story. We have many of them in the world's literature. We will mention a few, without regard to order of merit. There are the English Vicar of Wakefield stories; while the situations of the modern and Robinson Crusoz; some of the American tales

and for the young, Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia; and numberless others that blossom in

every language.

Among modern novel writers, we sometimes meet with one who can sketch out the plot of a story, but cannot fill in the finer details. A story, like a statue, may be rough-hewn, or it may be carved and finished by the patient toil of the skilled artist. There is nothing to object to in a rough-hewn story; we know of one or two that we should be sorry not to have read. Our objection is to one in which the details are not filled-in in a consistent manner, and in which the characters are made to act as we feel no real persons would act. This kind of tale is often hastily produced by the fashionable novelist; but it is soon forgotten, and cannot take a lasting place in literature. They please in some cases, before the taste is acquired for better productions; as a youth, before he has learnt to draw, may be attracted by a gaily painted picture, in which, after he has gained some knowledge of art, he finds many defects.

We meet in books with all sorts of people pictured for our amusement. Almost all classes of society have had among them some one who has portrayed the incidents and characters that grow out of different social conditions, as most of our best stories are the results of the writers' personal experience of life. Thackeray, who had lived among the aristocracy, has dispelled many an illusion as to their freedom from vulgar faults in pictures that we feel are almost as truthful as reflections in a mirror. Dickens and Mrs Gaskell have shown us that there are subjects of interest even amid the flats and plains of humble life, and display to us as exciting scenes as we meet with among the great. Mrs Gaskell began to exercise her talent for writing through the want of an absorbing occupation to abate the feeling of loneliness caused by the death of a child. Exercising this talent benefits the writer as well as the reader, by affording scope for the higher faculties. In George Eliot's series of tales we see the different degrees of middle-class country-life drawn with skill both as to general effect and minute detail, especially in her earlier works; the later ones often contain too much philosophical matter; this sometimes breaks the interest of the story.

People in the country who have long uninterrupted winter evenings appreciate the sensation novel to an extent that those who live among the more real excitements of London or other large towns can hardly realise. To the latter, life is seen to be full of touching experiences, and they are familiar with the reverses of fortune. And sometimes situations in novels that are intended to rouse great emotion, do not appear to them to be so real: they are quicker to detect their extravagance and inconsistency, than the less expe-

rienced dwellers in country places.

Who that has watched a young girl absorbed in the reading of a story-book, her face beaming with genuine emotion; or a boy leaving for a time the rough games that boys delight in, for a tale of peril and adventure, is not thankful to the writer for providing our young friends with so much innocent amusement, to fill up what would be otherwise vacant hours, and to supply

from the ordinary every-day wants of life-a want that shows itself in their dreams of future travel and adventure—and to put before them heroic ideals for their imitation? And when sometimes we who are grown up have spent half an hour of an evening talking with a friend and recalling old favourite tales, are we not glad that we have a subject of such interest to talk about? We feel that impressions more lasting than perishable ink and paper have been left upon our minds; and we are thankful for the time that we have snatched from the more practical duties of life, to indulge our love for that fascinating class of literature which comes under the head of fiction. We learn to value the presence of the novelist amid life's scenes, as we should the one guest at a party of pleasure to whom, among the many that contribute to our entertainment, we owe the most, and who gives enjoyment alike to old and young. To make another comparison: reading a story which depicts life in unaccustomed forms, is like a visit to a spot where nature displays rare and uncommon beauty, and wild-flowers bloom of varied hues, delighting us all the more because they do not develop their fragrance in the grimy town where our working hours are spent.

## RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XXX .- NOT TO BE RESPLICED.

On the modern stage, when persons have to disappear or properties to be removed without interruption of scenes, a steam or smoke is raised, or veils of imperceptible gauze are let down, behind which the requisite operations can be performed unobserved by the spectators. Similar appliances have been in use on the social stage for many generations to disguise what we do not wish to be seen. It was so on this occasion. The movement of social entertainment went on uninterrupted; the gentlemen came from their wine; the tea was handed round; ladies sang and performed on the piano; Lady Brentwood had agreeable things to say to all her guests; the smoke of small-talk and the veil etiquette screened the unpleasant episode which had just been enacted, and which had created some disturbance.

The hostess herself knew no particulars, and she was careful to ask no questions. When Josephine reappeared, she covered her embarrassment cleverly by thanking her for having fetched her music, and insisting on her taking her place at the piano and giving the company one of her charming songs. Josephine went to her port-folio and took out the first piece that met her hand without particularly noticing what it was. She knew perfectly all the pieces she had put together, and there needed no choosing where music is used not as a delectation, but as a cover to the voices of talkers. When she took her When she took her place on the stool and unfolded the paper, she found that she had selected the mermaid's song from Oberon. She struck the first chords list-lessly, and then regretted that she had taken so much innocent amusement, to fill up what this piece, for with the air came over her the would be otherwise vacant hours, and to supply recollection of the lightship and of Dicky Cable's the need of the young for something different whistle. 'I will never, never sing it again,' she thought as she closed it. the Mermaid.

Next day, Lady Brentwood persuaded Josephine and her father to prolong their visit over another night. There was a garden-party that afternoon, and another dinner in the evening, when a very musical acquaintance, a man who wrote critiques in some of the papers, a man steeped in Wagner to the chin, was coming; and Josephine, said her host, would be sure to like to meet him and discuss Wagner with him and the merits of her favourite Weber. Josephine was a heretic; she despised Mendelssohn, thought him a great prophet of musical commonplace, and had shocked Lady Brentwood. 'My dear,' she said, 'we will refer the matter to Mr Wayland Smith; you must stop for dinner, and hear what he has to say about Mendelssohn. I daresay you may be right about these Songs without Words, but none but a master could have written the Scotch Symphony.'

So Josephine and her father remained; and at table her hostess managed to set Mr Wayland Smith next to her, though he did not take her in to dinner. Josephine was passionately fond of music, but she had not had extended opportunities of hearing much. Her father took her to town occasionally to concerts and the opera; but, after all, the circle of operas performed in town is a small one—Trovatore, Roberto, the Prophète, Rigoletto—now and then Lohengrin, Trovatore again, toujours Trovatore. Mr Wayland Smith had gone through a German course, hated Italian music, and had much to say about composers of whom the English musical world knew nothing, and whom, therefore, it despised-Marschner,

Lorzing, Nicolai, &c.

Josephine spent a very enjoyable evening. She sang for Mr Wayland Smith, and very goodhumouredly and frankly accepted his criticisms. He looked over her portfolio, and with a blue pencil scored some of her pieces. When you get home, he said, 'tear these to fragments and strew them to the winds; it is worse than waste of time to play rubbish.'

Josephine quite forgot about Richard Cable and his injured child, in the interest she felt in the conversation of the musical critic. She made him write down a list of pieces for her to get

and learn.

'I knew,' said Lady Brentwood, 'that you would enjoy yourself when I persuaded you to stay.

'Dear Lady Brentwood, I have not spent such a pleasant evening for a long time. I forgot all my worries.'

'You have worries?'

'Like every one else. But-I am glad now to learn that I am not alone in my heresy. Mr Wayland Smith shrugged his shoulders over Mendelssohn, and said the Songs without Words

were fit only for school-girls.'
Josephine had banished her worries from her thoughts while at Brentwood House; but when she returned to Hanford they returned with renewed force to disturb her peace. Her conscience, which had slept whilst away from home, now uncoiled and stretched itself. She felt qualms at the recollection of her treatment of

Richard.

'That is the last of had happened; he seemed to have divined all. As she descended from the carriage, and he gave her his hand, he said: 'Take care—no resplicing of cut Cables.' In no other way did he allude to what had occurred.

Richard was not at the house when they arrived. He did not come out into the porch to meet her. She hardly expected to see him, yet she felt disappointed that he was not there.

'Is Mr Cable about the garden?' she asked of the butler.

'No, ma'am; he's not been here for some time. There's been an accident, ma'am.

'Is the child much hurt?' she inquired with a slight tremor in her voice.

'I do not know, ma'am, for certain. Shall I send the boy down to inquire how the young lady is?

Young lady! Tiny Bessie, a young lady! What condescension of John Thomas to call the

poor little child, the sailor's babe, a young lady!
'Never mind,' she answered. 'I daresay I 'Never mind,' she answered. 'I daresay I shall step down myself and ask. The case is not serious?'

The butler bowed, put his hand to his mouth to cover a cough, and said in an apologetic tone: 'Certainly not, ma'an—only the spine is injured, and the child will be a cripple for life.'

Josephine shuddered and turned white. Then

she went up-stairs; her hands shook as she removed her bonnet. What should she do? Ought she not to go at once to the cottage? She and her father had lunched at Brentwood, and did not return till the afternoon. As she sat and thought what line of conduct she should pursue, the first bell rang for dinner. She dressed hastily. It was too late for her to go then. Perhaps she would run down after dinner.

Josephine could not eat anything at dinner; she picked the food in her plate, and sent it away. She could not talk; she had lost her interest in Wagner, and her prejudice against Mendelssohn. Her aunt asked whom she had met at Brentwood, and how she had amused herself; and her father watched her; she changed colour during dinner several times, and complained of the heat, though the evening was cold. She was thinking of Bessie, the poor little blueeyed, fair-haired child, that had put its little fingers to her mouth, and whose palm she had kissed. This little creature crippled for life—a whole future darkened! How had the accident happened? Richard was so careful, how came he to let the child fall? Josephine knew how his heart was wrapped about his little ones, how especially dear to him was that innocent babe, and she knew that he must be suffering acutely. He had been suffering whilst she had been enjoying herself. Whilst she had been discussing Mendelssohn with Mr Wayland Smith, he had been eagerly questioning the surgeon as to the life of the sufferer. Richard would never forgive her for her want of sympathy. She had cut her Cable indeed-through and through, with sharp knife and remorseless hand.

She could not remain with her aunt in the drawing-room after dinner; she went into the hall and threw a shawl over her head and wrapped ualms at the recollection of her treatment of it round her neck. Now she was cold, shivering. A moment ago she was hardly able to breathe. Her father had asked no questions about what

Her father came out of the dining-room. Her tather came out of the dining-room. 'Whither are you wandering, my pretty maid?' he asked. 'After poppies and nightingales?' 'Papa,' she said, 'I must go. It is wicked not to make inquiries. I cannot send; I must go myself. Richard will never forgive me.' 'Well,' said he coldly, 'it is best as it is. Good words will not mend broken bones. You have missed the chance if you sought reconcilla-

have missed the chance, if you sought reconcilia-tion. It is too late now. I will go to the cot-tage and make inquiries. Let matters take their course. Penelope unstitched at night what she had sewn in the day. Do not you try to sew up what you have unravelled. He took her shawl off her shoulders. She submitted, and went back into the parlour to her aunt. He was right;

it was too late.

It was too late.

Josephine retired early to bed; she was too uneasy to talk or settle to anything. When in bed, she could not sleep. Her mind became restlessly active; every trouble doubled itself in bulk. Wrongs done her grew in grievousness, her own faults darkened in colour. When she thought of the annoyance Richard had caused her by his ill-considered action in coming to Brentwood, her veins glowed, her head throbbed, and her eves humt in their scalett. and her eyes burnt in their sockets. She could not forgive this—this humiliation, to which he had subjected her before her hostess and the servants of the house. If he took offence at her conduct, it was unreasonable of him; the aggrava-tion had been excessive. If he refused to be reconciled, it was well that it should be so; she could be happy without him; it was abundantly proved that she could not be happy with him. Next moment, she thought of Richard running to seek her; to pour out his grief into her bosom. She saw him, under the starlit sky, in his shirt She saw him, under the starlit sky, in his shirt sleeves, running with the sweat streaming from his face, and his breath issuing in snorts through his nostrils. Why had he come for her, instead of going straight home to his child? He had run to her in perfect reliance on her goodness of heart and ready sympathy. She was ashamed of herself; she had wounded his heart where it was most susceptible. She resolved, in spite of her father's advice, to go to the cottage next morning, acknowledge her fault, and make her peace with Richard. Then she saw rise up before her in the darkness of her room the white form of Gainsborough's Lady Brentwood, with the shell to her ear, listening to the roar of the sea, with of Gainsborough's Lady Brentwood, with the shell to her ear, listening to the roar of the sea, with a far-off, wistful, longing look in her eyes. Would she—Josephine—ever feel such a longing for her husband as Lady Brentwood had for Red Ruin? No—that was not possible. A woman night lose her heart to a rake in satin and velvet, might forgive infidelities; but she could not love a common sailor, and pardon a lapse in grammar. Red Ruin had deserted his wife, but he did not put his knife in his mouth; he had did not put his knife in his mouth; he had eloped with a princess, but he had held fast to the letters h and v. Therefore, it was quite permissible and possible that Lady Brentwood should feel tenderness for Sir Beaulieu; but she,

made, it must not be filled in. She regretted that she had appeared unfeeling in the matter of little Bessie; but we cannot pick our occasions, and if Richard came to interrupt her with unwelcome news when she was engaged-she very naturally lost her temper and spoke unsympathetically. A rupture with Richard was inevitable; the occasion had come; it was not quite such as she would have chosen, but having come, she must take advantage of it. It would pave the way to a separation, and Richard might be induced to leave Hanford. If he would not go, she was resolved to depart herself; they could not live together in the same place in different houses and moving in different social spheres.

In this mood she abode the whole forenoon; but after lunch, she sat in the garden by herself. Aunt Judith had gone up-stairs to take a nap her father was away with the agent who had her father was away with the agent who may called. Then a reaction set in, and she felt that she had been heartless. Her better self prevailed. Her pride stood in the way for some while, but went down at last. She tried to stay it up with the thought that Richard could not care much for her, or he would have returned

to the Hall; but her efforts availed nothing.

She rose from the garden seat, went through the gate, and walked to the cottage, without

saying a word to any one.

The elder children were at school, to be out of the way. Mrs Cable had gone to the surgery for medicine; and when Josephine entered the house, Richard was there alone in the kitchen,

watching and soothing the baby.

He looked up as she entered. He was on one knee by the cradle; the afternoon sun streamed in at the little window on his face and dazzled him, so that at first he was unable to distinguish his visitor. Josephine noticed a change in him, his visitor. Josephine noticed a change in him. His cheeks seemed to have fallen in; his eyes were hollow, and his hair had lost its spring and curl. The temples stood out, but the flesh had sunk into pits beneath them. He looked ten years older. But she say that there was tan years older. But she saw that there was change of another sort in his face as well. The expression was altered. The light, the trust had vanished from it; its frank kindliness had disappeared. Across the brows lay deep furrows, and the mouth was contracted. The man was not so much oldened as embittered.
'Richard!' said Josephine, 'I have come to know the truth about dear little Bessie.'

He started at her voice; the furrows on his brow became deeper, and his teeth clenched, giving his jaw a heavy look it never had worn before. He put up his hand to shade his eyes from the sun, and he looked steadily at her for a minute without answering. In the shadow of his hand, his eyes looked large and threatening. Presently, in a strangely altered voice, he said.

of his hand, his eyes looked large and threatening Presently, in a strangely altered voice, he said: 'Bessie is no child of yours, and concerns you not.' 'I beg your pardon, Richard,' said Josephine, after a constrained pause. She was hurt by his rebuff, though she acknowledged to her heart that it was deserved. 'I am sorry that I spoke petulantly the other night; but you must acknowledge that you did a very unwise thing—certain to exasperate me. You put me in a most awkward dilemma.' Josephine, could never experience such a yearning of the soul for her husband, were he to be absent and become indifferent. The clock struck four before she fell asleep.

When she woke, she had come round to her father's opinion—that the breach having once been the soul for her husband, were he to be absent and become indifferent. The clock struck to exasperate me. You put me in a most awkward dilemma.

She waited for a reply. None came. 'Tell me, Richard, is poor dear Bessie gravely injured?

Tell me how it I have heard no particulars,

happened.'
'How it happened!' he repeated hoarsely, and rose to his feet, because he could not bear the sun on his face as he spoke with her. 'Ay! I will tell you how it happened.—Stand off! Do not come near the child. Away from this

side. The shadow of you has fallen on her and fallen on me already. Your shadow blights.'

In truth, she had stepped into the sunbeam and had intercepted it. Now she moved on one side; she was humbled, not greatly, nor had she changed her determination, bred of her father's advice, to separate from Cable; but she was touched and pained by the sight of the suffaring touched and pained by the sight of the suffering child, and its equally suffering father.

'I will tell you all,' he said in a tone charged with suppressed thunder, 'You were right when you said at Brentwood that I was drunk. It is true I was drunk when I did it. It was because I was drunk that I let my Bessie fall. I had rather, ten thousand times, have broken my own back and lain a crippled, tortured creature thus—through an eternity—than have hurt her. That God knows—if—if He knows and cares for aught that goes on below.' He did not salute, as he named the Almighty, as in the former times.

'I am very, very sorry, Richard.'

'I do not want your compassion,' he retorted fiercely. 'I loathe it—I despise it. It was your

doing that my poor baby lies here'—
'Richard,' interrupted Josephine, with a flash of anger at what she conceived his injustice, 'because you forgot your self-respect and drank, and let Bessie fall, am I to be blamed? This

'I do blame you,' he said. 'It is all your doing. Was I ever drunk before? Never-never! My mother can tell you that. And why did I drink at the Anchor, but because you had stung and insulted me past endurance! I forget my self-respect! I had none. You had kicked it and trampled it in the dirt. You had killed it. I always held up my head and could check myself. I never did anything that could bring shame on my face, and tears in my mother's eyes before, because I respected myself. But you would not rest till you had beaten my self-respect down and ground it into dust. I drank because of the pain in my heart, and to forget what you had done to me. Then after poor Bessie was hurt-I ran to find you. Now, I see I was mad or drunk to run to one so heartless, so cruel; but in the moment of my despair, I forgot all the wrong you had dealt me, and remembered only the tie that bound us. I ran to you, because I was burning with thirst, as a man in a desert runs when he sees, far away, green leaves that promise a well. I ran to you for pity and love, and you mocked and drove me from you.' His breath came with a hoarse rattle from his labouring lungs. 'And now you have come to see the wreek you have made; not of my sweet baby only—but of me— of me.' He came up to her with every muscle in his face and throat distended, and with elenched hands and nerves that stood as knots in his wrists

Josephine stepped back. 'Are you going to strike me, Richard?'

'No,' he said; 'I do not touch women. I almost wish I could seize you by the throat and wring your venomous tongue out, as I might tear out the sting of a wasp.—I love you no more. I loved you once, loved you!—you stood far above me as the silver moon. I thought you the most beautiful and holy and pure of beings; and now I see your soul is full of ugly pits and scars and blemishes; and your light has no warmth in it—it chills, it drives a poor stupid man like me crazed—so crazed that I have crushed and nigh killed my child. So crazed am I, that I have lost all I had once that made me happy—my content, my peace of mind, my trust. I have looked up at you, and been blasted; and now—I cannot look up at all.' He clasped his hands over his head, and stood with widespread feet and elbows, glaring at her.

'I pitied you with all my heart,' he continued, 'when you once told me that you could not look up—and then, in my folly, I thought I would take you by the hand and hold you, and put my finger under your chin, and speak to you of love and faith and the trust of a little child to a loving Father, till your tossed heart grew still, and its fret passed away, and you raised your eyes to what is above us all. But I never, never supposed that you would drag me down and blind me, so that my power of looking up should be taken from me.

He trembled with vehemence as he spoke, and Josephine was silent; she quailed before his indignation. Then he was silent, standing looking at her; and she glanced at him, to see if there was any softening in his face, any forgiveness in his stern eyes.

'Can you not see, Richard,' she said, 'that you tried me beyond endurance? I may have lacked consideration for you, but you also failed

'No,' he answered; 'never—never!'

'Then,' she said, 'if that be so, it is best for us to part—to separate. We both of us made a mistake. I did not know what I was about when I took you; and you over-estimated your

powers when you accepted me,'
'Very well,' he said. 'We part; we see each
other no more. But the past can never be undone; it can no more be repaired and made straight than the back of my poor baby, who is crippled for ever.'

'You blame me unreasonably,' remonstrated Josephine; 'you are blind to the wrongs done to me. Nothing is easier for a man who has made a mistake, than to toss the responsibility on to the back of another who is too weak to defend herself.—Let me kiss little Bessie, and then I will leave you.'

'No,' he answered; 'you shall not touch her,

nor go near her.'

Then in at the door came his little troop of girls, returning from school-six, and as they entered, the sunbeam lit one golden crown after another. The sun's ray lay along the floor. Richard pointed it to his children. Mary, lead the way; all of you follow her; keep along in the sunbeam, and so come to me.—Leave the lady in the shadow, in the dark; do not step out of the sunbeam to her—do not let her come near you. The docile children obeyed, walking in line, bathed in pure light, taking care not to put

one little foot into the shadow.

Richard waited till they had all come to him and were gathered round the cradle, looking lovingly, expectantly, somewhat wonderingly, up at him. Then he waved his hand to Josephine, and said: 'Go out! Hanford Hall is your home, and this cottage my home. I banish you from my roof, as you have driven me from under yours.—Go!—Would to God, when I shut the door on you, I could drive the thought of you out as well, and be rid of the evil you have brought on me and mine, as I rid myself of your presence!'

### PEARLING.

WHEN Shakspeare makes Clarence talk of seeing at the bottom of the sea

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl, Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,

he gives expression to the old-world idea that the ocean concealed strange treasures in its depths. Probably this idea had its origin in exaggerated accounts of the eastern pearl-fisheries. Pearls are, in fact, the only gems drawn from the depths of the sea, unless coral shells for cutting cameos can be counted as such. The real treasures of ocean are those that are gathered in such marvellous abundance by the fisherman's net; and probably at the present time the Yarmouth herring-fleets bring in from the sea more valuable spoils than all the pearling fleets of the world.

But while herring-catching seems very prosaic work, there is something of romance about pearling; so at least it seems to us; but doubtless, to those engaged in the actual work, it soon becomes as monotonous and matter-of-fact a business as any other. There is, however, always just the chance of a big 'find;' but even here the popular mind is full of exaggerations. Thus, the author of Festus talks of the 'two points in the adventure of a diver'—

One, when a beggar, he prepares to plunge; One, when a prince, he rises with his pearl.

But pearls are not diamonds, and single pearls that are in themselves a fortune are rare indeed; what is more, the case is rarer still where they would become the diver's property. Pearling has now been organised into a regular business, in which the diver works for a fixed wage, and what is found in the shells he brings up belongs to his employer.

The oldest pearl-fishery in the world is that which has been worked from time immemorial on the shores of Ceylon and the opposite coast of Southern India; but at the present day the region where the pearling business is carried on most systematically and successfully lies more to the eastward, in the seas between the north-western coast of Australia on the south and Borneo and the Philippines on the north. Visitors to the Indian and Colonial Exhibition of last year will remember the great pillars glittering with mother-of-pearl shells that decorated one of the Australian courts. These were some of the 'exhibits' of the noisy test Australian pearling industry. The pearls

department of the Exhibition, the gem of the whole collection being the curious natural cluster known as the Great Southern Cross Pearl. Mr Streeter, the greatest living authority on such subjects, thus describes it in his recently published work on Pearls and Pearling (George Bell and Sons, London): 'So far as is known, it occupies an absolutely unique position in the history of pearls. It consists of a group of nine pearls, naturally grown together in so regular a manner as to form an almost perfect Latin cross. Seven pearls compose the shait, which measures an inch and a half in length; while the two arms of the cross are formed by one pearl on each side, almost opposite to the second pearl, reckoning from the top downwards. The component pearls are of fine orient, and would be of good shape, were it not that, by mutual compression during growth, they have become slightly flattened on their opposed sides; while some of them, though round in front, are distorted into drop-shapes at the back.' The owners of the cluster value it at ten thousand pounds; but experts hold that this price is much too high. It was found in 1874 at Roeburne, near the headquarters of the Australian

Pearling began on that coast not quite twenty years ago, and, like many great and successful enterprises, it began in a very small way. At first, the shells were simply picked up on reas left dry at low water; then rowboats with a few native divers began to work in the shallows near the shore. Now, the work is carried on in deep water by a considerable number of schooners and other smaller craft which can venture out of sight of land in search of shell-bearing reefs. The work can be carried on for only about six months of the year. The stormy season, with its occasional hurricanes, puts an effectual stop to pearling, and at that period of the year the pearlers find some work on shore, generally sheep-farming. In the fine weather, the pearling fleet is at work at various points along the two thousand miles of coast from the North-west Cape to Torres Strait. The day's work on board a pearling schooner is a hard one. Her crew usually consists of a few white men-made up of the owner and his partners, and perhaps some hired hands-and a much larger number of black men, these being generally native Australian divers, though, on some of the ships, Malays, Scolorese, and other natives of the Indian Archipelago are employed. The day begins at six A.M., when the pearl-shells collected on the previous day are examined. The shells are opened and cleared out, the body of the fish being carefully examined for pearls, the best of which are usually found wholly or partly imbedded in its soft substance. The shell itself is carefully scrutinised for pearls adhering to it; and if there are any suspicious-looking blisters on its surface it is sality. looking blisters on its surface, it is split up with a chiscl, the result sometimes being the discovery of a pearl imbedded in the coats of the shell. Pearl inding is of course very uncertain work; sometimes, hundreds of shells may be opened without finding anything. But the regular has without finding anything. But the pearler has the consolation of knowing that even in such a case his work is not labour lost. As the shells are cleaned, they are piled up on the deck, to be packed, later on, in big barrels, to be sent to England and sold by auction at Mincing Lanc.

And here, as in so many other things, slow and sure gains ultimately bring in more than chance strokes of good-luck, and the pearl-shells pay better than the pearls. Thus, in 1883, while the value of the shells raised was thirty thousand three hundred pounds, the value of the pearls

was only six thousand pounds.

After the work of cleaning and searching the shells has been completed, there is a substantial breakfast, and then the day's fishing begins. The boats are manned, the full complement for a schooner being half a dozen. Each boat carries a white man and a number of black divers. The white man sculls the boat and superintends the day's work; the divers plunging in, coming up with the shells held in their hands, or grasped with the toes, or sometimes under the arm. They climb into the boat, rest a while, and then go down again. The day's work lasts eight hours. Each diver's shells are piled apart in the boat, for they are paid by piecework. The diver works well if one dive in eight produces a pair of shells—that is, one shellfish; and his day's take will range from ten to twenty-five. A man has been known to bring up a hundred in a day, but this would be exceptionally successful diving.

Late in the afternoon, the boats pull back to

the schooner; perhaps they have been as much as six miles away from her during the day. The shells are piled on the deck, the number brought by each diver being noted to his credit. The boats are cleaned and secured for the night, and then there is dinner, after which the blacks set to work to clean ooze, mud, &c. off the shells. The opening of them is done by the white men in the

Mr Streeter, whose book on Pearls contains a rich store of information on the modern fisheries, keeps a number of schooners employed in pearling on the Australian coast. His little fleet was specially built for the purpose, under the super-intendence of an English naval officer, who also directed its first operations. Mr Streeter's vessels have not only worked on the old fishing-grounds, but they have made successful prospecting voyages for the discovery of new haunts of the pearl oyster. His agents have also introduced the use of the diving dress, one of the chief advantages of which is that it completely does away with the peril from sharks. But notwithstanding this, the old methods seem still to hold their own in the fleet, and most of the work is still done by naked native divers.

In the Torres Strait, where there is tolerably good weather at all seasons, the pearlers work all the year round. (So they nearly all do along the coast now, but are compelled to use diving dresses.) But this fishery depends almost entirely on the shell for its profits, for though pearls are found they are of your inferior world.

are found, they are of very inferior quality.

Some of the best divers employed on board of Mr Streeter's ships come from the Sooloo Archi-pelago, between Borneo and the Philippines, where there is a very successful native fishery. Here the natives employ several ingenious devices for getting the oysters out of water too deep for diving. One of the simplest of these is a kind of wooden rake with long curved teeth, which is sunk to the bottom by means of a heavy stone, and then towed after a cance, and hauled up occasionally to be examined. The oyster lies on lead him on, I do not know what will?

the bottom of the sea with his shell slightly open, which closes with a grip like a vice on anything that is put into it. Thus, if any of the teeth of the rake enter the opening of a shell, the oyster seizes it immediately, and holds on to it till he is forcibly pulled off in the boat. Young pearl-divers not unfrequently come up with oysters gripping their fingers in this way. The older men know better how to handle the shell with safety. Among the Sooloo divers are some of the best in the world. Mr Haynes, Mr Streeter's agent, on one occasion saw a diver reach the bottom at seventeen and a half fathoms (one hundred and five feet), and many men can do fifteen fathoms, or, as they sometimes call it, thirty—that is, 'fifteen down and fifteen up.

America possesses pearl-fisheries in the West Indies and the Gulf of California; but at present the best pearling-ground of the world is the seabottom to the north of Australia. Most of the pearls now supplied to the European market come from there. The supply from India and Ceylon seems to have fallen off; it is largely absorbed by India itself, where the numerous native courts alone absorb a considerable quantity of pearls. The old fisheries of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf produce but little now. The north-west Australian coast and certain portions of the Indian Archipelago will probably long be the happy hunting ground of the pearler. A pearl weighing forty grains was found in the Montebello Archipelago on December 26, 1884. This magnificent pearl is of the finest quality ever seen. It is perfect in shape; and it may be added, came from a very inferior shell.

# CHECK MATED.

# CHAPTER III.

DAVID's incensed visitor, Mr Ellitt, took a road very different from that which led either to his office or to his private residence. Late as was the hour, he had yet an interview to hold with Mr Ernest Gadham, who was awaiting his arrival with a great deal of uneasiness.

'Well, have you made it all right?' began Gadham. 'I suppose you have. Old David would not be a difficult man for you to get over.'

'Old David is a fool! He is either a fool who cannot see what is wanted of him, or he is going in for the heavy virtuous business; whichever it is, he is not the man for us.

'His evidence in respect to this letter is not indispensable, is it? He has said and sworn enough already. I do not see the good '—
'Indispensable! Not indispensable!' angrily

interrupted Ellitt, who clearly was in anything but the best of tempers. We may be able to do without it; but I attached a great deal of importance to the moral, if not the legal effect which the production of this letter would have. You know that as well as I do.

'Perhaps I do,' replied Gadham. 'However, we need not quarrel about it....What did you try as an inducement?

'Try!' contemptiously celoed the other. 'I dangled some thousands of pounds before his eyes, and told him that he would insure them by doing this trivial service. If that will not

With most men, this would be enough; but he requires careful treatment. I have been thinking a good deal about him and his affairs, while I have been waiting for you.'

'I daresay you have; it is a common amusement of yours, I believe,' retorted Ellitt, the irritation of his previous speech being heightened

almost to insolence.

Gadham looked at him as in wonder at his persistence in this tone; then he demanded what his companion meant. 'You appear,' he continued to be seeking a quarrel. If you want tinued, to be seeking a quarrel. If you want one, or are tired of your share in the game, say so plainly, and I am not the man to balk your wishes.'

'I am tired of your share in the game; and since you invite me to do so, I will speak plainly. From time to time, on various pretexts, you have put off your marriage with my sister, which was an essential part of our agreement, and but for which I would never have consented to

help you.'
'Ha, ha, ha!' broke out Gadham, an inter-ruption even more offensive in its tone than the lawyer's had been.— But I beg your pardon,
Mr Ellitt; pray, go on.

Laugh as you like; you know it is true; and you may take this for granted as well. I and you may take this for granted as well. I mean to keep you to your bargain, and will go with you on no other conditions. Now, I learn from various sources that you are on the verge of proposing marriage to the daughter of the old fellow I have just left—to Josephine Chester. They expect it of you; the father has hinted as much to me to-night. If you mean any shuffling, you had better understand that it will not do. I will not have it, Ernest Gadham; make up your mind to that.' Gadham; make up your mind to that.'

The face of his listener while these words

were delivered was not an agreeable study; some shades came and went upon it which, to a less excited observer than Mr Ellitt, might have worn so beding an aspect as to demand some inquiry, but he was composed when the speaker

ceased.

'And this I hear from you!' he exclaimed; from the man who is never tired of vaunting his superior judgment and penetration! How his superior judgment and penetration! How much influence do you famey you can bring to bear on David Chester, compared with the chance he thinks he has of seeing his daughter mistress of all my recovered wealth? You talk of dangling a thousand or two before his eyes. Why, without any pledges or sacrifice, I tempt him with the whole.

'Oh, well! If that is your motive, I do not find so much fault with it; but you might have taken me a little into your confidence. If you

taken me a little into your confidence. If you

had!

'If I had,' interrupted Gadham, 'I must have done exactly as you have now forced me to do, and which I tried my utmost to avoid. Why should you or Miss Ellitt be parties to any such plan, or even know of its existence? With such plan, or even know of its existence? With such a prize in view, our honest, conscientious friend will take care not to pry too closely, or even to head any hints, should they reach him. He can afford also, as you have just found, to be superior to all minor temptations. They are not temptations to him; you are only offering him a part of his daughter's possessions. 'There is something in that.'

'He only wants managing, and I can manage him,' continued Gadham. 'You know how near we were to a difficulty about the place where he signed his name as witness. We might easily have had a stumble there; but I had previously smoothed him over, had lent him money, and had already hinted at the greater benefit in store, so he could not be obstinate-conscientious man! -when such a friend's interest was concerned. Now you know why I proposed a slight delay in the marriage; that must not be hurried, you can see. Then, knowing all this, I hope you will keep silence on the subject, not only to others, but to me. These discussions are not

Ellitt was silenced, although perhaps hardly convinced; and when, after a prolonged sitting, they parted, it was with more of friendship in their words and manner than at their greeting.

'It is a narrow chance'—so ran Mr Gadham's reflections, as he went back to his room—'a near thing, but I shall pull through. When I do, Mr Ellitt, we shall see which of us will be the cut's naw'

be the cat's-paw.'

Mr Gadham, indeed, was possessed of other professional friends besides Mr Ellitt, and profound as was the confidence which, as we have shown, he placed in the latter gentleman, yet he did not feel it necessary to mention to him all those whom he found it desirable to consult. It would have added to Mr Ellitt's surprise if he had known of his client's visits to contain if he had known of his client's visits to certain gentlemen, and that these visits were always connected with the raising of money. Mr Gadhan was supposed to have the command of a considerable sum, the result of various successful speculations abroad; a respectable fortune, in fact, although not rest appearance. although not vast enough to make him disregard

the chance of securing his father's property.

The visit he paid on one particular day—destined to be a busy day with Mr Ernest—was to a person who knew better than to entertain any belief in such a fortune. Much argument on the applicant's side was required, and many references to amounts already advanced were made by the lender; but the interview may be supposed to have ended satisfactorily, as a cheque was handed to Mr Gadham, who as a cheque was named to air Gadham, who put his name to a document which contained an acknowledgment for a sum very different from that shown on the slip of gray paper. However, his end was gained, and Mr Gadham left the office in a more cheerful mood than he had antered it.

he had entered it.

On returning to his house, he found a telegram awaiting him from Mr Ellitt, requesting his attendance at the office of the latter as soon as possible.

'Something fresh, I suppose!' muttered Mr Gadham. 'I saw him yesterday. What can have happened since then?' He lost no time in obey-

ing the summons.

Mr Ellitt was as prompt in his explanation.

'What I have been a long time expecting, has at last come off!' exclaimed the latter. 'I have had a call from old Seares, the manager of the firm which is against to the latter which is against to the latter. of the firm which is against us. He began with a flourish to the effect that he was not empowered to make any offer, was not acting for any one, and all that; but having known the parties to

the suit so long, and being so sorry—disinte-rested old soul —to see a fine property wasted in litigation, especially between relations, it had occurred to him that something in the way of a compromise, satisfactory to both parties, might be arrived at. It was possible, he thought, that if he proposed an equal division, his clients might be brought to listen to it.—What did I say? Now, I know old Seares as the hardest, bitterest old fellow in London, who would not lose twopence to save the fortune of any man, woman, or child within ten miles of this place. I know him, and I am sure the game is nearly up, or they would not offer to give away half of the property.-You will not listen to such an offer, I may take that for granted?'

'Do you think it amounts to an offer?' asked Gadham, who had listened with the deepest attention to the attorney's narrative. 'I should like

to be sure of that.'

'Oh, it means an offer, there can be no doubt on that point. But you do not mean to say you will listen to the idea of taking half, when the very offer proves they have no real hope of saving

very offer proves they have no real hope of saving anything?

'I do not know,' said Gulham reflectively.

'You see, I hate law—no divespect implied to you, Ellitt—and I am not in he position of a man who has no other resour. If they mean the ready-money half for me, I might discuss the proposal; they might have the business.'

'Have the business!' echoed the lawyer. 'Why, that is a fortune in itself! There is not such mother connection in the city of London—so

another connection in the city of London—so sound, and so easily managed. You would be

mad to think of such a sacrifice.'

But mad or not, Ernest did think of such a sacrifice, and made his sentiments so plain, that Ellitt was at last obliged reluctantly to promise

to follow up the negotiation.

'And mind,' was Gadham's final instruction, 'I want this settled. Tell them that prompt measures, handing over quickly, means an easy settlement. Every day of law will make it worse. -Now we leave that matter-and I will ask how long the notice has yet to run?'

This question was understood to refer to the notice at the registrar's office, which had been given in for the marriage of Mr Ernest Gadham to Miss Dora Ellitt, which it appeared had expired

and been renewed. On the solicitor's reply, Gadham explained that directly the business was settled—say the day after-he should marry Miss Dora, and so keep

'I shall go to old David's,' he concluded; 'and come from his place to your private house. shall not want him many days longer, I hope; and I am sure it will be desirable to keep up the delusion he already labours under; so you are warned.

The pair smiled at this. If there was not much heart in the smile on either side, yet it served

as well as the most genial of its kind.

The day had waned so far, that it was twilight when Mr Gadham reached David's house. He

It said that he had some splendid news, but he meant to save it all till he came home, which would be in a few days after they read these lines; and then, good-bye to the sea! The excitement, and the speculations about these mysterious tidings, can easily be understood.

To Mr Gadham this intelligence was not altogether pleasurable, and while he had tact enough to pretend to rejoice in the news and to refrain from any marked attentions to Miss Josie, he was yet more confidential than ever with David. He confided to him that the suit was about to be settled in his favour; he perhaps strengthened his account of what had taken place somewhat more than the facts justified, and certainly said nothing to indicate that any division would take place; but this pleased David, which was the aim of the narrator.

The result of a long conversation was to leave the old clerk once more in a whirl of confusion. It was clear to him, even in the midst of this whirl, that Mr Gadham only required the slightest encouragement, to make a formal offer, and should he, David, be doing his duty as a father, if he did not exercise his influence to secure such a position for Josie? As for Geoffrey—well, really Geoffrey could not be so unreasonable as to expect anything

else, when he came to know the facts.

It was twilight, as we have said, when Mr Gadham arrived at old David's, and it was dark when he left the house; otherwise, he might have noticed a man under the shade of some trees which stood in a little enclosure on the other side of the way. When Mr Gadham came out, the man drew himself up against the railings, where the overhanging branches made the gloomiest shade, and did not move until he had seen Mr Gadham pass under the light of the most distant lamp-post in the street. hurrying across the road, he knocked sharply at Chester's door, and was answered by the clerk himself.

'Are you Mr David Chester?' asked the stranger, and on David answering, continued: 'Then I want to have five minutes' talk with you upon business—on rather important business, as you

'More business,' thought David; 'and with a stranger too!—and my head in such a whirl.—Come in, sir,' he added aloud; 'I am at your service.

The man followed Chester into the little parlour, where David handed him a chair, and then seated himself opposite to him. The stranger was shabby, his coat-cuffs and collar frayed, his boots, as could be seen while he sat with crossed legs, were broken; but worse than this was the evil

expression of his grimy face. 'Well, sir,' began the clerk, 'you said you had some business to speak of; will you be good

enough to say what it is?' 'Yes, governor, fast enough, as you will find. But I have been waiting pretty near a couple of hours over the way, to see the coast clear, and it makes me feel almost done up. If you when Mr Gadham reached David's house. He found the clerk at home, as also Josie and Minnie, and there was a pleasing flutter of excitement in the little mansion. A letter from Geoffrey had been received that day, sent on by the mailboat, which touched at a port where his vessel called. With most men, this would be enough; but he requires careful treatment. I have been thinking a good deal about him and his affairs, while I have been waiting for you.'

'I daresay you have; it is a common amusement of yours, I believe,' retorted Ellitt, the irritation of his previous speech being heightened almost to insolence.

Gadham looked at him as in wonder at his persistence in this tone; then he demanded what his companion meant. 'You appear,' he continued, to be seeking a quarrel. If you want one, or are tired of your share in the game, say so plainly, and I am not the man to balk your wishes.'

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'It is a narrow chance'—so ran Mr Gadham's reflections, as he went back to his room—'a near thing, but I shall pull through. When I do, Mr Ellitt, we shall see which of us will be the cat's-paw.'

Mr Gadham, indeed, was possessed of other professional friends besides Mr Ellitt, and proand you may take this for granted as well. I found as was the confidence which, as we have mean to keep you to your bargain, and will shown, he placed in the latter gentleman, yet go with you on no other conditions. Now, I he did not feel it necessary to mention to him learn from various sources that you are on the all those whom he found it desirable to converge of proposing marriage to the daughter of sult. It would have added to Mr Ellitt's surprise the old fellow I have just left-to Josephine if he had known of his client's visits to certain Chester. They expect it of you; the father has gentlemen, and that these visits were always conhinted as much to me to-night. If you mean nected with the raising of money. Mr Gadham any shuffling, you had better understand that was supposed to have the command of a conit will not do. I will not have it, Ernest siderable sum, the result of various successful speculations abroad; a respectable fortune, in fact, although not vast enough to make him disregard

The visit he paid on one particular daydestined to be a busy day with Mr Ernestworn so boding an aspect as to demand some was to a person who knew better than to entertain any belief in such a fortune. Much argument on the applicant's side was required, and many references to amounts already advanced were made by the lender; but the interview his superior judgment and penetration! How may be supposed to have ended satisfactorily. much influence do you fancy you can bring as a cheque was handed to Mr Gadham, who to bear on David Chester, compared with the put his name to a document which contained chance he thinks he has of seeing his daughter an acknowledgment for a sum very different mistress of all my recovered wealth? You talk from that shown on the slip of gray paper, of dangling a thousand or two before his eyes. However, his end was gained, and Mr Gadham Why, without any pledges or sacrifice, I tempt left the office in a more cheerful mood than he had entered it.

On returning to his house, he found a telegram awaiting him from Mr Ellitt, requesting his attendance at the office of the latter as soon as ossible.

'Something fresh, I suppose!' muttered Mr Gadham. 'I saw him yesterday. What can have happened since then?' He lost no time in obey-

can afford also, as you have just found, to be of the firm which is against us. He began with superior to all minor temptations. They are not a flourish to the effect that he was not empowered temptations to him; you are only offering him to make any offer, was not acting for any one, a part of his daughter's possessions.' and all that; but having known the parties to occurred to him that something in the way of a compromise, satisfactory to both parties, might be arrived at. It was possible, he thought, that mysterious tidings, can easily be understood. if he proposed an equal division, his clients might be brought to listen to it.—What did I say? Now, I know old Seares as the hardest, to pretend to rejoice in the news and to refrain lose twopence to save the fortune of any man, up, or they would not offer to give away half of the property. - You will not listen to such an offer, I may take that for granted?'

'Do you think it amounts to an offer?' asked Gadham, who had listened with the deepest attention to the attorney's narrative. 'I should like to be sure of that.'

'Oh, it means an offer, there can be no doubt on that point. But you do not mean to say you will listen to the idea of taking half, when the very offer proves they have no real hope of saving

anything ? T do not know, said Gadham reflectively. You see, I hate law-no disrespect implied to you, Ellitt—and I am not in the position of a man who has no other resources. If they mean the ready-money half for me, I might discuss the proposal; they might have the business.'

'Have the business!' echoed the lawyer. 'Why, that is a fortune in itself! There is not such another connection in the city of London—so other side of the way. When Mr Gadham came sound, and so easily managed. You would be out, the man drew himself up against the railmad to think of such a sacrifice.'

But mad or not, Ernest did think of such a sacrifice, and made his sentiments so plain, that Ellitt was at last obliged reluctantly to promise to follow up the negotiation.

'And mind,' was Gadham's final instruction, 'I want this settled. Tell them that prompt measures, handing over quickly, means an easy settlement. Every day of law will make it worse. -Now we leave that matter-and I will ask how long the notice has yet to run?'

This question was understood to refer to the notice at the registrar's office, which had been given in for the marriage of Mr Ernest Gadham to Miss Dora Ellitt, which it appeared had expired and been renewed.

On the solicitor's reply, Gadham explained that directly the business was settled—say the day after-he should marry Miss Dora, and so keep his word.

'I shall go to old David's,' he concluded ; 'and come from his place to your private house. We shall not want him many days longer, I hope; and I am sure it will be desirable to keep up the delusion he already labours under; so you are

The pair smiled at this. If there was not much heart in the smile on either side, yet it served But I have been waiting pretty near a couple as well as the most genial of its kind.

found the clerk at home, as also Josie and Minnie, house, I should really take it as a favour to and there was a pleasing flutter of excitement in have a drop.—I can see you don't much like

the suit so long, and being so sorry-disinte- It said that he had some splendid news, but he rested old soul !- to see a fine property wasted meant to save it all till he came home, which in litigation, especially between relations, it had would be in a few days after they read these

bitterest old fellow in London, who would not from any marked attentions to Miss Josie, he was yet more confidential than ever with David. woman, or child within ten miles of this place. He confided to him that the suit was about to I know him, and I am sure the game is nearly be settled in his favour; he perhaps strengthened his account of what had taken place somewhat more than the facts justified, and certainly said nothing to indicate that any division would take place; but this pleased David, which was the aim of the narrator.

The result of a long conversation was to leave the old clerk once more in a whirl of confusion. It was clear to him, even in the midst of this whirl, that Mr Gadham only required the slightest encouragement, to make a formal offer, and should he, David, be doing his duty as a father, if he did not exercise his influence to secure such a position for Josie? As for Geoffrey-well, really Geoffrey could not be so unreasonable as to expect anything

else, when he came to know the facts.

It was twilight, as we have said, when Mr Gadham arrived at old David's, and it was dark when he left the house; otherwise, he might have noticed a man under the shade of some trees which stood in a little enclosure on the ings, where the overhanging branches made the gloomiest shade, and did not move until he had seen Mr Gadham pass under the light of the most distant lamp-post in the street. Then hurrying across the road, he knocked sharply at Chester's door, and was answered by the clerk himself.

'Are you Mr David Chester ?' asked the stranger, and on David answering, continued: 'Then I want to have five minutes' talk with you upon business—on rather important business, as you will find.

'More business,' thought David; 'and with a stranger too!—and my head in such a whirl.—Come in, sir,' he added aloud; 'I am at your service.

The man followed Chester into the little parlour, where David handed him a chair, and then seated himself opposite to him. The stranger was shabby, his coat-cuffs and collar frayed, his boots, as could be seen while he sat with crossed legs, were broken; but worse than this was the evil expression of his grimy face.

Well, sir, began the clerk, 'you said you had some business to speak of; will you be good enough to say what it is?'

'Yes, governor, fast enough, as you will find. s well as the most genial of its kind. Of hours over the way, to see the coast clear,
The day had waned so far, that it was twilight and it makes me feel almost done up. If you when Mr Gadham reached David's house. He have a mouthful of anything to drink in the the little mansion. A letter from Geoffrey had been received that day, sent on by the mailboat, will find I mean well by you, and you won't which touched at a port where his vessel called. grudge half a glass of something to cheer a fellow.

A DESTRUCTIVE FLY.

A good deal against his inclination, David rose, there had been one, and that was enough for which he placed before the stranger.

are as pretty a pair as you could easily find in all London; but I suspect you don't know much about them.'

'I have nothing to do with those gentlemen,' visitor exploding into a coarse laugh, and echoing the word 'gentlemen!' with an expression still coarser.

'I have nothing to do with those gentlemen,' repeated David, with an emphasis intended to be am bound to do-it is my duty.'

'Share!' echoed David. 'Why, what right have ought to.'

I to any share? Mr Ernest has been most generought to.'

'How can I say these things, or believe a word the bewildered David, 'when

'Just as I expected; I'm blessed if it isn't!' certain is genuine. I shall keep to that belief.' ment or settlement, but are simply trusting to the generosity of Ernest Gadham; backed up, of course, by the generosity of Tom Ellitt? Ha, ha! I have come to night to alter the set of the exclaimed the man. 'Then you have no agreeha, ha! I have come to-night to alter that, and to put five thousand pounds—not a penny less !'he struck his clenched fist on the table with will, or was it mentioned in your affidavit? a force which made the bottle and glass rattle-'I mean to put five thousand pounds in our well; it was be 20th of May.' pockets. I can't do this without you, because they have the pull on me; for I am a ticket on the 20th of may in that year?' of-leave man, and the police want me for a lot

David, who had drawn his chair a little farther will. from the table and from his visitor, on hearing the avowal made by the latter, stared at the man, unable to guess at what he was driving, and half inclined to think him mad.

'You have sworn to your signature,' pursued the stranger, 'but you have sworn to a lie in doing so.

'A lie! What do you mean by such an assertion?' cried David. He was angry with the man, and yet there was a dim, half-visible some thing in his mind which filled him as much with fear as anger.

and produced a bottle of spirits with a wine-glass, them. The other witness was dead, and so there was only you to deal with; and you will excuse The latter's idea of 'half a glass' seemed to be the filling the vessel to the brim with neat spirit, which he drank off with great gusto, smacking his lips in approval. 'Thank ye, governor; that was very kind of you, and I shall not forget it.—Now to business. You are in the swim with Ernest Gadham and Tom Ellitt it did not matter what was there for the state of the same to forge a will. the swim with Ernest Gadham and Tom Ellitt it did not matter what was there, for they the lawyer, about old Peter Gadham's will. They well knew you had not read a line of the genuine one; but it was the signatures which puzzled them; so they got me to do it. Yes, mister, they got me, knowing I was the cleverest hand out at such work. There was plenty began David; but he was interrupted by his of samples to be had of your writing, and Sperbrow's, and the old man's too, so there was no difficulty about that.'

'But I recognised my own writing,' argued David.

'No; you did not; you recognised mine. But very severe, and calculated to rebuke the offen- better judges than you have been taken in before sive tone of his visitor, 'beyond testifying to my now in the same way. Well, you see how it is having witnessed the will, which you know I I daren't come forward; and the swindlers—for m bound to do—it is my duty.'
'Now, look here, David Chester!' said the man, pound now and then, just to keep me from suddenly changing his tone for one of greater earnestness, and unexpectedly bringing his hand down upon that of the clerk, which was resting on the table. You are said to be an honest know all about it; that, as a respectable man with man, and so I think you are; but for an honest a character to lose, you must have five thousand man, you are in the queerest business I ever pounds down, or secured, and you can't take a heard on. Now, speak openly, and tell me what penny less. Tell them that if they don't do this, share of the property they have promised you? you will go to the police and blue the whole lay.

'Share!' echoed David. 'Why, what right have As a respectable man, you can do this, and you

long I was with the firm; and I am sure he will you tell me? asked the bewildered David, 'when help me; but when you talk of a share, why, that I have actually signed the will, and have recently sworn to my signature, which, I repeat, I am

> too clever for them, with all their sharpness. I thought they might try to best me, so I was first with them. Did you see the date of this new

'It was mentioned; and I remember it very

'I' put in Oth.—Now, where were you

'I-I don't know, except that I must have been at the office, or I could not have signed the

'I thought you would say so. I knew you had nothing else to go by, continued the stranger. 'Now, I will tell you better. Do you recollect going down to Liverpool with old Gadham's lawyer, you taking down some papers and books, to prove a charge against Andrew Whitman, alias Andrew Long, alias Fly Scotty, alias fifty other things ?

'Yes, of course I do! But when we got there'-

'You wasn't wanted,' interposed the man. Pon't get into a passion, governor. You have meant all right, I daresay; but you never signed that will. There wasn't a will—not that Ernest that will. There wasn't a will—not that Ernest Gadham or Tom Ellitt knew of, anyway; but run; and I am Andrew Whitman. There was charges enough against him without yours. That was the 20th of May, as you can 'You!' cried David.

Chambers's Journal, July 16, 1887.1

'I got five years that time, so I ought to remember when it was. I saw my way to having a pull on them two by putting in a date when you could not possibly have been in the office. So, you see, we have got them beautiful; and you as tail-often mistaken for its head-it is drawing in a respectable man can stick it into them to what figure you like.—Now, what do you think of it, the maggot is ready to turn into its chrysalis governor? I should say: "Lose no time; go to work at once." I should be at them to-morrow. Don't you agree with me ?'

"I cannot talk to you to-night; you had better

go, gasped David.

'I see; you want a little time to think, I suppose.—Here is an address,' handing a piece of paper to his host. 'I can be heard of there, or a letter will find me. If I don't hear in three days, I shall look you up again. So good-night, and quiet; and milch cows suffer doubtless to a square and sound; and don't forget my tip. Five thousand is the very lowest you ought to ask. Ride the high-horse; they must knuckle under.

# A DESTRUCTIVE FLY.

It is only within the last few months that attention has been drawn to the great loss caused to farmers, breeders, and graziers by the depredations of the Warble Fly. It is mainly due to Miss Ormerod, the Honorary Entomologist to the estimated. The fly in appearance is not unlike egg-laying tube (ovipositor); but it is a mootpoint whether she really deposits her eggs on when the fly makes its appearance, we are inclined to think she adopts the latter mode. Egglaying generally takes place during May, June, beneath. About Christmas, lumps—small at first, but gradually increasing in size until they attain that of a walnut—will be seen on the backs of the cattle. These lumps are caused by the growth of the maggot, which, when full grown, is about an inch in length, and the thickness of the tip of one's little finger. Strange to say, by many farmers these lumps—called warble-lumps—were considered as showing that warble-imps-were considered as showing that shillings a-piece.

the animal was in good condition, and were called 'health-lumps' or 'thriving-lumps.'

It is curious to note that the maggot, or bot, lies head downwards, feeding on the sore under the tissues of the hide, while with its black-tipped stage, it presses itself out of the opening tail foremost, and falls to the ground, where it finds shelter under a clod or stone. This, in a few words, is the history of the ox warble fly.

Now, let us turn to the injury it does in its brief career. We have already said that the appearance of these flies causes the cattle to gallop madly about as if for their very lives. It is, we suppose, known to every one that feedgreater extent than most people are aware of. To irritate or excite a cow reduces both the quantity and quality of the milk; so, when a Good-night, governor, and good-luck. With this cow gallops in mad terror several miles a day, the loss must indeed be something considerable. Then, again, just fancy the agony these poor animals must suffer when these huge maggets are feeding upon them, many even dying in consequence. When the hides have been taken from young cattle which have so perished, the back has been found to be one mass of sores, the discoloured blood and matter showing how intense the inflammation has been. This leads Royal Agricultural Society of England—from whose Report on the subject we derive the facts for this article—that attention has been called to the matter at all. When we state that the annual loss is estimated at between six and seven millions sterling, many will no doubt think it is very much exaggerated; but if they will procure a copy of the Report and carefully study the formula of the constant of a hundredweight of cheers may sow man annual to say the loss will be greater. The daily loss of milk may make a difference of one hundredweight of three-quarters of a hundredweight of cheers may say may annual to the constant of a hundredweight of cheers may say may annual to the cattle from these tormenting flies and the presence of the magget is estimated at a loss of two pounds per head. 'In the dairy loss will be greater. The daily loss of milk may make a difference of one hundredweight of cheers may say may any make a second of a hundredweight of cheers may say the constant of a hundredweight of cheers may say the constant of a hundredweight of cheers may say the constant of a hundredweight of cheers may say the constant of a hundredweight of cheers may say the constant of the cattle from these tormenting flies and the presence of the magget is estimated at a loss of two pounds per head. 'In the dairy cows,' the Report goes on to say, 'the loss will be greater. The daily loss of milk may make a difference of one hundredweight of cheers may say the constant of of a hundredweight of cheese per cow per amum. clusion that the amount is rather under than over Half a hundredweight, or twelve and a half per cent. of milk less in a dairy making four the common humble-bee, and is about half an hundredweight, at seventy shillings, comes to inch in length. The female is provided with an thirty-five shillings. But twelve and a half per cent. is too low an estimate; it may in some cases be put at three pounds per head; and in a dairy the hide, or, by means of her ovipositor, pierces of one hundred cows would show a loss of three the skin and leaves the eggs underneath. From hundred pounds. These figures, we think, are the mad way in which the cattle gallop about instructive, and deserve to be carefully studied by every dairy-farmer.

Now, let us see what damage it does to the hide. and even July; but is slightly varied by the to the butcher. We have seen how the warble-Here the loss passes in a degree from the farmer weather, or by the cattle being on high or low lump is in every case perforated, which means, pastures. The egg is oval-shaped, of a white that for every warble-lump there is a correspondcolour, with a small brownish lump at one end. ing hole in the hide. As these lumps range in Having safely deposited its eggs, the fly's mission number from ten to one hundred, a hide that is finished. In a few days the egg brings forth has fifty or sixty holes in it becomes practically a small maggot, which at once commences eating worthless, or, at anyrate, the value of it is enorits way through the hide to feed on the juices mously depreciated. In some districts, any hide beneath. About Christmas, lumps—small at that shows more than half-a-dozen warbles is

We stated at the beginning of this paper that and ornament. Mr Huntley's shopman is busy consideration, this is no exaggeration.

It is somewhat cheering to see that this enormous waste-for waste it is-can be easily and cheaply done away with. When the maggot is in the warble, it is entirely at the mercy of the farmer. It cannot get out of the warble until it is ripe for the chrysalis stage; and before this stage has been reached, every maggot should have ceased to exist. The question naturally arises-How? We answer-In a variety of ways. It may be squeezed out by the fingers; it may be stabled with a needle; it may be poisoned; and last, and perhaps the most effective way of all, it may be suffocated. Squeezing them out would be a tedious affair; stabbing them, uncertain; poisoning them, dangerous, for it would be easy to poison the animal as well. Mercurial ointment was first recommended to be placed on the opening of the warble in a small quantity; but mercurial ointment in unskilful hands has already proved dangerous. Applications of tar, cart-grease, sulphur, &c. are also efficient, but in a lesser degree. Carbolic acid is also recommended; but, from what we know of this acid in its raw state, we should fear it doing as much injury to the animal as to the maggot.

Messrs M'Dougall's Cattle-dressing and Sheep-

dip, which is non-poisonous, has proved very effective for the destruction of these maggets. A in the swelling has the effect of coagulating the maggot and causing its entire disappearance. What becomes of the maggot, one cannot say.

It is curious to note that human beings have also been attacked by this fly, its eggs deposited, and the usual symptoms followed, so far, at least, that five or six of the maggots were squeezed out from the throat, varying in size from one-half to three-quarters of an inch.

# THREE LINKS IN A CHAIN.

NEITHER the brush nor the pen, but the lancet and the scalpel are properly my tools, and yet for an hour past I have been occupied in delineating on the canvas of memory certain scenes that belong to the past. The reverie-painted pictures anything in common, despite their seeming dissociation? I begin to think so. A more dubious problem: If there is indeed a hidden secret link between these events, will the discovery thereof aid or hinder the realisation of my dearest hope? I have at present no answer to this question.

the interior of a jeweller's shop in Renford, my native town. It is a fine large business apartment, with its walls lined with cases displaying through their polished glass costly articles of virtue-for Mr Huntley magnifies his trade, and has taken up one by one the gleaming wares.

the annual loss is between six and seven millions in the front rearranging a portion of the stock; sterling, and we think, taking all things into his employer and I are discussing in the office, semi-partitioned off at the rear, a question of local politics having no sort of connection with the present narrative. My father is vicar of Renford; and Mr Huntley, as long as I can recollect, has been vicar's churchwarden-hence the intimacy between us; and although I have commenced the study of medicine, and look speedily to sever the tie of residence in the quiet western town, I am still interested in local affairs. Suddenly, the shop doors-there are wisely two -open one after the other-the inner one with a sharp little jerk that betokens nervousness or haste on the part of the prospective customer. The austere young man who is polishing an enamel brooch deftly replaces it, slides back the case bottom with a subdued click, and waits in an attitude of deferential attention. Standing at right angles to Mr Huntley's desk, I am facing the shop and the street, and however incurious, am compelled to see and hear what passes.

It is a young girl—she may be fifteen, she may be older-who has entered, and there is something about her that I find curiously attractive. She is a stranger to me, and therefore, perhaps, I observe more particularly the slim shapely figure, fawn-like in its timid yet graceful movements; the pretty piquant profile; the clear com-plexion, with the pink spot, telling of excitement, in the centre of the beautifully moulded cheek small application of this Dressing to the opening | the wayward golden curls, that defy the restraint of the simple sun-hat; and the dress of soft creamy white, which so admirably suits both its owner and the pleasant summer weather. Erect, energetic, with an evident sense of humiliation playing the foil to a touch of unconscious hauteur—the vision comes back as I write.

'You wish to see the principal, miss? Did I understand correctly?'

The girl gives a quick gesture of assent: the assistant calls his master, and I am left with only the occupation of the onlooker.

From a small threadbare reticule I see produced a bracelet, a ring, and one or two other articles, which seem to have formed part of a fashionable lady's outfit of jewelry. The colour has deepened on the maiden's face, and I am fancying that she is at once proud of her possesare three in number, and each is vivid, sharply sions and anxious as to the form anxiety, of enterprise. She has reason for her anxiety, of defined, and stands conspicuously out in its setting which it is charitable to believe she suspects nothing. I will be bold to say that one cannot watch the changing lights and shadows of her countenance and think her the originator or wilful accomplice of fraud.

'These-what can you give me for these?' she asks in a low quivering voice, 'You do' buy gems, I believe; these are very valuable, I am told. She does not appear to have the The first scene imagination has conjured mew smallest appreciation of the fact that a respectbefore me with all the exactness of realism reveals able tradesman will hardly make a random offer for jewels that can be thus described, without

is a collector—and its counters spread with more and one by one laid them aside after an inspectases, holding in dainty nests gold and silver and precious stones, fashioned in many forms of use menally grave and chasing a storm-line across

his forehead. 'Have you any idea of the worth of these articles, or of either—any one of them?' security and sufficiency of his bandages. What he dryly asks.

hambers's Journal, July 16, 1887.]

I think both the assistant and myself instinctively prick up our ears. The girl, too, is startled by his tone. I have been assured—papa said it—that the stones in the bracelet alone cost two hundred and fifty pounds.'

The glance with which she meets Mr Huntley's keen look is as open as the day, and the expression on the jeweller's face turns to one of pity. 'I could not give you as many shillings, miss. The stones are clever imitations, and that is all. There is not one genuine amongst those you have shown me.—Mr Skirrow, let me have your opinion.'

The assistant confirms the unflattering judgment, and does it with a sneer that I felt disposed, though with no valid reason, to resent.

The crimson tide has ebbed, and the girl's cheeks are blanched; her lips quiver, and at first no sound comes from them; her eyes slowly fill with tears. I fear that she may drop in a swoon, but this woman's weakness she does not seem to share. There are seconds of intolerable suspense for us all. At last there is a halfstifled cry: 'Jack! how could you!'

It is plain that she accepts the situation, and that her thoughts are even now busy with the I didn't; it was my cousin Dick. Find him, solution of her dark enigma. For the moment and tell him that. The address' she has forgotten her environment, and she murmurs her vain protest against the-to usunknown culprit whose duplicity, however exercised, has plunged her into an abyss of shame. Then she stammers an apology, accepts mechanically at Mr Huntley's hands the shabby bag into 'The address I shall find, if I require it, with which he has gathered, by her permission, the dishonoured treasures, and retires. I question if in all Renford there is a heavier heart; and nefarious trick he has perpetrated.

are the new people at Bristol Cottage.

appointment I hold. But self-reproaches are useless. The tent is tenanted by four men, three of whom have been wounded in a surprise skirmish-a mere outpost affair; the other is the believes that his last hour is near. I have done it is in the poor fellow's face that strikes me with a sense of familiarity, or at least of previous acquaintance, I cannot guess. But even in these dubious half-lights, I am persuaded that some reminiscence should answer to the impression

thus created. Only—it fails to do so. 'Doctor!' Eastleigh faintly moans. 'Well, my lad?' I respond.

'Tell me plainly. Have I a chance?'

'I decidedly hope so,' I reply evasively.
'And hope isn't expectation,' he says, with a curious smile.

I am silent. I dare not equivocate in such a case as this; and I recognise, too, that though but a private soldier, Eastleigh is a man of education, and quick to seize the meaning of accents as well as of words.

'I take it, you and I form the same opinion, doctor,' he says, between two terrible paroxysms of pain; 'and the world won't lose much if I do go; but-but-I wish you'd do me a favour. I can depend on you?'

'Anything that is in my power, Eastleigh.' I've a father living in England, and he and quarrelled. I was to blame. I was a sad scapegrace. But he thinks to this day I robbed him.

But the exertion is too much; the patient relapses into unconsciousness, and is restored with difficulty. I forbid further talk.

your kit. I hope it will be unnecessary for me to search, and that you'll live to explain to your father face to face.—Now, silence! I wonder, with eager palpitating interest, who Dickson will watch, and send for me if wanted. is 'Jack,' and what is the precise nature of the And I go out into the darkness of the plain, and muse over a solitary cigar until joined by Mr Huntley can explain little—only that Miss a couple of regimental comrades. I cannot forget Raine and her father (who is said to be an artist) the face of the wounded soldier.

In describing the third of these mental The second of these pictures, imprinted so indelibly on the retina of my mind, is widely different in motif and in detail. The place is an Military stations and barrack hospitals know pictures, I must explain that I am now no longer half a civilian and half a soldier. ambulance tent, pitched, literally enough, as some me no more. A slender inheritance has come of us think, in the wilderness. The Egyptian to me from a dear old maiden aunt, the troubles that began with the riots and rebellion cheer of whose gentle encouragements I would at Alexandria have culminated in the Soudan to this day rather have had than her money, war. Gordon—brayest of the brave—has reached and with it I have bought a partnership with Khartoum. El Teb has been fought, and our an ancient college friend of my father's. Dr troops are on their way back from Tokar to Hildreth has treated me generously, for the sake Trinkitat. I am with them in the capacity of of auld langsyne; he and his wife—they have army surgeon, and there are times when I satirise no children—are delightful people; and Great bitterly the longing for adventure and idle dreams Gamble is a quaint, healthy, well-behaved East of distinction to which I am indebted for the Anglian town, with many another humorous incongruity about it beside that of its name. Existence here is humdrum—granted. But I am content—more than content, since I have been honoured with the friendship of Mrs Bristowe. bore that title scarce an hour; he fell in a fit at for him what is possible, have attended to the the bride's feet as he was leaving the church door, needs of his companions in misfortune, and have and was a dead man before succour could arrive.

marked feature of Mrs Bristowe's character. Not that she is gloomy; her age forbids that, for she is young still-not five-and-twenty, Mrs Hildreth says-and youth has a recuperative power which will struggle back to the sunshine, however crushed by sorrow. Yet there is a seriousness in her mirth. At least I think so, and it suits well with her stately beauty.

The current of an emotion which I recognise as love hurries me on. Will Mrs Bristowe consent to be my wife? I propose to put the question to the test this very evening. It may be that I shall end the present narrative with

Margaret's roply. Now for my third reverie picture. The scene alas! marched in vain-are arriving, and the London crowd is there to welcome them. I am deserted, by comparison with the stir and bustle of the bronzed heroes file past on the opposite side of the narrow cutting. Those round me set up a cheer, in which I hesitate to join; for During the course of the conversation that blazing with a strange, fiery eagerness, as the her farewell. But she forestalled my purpose. men gather into military order and tramp away

a woman in black, closely veiled. Perhaps it was a mistake, and it was some imity for the first or the second time?" one like John at a little distance, but not John | I started at these last words. Was Margaret fancy of familiarity.

shrick of a whistle causes me to lose (as if I had the remotest right to play the eavesdropper). 'Ah, John! Can he not trust me to forgive

him everything?' the old man answers.

'This is your train, sir.—Any luggage?' I saunter leisurely off in the rear of the porter I have tipped, and the episode-scarce worthy of such a designation—is at an end. But that as if it were even now ringing in my ears, and I said. I am trying to account for the enduring nature of these recollections as I weave them together.

The medical evidence showed that he was the hours ago, and took my hat and overcoat-for it victim of heart-disease, to which the excitement is a stormy October night—and went to Mostyn, of the day and the hour had administered a as the Hildreths' home is called. Mrs Bristowe's fatal impetus. So grievous a shock would abund- visit draws to a close. She has a father staying antly account for the gravity which seems a with friends in a southern cathedral city, and she has but fulfilled an old promise by thus invading the Fen country. Parent and daughter return simultaneously, or as nearly as they can contrive it, to their London residence. Further delay on my part might have been disastrous. By which hint I have perhaps revealed that I do not now write as a disappointed man. Tyet there was hazard and uncertainty.

Mrs Hildreth had more than a suspicion of my errand, and contrived, with womanly dexterity, to leave Margaret and me to a tête-à-tête, a service for which I shall ever owe my partner's wife a debt of gratitude. Hildreth was attending old Sir Lucas Gannithorne at Gamble Manor for gout. I had counted upon this; though, had he been is a metropolitan railway station. The place at home, my friend and colleague, I make no is thronged with very various sorts and condidoubt, would have caught a peculiar twinkle tions of men, for detachments of the brave fel- in his wife's eyes-or have practised the art of lows who marched to relieve Gordon—and divination for himself—and have remembered a neglected call.

I am not going to enter into details. Let it ten minutes early for the train I wish to suffice that I offered my hand to Mrs Bristowe catch, and the departure platform seems almost -my heart was hers already-and was refused. But she admitted that to some extent she elsewhere. I stand idly by, and watch a body reciprocated my feelings of regard and affection;

do I not belong to those who are the subjects ensued between us, it was borne in upon me more of the ovation? Their dangers and privations and more that Margaret was the girl who had I have shared. I am not quite alone in my suffered so crushing a discomfiture in the jewel-silence. There is at my left hand an old man, ler's shop at Renford. I was determined in some who stands rigid as a statue, but with eyes way to have this question resolved before wishing

'Our acquaintance has been agreeable to me through the station gates in the track of their also, I confess, she said. 'Have you any idea. earlier comrades; and hanging upon his arm is Mr Bruton, that it was not in this room that we met-or rather were thrown into accidental prox-

himself, says the father, as I instantly elect the veiled lady of the railway platform? "I to believe him. The tones have in them such must acknowledge that I am prepared to hear a depth of sadness and vain regret, that I unconit, I answered. Our eyes met, and there was sciously fall to studying the speaker's face. It is the bond henceforth of a mutual understanding a striking and a noble one, though there are signs | between us. But how full of hopeless pain was that both pride and passion have done work thereupon with their ruthless graving tools. As confided to me the story, which, in her view, contradiction, there comes to me the conviction that stituted an insurminumtable obstacle in the path these lineaments are not wholly strange; yet I of my happiness. She had a prodigal brother, am baffled to discover any basis for the curious who had only escaped condign punishment for his misdemeanours by opportune disappearance. His companion murmurs something which the The burden of vicarious shame lay heavy on her soul, and she most resolutely purposed to bear the load alone.

'We know nothing of Jack's whereabouts or mode of life now, she said; 'and it is my daily dread that some new disgrace may yet come upon us. I will not expose another to this irksome risk.'

My temerity surely transgressed the bounds fragment of conversation comes back at this hour of courtesy. 'But you married Mr Bristowe?'

The delicate oval features were mantled with a vivid blush, and I construed the sign as chiefly one of anger. It had a very different and, for T. paused at the preceding paragraph three me, a less awkward explanation.

Poor Dick! I will not say one harsh word clear that he was rather sinned against than

'And you were the sacrifice.'

There was no denial. 'If Jack would come home and reform, father would forgive him even the affair of the jewels. You saw me try to sell the sham ones, wickedly and cleverly put in the place of the real gems, Margaret murmured. 'It was a cruel trick, for money was wanted then. Father was ill, and there were Jack's other defalcations to make up.-I thought I saw my brother once in uniform, as a common soldier; but probably I was mistaken. It was at a railway station.

'And I was there too?' "Yes."

It was the opportunity for giving an account of private Eastleigh and of his request; and in a voice consciously vibrating with excitement, I unburdened myself of the recollection. All the colour fled from my love's face.

Dick the guilty one! And we both were blinded!'

But, Mrs Bristowe, can you be certain of this

soldier's identity?'
'I think so,' Margaret answered. 'Eastleigh was my mother's maiden name; it was natural for Jack to assume that. But, oh, tell me what became of him?

Suspense approaching agony was in the tones. Jack Raine was loved still in spite of his faults. I hastened to relieve the tension.

'He was much better the next morning, and I believe recovered, I said. 'But he was not properly in my charge. I had duties elsewhere; and I have not seen him since. But it is nearly a certainty that you saw him on the occasion you have mentioned. If I find him for you, and there is a reconciliation, and Jack makes good his statement of innocence, of which I have no doubt-will you then grant me my desire, Margaret ?'

Sweetest of monosyllables was my girl's low

Postscript, a year after, by Mrs Margaret Bruton: Amongst some old papers that Frank has brought our nest, so prettily named Woodbine Villa, there was the above. Frank says that as far as he is concerned it is a complete and veracious history, ending, as he had suggested it might, with my

Private Eastleigh was indeed my long-lost brother. Frank had very little difficulty in finding him, knowing so well in what quarter to apply. Jack was ignorant of my first marriage and of his cousin Dick's death. It seemed that pride and a mistaken notion that my father's

of him, she murmured. 'But—I did not—girl sinning, though he was too noble to accuse Dick as I was—care for Dick as a woman ought to at the time. It was unnecessary to purchase care for the man she marries. He was my father's his discharge, as his time of service was nearly choice for me; and he had a knowledge of my expired, and he has now settled down in a brother's escapades, which we wished buried in mercantile appointment, sobered and repentant of his past follies. And this, and more, much more, we owe to my self-willed, provoking, noblehearted husband.

# THE ELECTRIC LIGHTING OF MINES.

A SUCCESSFUL METHOD.

THE desirability of illuminating mines has long been felt, and scientists have given much attention to the subject; but the difficulties which presented themselves have hitherto proved insurmountable, and nothing practical has therefore resulted from the various suggestions and experiments which have been made. To enable the collier to follow his daily task, he is provided with a safety-lamp; but to light up the main roadways of a mine with a number of these lamps would not only increase the working expenses of a pit, by the additional labour which would be necessary to keep them properly cleaned and trimmed, but such a system would also augment the chances of an explosion. When the Davy lamp was introduced, the ventilation current in mines did not exceed a velocity of five or six feet per second, and in this the lamp was practically safe; but within recent years, great improvements have been effected in this respect, and the current now moves at four times that rate, the result being that, in the presence of coal-dust or firedamp, the lamp ceases to afford security to the miner, inasmuch as there is always the danger that the swiftness of the ventilating current may drive a point of flame outside the gauze, when, of course, the lamp would practically become a naked light, and all the disasters attending an explosion would ensue. Besides this, in case a mine were illuminated by safety-lamps, there would have to be faced the risk of their being accidentally knocked down and broken, and so a catastrophe occurring in that way; whilst there would be the further drawback, that to light up an extensive mine, some thousands of them would be required, as the flame from his den in Great Gamble High Street to of each would only be about a half-candle power. It is, therefore, clearly impossible that such a system could ever be adopted.

Some time ago, electricity was proposed as a ending, as ne nad suggested it might, with my reply to a certain question. Veracious it may be, but complete it certainly is not. But he is obstinate, and refuses to add a single line of sequel. There is a spare half-page, however, and I am toiling to make good Frank's indolent of conductors and lamps was extended into the workings, some serious difficulties were presented. Consequently, darkness has hitherto remained a characteristic of the mine; and toilers in the bowels of the earth have continued to lose their lives to the number of something like four hunresentment was implacable, kept him from com-dred and sixty a year by the roof or sides of municating with us. He has now made it very their working-places falling upon them, their

year from miscellaneous causes (exclusive of explosions), and no doubt many of these are due to deficiency of light. Such a death-roll is indeed awful to contemplate; and the fact that there is every probability of its being lessened will be hailed with gladness not only by the mining com-

munity but by the general public.

As has been already pointed out, electricity has been looked to, to solve the question; and although the first attempts did not satisfactorily accomplish what was desired, it is by means of this agent that it has at last become possible to illuminate mines, the inventor of the system being Mr Miles Settle, managing director of the Madeley Coal and Iron Company, North Staffordshire, who is also patentee of the 'water-cartridge' for blasting with perfect safety in the most fiery mines (see Chambers's Journal, March 6, 1886). One of the great difficulties which had to be overcome in electrically lighting a mine was the fact that, after the glass vessel containing an incandescent light had been broken, the film still remained at a white-heat, and would therefore ignite any inflammable gas which might happen to be near. This obstacle Mr Settle has surmounted; and his invention is of very simple construction. A small incandescent lamp is fixed in an air-tight glass globe, and this is placed in a larger vessel of the same pattern. By filling the outer glass with water, the air-tight globe and the lamp it contains are caused to float to a point where connection with the electric current is established. If the outer vessel be made air-tight as well as the inner. precisely the same result is obtained by blowing into it through a tube to which a cock is attached. Should any portion of the lamp get broken, the connection is at once severed, and the light instantly goes out. This system of illumination has now for several months been in successful operation in one of the mines under Mr Settle's charge. In this pit the electrical power is derived from a Gramme dynamo-machine, which is fixed in a passage in the main airway of the downcast shaft at a distance of three hundred vards from the surface. From this the wires conveying the current run to the working-face of the coala distance of about four hundred yards; and, to prevent accident, they are incased in wood. At distances of thirty yards, a lamp is placed, and the light it affords—equal to sixteen sperm candles—is sufficiently brilliant to dispel the darkness and to enable the miner to see the nature of his surroundings.

Of course, the great question which has to be considered in connection with a lamp of this kind is, is it perfectly safe under all conditions? After the crucial tests to which Mr Settle's invention has been submitted, there can be but one reply-Yes. A current of explosive gas has been directed upon it for a period of twenty-four hours without producing any effect, and a lamp has been broken in a chamber charged with an inflammable atmo-sphere without the latter being ignited.

It would therefore appear that, so far as human agency can avert disaster, brighter days are in store for the mining population, for, with electricity to light the pit and to blast the coal, the noster Row, London, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

safety-lamps not giving a sufficiently good light terrible annual death-roll must be greatly lessened. to enable them to see defects and protect them—
to enable them to see defects and protect them—
selves against accident from them. Almost a like by Mr Settle's invention a great step has been number of deaths takes place among miners every gained, and they will hail with delight a contrivance which promises to decrease the risks of those who toil in the bowels of the earth, and who literally carry their lives in their hands, and which will tend to do away with those harrowing spectacles which ever attend an explosion-headless trunks, horribly charred corpses, brokenhearted widows, and weeping orphans.

# A SPIRIT-GUARDIAN.

I THINK that through the dismal night A Spirit robed in purest white Is walking, veiled from mortal sight:

A figure which I cannot see. And yet its hand all tenderly Is in my own, and leadeth me.

I cannot see it, yet I know The Spirit by my side : and lo. Its light is with me as I go!

An inward light of love and peace That follows me, and will not cease, But strengthens with a fond increase:

A light that sometimes, when my fears Are blinding me with mist and tears, Like an unclouded east appears.

And though I stray in lands unknown, That Spirit-band within my own Will never let me feel alone.

For, when the way is dark and long, And spectre-forms around me throng. To still my laugh and hush my song-

When through a weary desert land I falter, and can scarcely stand, I feel the comfort of that hand.

What though there spreads a mist to hide The figure walking at my side, The gulf is neither deep nor wide:

But when at last my journey done. Shall bring the setting of the sun, And end of labours now begun,

I think the close of life will be A sundered veil, when I may see The Spirit-Guardian leading me.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.



POPULAR

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# HOW A NEW WORLD WAS FOUND AND LOST.

Ir, in any average assembly, the question was asked, 'Who discovered America?' probably the great majority would unhesitatingly reply, 'Chris- Eric the Red founded a settlement there, named topher Columbus.' Nevertheless, the opinion of Ericsflord, after himself. One of his companions the majority would hardly be correct; Columbus was an Icelander named Bardson, who had a did not discover the New World-he merely son, Biron, then absent in Norway. On the recovered it. At the time the bold Genoese planned latter's return to Iceland, he, finding his father his scheme of reaching the Indies by a westward had gone to Greenland, at once resolved to follow route, documents were in existence giving par- him. Contrary winds drove him far out of his ticulars of several visits to the North American proper course, and for many days his ship was continent five hundred years before. Whether enveloped in dismal fogs, so that he lost all Columbus knew of these voyages is a point which reckoning as to his whereabouts. At last the never can be determined; but, judging from the fogs cleared away, and he perceived land a short course he steered and the object of the expedidistance off. The nature of the coast, however, tion-to reach the East Indies, the El Dorado not corresponding with the description he had of the Middle Ages-it seems very unlikely he got of Greenland, Biron concluded he was not had derived any information whatever from this on the right track, and steered his ship to the

day, a world with which a continuous intercourse bus, it is the purpose of this paper to relate.

Britain, the farthest land they descried to the the continent, and Biron contented himself with north was named by them Ultima Thule-the end making all possible speed to his destination, of the world. This has been supposed by some authorities to have been Iceland, by others the Shetland Islands; but it was not until the year

Naddoir, a Norse pirate, who was driven thither by a storm in the year 860; and Gardar, a Swedish mariner, sailed round it in 864.

Not long after the colonisation of Iceland, Greenland was reached, and in the year 986, northward. Two days afterwards, land was again All honour is due to the man who first resolved sighted; but being flat and covered with trees, to penetrate the unknown secrets of the West by it was evidently not the land they sought, and boldly steering his barque for the regions of the was accordingly left to windward. Still sailing setting sun, and who carried his attempt to on before a south-west breeze, in three days' time a triumphant termination despite of his many they came to a mountainous island covered with difficulties and discouragements. Still, the fact ice. This also was passed without landing; and remains that Columbus only regained a world in four days more, the coast of Greenland was well known to Europeans five centuries before his sighted, and Biron had the satisfaction of rejoining his father. To Biron, therefore, belongs the was maintained for upwards of three hundred honour of being the first European to discover the years, and which was then inexplicably aban-shores of North America. There is no reason to doned, and its very existence ignored or forgotten doubt the truthfulness of the accounts of this for well-nigh a couple of centuries. How and voyage; and it is evident, from the duration of when the North American continent was dis- the trip and the description of the lands sighted, covered, previously to its re-discovery by Colum- that the ship, after departing from Iceland, was carried far to the southward until the coast of When the Roman galleys circumnavigated America was reached. No landing was made on coasting along the shores of Newfoundland and Labrador on his way thither.

Several years after this, Biron was again in 874 A.D. that any settlement was made in Ice- Norway, and gave Earl Eric an account of his land. It seems to have been first visited by voyage and of the new lands he had discovered.

The hardy Norsemen at this time were the most in the fight. An arrow pierced him under the daring of mariners, and the earl desired that more should be learned about this strange and hitherto unknown country. Accordingly, on Biron's return to Iceland, it was determined to make a voyage of further exploration. Leif, a son of Eric the Red, took the command of the expedition; and in the year 1000 he sailed with a crew of twentyfive men. In four days' time they came to the last land discovered by Biron, which they named slate, hella being the Scandinavian word for that substance. What part of America this was, is disputed, some authorities maintaining it to be land, it is more likely to have been Labrador. Leaving here, they stood to the southward, and came to a land covered with woods, probably Newfoundland or Nova Scotia. This they christened Woodland; and, still running before a north-east wind, in two days more they again sighted land. Here they sailed between an island and a promontory running north-east, and casting anchor, went on shore. Discovering a large river issuing from a lake, they brought their vessel Leifsbuthir. A German named Tyrker was one the exploring expeditions, he had come across great abundance of wild grapes, the country was called Vinland. The whereabouts of this settlecourse a matter of conjecture; but, judging from the description of the climate and products of the soil, it is probable it was somewhere on the coast of Massachusetts or Rhode Island.

In the spring, Leif returned to Iceland; and the accounts of his discoveries had the result of stimulating others to prosecute the work of exploration. Another expedition sailed in the year have profited by his predecessor's experiences, and steered a more direct course for the American coast. Coming to a peculiarly shaped headland, opposite to another with a fine bay between, he named it Keel Cape. This is supposed to have been Cape Cod. Doubling this, Thorwald con-tinued his course until he arrived at a fine promontory, beautifully wooded, which so charmed him that he resolved to found a settlement there. On landing, they found three canoes, under each of which were three Indians, or Skraellings as they called them, the latter being their name for the Eskimos. This was the first meeting of Europeans and the aboriginal inhabitants of North America, and its result was a foretaste of the many bloody encounters destined to occur in afteryears between the settler and the savage. The natives seemingly were in nowise alarmed at the to their ship; but, unfortunately, the commander tude must have been charming in the extreme. of the expedition himself received a mortal wound | One of the captains, Thorhall by name, was

right arm, and he soon became aware that his end was nigh. His last words were instructions to bury him on the promontory he had thought so fair, and then make their way home as speedily as they conveniently could. After carrying out their leader's instructions as to his burial, the party sailed to Leifsbuthir, where they passed the winter, and in the following spring returned to Greenland.

The next voyage was a complete failure. Helluland, from the shores being composed of Thornstein, third son of Eric the Red, embarked along with his wife; but after being driven about by tempestuous winds all summer, they quite lost their reckoning. The winter season was already Newfoundland; but, from the description of the come when they succeeded in reaching the western coast of Greenland, where they were obliged to remain. Here Thornstein died; and in the following spring his widow brought the ship back to Ericsford. The object of this expedition was to recover the body of Thorwald and bring it home to Greenland; but instead of succeeding in his purpose, poor Thornstein found a grave himself far from his home and kindred.

In the summer of the following year (1006) a much more important expedition was fitted into it, and resolved to winter there and explore out for the further investigation of the new conthe neighbouring country. Huts were accordingly | tinent. The expedition was under the command erected, and the settlement received the name of of Thorfinn, surnamed the Hopeful. He was a man of wealth, and was descended from illusof the party; and having reported that, in one of trious ancestors, some being of royal rank. However, if the old manuscripts are correct, his blood must have been anything but pure, as among the more worthy of his 'forebears' are ment-the first on the American coast-is of said to have been Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, Scottish, and Irish persons of high and powerful station! When the festival of Yule arrived, the customary festivities were observed in true Scandinavian fashion. Thorfinn was captivated by the charms of Gudrida-Thornstein's widow-and she, having evidently forgot her sorrows, became his wife before the expedition sailed. It consisted of three ships and one hundred and forty men. An 1004, under the care of Thorwald, who seems to attempt was to be made to found a permanent colony, and all sorts of necessaries were taken on board ship, including live-stock and domestic animals of every description. At last, everything was in readiness, and the expedition set sail. Hellaland was first touched at, then Woodland, where abundance of wild animals were met with. At these places, however, they did not delay, but pressed southwards to more favoured lands. Keel Cape was sighted and passed, after which they coasted along a great tract of sandy beach till they came to where a fiord or firth ran a great way inland. At the mouth of the firth was an island, and both here and farther up the estuary strong currents were encountered, which considerably retarded their progress. The island they called Straumey, or Stream-island; and the firth, Straum-fiord. The island is conjectured to have been that now known as Martha's Vineyard; and advent of the white strangers, and stood their the firth would probably be Buzzard Bay. Here ground manfully. In the fight which ensued, how-they remained for some time, exploring the ever, the superiority of the white man was soon country round about, and found it to be of a very apparent, and eight out of the nine were slain. fine description. To men accustomed to the The other managed to effect his escape, and soon bleak shores and unkindly climate of Greenland returned with a considerable company of his tribe, and Iceland, the magnificent summer climate Thorwald and his men were compelled to retreat and luxuriant vegetation of this southerly lati-

drove him right across the Atlantic to the coast of Ireland, where he and his crew are said to have from west to east, or, in other words, from the

New World to the Old! Meanwhile, Thorfinn, with the rest of the farther to the southward. In due time they came to a land with great tracts of wheat growing wild, and also many wild vines. Here Thorfinn erected keels somewhere upon the American continent. huts and passed the winter season. To the The most extraordinary circumstance in the whole Norsemen, however, it would hardly appear affair is not their finding but their losing the winter, for no snow fell, and their domestic New World. Their reason for abandoning such animals were able to procure their sustenance in a magnificent heritage cannot be fathomed. Posthe fields without any difficulty. Numerous sibly, the occurrence of some striking event in parties of the natives were seen, and, in the Europe-such as the conquest by the Norsemen communications with the strangers. Their furs and which formed a rich and convenient colony and skins, of which they had many, they eagerly bartered for cloth or any trifling articles new to them. At this time there happened a most interesting event in the history of America-Gudrida, the wife of Thorsinn, was safely confined of a son, who had thus the proud distinction of being the first native-born American of European parents. He received the name of Snorré, and among his had full scope for practising their favourite occulineal descendants are included Thorwaldsen the pation of raiding among the wealthier nations famous sculptor, and Magnussen the well-known of the Old World. Had the Icelandic explorers Danish savant. After some further exploring only continued their efforts, and penetrated a expeditions, in which he experienced various little farther to the south, in all probability the adventures, including several fights with the result would have been different. There they natives, Thorsinn and his party sailed back to would have found a nobler and more civilised

America. written accounts of any visits to the American coast during this period, we must not hastily the intercourse with the New World would seem to have been suspended, and its existence even of Greenland was discovered in 1285 by some Icelandic missionaries. Probably, this was Newfoundland; and the last voyage we have any account of is one from Greenland to Woodland in the year 1347.

great learning. He it is who is supposed to have

been the writer of the Sagas, or accounts of the

our information of the Norse discoveries in

despatched with the smallest ship to look for the the Icelandic manuscripts; and there seems no settlement of Leif, in Vinland; but a most unto- reasonable ground for contesting the truth of ward fate was in store for him. Westerly gales the documents. When we consider the character of the hardy Norse mariners and their other distant maritime expeditions, we need not wonder been all made slaves. Consequently, if this story at their venturing so far to the westward. The be accepted as authentic, Thorhall had the honour—though against his will—of being the first to sail the coast of Labrador is only some six hundred right across the Atlantic Ocean from shore to miles, little more than the distance from Norway shore. And still more remarkable is the fact, that to England. The daring spirits of the north, this first voyage from the one continent to the with whom adventurous expeditions were a other in a temperate latitude should have been passion, and who carried their plundering raids into the Mediterranean, and ravaged its coasts even to the walls of Constantinople, would consider it mere child's-play to run a few hunexpedition, prosecuted his explorations by sailing dred miles south-west from their settlements in Greenland. In fact, a greater wonder would have been had they failed to run their long beginning of the next spring (1008), they opened of that portion of France since called Normandy, -distracted the attention of the home authorities, and drew their energies into different spheres of action. The absence of sufficient attraction in the shape of plunder would also deter the wild Norse rovers from troubling themselves much about the new countries. Peaceful colonis-ing schemes were not to their mind, and they Greenland. Neither he nor his American-born race of men. Gold, silver, and precious stones son seems ever to have returned to the New would have been met with in abundance; and World. They both settled in Iceland; and the a country producing such commodities would grandson of Snorré, who adopted a clerical pro- certainly not have been so neglected and forfession and was made a bishop, was a man of gotten.

What might have been the results in shaping the destinies of both the Old World and the voyages and adventures from which we derive New, had the discovery of the vast extent and unbounded wealth of the Americas been made five centuries before Columbus lifted the veil, it is The next account we have is of a voyage in the impossible to tell. One cannot help thinking, year 1011; and after that there is a great gap of however, that had the subjugation of the native about a hundred years before we find any other races been then attempted, the gallant warriors expedition mentioned. Although there are no of Mexico would not have succumbed so easily as they did before Cortes and his handful of Spaniards. There would have been more of conclude that no communication was kept up, an equality in the contest, as firearms were not There is an account of another voyage to Vinland then known, and there is no doubt it was this in 1121, and doubtless many other visits were advantage which gave the merciless conquerors paid in the intervening years, although no written their casy victory. The native empires of America particulars are now extant. After this period, would have had ample time to prepare for the would have had ample time to prepare for the struggle, and in the meantime the intercourse opened up with European nations would have forgotten, as we are told a new land to the west accustomed them to other modes of warfare, and enabled them to profit in various ways from the more advanced civilisation of the East. Then, possibly, instead of being deprived of their lands by strangers, and they themselves doomed to practical extinction as a race or people, Such is a condensed account of the contents of the native races of America might have retained

The hardy Norsemen at this time were the most daring of mariners, and the earl desired that more should be learned about this strange and hitherto unknown country. Accordingly, on Biron's return to Iceland, it was determined to make a voyage of further exploration. Leif, a son of Eric the Red, took the command of the expedition; and in the year 1000 he sailed with a crew of twentyfive men. In four days' time they came to the last land discovered by Biron, which they named Hellaland, from the shores being composed of slate, hella being the Scandinavian word for that substance. What part of America this was, is disputed, some authorities maintaining it to be Newfoundland; but, from the description of the land, it is more likely to have been Labrador. Leaving here, they stood to the southward, and came to a land covered with woods, probably Newfoundland or Nova Scotia. This they christ-ened Woodland; and, still running before a north-east wind, in two days more they again sighted land. Here they sailed between an island and a promontory running north-east, and casting anchor, went on shore. Discovering a large river issuing from a lake, they brought their vessel into it, and resolved to winter there and explore the neighbouring country. Huts were accordingly erected, and the settlement received the name of Leifsbuthir. A German named Tyrker was one of the party; and having reported that, in one of the exploring expeditions, he had come across great abundance of wild grapes, the country was called Vinland. The whereabouts of this settlement—the first on the American coast—is of course a matter of conjecture; but, judging from the description of the climate and products of the soil, it is probable it was somewhere on the coast of Massachusetts or Rhode Island.

In the spring, Leif returned to Iceland; and the accounts of his discoveries had the result of stimulating others to prosecute the work of exploration. Another expedition sailed in the year 1004, under the care of Thorwald, who seems to have profited by his predecessor's experiences, and steered a more direct course for the American coast. Coming to a peculiarly shaped headland, opposite to another with a fine bay between, he named it Keel Cape. This is supposed to have been Cape Cod. Doubling this, Thorwald con-tinued his course until he arrived at a fine promentory, beautifully wooded, which so charmed him that he resolved to found a settlement there. On landing, they found three canoes, under each of which were three Indians, or Skraellings as they called them, the latter being their name for the Eskimos. This was the first meeting of Europeans and the aboriginal inhabitants of North America, and its result was a foretaste of the many bloody encounters destined to occur in afteryears between the settler and the savage. The natives seemingly were in nowise alarmed at the advent of the white strangers, and stood their ground manfully. In the fight which ensued, how-ever, the superiority of the white man was soon apparent, and eight out of the nine were slain. The other managed to effect his escape, and soon returned with a considerable company of his tribe. Thorwald and his men were compelled to retreat to their ship; but, unfortunately, the commander of the expedition himself received a mortal wound

in the fight. An arrow pierced him under the right arm, and he soon became aware that his end His last words were instructions to was nigh. bury him on the promontory he had thought so fair, and then make their way home as speedily as they conveniently could. After carrying out their leader's instructions as to his burial, the party sailed to Leifsbuthir, where they passed the winter, and in the following spring returned to Greenland.

The next voyage was a complete failure. Thornstein, third son of Eric the Red, embarked along with his wife; but after being driven about by tempestuous winds all summer, they quite lost their reckoning. The winter season was already come when they succeeded in reaching the western coast of Greenland, where they were obliged to remain. Here Thornstein died; and in the following spring his widow brought the ship back to Ericsfiord. The object of this expedition was to recover the body of Thorwald and bring it home to Greenland; but instead of succeeding in his purpose, poor Thornstein found a grave himself far from his home and kindred.

In the summer of the following year (1006) a much more important expedition was fitted out for the further investigation of the new continent. The expedition was under the command of Thorfinn, surnamed the Hopeful. He was a man of wealth, and was descended from illustrious ancestors, some being of royal rank. How-ever, if the old manuscripts are correct, his blood must have been anything but pure, as among the more worthy of his 'forebears' are said to have been Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, Scottish, and Irish persons of high and powerful station! When the festival of Yule arrived, the customary festivities were observed in true Scandinavian fashion. Thorfinn was captivated by the charms of Gudrida-Thornstein's widow-and she. having evidently forgot her sorrows, became his wife before the expedition sailed. It consisted of three ships and one hundred and forty men. An attempt was to be made to found a permanent colony, and all sorts of necessaries were taken on board ship, including live-stock and domestic animals of every description. At last, everything was in readiness, and the expedition set sail. Hellaland was first touched at, then Woodland, where abundance of wild animals were met with. At these places, however, they did not delay, but pressed southwards to more favoured lands. Keel Cape was sighted and passed, after which they coasted along a great tract of sandy beach till they came to where a fiord or firth ran a great way inland. At the mouth of the firth was an island, and both here and farther up the estuary strong currents were encountered, which considerably retarded their progress. The island they called Straumey, or Stream-island; and the firth, Straum-flord. The island is conjectured to have been that now known as Martha's Vineyard; and the firth would probably be Buzzard Bay. Here they remained for some time, exploring the country round about, and found it to be of a very fine description. To men accustomed to the bleak shores and unkindly climate of Greenland and Iceland, the magnificent summer climate and luxuriant vegetation of this southerly latitude must have been charming in the extreme.

One of the captains, Thorhall by name, was

despatched with the smallest ship to look for the settlement of Leif, in Vinland; but a most unto-ward fate was in store for him. Westerly gales drove him right across the Atlantic to the coast of Ireland, where he and his crew are said to have been all made slaves. Consequently, if this story be accepted as authentic, Thorhall had the honour -though against his will-of being the first to sail right across the Atlantic Ocean from shore to shore. And still more remarkable is the fact, that this first voyage from the one continent to the other in a temperate latitude should have been from west to east, or, in other words, from the

New World to the Old! Meanwhile, Thorfun, with the rest of the expedition, prosecuted his explorations by sailing farther to the southward. In due time they came to a land with great tracts of wheat growing wild, and also many wild vines. Here Thorfinn erected huts and passed the winter season. To the Norsemen, however, it would hardly appear winter, for no snow fell, and their domestic animals were able to procure their sustenance in the fields without any difficulty. Numerous parties of the natives were seen, and, in the beginning of the next spring (1008), they opened communications with the strangers. Their furs and skins, of which they had many, they eagerly bartered for cloth or any trifling articles new to them. At this time there happened a most interesting event in the history of America-Gudrida, the wife of Thorfinn, was safely confined of a son, who had thus the proud distinction of being the first native-born American of European parents. He received the name of Snorré, and among his lineal descendants are included Thorwaldsen the famous sculptor, and Magnussen the well-known Danish savant. After some further exploring expeditions, in which he experienced various adventures, including several fights with the natives, Thorfinn and his party sailed back to Greenland. Neither he nor his American-born son seems ever to have returned to the New World. They both settled in Iceland; and the grandson of Snorré, who adopted a clerical profession and was made a bishop, was a man of great learning. He it is who is supposed to have been the writer of the Sagas, or accounts of the voyages and adventures from which we derive our information of the Norse discoveries in America.

The next account we have is of a voyage in the year 1011; and after that there is a great gap of about a hundred years before we find any other expedition mentioned. Although there are no written accounts of any visits to the American coast during this period, we must not hastily conclude that no communication was kept up. There is an account of another voyage to Vinland in 1121, and doubtless many other visits were paid in the intervening years, although no written particulars are now extant. After this period, the intercourse with the New World would seem to have been suspended, and its existence even forgotten, as we are told a new land to the west of Greenland was discovered in 1285 by some Icelandic missionaries. Probably, this was Newfoundland; and the last voyage we have any account of is one from Greenland to Woodland in the year 1347.

the Icelandic manuscripts; and there seems no reasonable ground for contesting the truth of the documents. When we consider the character of the hardy Norse mariners and their other distant maritime expeditions, we need not wonder at their venturing so far to the westward. The distance from the southern point of Greenland to the coast of Labrador is only some six hundred miles, little more than the distance from Norway to England. The daring spirits of the north, with whom adventurous expeditions were a passion, and who carried their plundering raids into the Mediterranean, and ravaged its coasts even to the walls of Constantinople, would consider it mere child's-play to run a few hundred miles south-west from their settlements in Greenland. In fact, a greater wonder would have been had they failed to run their long keels somewhere upon the American continent. The most extraordinary circumstance in the whole affair is not their finding but their losing the New World. Their reason for abandoning such a magnificent heritage cannot be fathomed. Possibly, the occurrence of some striking event in Europe—such as the conquest by the Norsemen of that portion of France since called Normandy, and which formed a rich and convenient colony -distracted the attention of the home authorities, and drew their energies into different spheres of action. The absence of sufficient attraction in the shape of plunder would also deter the wild Norse rovers from troubling themselves much about the new countries. Peaceful colonising schemes were not to their mind, and they had full scope for practising their favourite occu-pation of raiding among the wealthier nations of the Old World. Had the Icelandic explorers only continued their efforts, and penetrated a little farther to the south, in all probability the result would have been different. There they would have found a nobler and more civilised race of men. Gold, silver, and precious stones would have been met with in abundance; and a country producing such commodities would certainly not have been so neglected and forgotten.

What might have been the results in shaping the destinies of both the Old World and the New, had the discovery of the vast extent and unbounded wealth of the Americas been made five centuries before Columbus lifted the veil, it is impossible to tell. One cannot help thinking, however, that had the subjugation of the native races been then attempted, the gallant warriors of Mexico would not have succumbed so easily as they did before Cortes and his handful of Spaniards. There would have been more of an equality in the contest, as firearms were not then known, and there is no doubt it was this advantage which gave the merciless conquerors their easy victory. The native empires of America would have had ample time to prepare for the struggle, and in the meantime the intercourse opened up with European nations would have accustomed them to other modes of warfare, and enabled them to profit in various ways from the more advanced civilisation of the East. Then, possibly, instead of being deprived of their lands by strangers, and they themselves doomed to practical extinction as a race or people, Such is a condensed account of the contents of the native races of America might have retained

the greater portion of their vast territories in their own hands, and founded native empires in the New World unsurpassed in wealth and power by those of the Old.

# RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XXXI. - GHOSTS.

A WEEK passed, and Cable did not reappear at the Hall. Josephine hardly expected that he would, but she half—more than half—wished that he would. He had loved her; she knew that, and it mortified her to think that his love had died so easily. She did not wish to live with him on the first footing; but she did not desire to part from him in anger and unforgiveness. She made no second attempt to see him. nursed her resentment at the injustice she conceived he had shown, and hugged herself in her pride. It was not for her to step down to him. She had asked his pardon, and he had refused it. Now, he must come to her, and acknowledge that there had been fault on his part.

Mr Cornellis said not a word. Everything was progressing as best accorded with his wishes. He might spoil, he could not mend matters by putting his finger to them. Josephine's indiscreet marriage and this speedy separation were most convenient to him. She was married to a man who could not interfere with him. He was left with the Hall as his home, and Josephine's fortune pretty well at his disposal. A husband of her own class of life would have taken the management of her affairs into his own hands, and would have required him and Judith to find some other home.

He did not understand Cable. He had visited him without mentioning it to his daughter, and had made him a handsome offer to induce him to leave the place. His offer had been indignantly rejected. Why, Mr Cornellis could not see. He supposed that Richard wanted to make better terms, and he was ready to offer them, but waited to see whether, on reconsideration, Cable would not come to his terms. Like all unprincipled men, he was incapable of admitting the existence of noble springs of action in others.

One morning, he came into the parlour with real surprise and perplexity in his face. 'Josephine,' he said, 'what do you think has happened? That Poor Richard of yours has given us the slip; he has gone off with all his goods and chattels.'

'Gone, papa!

Gone, and joy go with him—gone in the yacht. He has kept the plan to himself. Last night, he cleared out, live-stock and all, his mother and all the litter; and the vessel sailed this morning early; she went out with the tide.

'Papa !—you do not mean this! Gone! Gone whither?'

That is more than I can say; let us hope, to explore the North-west Passage. We will send no expeditions after them. If the polar bears eat them, may they find the Cables great and

small to their taste; they are not to ours.

Josephine made no response. She

for how long? Gone, possibly, for ever-thing rose in her throat and choked her. It was well, perhaps, that he had departed; but it was not well that he had gone without taking her hand in both his, looking into her eyes, and then, with broken voices, asking each other's mutual forgiveness for the past mistakes and estrangement.

After remaining for some time silent, thinking, and half disposed to cry, Josephine said: 'Papa, do make inquiries. I must know whither he is gone; I cannot endure uncertainty.'

'You will not charter a vessel and sail after

him? 'No, papa; but I want to know where he is. Has he left no message, not a note, for me?

'Not a word, which is perhaps fortunate: a word would have been pronounced, and a letter spelled, wrong.

'Don't speak like that, papa-it-it pains

'Indeed! You have become sensitive very suddenly.'

There is a kind of woman widely dispersed throughout the civilised world who not only eats nothing but veal, but looks upon it as her proper destiny to bleed calves and reduce their flesh to a condition of veal. To their minds, yeal is the only allowable food: the woman who touches beef is to be shunned as a dangerous person. To suit the taste of these women, everything must be reduced to a condition of veal—the lifeblood, the colour, the warmth, be bled out of it. These women precipitate themselves, as by natural gravitation, into the arms of ministers of religion, because they find in their minds the nearest approach to intellectual yeal, and listen in sweet complacency to their sermons, which are elocutionary veal. Their favourite reading consists of insipid and harmless novels, in which is neither fire of passion nor spark of originality. To feel deeply, to think independently, are to them tokens of a beefy nature, demanding the lancet and the letting of blood. They delight in pale colours, half-tints, weak morality, milk-puddings, and afternoon teas. If they could get their tea to draw without the water being raised to a boil, it would please them well.

A century ago, every man went to the barber in spring and was 'let blood;' and our grandmothers all underwent a similar veal-producing process, morally, spiritually, mentally; nowadays, a few dashing calves kick up their heels and frisk about the field and refuse to submit to have their jugular cut.

All respect to the good women who go about with their lancets and little measures for blood; veal is an excellent meat; we must be thankful to them for producing it; but they exceed their province, they excite our remonstrance, when they insist on our eating nothing but yeal. The best meat may pall on us when we have no variety, and to some stomachs, veal is positively indigestible. But these veal-eating women are apt to be censorious, and to condemn everything that contains all but a modicum of blood.

Aunt Judith was a veal-eater; she was a worthy woman, of narrow intellect and common-Josephine made no response. She was too place mind. Her brother was somewhat of a surprised to speak, and not a little distressed. trial to her; her niece, a very grievous one. The Richard gone, and gone without a farewell—gone boldness of character, the independence of thought

She could not in Josephine, frightened her. More than half his understand her brother. sarcasms glinted off the surface of her mind, incapable of receiving them and feeling their point.

Josephine sat with her aunt in the afternoon, but was scarce conscious of her presence. mind was away on the sea, following the yacht over the blue waves and the foaming white horses. In which direction were the bows turned? What

was the plan in Richard's brain? It is a strange fact that a woman rarely appreciates the force of her own stabs. She regards the wounds she deals as light matters, to be easily patched over and quickly healed. That they should go down to the bone, be liable to fester—that they should leave permanent scars, never enters her head. So now, Josephine laid little weight on the provocation she had given; and she resented the conduct of Richard in leaving her without an interview, as an undeserved injury.

Aunt Judith broke in on her reverie by saying: 'I wonder when Mr Cable will return. Perhaps he has taken the children a sail for change of air. I feel a want of a change myself.'

'I do not think he will return,' said Josephine.

'He has taken the furniture of the cottage with him.

'What has made him do that?'

'He is no doubt going to make a home elsewhere.

'Why should he leave Hanford?' asked Judith.

'He has been uncomfortable in this house; he is not accustomed to the restraints of our mode of life, replied Josephine.
'Uncomfortable! The dinner has always been

well cooked. What more can he desire?

'It was not the food which disagreed with him.' 'It is a pity that he should go, considering who he is, muttered Judith Cornellis.

'Who he is? He has been a fish out of water.

'I do not mean that,' said Aunt Judith. 'Considering who he is, he ought to be here. Of course he has told you about himself and his

origin?'
'I do not understand. Of course I know'-'Then you know that in common justice he ought to be in this house. I think Gabriel behaved very badly in the matter. I know I have not much cleverness; but I can see that Mr Cable has been hardly treated. Your father says that man is an intelligent animal, and woman also—intermittently. I suppose I have an intermittent interval of intelligence now and then; and it does seem to me very hard on Richard Cable that he, being the son of Gabriel Gotham, should not have this house and estate as his own; or, at all events, that he should not have been provided for independently.'
Richard—Gabriel Gotham's son?'

Yes, of course. He must have told you the story. Your father did not wish you to know it before you were married; but now that you are Mrs Cable, there is no objection to our talking

about it. Richard never said a word about this to me. I am quite sure he did not know who was his

Yes-I am positive-he told me that father. himself; and he never said what was false.'

'He did not know? Nonsense, my dear; of course his mother told him.'

'Aunt, I am convinced to the contrary. You do not understand Mrs Cable. She is very proud, as proud as if she were a lady. And Richard feels so delicately, that I know he would ask her nothing.

'Mrs Cable always was a proud and reserved woman. She refused a very handsome allowance that was offered her by the family, when the marriage was annulled.'

'Gabriel and she were married?'

'Yes; they were married in Scotland. He ran away with her from Newcastle. It was an unusual course, and therefore very wrong, and it brought after it the natural consequences

of all wrong-doing.'
'But, aunt, how is it, if they were married, that Mrs Cable did not live with Cousin Gotham and bear his name?

'Because the marriage was annulled. Scottish law, those who are married must have resided a certain number of days in the country. They had not been the full time by five hours,

so that the marriage was declared illegal.' 'But—how monstrous!—why did not Cousin Gabriel come with her to England and get married again? That would have made all right.'

'He found that he had made a mistake; and he took advantage of the legal law to slip out of the marriage.

'But-Aunt Judith-the child-I mean Richard ?

My dear, of course, as the marriage was invalidated, Richard was illegitimate. The marriage was annulled before he was born.'

Josephine started from her chair and went to the window.

'When Gabriel married Bessie Cable, he was young and inconsiderate, and soon discovered they were an ill-assorted pair. His father and uncle used their influence, and he made no objection to a separation.

Josephine's face flamed. She stood at the

window looking out.

'You see now what I mean,' pursued Judith Cornellis. 'If it had not been for that slip of five hours, Richard Cable would be Richard Gotham and Squire of Hanford.

'It was infamous-infamous!' muttered Josephine.

'I cannot say that it was right of Gabriel not to acknowledge him, or at least to leave him a provision in his will. But then—as you married Richard, all seemed to settle itself practically, and the injustice to rectify itself; but now, all is wrong again. You perceive, my dear, how wrong it is to take a course which is unusual; it lands in all kinds of difficulties.'

'It was infamous—infamous!' repeated Jose-

'I would hardly use so strong a term, said Miss Cornellis. 'It was inconsiderate, perhaps, of Gabriel Gotham, and a little failing in justice to Richard Cable. But perhaps Gabriel con-sidered that as Bessie Cable refused everything that was offered her, she might influence her son to adopt the same obstinate and unreasonable conduct.

'She comes out best-far, far the best in the whole ugly story, said Josephine vehemently. 'How could Cousin Gabriel be so base—so shabby ?'

'My dear, it was a most unsuitable match. If you and Richard had been married in Scotland, and there was a flaw of five hours, would you not be glad now to seize the occasion?'
'No, no! It was despicable; it was taking

advantage of the poor woman's ignorance.'

'I am sure that Gabriel was equally ignorant at first. It was only when the matter was looked into, that the flaw was found.'

'Aunt,' said Josephine, crossing the room, pulling a withered flower out of a vase, then going to the window again, and then to the table to arrange the books-'aunt, I feel like a robber. I have driven Richard away out of this house. I have taken all the money, all the land, everything to myself, which by equity belongs to him.

'I wish you would not dash about in the room like a bird that has got in and cannot find its way out. Sit down, and talk of this matter

'I cannot. I cannot keep my hands or my feet quiet. I am tingling in all my nerves. I feel as if I had committed a dreadful crime. If I tease you, I will go out. I must speak about this to papa.'

'My dear—on no account!' exclaimed Miss Cornellis, in a tone of alarm. 'He would be very angry with me for mentioning it to vou.'

But why was I not told before? How long have you known this?'

'Oh, for many years. It has been a family scandal, that has been hushed up.'

'I ought to have been informed of the circumstances. I would never have accepted Cousin Gabriel's estate.'

'You could not help yourself. It was left. not directly to you, but to trustees for your use.

'It was wrong in you, in my father, not to tell me everything. I cannot remain still I irritate you with my pacing about. I cannot help myself. I must see papa.

'He is out now, and will not be in for some

'That is as well. I will go to the wind-strew and sit there. I am so agitated, so angry, so surprised. This is sprung on me. I have been shamefully treated. I ought not to have been kept in ignorance.'

She swept out of the room. She felt the necessity for being alone. This strange revelation was fraught with consequences not to be gauged in a minute. What was that which Mrs Cable had said about the cuckoo turning the little birds out of their parents' nest? She was the cuckoo; she had taken to herself the nest that of right belonged to Richard; she had done more—she had driven him, his mother and children, out of their own modest cottage, as well. Could she sit still and ruffle her plumes, and spread her feathers, and occupy the nest that was not hers by right, leaving them outcasts?

Why had her father kept the secret so closely from her? She shrank from the conclusion. Why, knowing what he did, had he counselled

She shrank from the answer she made to her-At once, with great determination, she resolved not any more to ask advice of her father and be guided by his opinion. She must think out the situation for herself, form her own resolution, and act on it, in defiance of every remonstrance from him or Aunt Judith. He would stand in the way of her doing what was just, and she would object to what was unusual. Josephine sat on the windstrew, her head spinning, hot rushes of anger sweeping through her arteries, followed by cold qualms of heart-sickness. As she thus sat, her fingers plucked at the breasting of bricks, peeled away flakes of velvety moss, scratched out scraps of mortar, picked away chips of brick, and flung them over the unprotected side among the broken potsherds. She looked over and saw a mouldering collection of garden refuse—old geranium roots turned out of their pots, and half-decayed flower-sticks, the fragments of a shattered garden vase of terra-cotta, the accumulation of years of broken flower-pots a home for the slug and the centipede and the wood-louse. This was the bed on which Gabriel Gotham had fallen, a bed that truly symbolised his mind.

Josephine could not shake the thought of Gabriel out of her head, now that she had looked on the place where he had fallen and met his death. As she sat on the windstrew, with the smell of decay steaming up from the refuse-heap, his feeble, shivering ghost seemed to rise out of it and shake its hands deprecatingly, and jabber an appeal for pitiful consideration, She had been throwing the bits of mortar and brick down where he had fallen, and with them had cast hard and reproachful thoughts at the dead man. She could not thank him for what he had done for her; he had enriched her at the cost of a gross injustice committed on his son. What an utterly mean, selfish creature Gotham had been! His roundabout way of compensating Richard through her had been on a par with all his tortuous methods through

She could not endure to remain on the windstrew surrounded with sights that brought Cousin Gotham before her; she would go to the cottage, to a healthier atmosphere, and satisfy herself whether her father had spoken the truth. It was possible that Mr Cornellis, in all things false, had deceived her in this particular also. So she went out at the garden gate and along the seawall. This was her shortest way, and it suited her best. She did not wish to be seen in the road; she thought that every one she passed would look reproachfully at her. She could not endure to encounter their eyes. She went along the wall to the sandy path that led from the village to the shore, then by the most to the bridge, and over the bridge into the garden. All was there as if nothing had occurred. The beds were in beautiful order; the vine on the proof showed a brighted little bridge. roof showed a hundred little bunches of swelling berries. This year, no little children would sit upon the stages of the ladder, looking for the purple fruit their father would pass down to them. She had spoiled that pleasure for them. There was the slope with the bed of thyme and marrare and mint where the little and the little Why, knowing what he did, had he counselled and marjoram and mint, where the little ones her to insult her husband and drive him away? sat in the sun, and baby Bessie went to sleep

with fragrant herbs crushed in her little hands. She had spoiled that pleasure for them likewise. The scarlet-runners that Richard had staked were in bloom, in scarlet, and there were no little eyes to admire the lovely flowers.

no little eyes to admire the lovely flowers.

She went to the house and tried the door. It was fast. But she knew how that there was a loose pane in the scullery window beside the back door, which could be removed, and the hand thrust in and the bolt drawn back. Cable had told her of this contrivance, by means of which he could enter his house at all times without disturbing the inmates. She removed the pane, and easily unfastened the door. Then she entered. The house was deserted, and almost wholly cleared of its contents; but it was unlike most abandoned dwellings, for it had been cleaned and tidied before it was left. The few things that remained, hardly worth removal, had been placed in order. There was a plain solid deal table in the centre of the kitchen that had not been removed. Against the wall, in the corner, was the cradle, reversed, the rockers upwards. 'How like Richard,' thought Josephine. 'He has turned the little crib over, that the dust may not fall into it.'

He had not taken the cradle away. Bessie was grown almost too big for a cradle, and he would never have another baby. A slight quiver passed from Josephine's heart to her finger-

ends.

The brick floor had been swept, the hearth tidied, the cinders were brushed into a little heap. Something white showed among them. Josephine knelt on the dead hearth, put her hand to the ashes, and extracted some scraps of card. They were her mounted cabinet photograph, torn twice across, downwards and sidewards, with a firm hand. So had Richard taken the thought, the memory of Josephine, out of his heart and cast it from him for ever. A pang shot through the breast of Josephine, as though his hand were on her heart and were tearing it twice across, downwards and laterally. She threw the scraps of the despised portrait on the ground, then stooped and picked them up. 'He would not wish any scraps—even these—to litter about;' and she replaced them among the cinders.

There was no resentment in her bosom now: all her wrath against Richard had died away; her sense of wrong was swallowed up in the thought of the great injustice done to him.

She wondered whether she could find anywhere in the house a photograph of himself. She had never seen one. He was too modest to think of being taken; but it was not improbable that his mother had insisted on his being photographed when he was younger, and there was a chance, a poor chance, of a copy being left behind. She ascended the staircase and looked about the bedrooms. There were nails in the walls where little looking-glasses and pictures and texts had hung; but there were no photographs; nothing left but the nails, and one illuminated text, 'When all these things come upon you—then

The bedrooms were quite empty; the floor had been recently washed, and had not a footmark on it. The blinds had been removed from the windows. The rooms looked utterly forlorn. She came sadly down-stairs again.

In a corner of the kitchen was a shelf with drawers let into the wall—a fixture, therefore not removed. On the shelf was a bundle of old clothes of the children, neatly pinned together—rags, no longer fit for wear by them; and in the drawers was a small straw hat, tied up in Richard's blue pocket-handkerchief—that hand-kerchief at which she had sneered. The little hat had perhaps been forgotten; perhaps it was not wanted, and Richard had left purposely the handkerchief, which would remind him of one of his wife's sarcasms. She unknotted the ends of the kerchief and took it in her hand.

From the ceiling in the kitchen, depending from a crook, hung a fresh bunch of everlastings, pink-and-white flowers of that summer, not yet dried—hung head downwards, that they might dry expanded. Then Josephine's heart swelled up, and she choked. Hastily she drew the inverted cradle from the wall and put it near the table, under the tuft of fading everlastings, and sat down on the cradle, between the rockers, and put her face into her hands and wept. It was as though the spirit of Richard Cable rose before her out of the cold ashes on the hearth, from among the torn fragments of her own likeness—not the spirit of the wounded, angry, unforgiving, despairing man, as she had last seen him, but as of old, gentle, humble, full of divine trust and love.

She cried long; her own little white hand-kerchief was soaked, and she wept tears of bitter self-reproach into the great blue dishelent she had so scorned; and when the formulain of her tears dried, then she held the kerchief to her aching heart, and presently again buried her face in it. There was naught ridiculous to her now in the blue handkerchief with its white spots.

# HOW MISERS LIVE

Man is, and always has been, a very curious compound. Some men seem born to spend, others to conserve. This has been the state of matters from the beginning, and the causes originate in the mind of man himself; he is their father; his affections and will are the faculties which become the obedient instruments of the nature we call thriftless or sordid.

The nature of the spendthrift is easily understood—at least so it is said; there is so much of simplicity and of recklessness in it, that we generally identify a spendthrift with a good-natured fellow. The miser, on the other hand, is an enigma and a mystery. He is one of the anomalies and absurdities of nature. Dickens with his pen and Angelo with his brush have portrayed to our minds their ideal miser. Money is his sole aim; the man within him and the world of humanity around him are but as dust and rubbish compared with his golden pieces; for the miser seldom takes paper in lieu of hard cash.

But we must not despise the miser indiscriminately; let us rather attempt to lift some of them at least from the degraded position they have always occupied in the public mind. It may

never have occurred to our readers that the desire to be philanthropic has induced some men to Nevertheless, this is the case, become misers. although we may not have had frequent opportunity of verifying this experience. Thus, when Bethlehem Hospital, London, was built, a wretched miser of the East End gave a subscription of one hundred pounds. When the collectors called at his residence, they found him scolding a servant for throwing away a match which had not been burned at both ends. To him, the waste of this match was a worse blow than the giving away of such a large sum. Gurgot of Marseilles was another confirmed miser; every one in the city knew him, and it is not exaggeration to say every one hated him for his sordidness. Yet, we know from his will that he scraped together ten thousand pounds in order to furnish the poor of his native town with a good and cheap water-supply.

Every class of the community supplies subjects for the miser list. This at first sight appears strange. Suppose we take the nobility and clergy—classes which we would fancy should be free of such sordidness; and we find that even amongst these the malady is very rampant; indeed, the nobility have supplied, and do supply, most of the miser tribe. There have been few soldiers like the first Duke of Marlborough, and yet he was a very sordid individual. To save a sixpence for carriage hire, he would walk, when an old man, from the public rooms in Bath to his hotel, in all kinds of weather. He died worth one million sterling, which he left to his grandson, Lord Trevors, his bitterest enemy.

There seems to be a certain irony of fate in the miser's pains to collect money, for generally the produce of his mean and sparing living falls into the hands either of thriftless sons or bitter foes. In spite of the knowledge of this, the poor miser grasps and gathers together all he can lay hands upon, thus adding day by day to his physical and moral ruin. The life of Vandille more than justifies this statement. This man's food consisted of bread and milk, with the addition of a glass of sour wine on a Saturday; his religious mite was one farthing per week, and at his death he left eight hundred thousand pounds to the kings of France.

One redeeming feature of the miser's character is that he generally suffers the effect of his sins himself. He does not punish others. One exception to this rule is the life of Audley, who flourished in England during the Commonwealth. This miser started life with two hundred pounds, which sum he lent out to the sons of cavaliers and to clerks at a high rate of interest. His whole life was one of cunning and disreputable craft, and by such means he accumulated four hundred thousand pounds, which, however, reverted to the government.

The keen and earnest craving for money does not belong to individuals only; it has often been characteristic in the life of nations. The South Sea Bubble in our own country showed what

thousands would do in the worship of mammon. But the tulip mania of Holland in 1634 surpasses every other illustration we are able to cite. Such was the rage for tulips that they rose to enormous prices. To possess tulips was to be rich. One of these flowers, named the Admiral Liefken, was worth at market value four thousand four hundred florins; and the Semper Augustus brought five thousand five hundred florins. If another mania should arise, would not there be found thousands of men and women thronging to swell the sordid contingent? Such incidents as these in the life of a nation show that running through the whole of society there is an undercurrent of sordidness, which becomes direct and strong when once the floodgates of public opinion open their folding leaves. There may be a difference in degree between the confirmed miser and those men who delude and are deluded by tempting baits, but the cases are of the same kind.

The miser is very often unconscious of his meanness, and even rejoices when he sees any other man display the same quality. The biography of Dichœus Dichœus shows this conclusively. This person was a descendant of the Byzantine monarchs; but their spirit of lavishness was in no way inherited by him, for during his lifetime he managed by niggardliness to raise the value of his possessions to many thousands of pounds. The great question of his life was, to whom should he leave his money? This problem was solved for him by means of a rather curious incident. A distant relative of his sent him a letter written on an inch of paper. This was enough; the miser seemed to see in his absent friend a fitness which fully warranted him in making this apparently thrifty person his heir.

The habits of the miser are peculiar in the extreme. The Rev. Mr Jones of Blewbury may serve us for a pattern. With a stipend of fifty pounds per annum, and blessed with a fortune amounting to two hundred pounds, he left at his death the sum of ten thousand pounds. For forty years he was rector of Blewbury, and during that long period only one person was known to have sat at his festal board. He never had a fire lit in his house, and as for servants, the very thought of them was enough. During winter nights, he used to go to the houses of his parishioners in order to keep himself from starving of cold, rather than light a fire at the rectory.

When the miser dies, his possessions are often found in the most out-of-the-way corners. Mr and Miss Dancer are reputed to have been the most noted misers of the eighteenth century. To tell all their habits would be interesting, but rather tedious; let the manner in which they kept their money suffice. Their fortune amounted to twenty thousand pounds, which sum was stored away thus: two thousand five hundred was found under a dunghill; five hundred in an old jacket nailed to the manger of their stable; notes amounting to six hundred pounds were stowed away in an old teapot; and many old jugs filled with gold and silver were hidden away in the stable loft. The chimney yielded two thousand pounds. In this dirty place there were mineteen holes, each of which held a sum of money.

There is without doubt a very complex nature

in the man or woman thus addicted to grasping; but the facts and phenomena are so varied that it is difficult to place them under any fixed principle.

# CHECKMATED.

### CHAPTER IV.

DAVID's strange visitor had not been gone many minutes, when a knock at the door announced the return of his daughters; and presently, Josie and Minnie entered, all full of pleasant excitement and merry innocent talk, with satire from the younger -a contrast positively awful to the interview and conversation he had just held. His daughters, however, were not likely to notice his embarrassment; there was so much to be said and thought in reference to Geoffrey's return. The friendly neighbour's utterances, too, were quoted, especially with regard to one point on which Minnie took great delight in dwelling.

'And so, father,' continued Minnie, 'Mrs Harper said: "It is quite plain that Josie has two strings to her bow." So she has, and she is fretting all day long because she does not know which to choose.'

Minnie!' exclaimed the elder sister, in a tone of dignified reproof, calculated to repress all such levity, but which somehow missed its mark upon

the present occasion.
'Why, you know, father,' persisted Minnie,
'we half promised to dine with Mr Gadham at the Grand Rosary, and then afterwards to go to the theatre. Perhaps this will come off on the very day that Geoffrey arrives. I tell her she ought to make up her mind at once. Don't you think so, father?

'It was the 20th; I recollect it perfectly! exclaimed David, who had been forcing himself to pay a little outward attention to his daughter's talk, but whose mind had been busy with his own painful recollections, until a ray of remembrance had enabled him to verify the statement of his visitor. 'I beg your pardon, my dear,' he continued; 'I was thinking of something else. You said you were going to dine with Geoffrey,

This produced a laugh from each of the girls; then Minnie had to explain what she did say, and again appealed to her father for his opinion. Josie, although she rebuked her sister for such giddiness, was evidently flattered at being supposed to occupy such an enviable position, and while probably as true and as much attached to Geoffrey as any sweetheart could wish, yet could not help a longing glance or two at the brilliant position waiting her acceptance.

There was, the reader may be sure, a great deal more of this conversation, poor David being in agony while it lasted, and finally making his escape under a plea of headache and a desire to smoke his pipe in the open air.

His meditations, as he slowly paced to and fro in the quiet street, were no less bitter; even the chatter of his girls had helped to open his eyes more fully to the horror—it was nothing less to him—of his position. What did Ernest Gadham mean by his advances to his daughter and his intimated offer of marriage? It was impossible for David to decide which would now he went towards the solicitor's office.

be the most repellent, whether to find the man in earnest, or merely playing a part. Above all, what was he to do? That he would not remain a tacit partner in the conspiracy, was certain; but it was not so easy to decide upon the best way of going to work. He might go straight to the firm and expose the plot. Much as he disliked the new people, David was quite capable of acting justly by them; or, perhaps it would be best to go in the first place to Ernest and tell him and his lawyer of the discovery he had made. His last resolve, as he entered his house after a long saunter, was to do both these things next day. He should have some trouble about the borrowed money—he felt certain of that, but perhaps the firm would help him. 'And if not,' thought David stoutly, 'I would rather have the brokers in and be sold up, than go on with such people.'

The first post next morning brought old David a letter. He did not know the handwriting; but the address was written in a clear, legible, may beautiful hand, such as he had seldom seen. He opened it. A glance at the signature was enough; he felt as though he was holding some reptile in his hand. The letter was signed, 'Andrew Whitman (Fly Scotty).' It was addressed inside

# David Chester.

And underneath was written: What do you think of that for an imitation? I never forget a name on which I have once worked. And the imitation was indeed perfect. Even in the shock of seeing how fully the convict was borne out in his story, David could not help admiring his skill. He was sure that he would have sworn to this also as being his own writing.

'I forgot to mention last night a little fact which will help us'-the letter went on ('Us!' The mere reading of this word communicated a fresh shudder to David)—'and I think when I tell you what it is, you will agree with me that we had better begin with Tom Ellitt. I have heard, and am satisfied it is the correct tip, that Gadham is to marry Ellitt's sister. If so, it is plain that this is a part of the bargain. Of course, if you know this, you can work Ellitt easily enough; he will not lose such a chance for a trifle. They may wonder how you got your information; you can tell them it was from me, if you like. I shall take care never to go near them again, so they may do their worst; and I know I can trust you in the money,

The hail-fellow style of this epistle, the palpable confidence the writer felt in Chester's willingness to become his accomplice-these were enough at once to sicken the clerk and yet strengthen his resolve.

To do Mr Andrew Whitman justice, it must be owned that he had not the faintest idea of any wrong-doing being involved in the besting? those who were themselves dishonest and willing to 'best' him. Nor did he conceive for a moment that any man of business, especially when pos-sessed of what Mr Whitman so sorely lacked, a good character, could hesitate to join him.

David looked pale and haggard from worry and sleeplessness; but his step was firm enough as Without any regard to the counsel of Andrew, he had determined on commencing there. He was fortunate in his choice of time, for not only was Mr Ellitt within, but Mr Gadham was with him. The clerk who announced the visitor was told to show him in at once.

The two principals exchanged a meaning glance and smile on hearing the name. 'I told you so,' said Gadham in a low tone; 'I knew he could not resist the temptation; and here he is-prepared to recollect everything and to swear to anything.

Ellitt laughed at this sally; and then David was shown in.

'Good-morning, Mr Chester,' began the solicitor. 'You asked to see me, I believe; but I thought you would not mind Mr Gadham being present, as he happened to be here.'

'On the contrary, I am glad to see him; it will save me some trouble, as my business is with you both.' He was obliged to moisten his lips with his tongue as he spoke, they were so dry and hard.

'You are not looking very well this morning,' said the lawyer. 'The weather, I suppose, is affecting you, like the rest of us?

'No, sir,' returned David; 'if I look ill, it is from a more serious cause than the weather.' He not only spoke more firmly now, but there was something in his tone which instantly attracted the attention of the two men who confronted him, both of them crafty and suspicious to a degree.

'Ah! Then what is it, Chester? Speak out!' exclaimed Gadham.

'I mean to do so; I am here to do it. You are trying to pass off a fictitious will as that of the late Mr Gadhum, and to aid your schemes, have forged my signature. I disown that signature, and insist upon its being cancelled-at once.

Ellitt, after a glance at his confederate, bent a searching look on David, but did not speak. Ernest Gadham turned pale, and uttered a low whistle.

'Are you tipsy?' he asked, with an assumption of insolent swagger; there was no reality in it. If so, you had better go home and sleep it off, before you intrude upon two gentlemen who have business to attend to.'

'I am not tipsy, and I can see you know I am not, retorted Chester. 'It will be better to avoid insult, and to understand, once for all, that I know your will is a fraud, and that you have deceived me.'

"Why, you scoundrel!' cried Gadham, who had plainly made up his mind to take a hectoring line, have you the assurance to come here and tell us that you have committed perjury —and I can promise you penal servitude for it—have stuck to it as long as it suited you; and now, some one else having got hold of you, I suppose, who you think will pay you better, you are willing to try a little false swearing on the other

side. Is that it?'
'I tell you,' replied David, in whose cheeks a little colour now appeared, as he smarted under these insults, 'that I can see you know better. Since you deal with me in this manner, I leave you to do your best and worst.'

be our answer to your first move, said Gadham Be off !- and move in the matter if you dare !'

'Stay!' exclaimed Ellitt, as David moved from his seat, the lawyer laying his hand at the same time on Gadham's arm, as a warning to him to be silent for the moment. 'This is not a chance shot. This man has not hit upon this means of blackmailing us from his own ingenuity. He has seen Andy Whitman. I am perfectly sure of it. I knew the villain would be up to some treachery, and now we have it.— I do not suppose you will own it, Mr Chester, but I am satisfied you have been in communication with one Andrew Whitman.

'I have no wish to deny it. I have seen the person you mention, and from him have learned what I have just told you. Had I suspected it earlier, you would have seen me here earlier.

'You are probably not aware, Mr Chester,' said the lawyer, speaking in a calm tone, yet with an air of superiority, as a person might speak who felt something like contempt at being compelled to discuss a subject so palpably trivial and absurd, 'that this person is a ticket-of-leave man, and, moreover, one who is sought by the police; that he is a man who has lived for years by every kind of fraud; a man whose oath would be of no value in a court of justice, and who is willing, as in the present case, to turn against those who have been his best friends.'

'I saw and heard enough in my only interview with this man, returned the clerk, 'to convince me that I could have no intimacy with him; but if his account is true-and I have reason to think it is you are the last persons in the world who should object to his character.'

'Then what are we to infer from your visit of this morning?' pursued the lawyer. 'Do you mean to repudiate your signature—to which, I must remind you, you have sworn—and, further, to declare the will a spurious one?'

'I do,' said David firmly. 'It will be a serious thing' -- began Ellitt; but Gadham interrupted him.

'You may finesse and beat about the bush for a week with such a man as this,' said Mr Ernest; 'I have seen enough of him to know better. I will go straight to the point.-Now, look here, Chester; we are just about to settle with the firm, and so our promises will be as good as ready-money. If you go straight with us, doing nothing, in point of fact, you shall have a thousand pounds in hard cash in your pocket before the week is out. That is the one side. On the other, I give you my word I will sell you up for what you owe me. I have taken the precaution to obtain a writ against you in case of need; here it is; and you shall stand in the dock at a police court on a charge of perjury and conspiracy, if you do go on.—Do not answer now, but take yourself off, and think about it. Come here the day after to-morrow—no, the following day; call about this time, with your final answer. That is all we need say.

'And remember, if you act fairly by us'—began the lawyer; but Gadham again interrupted

No, Tom, he said; 'I mean to manage this in my own way. He knows we shall be liberal. Our worst, you may be sure of it, will be I think he also understands that we can hit sending you to the Old Bailey, and that will and mean to do it,—Good-morning, Chester. I think he also understands that we can hit hard,

On this, David, who had looked very serious during these harangues, left the office, not having said anything to confirm the appointment made, although the others no doubt considered he had tacitly agreed to it.

'Let him do what he likes,' said Gadham as the clerk went out. 'The firm will settle tomorrow, thanks to my agreeing to halve the estate; and when once we have the cash in hand, we can laugh at the old fool.'

'It will be as well to keep him on the right side even then,' said Ellitt gravely. 'It may suit you to leave the country, but I do not wish to do so. Besides'

'Oh, I know what you are going to say,' sclaimed Gadham. 'I will marry your sister exclaimed Gadham. the day after the settlement, so that need not trouble us.—As for Chester, he won't know anything of our arrangements. I can tell him we have altered our minds, and are not going on with the business. We may give him his signature back, for the new will must be destroyed, I expect. Anything will do when once we have the money.

Mr Ellitt's countenance hardly expressed so much confidence as his coadjutor appeared to feel; nevertheless, as it was plain that nothing better might be done, he raised no argument.

Dejected as David had appeared on leaving the conference, his mind was in no degree shaken, although the prospect of a criminal prosecution—and he fully believed in the power of the two men to subject him to this-had more terrors to one of his timid, nervous temperament than to most men; but David, with all his faults and shortcomings, was an honourable old fellow. So he went straight from Mr Ellitt's office to that of Brisby, Gadham, & Co., where he had thought never to set foot again. His dislike to the firm was so great, and his sense of the injustice he had suffered at their hands was so keen, that no stronger testimony to his honesty could be adduced than his overcoming these feelings when he felt it was his duty to do so.

He saw his old friend the head-clerk, whose face assumed a lugubrious expression on recognising David, and who shook his head sadly ere his visitor began his speech. When he found that David wished for an interview on urgent business with Mr Gadham, his astonishment expressed itself in a low but unmistakable whistle.

'I am sure I do not know what to say about it,' he said; 'however, he is in his office, and I will take your message in myself; it may give you a better chance.'

So the kindly head-clerk disappeared; but returned in a minute with permission for David to enter the private office, a permission of which

the latter at once availed himself.
'I hope,' muttered the head-clerk as the door closed behind the visitor, 'that he will mind what he says, for I never knew the governor in a worse temper than to-day.' This augured badly for the caller, but luckily he did not hear the comment.

The beginning of the interview was in keeping with the head-clerk's forebodings. 'Well?' said Mr Gadham, looking up from his letters with

thought I had given you a sufficient answer, Chester; but it seems you have something to say to me again. What is it?'

'I am here on your business rather than my own. I am not biased by the treatment I have met with here, or I should not be in your office My visit has reference to the this morning. will of Mr Peter Gadham.'

His listener was evidently startled by this commencement, and in a moment was all attention-attention which did not diminish as his visitor went on with his story.

We need not follow this in detail, for the reader knows what David had to tell. As might have been expected, the recital made a great impression on his listener, who uttered an occasional ejaculation of wonder or indignation.

When David had finished, the merchant said: 'Of course you are prepared to adhere to this statement, Mr Chester. If so, I think I may promise to see you harmless, despite all Ernest Gadham's threats, joined to all his lawyer can do. You are in time, but only just in time, with your communication. Do not trouble yourself about the money you owe these men; I will see to that. You must be here to-morrow morning at twelve—no, a quarter to twelve. I have an interview with these people for that time, when I was to buy them off; but I need not enter upon such an explanation to you. You understand what I want of you?'

'Yes, sir,' said David. 'But you remember that I have an appointment with Mr Ellitt and Mr Gadham on the third day from this. If I meet them'

'Oh, do not concern yourself with that appointment!' interposed the other impatiently; 'you will find that will shift for itself after to-morrow. If you are, as I firmly believe you to be, a truthful and honest man, you will and must be here to-morrow. Have I your promise?'

'You have, sir,' said David. Mr Gadham continued: 'Then you had better leave by my private door, as I do not care about your being asked any questions relative to this

interview.-Be firm, and fear no one. The merchant let David out, as he had said; and the expectant head-clerk, with one or two to whom he had spoken on the subject, were balked of a most interesting gossip, their wonder rising to a high pitch when it became plain that Mr Gadham must actually himself have let the clerk out by his private door, a thing scarce ever

heard of. In spite of the merchant's adjuration to keep up his courage and fear nobody, David was dispirited enough as he went homewards. It was not so easy as Mr Gadham seemed to suppose for him to throw off the dread of a criminal prosecution. He believed-partly from his old recollections of Ernest, and partly from recent revelations-that the two accomplices were capable of endeavouring, by any wickedness, to avenge themselves upon him, and although he might be acquitted, the ordeal would be terrible. Tired in body as well as in mind, he treated himself to a ride on an emnibus, and mounting outside, succeeded in securing the last and only spare seat on the crowded roof. Ere the vehicle had travelled any great distance, it stopped in no very pleasant expression on his features. 'I order to allow a passenger to alight, and this

passenger, in reaching the rear, had to pass David. He was a weather-beaten, broad-shouldered fellow, and as the clerk looked at him, there was something, or so he fancied, unaccountably familiar

in the man's face.

Their eyes met, and for a moment there came such an expression over the features of the stranger, that David actually fancied he was about to speak. Nothing came of it, however; the passenger descended the steps, and David watched until he was lost in the crowd of wayfarers who

thronged that busy part. David had been sitting alone for some time in the evening, trying to banish thought, but incessantly picturing all kinds of disagreeable incidents, when suddenly the sound of voices and laughter was heard outside. Then came footsteps crossing his little garden; his daughters' voices were there, but there was another, a man's voice. David hurried to answer the knock; everything, even these cheerful sounds, filled him with trepidation; but as he opened the door, a man sprang forward, seized him by the hand, and the friendly voice of Geoffrey Coyne exclaimed: 'Here I am again, Mr Chester, home, safe and sound, in Old England once more!'

'I am glad to see you, my boy—never more glad to see a true friend than now.'

'Yes; and the beauty of it is that there is no going to sea again for me, continued Coyne. 'I have made something like a fortune, Mr Chester, and you do not catch me doing the gallant jack-tar any more.'

# A WEEK WITH THE CORNISH FISHERFOLK.

THERE can be no greater relief and pleasure to persons of sedentary habits, weary of the dust and clamour of busy town-life, than to get away from the scenes and associations of their ordinary occupations. Following in the track of a young artist-friend in search of the picturesque, we found ourselves, after a somewhat tedious journey, snugly ensconced in a comfortable sittingroom at St Ives, an artist-haunted spot, perched on a rocky promontory some miles north-east of Land's End. The ancient little town is unique in the beauty of its situation and surroundings; and on a fine day—and all the days were fine—when the quaint gray houses are shimmering in the pure sunlight, and the silver and green of the sea lap the many-hued rocks and and green or the sea top one many-muca rocks and creamy yellow sands, it is especially charming. Standing on the 'island' by the little fortress of Pendinas, one sees to the right, point beyond point, the bold headlands of the Cornish coast. Before us is the broad Atlantic, its now peaceful bosom flecked with white or brown sailed fishingbosom necked with write or brown sanch using-boats; and to the left, or south-west, are the pre-cipitous cliffs that terminate in Tol-Pedn (the holed cliff) and Land's End. St Ives itself is full of surprises, and abounds in the groupings and incidents which artists most admire. Narrow, steep, and tortuous streets, with flights of stone steps on either side; quaint gabled porches; mys-terious-looking cellars filled with luge casks and hogsheads; gray green shingled roofs with corners splayed to offer the least resistance to the wild

west winds; swarthy fishermen with loads of fishwives with jean bonnets flapping in the breeze; and groups of barefooted children; while every glimpse adown the straitened ways has for a background a vignette of sunlit sea. There are no architectural pretensions, no stucco, no gardens even, here in the old town—simply a mass of picturesque confusion, each little domicile seemingly anxious only to secure a lodgment on the rock, with just a peep of the bay from the open door or latticed window.

But more charming still is the little town and harbour "tween the lights," when the sun has gone down behind the purple moorlands. Then the fleet of fishing-boats, with taper masts cutting the sky-line, sway gently with the tide, like a bevy of ancient dames in a stately dance, while the harbour-lights dip down into the deep blue like moorings of golden chains. Middle August is the least busy season, as upwards of six hundred of the fishermen are away in the North Sea or along the Irish coast drift-fishing for herring. Never-theless, morning after morning, except Sunday and Monday—not a keel moves on the Sunday—the little quay, constructed by the famous Smeaton, is covered with glittering spoil, laid out in rows to await the fall of the hammer, and be forthwith despatched to London, Bristol, and the great towns

of the Midlands and north of England.

There are mostly a few boats employed in the drift-net fishing for pilchard; but the greater number are engaged in tackle-fishing for conger, cod, ling, skate, ray, &c. Judging from the size of the monsters captured sometimes, this line-fishing must be laborious work. The conger is not an easy creature to handle; it has a way of coiling itself round anything near, and it finds frequently the legs of its captor are most convenient; its grip is so tenacious, that the head may be entirely severed from the body before its hold is relaxed. It will even hold on to a knife in this way. A visitor standing by at a sale noticed one twitching slightly while lying on the quay, and foolishly touched its head with his foot, when the creature's mouth suddenly opened and seized it. He assured me that the recovery of his foot was a difficult, painful, and eventually a bootless task. On another occasion, a practical joker induced a black retriever to wag its tail in close proximity to a conger's mouth. The appendage was promptly seized, and the horrified dog scampered through the streets yelling piteously as the huge eel held on firmly behind. At this season, the conger finds the readlest sale, lots of forty to fifty, averaging a score pounds-weight each fish, selling for forty to fifty shillings. Skate are mostly consigned to Paris, where they are used extensively as food by the poor, and also at the restaurants to thicken soup. to the ken soup. It is asserted by some, by the way, that both conger and skate are used extensively in the manufacture of 'turtle' sonp. Of skate, we saw half a ton, fresh caught, sold for seven shillings. It must be remembered, however, that the small price would be increased tenfold ere it arrived at London, by carriage and salescent. at London, by carriage and salesmen's charges. Of the dogfish—apparently a species of shark—which follows the shoals of herring and pilchard, lots of forty or more, averaging eight to ten pounds-weight a fish, sold for half-a-crown. These are purchased by the poorest inhabitants, opened, salted, and

dried for winter provision. The ray, however, another species of flat-fish, is most commonly used as food by the fishermen's families. The visitor will note how frequently it hangs on the fronts of the cottages; it is always removed, however, during the hours of Sunday. A ray of six pounds may usually be purchased for three-halfpence or two-pence. It is this seemingly inexhaustible and never-failing supply of 'bread' from the waters, cheap vegetables, and a mild climate, which render it possible for the poorest to live. Of fish, besides the foregoing, ling, cod, gurnet, and tub were most plentiful. The last-named is of a brilliant orange red.

The Cornish fishermen are a splendid race; sober, industrious, and God-fearing. The Sunday is invariably kept with decorum and solemnity, and their huge barn-like chapels are crowded. During my week's sojourn among them, I neither saw a tipsy person nor heard an oath. There is no 'larking,' no horseplay, no music-hall songs. The whole nature of the people seems to be chastened and subdued by their uncertain, hazardous, and laborious calling, and the ever-abiding presence of the great wide sea. For hours and hours they will stand in little groups on the quay or beach, talking gravely, in undertones; or gazing intently on the scene before them, speculating on the various craft that glide past as in the silence of a dream.

It is an interesting spectacle when the boats arrive in the morning after the night's tacklefishing. Each boat is pulled quietly in, and put in place, without noise, hurry, or confusion, by the quay-side. There is no swearing or angry chiding; all is done earnestly and quickly, with a sober dignity of manner, and without the least affectation or seeming consciousness of being scrutinised by the groups of visitors, artistic or otherwise. The whole scene is a succession of charming marine pictures, every incident and figure in which is harmonious and true. In the spring mackerel season, when the great glittering heaps of fresh-caught fish are flashing with iridescent colours—silver and ultramarine, lake and purple and emerald green—the quay is busiest.

and emerald green—the quay is busiest.

A few years ago, however, the principal branch of the industry was the pilchard-fishery, carried on by means of huge nets called seines, several hundred yards in length. The pilchard, or, as it is sometimes called, the gipsy-herring, is a fish differing but slightly from a small herring. For years it used to appear off the Cornish coast with great regularity in such incredible numbers that the shoals covered sometimes many acres in extent. There was a take last autumn; but in the previous year, none were caught. The pilchards usually appear about the end of September or beginning of October; but owing to some cause, at present not clearly ascertained, the pilchard-fishery is almost a failure. Some of the natives ascribe it to the disturbance caused by steamtrawling. The St Ives fishing seasons are the winter mackerel season, the spring mackerel and the pilchard season, the last-mentioned commencing in September and ending in December. These are the principal seasons, though fishing to some extent goes on all the year. Last year, as we said, there was a small take of pilchards; the year before, none were caught with the seine. The year before that, one seine was fortunate,

and brought to its owners and crew over four thousand hogsheads, worth about eleven thousand pounds. There are several Companies, each owning a seine; but latterly; by mutual agreement, only one has been out. As many as six thousand hogsheads have been taken by a single seine in the more prosperous times of the fishery.

We will describe the scene as witnessed from the little huer's hut by Pothminster Head, just beyond the town, though the immediate neighbourhood has been modernised, and therefore deprived to a great extent of its picturesque surroundings. There was a narrow path by the edge of the cliff, margined with cushions and thickets of gorse and heath and bracken. An old tarred boat, keel upwards, serves for shelter, and also as a receptacle for necessary gear, among which, hanging on the whitewashed walls, are the huge speaking-trumpets called into requisition by the 'huer,' or watcher-so called from the French huer, to shout. The huer is a stalwart man of sixty. His face is wrinkled and weatherworn; but his light-gray eye is as keen and searching as ever. For weeks he has paced that narrow path day by day, until well-nigh sick with the hope deferred. Below, to the left, on the sandy beach, there is a fleet of boats high and dry. A few fishermen lounge about, some watching by the low seawall; others are asleep. Two hundred yards out is a larger boat, manned by nine hands. There is a high square heap, covered with tarpaulin, in the front of it: this is the big seine, and the men are the seiners, who are paid so much a day, with a promised share in the take. Behind it is a smaller boat with two hands; this carries a second seine, to be attached, if need be, to the larger one. The huer paces the narrow path, pausing now and then on his beat to scan the wide surface of the rippling sea. He hesitates a moment, and passes on; then turns again, and shields his eyes with the brown wrinkled hands. One long earnest look, and he rubs his eyes and hitches his trousers with quick, nervous action. At last, his doubts are dispelled. Three miles away, by Godreyy lighthouse, there is a reddish purple streak like a sunken granite reef; and hovering over it, with discordant cries and flutter of white wings, a host of seabirds. The huer runs to his hut and takes from a nail one of the long speaking-trumpets through which he gives the summons to prepare. Was never call more welcome! The sleepers below are awakened as by an electric shock, and rush to their boats; the seiners bend to the ours, watching meantime, as they pull, the lonely huer. 'Heva! Heva!' resounds through the narrow streets of the little town; and with wild shrill cries of excited women and children, and hourse shouts of men, the crowds throng to the beach.
'Heva! Heva! is the cry of the people.
'What has happened?' asks the visitor, aston-

'What has happened?' asks the visitor, astonished, and somewhat alarmed. 'Is it fire? a wreck?'

'Heva! Heva!' is the only answer; and he also hurries to the cliff, but is warned away from the huer. Yes, there the latter stands, the observed of all observers, swaying in either hand a bush, cut from the neighbouring gorse or heather. The pale faces of an eager crowd are watching him from below; but the cries and shouting are hushed. Nothing is heard now but the measured

pulsings of the tide, and the mingled cries and clemour of the cloud of white-winged birds, as they momentarily dash into the sea and bear away their glittering prey. The pilchard army heads for the bay; the red streak lengthens and widens; and as the huge school comes closer in, one may hear the rush as of a mighty wind, and see the ripples caused by millions of fins.

Meantime, the great seine has been shot; the 'folyer' attaches the second seine; the 'blowsers' make fast the ropes ashore; and the pent-up feelings of the excited crowd on the cliff and beach break forth into one long loud cry of delight; for with them, too, their 'bread is on the waters.' Then commences the operation of 'tucking'that is, putting a deeper net within the seine, thus entirely surrounding the shoal beneath and around. As the seine is now close inshore, the pilchards can be taken out at leisure. Baskets, fuckets, or any convenient receptacles, are utilised for the purpose of lading out the fish into the boats; and women and children are all employed in cleaning, salting, and stowing away the fish in bulk in the cellurs. On the occasion we have attempted to describe, when six thousand hogsheads were secured in one seine, the fish were valued at eighteen thousand pounds; and reckoning the number of pilchards in a hogshead at two thousand five hundred, we have the astounding total of fifteen million fish! A simple computation will show that to count this number at the rate of five a second would take a person very nearly seventy days of twelve hours each. Pilchards, for which there seems to be no sale in England except when fresh, are shipped to various Mediterranean ports, Italy being the largest customer.

# PRISONERS OF WAR.

About nine miles south of Edinburgh, on the main road to Peebles, and under the shadow of the Pentland Hills, stands the village of Penicuik, for the most part built on the high ground overlooking and sloping down to the valley of the North Esk. Passing through the village and down the slope leading to the bridge that spans the Esk and continues the road, we turn sharply to the left just at the bridge; and a short distance below are the extensive paper-mills of Messrs Alexander Cowan and Sons, called the Valleyfield paper-mills. In the early part of the century, Valleyfield mills were sold to the government for the purpose of being used as a depot for the reception of French prisoners, the large number of whom, taken in the Peninsular and other wars, necessitating extra provision being made for their accommodation in various parts of the kingdom. And here we may remark, although it will be readily understood, that the mills have undergone very extensive alterations and additions since they were repurchased from the government and again turned to their original purpose; but certain portions of them are still very much in the same condition as they were when occupied as a military prison. These portions are still pointed out to the visitor, as is also the spot in which those who died during their captivity were buried.

Did many deaths occur among them?' we asked, on the occasion of a visit to the place.

'Yes; several hundreds; and there is a monument erected to their memory, recording the fact, within the grounds of Valleyfield House.—For many years, went on our informant, 'a respectably dressed stranger used to pay it a visit once a year, always on a certain day, and generally early in the forenoon. Eringing his luncheon with him, he spent the day sitting beside the monument in silence. As evening drew on, would take a parting look around, and then sld disappear. Who he was, or why he came one knew.'

'And does he still come?' we eagerly indied, touched by this remarkable proof of sor love

stronger than death.

'No,' replied our guide. 'For some right or nine years he has not appeared here, and the conclusion is that he has joined those whose memory he so fondly cherished while here.'

After listening to this simple but touching incident, we expressed a wish to see/the monument, a wish that was cheerfully complied with. When it became apparent that we/were deeply interested in this tribute of respect to those who died strangers in a strange land, and, by the force of circumstances, enemies to those among whom they died, much additional information was given us respecting it.

was given us respecting it.

It was meet that those deprived of the last offices of friendship by the exigences of war should not be allowed to lie unknown and unnoticed in a foreign land. And yet, how often has this been the case. It was not so here, however; for loving hearts, moved by the promptings of a sympathy which makes all the world kin, have given expression to their feelings in a manner as honouring to them as to those whose memory they intended to perpetuate. The thought recurred to us again and again: What brought this stranger year after year to revisit this spot? Was he a son mourning for the loss of a father, a brother for the companion of his childhood, or a comrade for one whose soul had become knit to his as Jonathan's to David? It must have been no ordinary influence that, magnet-like, drew him hither year after year as long as life and strength remained.

Standing before the memorial itself, we felt our interest in no way diminished by the great taste and tenderness displayed in the inscriptions. On the side facing the burial-place of the prisoners is an inscription in English to the effect that it was erected in 1830, to the memory of three hundred and nine prisoners of war who died between the years 1811 and 1814—an extraordinarily high death-rate. Underneath this is a quotation from the Italian poet Zannazarius, in which are embodied two beautiful thoughts, singularly appropriate to those who sleep below far from their native land, and of which the following is an almost literal translation:

Rest in one's native land is sweet; But for a tomb, all earth is meet.

Sir Walter Scott, who, it may be mentioned, selected the quotation, gave the following free rendering of it:

Rest in fair France 'twas vain for them to crave ; A cold and hostile clime affords a grave.

The phrase 'cold and hostile' was not considered

altogether in keeping with the spirit of the memorial, and the translation was not inscribed upon it.

On the other side there is a similar inscription in French; but the writer, evidently in sympathy with those who at the call of their country died exiles, studiously avoids any reference to their nationality, and styles them simply 'prisoners of war.' This considerateness has not escaped the notice and appreciation of their country-men; for, not long before our visit, two French gentlemen, who were visiting the mills, were shown the memorial. Standing before it with heads uncovered, and reading in their own language the phrase referred to, one remarked to his friend, with evident emotion: 'They have not insulted us.-Prisoners of war-not French. Very good.' It was not always so; 'Væ victis!' (Woe to the vanquished!) being of old the only regret expressed towards those against whom the fortunes of war had turned.

Beneath, is a verse in the same language, which we were inclined to attribute to Lamartine, but which we learned was from the gifted pen of the late Alexander Cowan, Writer to the Signet. Graphically and with true pathos, it tells the life's story of these unfortunate victims of war, as will be seen from the following paraphrase:

> Born to bless the vows of mothers Growing old, Called away by fate, life's story Soon is told. Lovers, and in turn the loved ones—
> Still more dear—
> Husbands, fathers. Sad the ending— Exiles drear.

Long after the mills had ceased to be used as a military prison, and again resounded with the sounds of busy labour instead of the sighs of the captives, a member of the firm was sojourning in France. Paying a visit to a large military hospital akin to our own Chelsea, he got into conversation with one of the inmates who had seen service in his time, and discovered that,

many years before, he had been in Scotland.
'How came you there?' he asked of the old soldier.- 'As a prisoner of war, monsieur,' replied the veteran in broken English.

'And where were you taken prisoner, may I ask?'-'Waterloo,' was the brief rejoinder.

'Yes. And where were you taken after that?' -'Plymouth.'

'Yes. And where then?'—'To Leith.'
'Yes. And after that?'—'Into the country, monsieur.'

'Yes. And what part?'-'Valleyfield.'

'Ah! Valleyfield?' was uttered in surprise. 'I come from Valleyfield.'—'Ah, monsieur,' replied the old man in sorrowful tones, 'very cold

country; no vines—large cabbages.'

The cold of our northern clime had evidently made a lasting impression upon him, especially when taken into conjunction with the loss of

his vin ordinaire.

On being told that a monument had been erected at Valleyfield to the memory of his countrymen who had died in exile, a tear glistened in the old man's eyes, and he was deeply

"Would you like to have a sketch of it?'-'Ah, yes, monsieur—very much.

The sketch was accordingly sent; and a year or two afterwards, on a second visit to the same hospital, it was seen suspended in a conspicuous place in the veteran's little room.

# ETRUSCAN RELICS.

In a recent Italian newspaper there is an interesting account of excavations and discoveries in the Tuscan Maremma, conducted by Dottore Isidore Falchi. The site of a once famous city, Vetulonia, has been identified, and many curious relics of an ancient civilisation have been brought to light-amongst other things, a vase bearing a curious inscription in the language of ancient Etruria. This account brought to our mind certain notes taken at Volterra, a few years back, which may interest those persons who are curious to know something of the history and domestic life of a highly cultivated people, and of a civilisation anterior to the foundation of Rome. Volterra may possibly excite less interest than Vetulonia, in so far that its site has never been doubted, and all trace of its early occupants has not been swept away.

Volterra lies about thirty miles north-west of Siena, but is more easily reached from Leghorn. A railway from that place to Le Saline, a small town in the plain, is met by an omnibus, which tugs the inquiring tourist up the steep and difficult hill on the top of which stands Volterra. To reach it from Siena, one must hire a carriage, and spend at least one night there. The drive amply repays the slight loss of time and poscamollia, the road leads through an interesting and classical country, immortalised by Dante, till, turning off the Florentine road, we reach the thriving town of Colle, the lower part of which, with its smelting-furnaces and foundries, shows something of a nineteenth-century life one had almost forgotten in the quiet dullness of Siena. Leaving Colle, the road ascends all the way to Volterra, winding about in mazy doubles, and showing a varied and interesting panorama, and new points of view at every turn of the The towers of San Geminiano appear at no great distance, but vanish as we turn the next corner. At length, passing a high tower split from top to bottom by an earthquake shock, and reminding us forcibly of the volcanic nature of the soil, we sight Volterra, which we enter by the Etruscan gate. This gate is well worth-minute inspection. Immense blocks of a darkcoloured stone resembling porphyry, devetailed together without mortar, form a double arch of great thickness and solidity. The external arch is ornamented by three heads cut out of the blocks, which form what may be called the keystone and the side-points from which the arch springs. These heads are supposed to represent the tutelar divinities of the city. The heads are gracefully posed, but the features obliterated by time. Much of the old Etruscan wall still remains. It is built of irregular blocks of stone, put together without any regard to uniformity, or regularity, pieced together without mortar a truly cyclopean dry-stone dike.

The city is built on the top of a hill which rises abruptly from the plain; on the western side, it is indeed quite precipitous. A curious natural phenomenon is gradually undermining the town; much of the old wall has already fallen, and one part of the city has disappeared. A gulf has been formed by the subsidence of the soil and wall; churches, houses, and monasteries have been swallowed up.

teries have been swallowed up.

Many old Etruscan tombs are found in the neighbourhood; but these have been for the most part stripped of their relies, which are now carefully preserved in the Museum. Two of the tombs have, however, been left for the gratification of the curious. These are outside the town, in the neighbourhood of the convent of San Girolomo, in the grounds of a pretty Italian villa, the gardener of which keeps the keys. The larger of the two tombs is in the form of a Latin cross, divided into five chambers, in which have been deposited the urns containing the ashes of the family or families to whom the tomb belonged. The most ancient of these urns consists of two hollow stones placed over each other, so that a cavity is formed in the centre, in which have been deposited the ashes of the deceased. Next we came to urns of much the same shape and size, but the stones more carefully dressed, and ornamented by geometric circles and angles designed upon them. Next followed delicately cut garlands of flowers and leaves. The urns appeared to be about a foot and a half in length, less than one high, and perhaps one foot broad. We had no means of accurately measuring them. Some of them were made of alabaster so transparent that the light of the torch could be seen behind, as if through porcelain.

But it is in the Museum of Volterra that we find the greatest number and the most remarkable of these relics. We can there see sculptured on the funeral urn the simple and homely scenes of domestic life, alike in all countries. On some may be seen the steed standing at the door, ready for a journey, while the angel of death, with outspread wings, separates the husband and wife, who have taken their last embrace. He is bound on that journey from which there is no return. The same idea is repeated in many forms, extremely touching. Sometimes it is the host who has been summoned from a feast, the banquet of life, by the winged messenger, who stands at the door. Again, it may be a vessel ready to leave the port, the sails half furled, to catch the breeze which is to speed it on its way. Nowhere is to be seen anything approaching the Death's head and crossbones with which we are familiar.

On many of the urns which appear to contain the ashes of the father and mother of the household, a kind of double statue is placed, the heads and busts tolerably well proportioned. The figures are placed in a recumbent position; the lower limbs are disproportionately contracted, reminding one of a certain style of caricature; but all idea of the grotesque vanishes before the touching expression and grace of the head and features. One might think that at last those two have met, never again to say farewell, so complete is the expression of repose. This style is much more frequent in Perugia than in Volterra,

where the sculptures appear to be of a much earlier date than in the former city.

Again, we find scenes from battle and hunting fields. The siege of Volterra is recognised by the old gateway with its three heads. The chase of the wild-boar, in all its details, from the start to the final scene, with the boar at bay, forms the ornament and story of another class of urns. Next, we come upon a change of subject, and Greek poetry is introduced, scenes from the Iliad and Odyssey being largely represented. The long necklace of beads hung round the neck of the chief figure on the urns—said to be emblematic of eternity, and to represent the sacerdotal character of the head of the house; the apple—emblem of fecundity—placed in the hands of the mother; the representation of sacrifice, and sacrificing vessels themselves, which have been preserved—all indicate a strong sense of religion, and show more than a glimmering idea of a future life.

of a future life.

Modern Volterra has almost a monopoly of works in alabaster, which substance is found in the quarries in the neighbourhood. The little town of Le Saline in the plain prepares the borax which, we believe, is largely exported to England. There is, besides, much to interest the tourist at Volterra. It has, like all other Tusean towns, a medieval history of its own, with its fortress, churches, and paintings; but besides being off the beaten track, it has little accommodation for travellers, though we were tolerably lodged in one of the two inns there. Italian seems to be the only language spoken, but it is the pure Tusean tongue, elegant and idiomatic, the lingua madre of Dante and St Catharine.

# PURPLE PANSIES.

Mine is no lordly garden ground,
With winding walks and shady trees,
And pleasant nooks, where may be found
Safe shelter from too keen a breeze.
Oft have I dreamt of such a place,
And fenced it well with tender fancies,
And am but owner, by God's grace,
Of just one plot of purple nansies.

Few other flowers will make their homes
So near the busy, dusty town;
The rose to purer dwellings roams,
And shuns the factory chimney's frown.
A lilac bush, across the wall
Brings me a greeting from my neighbour's,
When I step out at twilight fall,
To rest me after weary labours.

I linger in my small domain,
Or stoop to pluck some cherished flower,
And dream myself in some cool lane,
Quaint 'Pleasaunce,' or 'My Ladye's Bower.'
I scarcely miss the gardens fair
Of silvan queens in old romances,
Since I find heart's-case for my care
Beside my treasured purple pansies.
FLORENCE TYLEE.

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# STOCK EXCHANGE SPECULATION.

It is to William III. that we are indebted for the foundation of the Bank of England, and to him we may also ascribe the creation, indirectly, of the Stock Exchange. When he granted the Bank Charter, and by so doing imposed upon the nation a national debt, or as others would call it, a national incubus, he unconsciously provided a foundation for that extensive system of speculation which is the lifeblood of the Stock Exchange. Not that he can justly be charged with having initiated the practice of relieving the exigences of the state by means of loans, for his predecessors had been quite as ready as he to make use of that expedient; but he did inaugurate a principle in raising his loans which had been steadily ignored by all previous monarchs. William wanted money, and willingly acknowledged the debt he incurred when the money was placed at his disposal, pledging the faith of the state that the interest should be paid regularly and promptly; whilst his predecessors, who borrowed largely and often, not only refused to pay interest, but also repudiated all the pledges and promises by means of which the money had been obtained. William, when he ascended the throne, acknowledged the debt incurred by his immediate predecessors, and included it in the national debt which he created when he granted the Bank of England charter. However opinions may differ as to the means he adopted for restoring the public credit, William deserves all praise for the honest determination he manifested that thenceforth the state should always meet its obligations.

In a few years after his accession, all the various modes of borrowing practised on the continent had found a firm footing in England. The Royal Exchange, intended originally for more purely commercial transactions, became the scene of speculations in short and long annuities, tontines, lotteries, and the stock of the famous East India Companies. Within its walls were to be found men of all ranks and nationalities, all

eager to grow rich by the easy and fascinating devices then for the first time placed within their There might be seen a wily Jew trying to beat the calm, dignified Quaker; further on were to be seen an impetuous Frenchman and a stolid Dutchman striving to make a bargain; here was a courtly Spaniard, there a grave dignified Turk in his flowing robes, mingled with enterprising Flemings, cautious Scots, and earnest Venetians. Thither came the courtier to turn to profitable account the knowledge he possessed. Ministers, judges, clergymen were all attracted by the new source of wealth opened out to them. It is not strange to find that even the steady, persevering trader, who had been accustomed to increase his wealth and prosperity by enterprises and adventures surrounded by no little risk and peril, was induced, by the fabulous stories circulated of fortunes so easily won, to divert a portion of his capital from his business in order to engage in speculations of which he heard so

All the tricks and stratagems now prevalent in the stock market were well understood and largely employed even at that early date. Many of the terms used in connection with Stock Exchange operations originated in the speculations in the funds of the East India Company. Speculators displayed the same ingenuity and skill that they do now in the fabrication of false news. If it is possible for a clever speculator at the present time to cause prices to rise or fall thirty or fifty per cent., those early gamblers could not have had much to learn when they knew how to cause a fluctuation of two hundred and sixty-three per cent, in East India stock. The well-stored ships had been overtaken by a hurricane; they had struck on rocks or quicksands, of whose existence none had been previously aware; or they had been captured by the enemy or by pirates. Naturally, while many won, a larger number lost, and complaints began to be frequent against the 'jobbers' a term originally applied ignominiously—who polluted the Royal Exchange by their presence. They can ruin men silently, said a writer at the

time, 'undermine and impoverish, fiddle them out of their money by the strange, unheard-of engines of interest, discount, transfers, tallies, debentures, shares, projects, and who knows what of figures and hard names.' The public feeling at length took the form of a law which limited the number of brokers and contained some strong enactments directed against them.

Wearying at length of the objections and innuendoes by which they were assailed, the brokers and jobbers resolved to abandon the Royal Exchange for the 'Change Alley, a large unoccupied space, where they thought they could carry on their extensive operations free from molestation and annoyance. This movement was all the more necessary owing to the ever increasing number of speculators. But it was not long before the inclemency and fickleness of the English weather drove the brokers from the open unsheltered Alley to take refuge in Jonathan's coffeehouse, which thus became the resort of speculators and jobbers, just as Lloyd's was of insurance companies and underwriters. Finding the brokers and speculators flocking together under the hospitable roof of Jonathan's, the City took alarm. The City magnates resented the desertion of their time-honouved Exchange, and tried to force the offending brokers to return. Their efforts were vain. The brokers gathered where money and commissions were to be made; they remained true in their adherence to the Alley and Jonathan's.

On July 15, 1773, the brokers determined to give the distinctive and appropriate title of the Stock Exchange to their quarters in Jonathan's, They then collected sixpence each, says the newspaper, and christened the house with punch. The new title soon became popular; and familiar as had been 'the Alley' and Jonathan's, they were soon discarded for one which indicated so clearly the character of the temple of speculation. There was one great drawback to these premises: the coffee-house was open to all who cared to frequent it whether for business or refreshment. There it, whether for business or refreshment. was no privacy about it; the brokers and jobbers pursued their dealings in the midst of the specupulsies their deatings in the finals of the speculating public; knave, rogue, and saint all jostled against each other; Jew met Gentile; Turk met Greek; and the light-fingered pickpocket enriched himself, at the expense of all. The conviction gradually forced itself upon the brokers and tables that are well the all individuals had jobbers that so wealthy and influential a body ought to own premises of their own, where they could pursue their calling in secret and unrestrained by the public eye. Accordingly, at the beginning of this century, funds were collected for the continuous and con for the purpose of acquiring a suitable site in the vicinity of the Bank. So liberal were the contributions, that on the 18th of May 1801 the first stone was laid of the present building, exclusively devoted to stockbrokers and dealers. Such is a brief outline of the history of a building whose name is known and whose influence is felt from one corner of the earth to the other.

The existence of the Stock Exchange, now that the national debt of this country has attained such enarmous proportions, is unavoidable. The

disposal of the government, confident that he will receive the interest on his investment with certainty, is often compelled by circumstances to withdraw his capital to relieve his pressing necessities. Without the Stock Exchange, he would experience great difficulty in finding a person willing to take his place as a creditor of the state; but on the money market he can at all times find buyers ready to purchase his funds. To honest investors, the Stock Exchange is an undoubted boon; but it is doubtful whether its influence on the morals and manners of the public is equally beneficial, owing to the gambling and thirst for speculation which it promotes. Speculation to a certain degree is inseparable from all commercial pursuits, and is conducive to the prosperity and wealth of a country so long as it fosters and encourages enterprise on the part of its traders. Every commercial adventure is more or less dependent on the principles of speculation for its success or failure. It is this healthy degree of speculation that prevents business pursuits from becoming tame and dull, and imparts to them that interest and attraction in which business men find their chief pleasure. So long as painstaking and persevering industry, by means of which the prosperity and welfare of a country are promoted, receives a healthy impetus from speculation, there can be no objection to it on the ground of the evil consequences it produces; but when the narrow limits to its good effects are passed, there can be no question that speculation is one of the most pernicious and deplorable modes of gaining wealth.

The benefits of Stock Exchange speculation

or gambling are nil; the evils, many. The wealth of the country is not increased by it; the morals of those engaged are blunted; time is misspent; the mind is perverted from praise-worthy to mean objects, as the practice of gambling fosters an inclination to abandon all honest occupations for those which are at once dishonest and disreputable. When once ensnared by the seductive charms of gambling, the poor victim is entired into a path leading to ruin, if not to crime, and from which he is powerless to extricate himself. The mania which at times seizes the public and leads it into speculations in stocks and shares is nothing but gambling, called by a more plausible and taking name. The effects of speculating on the Stock Exchange are as prejudicial to the morals of the community as those of ordinary gambling; but whilst the law looks with a severe eye on gambling pure and simple, it turns an indulgent glance upon the practices prevalent on the Stock Exchange. The fact is, Stock Exchange speculations are a more or less privileged sort of gambling. The operaor less privileged sort of gambling. The opera-tions are for the most part in government funds, for the creation of which the state has been responsible, so that it is hardly to be expected that the state will step forward to repress or discountenance transactions in the commodities they have created. Given an inch, speculators took an ell, and gambling is carried on in stocks

and shares with every possible facility.

Nothing can illustrate more clearly the unscrupulousness and absence of honest principles amongst the majority of habitual speculators and frequenters of Capel Court than the frequent humble patriot who has placed his money at the hoaxes, unfounded rumours, and systematic rais-

representations that are indulged in there. How fatal they have proved to the hopes and prospects of many respectable men, the annals of the Stock Exchange prove. Our readers will remember the frauds recently exposed of Blake-way and Davis; but these are by no means rare cases. A list of those who have participated in Stock Exchange frauds would make a lengthy document, and would embrace all sorts and conditions of men, from ambassadors down to brokers' clerks. Conspicuous in this infamous list would be found the names of Fordyce the banker, Daniels the stockbroker, and Benjamin Walsh,

We cannot conclude this article without giving a passing glance at the manners that prevail on the Stock Exchange. The eager scrambling after wealth which engrosses the thoughts and attention of the members, besides proving baneful to their morals, has also a marked effect upon their manners. The scene within its walls, even in quiet times, is one of endless uproar and confusion. On all sides are to be heard the shouts and wrangling of the buyers and sellers, each striving to beat his fellow in making the bargains. Everywhere are to be seen brokers hurrying to and fro, and their clerks rushing in and out at headlong speed, in order to take advantage of the momentary fluctuations in prices. In times of excitement or panic, all this confusion and uproar is magnified tenfold. A stranger, ignorant of the character of the building, would never guess that it was a place of business where some of the most gigantic transactions were effected in a few minutes. The noise and confused babel of sounds would strike him as more in keeping with a beargarden than with the recognised mart for funds and stocks. A stranger, however, has but a slight chance of witnessing the scene within the walls of the Stock Exchange. If by any chance he does find admission within its sacred precincts, his stay would certainly be of short duration; whilst his experiences gained during his intrusion would in all probability be none of the most agreeable.

Mr Francis tells the following amusing story of a gentleman who found his way into the Stock Exchange, and of the consequences attending his short visit. 'Not long ago, a friend of my own, ignorant of the rule so rigidly enforced for the expulsion of strangers, chanced to drop in, as he phrased it, to the Stock Exchange. He walked about for nearly a minute without being dis-covered to be an intruder, indulging in surprise at finding that the greatest uproar and frolic prevailed in a place in which he expected there would be nothing but order and decorum. All at once, a person who had just concluded a hasty but severe scrutiny of his features, shouted at the full stretch of his voice: "Fourteen hundred." Then a bevy of the gentlemen of the house surrounded him. "Will you purchase any new navy five per cents, sir?" said one eagerly, looking him in the face. "I am not"—— The stranger was about to say he was not going to purchase stock of any kind, but was prevented finishing his sentence by his hat being, through a powerful application of some one's hand to its crown, not only forced over his eyes but over his mouth also. Before he had time to recover from the stupefaction into which the suddenness and violence of the eclipse threw him, he was seized

by the shoulders, and wheeled about as if he had been a revolving machine. He was then pushed about from one person to another, as if he had been the effigy of some human being, instead of a human being himself. After tossing and hustling him about in the roughest possible manner, denuding his coat of one of its tails, and tearing into fragments other parts of his wardrobe, they carried him to the door, where, after depositing him on his feet, they left him to recover his lost senses at his leisure.

# RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XXXII .- BENEATH THE EVERLASTINGS.

THE night had closed in, and still Josephine sat on the overturned cradle. The tears had dried up; but she continued to occupy the same place, holding Richard's handkerchief clasped in both her hands on her lap, looking straight before her, into vacancy-lost in thought. A soft, yellowishgray light filled the little window; but within the cottage kitchen all was dark, or at best was in deep twilight. Josephine had not moved for an hour. Her face was away from the window, in complete shadow. All at once a flash fell on her. She looked heavily up, with half-consciousness, to see her father and the rector before

- 'I knew she would be here,' said the latter.
- 'I did not suppose her such a fool,' muttered Mr Cornellis.
- 'Then you see I knew her best,' said the rector. -'Josephine.' He put out his hand, and she listlessly put her own into it. She liked and trusted Mr Sellwood, who had known her from infancy.
- 'My dear child,' he said, 'your hand is cold and wet.'
- 'I have been crying,' she answered simply.
- 'You must need your dinner,' said her father. 'We have put it off, and off, awaiting you, and the soles will be burned to chips.
- She said nothing in reply to her father; but her fingers closed on the rector's hand, as he was withdrawing it. 'I want to speak to you, Mr Sellwood—alone,' she said. 'Would you mind remaining here with me a little while?' 'But, Josephine,' said her father, 'dinner is mallist according the second.
- spoiling; consider the soles.'
  'Please, go home, papa, and eat the soles. I will not detain you. The matter about which I wish to speak is one I desire to speak about to the rector alone.'
- Mr Cornellis considered for a moment. Josephine was fretting at the departure of her husband. Girls never know their own minds. It was perhaps natural that she should feel for a while his sudden disappearance. In a day or two, this chagrin would pass and the sense of relief prevail. It might relieve Josephine's mind to talk the affair over with Mr. Sellwood; it could do no possible harm. She was a girl who acted on her own impulses, and took no advice which did not agree with her own wishes. The rector might, and probably would advise that she should open communication with Richard

Cable and urge him to return. This evening, she might agree with him; to-morrow, she would come to a better mind.

Mr Cornellis shrugged his shoulders. leave the lantern with you,' he said, 'to help and

lighten your consultation.' When he was gone, the rector set the lantern on the floor, and said: Well, Josephine, you

want my advice?' 'O no, Mr Sellwood. I have made up my mind. I want you to tell me how I can carry out my own intentions.'

Well done, young woman; this is frankly put. It is not always that your sex is so outspoken. They ask advice, and follow it only if agreeable to their own fancies.'

'I want to tell you everything, rector,' she said. 'I have acted very foolishly—I mean very wrongly. I have worked a vast amount of mischief; and now, I have been trying to find out how I may undo it.

'What have you done? Tell me that first; and secondly, what you are going to do to mend it. Then I will give you my advice.

'I do not ask your advice.

'Oh! I beg pardon; I forgot,' said the old parson, somewhat testily. 'But I will not lend my hand to any star-scraping, scatter-brained scheme. You may not seek my advice; you may not value it; but the experience of a man

of over sixty is worth something.'
'Indeed, indeed, dear Mr Sellwood, I value your opinion, your advice, most highly; but this is a case in which I must decide for myself. I have done one wrong after another, an injustice in ignorance, a wrong wilfully; and it appears to me clear as the day that I, and I alone, can work out my course for the future so as to amend the mischief. If you approve, I am very glad; but if not, I cannot help it. I must go my own way, or sin against my conscience. I know very well that my father will not approve; he and I see everything differently; and Annt Judith will be indignant, and call my conduct wicked because it is not commonplace.'

'Never mind about Aunt Judith-you are too

severe.

'Mr Sellwood,' said Josephine, 'would you mind sitting on the table, whilst I talk to you?

I will sit anywhere, my dear, to please you, anywhere but in a bishop's throne, and that no -not for any one.

Then I will remain here on poor little Bessie's

cradle, at your feet.'

But not in a child-like spirit and in the mental attitude of a disciple, you headstrong piece of goods. You have made up your mind—to what, pray? How long have you taken forming it? A solid judgment is a first requisite in the making-up of minds, and that-excuse me-you

'I have been very unhappy. I have cried till I have wet dear Richard's handkerchief through.'

'So at last there is some community established between you. Both use the same pocket-hand-kerchief?

'Mr Sellwood, I will tell you everything; but please not to interrupt me in my story.

The rector, who loved to hear his own voice,

was nettled. 'I am to pass no comments, as I am to tender no advice. Well, I will do my best; but I cannot promise silence.'

'And yet you expect us to sit quiet when you preach, whether we agree with you or not.'

The rector winced. 'Go on,' he said. 'After that, I must be silent.'

Then she told him the whole story of Gabriel Gotham and Bessie, as she had heard it from her aunt; and it filled the rector with astonishment. He had not heard anything of it before. 'Bless me!' he exclaimed, 'Mrs Cable is a wonderful woman to keep her mouth shut—proud, proud as a queen.

'A noble pride,' said Josephine.
'Yes,' he said. 'I admit the correction—a proud-hearted woman, a grand woman; there are not many like her.'

Then Josephine told him how she had only come to a knowledge of this a few hours ago.

'And already made up your mind upon it!' exclaimed the parson. He could not refrain from making his comments.

'Mr Sellwood,' Josephine went on—she with-drew her hand from his, and folded her arms over her bosom, but did not let go her hold of the blue handkerchief—'Mr Sellwood, I have acted very wickedly. I daresay I acted without a wise discretion in marrying Richard. I was not in love with him.'

'Then why in the world did you marry him? That was your sole excuse for committing an

act of folly, and you have east it from you.'
It was this which drove me to it. Papa was so disagreeable with me about him-he said such things that I was angry, and became defiant. Aunt Judith was stupid, as she always is, and I felt an inclination to fly in her face and thoroughly shock her. Then I got into that awkward predicament on the seawall at midnight, when you and Captain Sellwood came upon me with Richard. After that, matters were complicated by Cousin Gotham. I believe he did it purposely. He gave Richard the boat—in my name, and had the boat called by my name, and encouraged talk in the place about me and Richard, which made me very uncomfortable, and my father very angry; and I did not see how I could get out of the hobble, into which I had been partly thrust and had partly slipped, in any other way. I was nearly mad with annoyance and wounded vanity and irritated self-will. But that was not all. I saw that Richard was so natural, open, good, and true, and I felt so utterly at a loss where to look for a guide.—My father'

'Never mind about your father.'

'I could not follow his advice; and I did not feel that I was secure in my own opinion of right and wrong. I suppose all women look for some one to whom to cling.'

'My advice you never thought of asking for, said the rector in a tone fraught with mortified pride. You seek me only to tell you how you may be enabled to follow your own whims with-

out inconvenience.'

'Do not be cross with me, Mr Sellwood,' pleaded Josephine. 'I cannot explain to you exactly how I was situated at home; somehow, papa and I never had much in common, and we did not share confidences. I was driven to battle

out my own way, sometimes going wrong, and sometimes right.

'Many times wrong, and sometimes right,' sug-

gested the rector.

'Possibly so.' She paused, considered, and then said: 'No; I do not think it. When I have gone wrong, I have been influenced from without. As for marrying Richard—that was not wrong, except in Aunt Judith's table of commandments, in which all that is not usual is wrong. No she spoke with the earnestness of sincerity-'I really believe that the prevailing thought in me was that in Richard I should find an ideal man of truth and honour, and that is why I took him.'

'Mercy on me!' exclaimed the rector. 'Because a man can drive a donkey-cart, that does not qualify him to drive a locomotive! Richard was all very well in his own sphere; but you transferred him to one he knew nothing about, in which he could not possibly assist you.

'I see that clearly enough now,' said Josephine humbly. 'I did not see it till too late; and then, when I became aware of it, I got impatient with him; I lost my temper, because he could not accommodate himself immediately to his new position. I exacted of him the impossible.'

'To be sure you did.'

'I made no allowances for him. I was irritated, and spoke rudely, insultingly to him. I even ridiculed this dear old blue handkerchief, which'—the tears began to trickle down her cheeks again-'which is now wet with my contrite tears.

The kind old rector took her hand and patted it between his own. 'My dear,' he said, 'all will come right in the end, now; you have begun at the right end, with repentance.'

But he is gone away, gone with all his children and his mother without even saying a good-bye. I have driven him out of his home. That is not all. You know his story now; you see that the Hall and the manor ought in common fairness to be his. What an injustice, what a wicked injustice I have done him!'
'I am glad you acknowledge your faults, Jose-

phine; that is the first step towards making

all well again.'

'This is nothing like all I have done, rector. I have spoiled the goodness that was in Richard. I have made him morose, bitter, and mistrustful. Even that is not all. It was through my fault that the poor little child was hurt. I had so angered him, that when he went to the Anchor, he drank too much, and then' Yes—I know the rest.'

Mr Sellwood said no more. For once, he was silent. He was touched by the self-accusation of the girl, and he did not know, for once also, what to advise.

'Richard was so gentle, so full of thought for others, and pity for those who suffered in any way, so helpful to all who were weak; and now he is quite changed. He is sullen at one moment, fierce at the next. He no longer loves me—he told me so; and I know, I do know that only a little while ago he loved me with his whole honest, noble heart. He has torn up my picture and thrown it among the ashes.

He cannot tear you out of his memory.' But he can remember me only as the murderess of his happiness, as the person who Josephine.

maimed his child; he can remember me only as an offender who is past being forgiven.'

'I do not think it,' said the rector. 'Love is not killed so quickly. It may sink into the ground and disappear, like a spring in drought;

but it will break up again, and flow as before. 'No, Mr Sellwood; he will never love me again till I am quite changed from what I have been. I have been sitting here for a long time—how long, I do not know, considering what is to be done. Things must not remain as they are.

'Exactly; and if you ask my advice'-

'I do not. I have made up my mind.'
'I beg your pardon; I forgot.' He was a little huffed, and took away his hand from Josephine.

'Do not let me go,' she pleaded. 'I do not want to offend you. I have no one else to whom I can open my heart.'

He took her hand again and pressed it, in assur-

ance of his regard.

'Well, Mr Sellwood, I have been turning the whole miserable muddle out, and arranging my thoughts and putting them in order, just as Richard would tidy everything into its preper place. There are a lot of things mixed together, and these I have sorted into their several lockers. First come Cousin Gotham's money and estate. I have no right to them. They belong in all fairness to Richard; that I see clearly; so I will have nothing more to do with them.'

The rector started.

'Tell me,' she asked-'tell me, frankly, what you think?'

'In law'-

'That is like my Aunt Judith. Because Cousin Gotham was five hours short of his legal time in Scotland, therefore what is wrong is right.'

'It is you now, Josephine, who interrupt. By law, you have a perfect, unassailable right to everything left by Mr Gotham. Whether you are justified in accepting and keeping his bequest, under the circumstances, morally and in honour, is another matter.'

'There! there!' she exclaimed almost exultantly. You see I riddled out that conundrum right. The property belongs to Richard. He shall have it. I will not touch a penny of

it more.

'But what of your father?'

'My father must manage for himself. I see my course plain before me. I go straight my own way, and put wax in my ears, so as not to hear any voice from outside, however sweetly singing.

Go on, then.-What next?'

'In the next place, I acknowledge that I did wrong in requiring Richard to shape himself to fit a position for which he was unsuited.

'Right again,' said the rector.

At his age, it is not possible for him to adapt himself, in every external, to what is required of him. In heart and mind, rectoroh, he is the truest gentleman! a Bayard, sans peur et sans reproche.

Mr Sellwood smiled at her enthusiasm.

It would have been different, had he been quite a young man; but he is past the age when all the mental bones are flexible, said 'I do not know that-with patience and in

'No, rector; he must not again be subjected to the restraint and torture. He must be allowed to go his own simple way, unhampered by artificial checks and unteased by conventional regulations.'

'Then what do you propose?'

'If we are to be reconciled, if he is ever to be happy with me, the disparity between us must disappear.

But how? You have just said he is too old

to learn our social habits.

'Precisely; but I can go down to his level.'

'My dear !-What do you mean?'

Do you not see that the only chance of our living happily together is for us to be on an equal footing? He has tried my level, and cannot sustain himself on it. I must take his.

'That is not practicable.'

'Pardon me—it is. Do you not see that one step in this course I have mapped out leads to another? I have said that I will not have his money; therefore, I have nothing of my own. What I had, has been dissipated. I have not a penny. What must I do, then? I must earn my livelihood.'

'Good gracious, Josephine!' The rector sprang from the table on which he had been seated.

'I must learn to think and feel and see things as Richard does, through eyes on the same plane as his—so only shall we be able to understand each other. That is not all. He is very angry with me now, and nothing else that I can do will convince him of my repentance and of my desire for reconciliation.

Earn your living! Goodness gracious me! 'All fits together perfectly, rector. I shall earn his esteem at the same time that I am acquiring the modes of thought and habits of

a lower grade in life.'

'Upon my word!' exclaimed Mr Sellwood, 'you are a person who always rushes into extremes.' He was astonished beyond measure.

'Extreme measures alone suit the occasion,' answered Josephine. 'As I utterly renounce my claim on the property, I can do no other than earn my bread, and by so doing I gain my chief end.

'But how will you earn your bread?'

'I will go into service. His first wife was a maid in your house, and he was happy with her.

'You must not do this-it will be degradation.

'I must do it. It will be no degradation,

morally, for I have a right end in view.'

The rector was greatly shaken. 'I would never have advised this; I would never have thought of this.'

'I knew that; therefore, I did not ask your

advice. Mr Sellwood remained silent. He could not grasp her bold proposal all at once. Josephine

waited. She had become calm as she spoke of her resolution. She waited for him to say something. Presently, he said in a choking voice.

I retract what I let fall just now. There will be, there can be no degradation. On the con-

female instinct is a better guide than my masculine sense. I should never have thought of this. Even now, I cannot say whether it commends itself to my reason; to my heart, it does at once, at once! He was much moved. 'Josephine, in such a daring venture, guidance and help are needed.' Then he paused again. Presently he went on: Josephine, perhaps you have read that, in old times, pearls were found in the Severn, and British pearls were much esteemed. Do you know how they were found? Horses and cattle were driven across the fords in the Severn, and they trampled on, bruised, and broke the mussel shells that lay there; then the crushed mussels in their pain exuded the matter that formed the pearls. Now that bridges have been built to span the Severn, no more pearls are found in it; for, though there are mussels still in the shallow water, they remain only mussels; they produce no longer pearls, because no longer bruised and broken.—My dear Josephine, I think—I believe, that the pearl of a nobler and a truer life is beginning to grow in you, because the feet are passing over you and treading you down.'

'Rector,' said Josephine after a long silence, what are you looking at above me-the ever-

lastings?'

He paused, he did not answer at once, he recovered himself slowly, and said softly: 'The Everlasting! Yes.'

(To be continued.)

# SOME NOTES ABOUT BIRDS.

ANYTHING connected with what a lady friend calls 'the unnatural instinct of the cuckoo' is always of interest to lovers of nature. On the first of June, a friend of ours, in company with two other gentlemen, visited what he called 'a cuckoo's nest,' having an opportunity, rarely vouchsafed, of seeing the 'unnatural instinct' at work in a very young bird. The young cuckoo had been hatched only the previous day in the nest of a meadow-pipit, better known in Scotland as a moss-cheeper, a bird which the cuckoo frequently favours with the rearing of her young. The unconscious interloper, one day old, blind, and without a vestige of feathering, had already ousted one of the moss-cheeper's eggs, which lay outside the nest. Sitting down to chat for a few minutes by the nest, one gentleman called the attention of the others to the young bird, which seemed to have taken a fit. It wriggled about in strange contortions, twisting its head about under its body, as though at times it were trying to stand on its head, with its long neek worming about. Ere they well knew what to make of the helpless-looking thing in its struggles, it was seen to have one of the eggs in the bend of its eel-like neck against the side of the nest; and the next moment the hind quarter of the bird was under it, and the egg lodged in the hollow of the interloper's back (which is said to be specially fitted to receive it). Then, with its head still bored underneath, the little trary, there will be a rise of your better self, callow usurper began to wriggle itself back-My dear, this is very wonderful to me. Your ward in strange fashion until from the verge

of the nest the egg was wriggled off. Having backed to the upper side of the nest, and that being on a level with the ground above, the egg could not roll away, but fell back into the nest, the young cuckoo rolling to the bottom of the nest at the same time, where it lay prostrate, and seemingly exhausted, till the visitors left. On the recovery of its strength, doubtless it accomplished its object by repeated efforts; as, when we revisited the nest some days afterwards,

it contained only the young cuckoo.

It is said, 'dog will not eat dog;' the rook, however, when put to a pinch, seems to come near breaking this rule; at least, we once saw a pair of them almost devour a starling, which is nearly allied to the Crow family. In the winter of 1879, when a deep snow lay on the ground, our attention was drawn to the frightful screeching of a bird. Hastening to the door, we saw a pair of rooks pursuing a starling, which they knocked down in the snow several times, and had at last set about devouring, when they were driven off. The poor starling, however, was helplessly mained.

It is not generally known that woodcocks breed regularly in many parts of Britain, particularly in Scotland. Wherever they breed, they may be seen nightly, from February till June, flitting along the tops of the woods for an hour or two after twilight sets in. Their peculiar call, which a writer has well translated 'Vyssop,' is uttered at rather regular intervals all the time only of its flight, with a low 'Churr,' 'Churr' between each call. These flights are steadily kept up, back and forth across the woods, like a bird in pursuit of prey on the wing; and it is hard to imagine how such an industrious, business-like flight is kept up, unless something is to be gained thereby; yet the bill of the woodcock seems quite unfitted for preying upon insects on the wing.

The persistence with which many birds cling to their nesting-grounds is remarkable. Rookeries which have been ruthlessly shot over year after year are resolutely resorted to by the same birds, though in such cases there is a tendency in the birds to build their nests more scattered throughout the wood. This is even more marked when the eggs are frequently taken by boys, the nests being then placed on higher and more slender branches—doubtless a great deal more care being required in the erection of the structure on such slender foundations, and it is wonderful how rooks lay the dry sticks in such positions to

'bide the blasts.'

In a rookery in our neighbourhood which had been little disturbed for a number of years, there was a marked moving of households five years ago, the young birds having been decimated in the previous year by the gamekeepers. The centre of this long strip of wood was then almost deserted, the nests being built towards the extremities. As this proved no security in later years, the birds have mainly gone back to their old headquarters. A prominent ash-tree at one end of this wood was taken up in the year of migration referred to, and has annually borne a great crop of crows' nests since. In a great gale in December, a large limb was torn off this tree; and there was a marked absence of crows

to frequent the trees on which they build. was near the end of the second week in March ere a bird was there seen; then four nests were built in succession, all at the farthest available points from the gap in the tree. Though there were other good building sites, the cautious rocks avoided them; and it seems probable, from their late building, that the tenants were young birds which had not learned by experience that a damaged tree is more liable to injury from wind-

A pair of chimney-swallows built their nest over the inner hall-door in the writer's dwelling, the outer door being left open at night after the work began, to give the birds access in the mornings. Though the bird left its nest whenever any one passed in or out, and flew about so long as any one stood in the doorway, which not unfrequently occurred, five birds were safely hatched and fledged, the young returning to their nest for some nights after. War being declared against the birds as a nuisance by the housekeeper, and it being difficult to argue otherwise, orders were issued against another year's occupancy of the premises. In the following May, the birds were promptly on the ground, and set resolutely to work in their old quarters; and though warned off by having the outer door shut again and again in their faces, and kept so for hours each day, and always till late morning, the birds lost no opportunity, when the door was open, in building their nest for two long weeks. Even some time after that, when it seemed certain they must be nesting elsewhere, they came occasionally, as though loth to give up their level haunt. Five successive years these birds returned, trying hard to get a reoccupancy; and when their favourite corner was gained, such a delightful love-chatter was heard as only chimney-swallows can indulge in. It seems fair evidence that the same birds have always returned, from the facts, that it is unusual for birds to enter a hall-way which is well frequented; the same corner always being chosen; and each year their efforts growing less persistent.

In the head of the rainpipe nearly over the front door of the same house, a pair of starlings have reared their brood for several years. Very unwillingly, they, too, have been proceeded against as a nuisance. For three successive years the spout-head was stuffed with dry pine branches, each year more carefully, to debar the birds; but each year, after much labour, the birds forced an entrance. In 1884, a birdhouse was erected for their convenience on an oak-tree in front of the house-which is the favourite perch of the starlings—and before nesting-time the spont-head was boarded over. The birds tried their utmost pecking powers on the board in vain, and for a day or two visited the birdhouse—which in another site had been occupied by starlingsbut, contrary to the usual habits of the birds, they built their nest 'above board,' under the eaves, and as close to the old site as possible; and here a brood of young birds in early. June were

safely reared.

During all these years, the hen-bird has made her roost in that spout-head summer and winter. Even during severe seasons, when not a starling is to be seen in the neighbourhood, she came home there in the end of February, when they begin | nightly, and often, when passing underneath at

a late hour, we have heard her uttering her plaint in a 'Chink!' 'Chink!' as though complaining that she could not sleep for cold. One spring, her mate was shot; but in a few days she found another, and went on with her nesting, little delayed by that trifling accident, and cheerfully chattering and 'gnattering' in starling

In the rear-spout of the same house, a pair of starlings, four years ago, built their nest, and reared their young safely. Here the connecting roof-pipe is not so far continued into the spouthead, the consequence being that in heavy rainfalls this nest is flooded. For three years past the birds have been driven out by the rain; and though young birds were left drowned in the nest, the old birds rebuilt their nest within ten days, and laid their eggs over the dead. Next spring, they were driven out early, and again when the eggs were nearly hatched, one of these being found washed out on the ground underneath. Two days afterwards, these birds had taken to the birdhouse referred to, and for some ten days seemed busily nesting there; but dry weather having set in again, they returned to their old quarters, where the hen-bird again reared a brood which was also drowned.

A water-ousel, which had reared its young, little disturbed, for years on the face of moss-grown rocks overhung by trees and their roots, has been regularly harried for the past four years by a family of boys who came to live near by, and yet every spring it came back and built in the same site. The building of their large domed nest was perhaps too great an undertaking to be renewed in the immediate face of such difficulties, and yearly, after being harried, we have observed that the birds disappear from the neighbourhood for several weeks, doubtless to some other part of the stream, to rear a second brood; yet each spring they have returned to the same spot. Last winter, the overhanging trees and roots were entirely torn away by the gales, and the birds found a new site farther along the same pool-side, where, luckily, the boys did not discover their nest.

Can it be that where a pair of birds make their first nest and rear their young safely, that there lies a first-love charm? In the case of the ousels referred to, there is every probability that in some at least of their second nestings, the protecting greenery being then so much greater, and boys ceasing to look so keenly for nests, they reared their young successfully, and yet they have regularly returned to the site which is yearly harried.

### CHECKMATED

CHAPTER V. -CONCLUSION.

THE excitement attendant on Geoffrey's announcement, with the tearful delight of the girls to heighten it, quite carried David out of his worry, and for the time he was as cheerful as any of them. Not but that he felt some twinges of conscience when he looked at the glowing, honest face of the young man, as he sat opposite to him at the little table and heard his plans. These

and the clerk contrasted his frankness and candour with the underhand treatment he-David. the self-reproachful-had at one time made up his mind to deal out to the young fellow.

It was soon explained that the windfall which had given Geoffrey 'something like a fortune' was the result of the mining speculation of which he had told them. He had not become a millionaire; but the land had realised a sum which would go far towards making him independent; and if he obtained the promised situa-

tion, he might call himself rich.
'All through Cloudy Range Jack,' he wound up, over and over again. 'I told you he was the best fellow in the world, and he is. He felt sure that there was a great vein of gold in these deserted diggings. I knew nothing about it; and so he made my fortune. He has come back with me; he will see you in a day or two.'

'Have you found out his name yet?' asked

Geoffrey returned some jesting, evasive answer to this question, and there was an odd expression on his features as he did so. This struck David as being a little mysterious, as implying that he 'could a tale unfold' if he chose. Indeed, when the girls pressed him, he at last said he would rather leave the disclosure of Jack's name to his friend himself.

The evening was a delightful one. Geoffrey, although a temperate man, naturally indulged in a glass of grog, and in this David joined him. Under the combined influence of the spirits, his pipe, and above all, the welcome reaction in his train of thought, the clerk grew more confiden-tial than he might otherwise have been. During an interval, when they were left by themselves, the girls being engaged in getting supper ready, he told Geoffrey all that had happened, of the present position of affairs, and of his appointment for the next day.

As he listened, the queer expression again stole over the young man's features; he seemed inclined to laugh, but checked himself, and looked at David so oddly, yet so shrewdly, that the clerk felt uncomfortable, and could scarcely refrain from asking his companion the meaning of such enigmatical glances. However, he held his peace, and the supper being brought in, he thought no more of the matter.

Next day, David was punctual to his appointment; but on nearing the office in Great St Amyott's Court, he was accosted by a man whom he recognised as one of the messengers there. 'Oh, Mr Chester,' began the man, 'Mr Gadham says, will you be so good as to go in at his private door?—This way, if you please.'

David was rather taken aback by this address, for though he had seen the man when he visited the firm, he had no idea that the messenger knew him. He followed, as desired, and found Mr Gadham in his room. The merchant looked up with a smile, and congratulated David upon his punctuality.

'As you must have guessed, Mr Chester,' he said, 'I expect my precious cousin here immediately. He comes, he supposes, to receive a cheque from me, in five figures, as a compromise in a business you understand as well as any one. were all bound up with the happiness of Josie, It perhaps was hardly a legal proceeding; but which he evidently placed far before his own; it was decided upon in accordance with the

advice of the best lawyer of the day, who does not appear, however, in the settlement. Legal or not, my cousin will be disappointed.—Now, to mention a different subject. The more I think of your conduct, Mr Chester, the more I am pleased with it, and when this business is over, you will find me not unmindful of your

David made a grateful bow, and strove to stammer out his thanks, but with no great success. The merchant smiled again as he did so, and some curious, inexplicable freak of thought associated this with the queer smile on Geoffrey's face the previous evening

Chester could not follow up this speculation, as the messenger appeared and said two gentle-men wished to see Mr Gadham by appointment; and on the reply being given, Mr Ernest and his legal adviser were shown in.

It may be as well to state here that it had by no means been the intention of Mr Ernest to have company on this visit; but Mr Ellitt, who was not remarkable among his friends for guileless simplicity, had been thinking seriously over some recent conversations held with his client. The outcome of these meditations was a resolve to attend him at the meeting with his cousin, and further, not to leave him until a satisfactory division of the expected cheque had been made. The announcement of this resolve produced a scene, which might be described as a furious quarrel, between the associates; but Ellitt was firm, and in the end, Ernest had to give way; so they appeared together with as much good will and friendship beaming on their features as could be conjured up on so short a notice.

They started at sight of David; their previous heartburnings vanished in the presence of this new and alarming danger.

'What is this fellow doing here?' demanded Ernest. 'We have not come to discuss our business with him.'

'Be seated, gentlemen,' said Mr Gadham, by which name, during this interview, the merchant is meant. 'I thought you had been very friendly with Mr Chester.'

'We will not have him here anyhow,' exclaimed 'If he stays, there is an end of our the lawver. settlement.'

'He tells me that he can materially aid our settlement,' returned Mr Gadham; 'and in fact, what I have already heard from him, proves it. For instance, he says the will'

'I do not care what he says,' broke out Ernest, who evidently did not want to hear this explanation. 'He is a perjurer, if we believe his own confession; he is a swindler and a cheat. I warn him, that if he does not at once leave, we shall go to the Mansion House and apply for a warrant for his arrest.'

'Then you intend still to assert the genuineness of the will?' asked the merchant—'to support that which your manner and words alike tell me you know to be a forgery, and a detected forgery too.

'Genuine! You will find out if you let us leave without a settlement,' retorted Ernest; 'and so will

dently an understood signal, for the door at once opened, and a strange man entered, ushering in two others, who were, of all persons in the world, Geoffrey Coyne, and a man whom David instantly recognised as the omnibus passenger of the preceding day. The stranger who had shown them in retired to a corner of the room.

'These gentlemen,' said the merchant, addressing Ernest and the lawyer, 'are Mr Geoffrey

Coyne '--- And his friend, Cloudy Range Jack,' interposed Geoffrey, 'come here to see fair-play

'What merry-andrew business is this?' exclaimed Ellitt. 'These fellows can have nothing to do with the matters which brought us here. Let us go, and they will soon find out their mistake.'

'No; you will not go yet,' said the man described as Cloudy Range Jack (Chester started at his voice).— Don't scowl, gentlemen, but listen to me for a moment. You are forgers listen to me for a moment. You are forgers and swindlers, and I know it. I am John Sperbrow, once clerk in this very firm' ('I thought so,' muttered David, below his breath)-'witness to old Peter Gadham's will, in company with that man, David Chester. I hear the date is in question; but it will be a waste of time to talk of that, for I can swear my name on the will was not written by me. I can swear this all the more readily, and without waiting to examine the imitation, which I daresay is very clever, because I saw the will we both really witnessed, burned by old Mr Gadham, who did this in my presence, that I should know it was destroyed.

'This tale may suit you to listen to,' said Ernest, endeavouring to keep up a show of confidence, which his white cheeks and lips and his husky voice painfully belied. 'We will have no more of it.'

'Yes, you will; the best is not told,' continued Sperbrow. The rest of my story will interest Mr Ellitt as much as yourself. I have just come from Australia, where I had worked for some years at about average miner's luck; but a little while ago, a man who had grown tired of his land, wished to sell it, and I bought it, with the help of my friend Geoffrey here. I knew something of its character; the man who sold it could not have known much about it.' (Ernest Gadham bent a strange hard look on the speaker. and set his white lips tight, as though to control his breath.) 'I got a great deal of gold from this lot in a couple of months,' continued Sperbrow; and sold the rest of the ground for twenty times what I gave for the whole. You, Mr Ernest Gadham, are the man who sold the ground; I am the man who bought it. But one good turn deserves another, so I have done you a good turn. Your wife, Mr Ernest' (a general start ran through the company at these words, and Ellitt uttered a low exclamation)-'your wife, who happens to be my cousin, or I might not have known of the marriage, continued Cloudy Range Jack, 'having spent the few pounds you left her with on your very quiet departure, was anxious to find some trace of you, or, failing that, 'Very well. Then we shall see what you will say to some other accomplices,' continued Mr Gadham, touching his going three times, eviis my story.-How do you like it, Mr Ernest?

Is my story.—How do you like it, Mr Ernest?
—And how do you like it, Mr Ellitt?

Some awkwardness in replying to these questions was perhaps averted by Mr Gadham, the merchant, speaking. 'As to the latter part of your narrative, Mr Sperbrow,' he said, 'although extremely interesting, yet I am not concerned in it, and must leave it to be discussed by those who are —Mr Ernest Gadham you have those who are.—Mr Ernest Gadham, you have heard the additional evidence bearing upon the will. As I know you have heard all Mr Chester has to say, I will not trouble him to speak. Do you not think it would be advisable to withdraw?'. As for this trumped-up story of burning the

will'- began Ernest. But Mr Gadham spoke again. 'Your friend will tell you that I gave you sound advice, and you had better withdraw—while you can,' added the merchant, with an ominous significance; 'at least, you had better say nothing at present. You may say something which may force me to call upon the officer who sits there —pointing to the stranger. 'I am not sure whether, even at this stage, I am justified in letting you go, but at present you are at liberty.'

'And about your wife, Mr Ernest'-- began

Sperbrow.

The person addressed darted a savage look at him, and then whispered to Ellitt, who, on his part, wore no pleasanter an air than his companion. Without further words, or other leavetaking than a slight bow, the two left the private room, passed through the outer office, and were gone.

'I will not detain you at present,' said Mr Gadham to David. 'All that need be done now is for me to make an appointment with you to see me here on this day week. Will that suit you, Mr David?

Of course the clerk said it would, and then

the party left.

Geoffrey was especially facetions in describing his feelings on the previous evening, when he heard so much which affected his friend Cloudy Range Jack, who, on his part, while returning by Geoffrey's ship, had been communicative on matters concerning Mr Ernest Gadham and the wills made by his father Mr Peter.

Knowing so much from both sides, Geoffrey at once resolved that his friend's best plan was to attend the meeting of the next day, which he found no difficulty in doing, as Mr Gadham was only too glad to secure such an auxiliary.

It is really not worth while to attempt anything like an expanded account of the events which close our story, most of which can easily be foretold; we shall therefore be content to indicate them very briefly. First, then, as regards Mr Ernest Gadham: this gentleman disappeared from his accustomed haunts on and after the day of the meeting at his cousin's. Two writs which were taken at the cousin's. which were taken out against him on the same day, the very next one after the meeting, by Mr Thomas Ellitt and Mr Manoah Selph, were returned by the officer, who could not find the

person for whom they were intended.

Nor was Mrs Ernest more successful in her search, at that time at least, although it was afterwards rumoured that Mrs Gadham had gone

England again. Mr Ellitt and Mr Selph-the latter being the money-lender—had to digest their disappointment as best they might; but of their proceedings we are unable further to speak.

No one will require to be told that all opera-tions in the matter of the new will of the late Mr Peter Gadham were at once discontinued; and we are glad to say that David Chester's share in bringing about this climax was not overlooked. A free and comfortable home with Geoffrey and Josie was offered to him; but the old fellow, feeling, as he said, that he was good for some years, preferred to accept a liberal offer made by Brisby, Gadham, & Co., in addition to a considerable pecuniary remuneration. Once again, then, he was seated in his old familiar counting-house, the happiest and most cheerful

of all the clerks within sound of Bow Bells.
We have intimated that Josie became Mrs Geoffrey Coyne; this occurred within a very few weeks after the discomfiture of Ernest Gadham. As everybody had expected this event, no one was surprised at it; but at an incident which followed within the year, every one, or, at all events, David Chester, was astonished. This was the marriage of that little chit of a Minnie, hardly out of short frocks and pinafores, to Mr John Sperbrow. somewhat uncomplimentary reference to Minnie just given is an extract from the speech of her sister Josie. It is true the young lady was only seventeen years old, but she was half a head taller than Josie, far more buxom in figure, and of sufficient resolution to accept and marry her suitor, without much regard to her father or sister's satire.

It was not until at least a couple of years after Minnie's wedding, that even old David, who used often to wonder audibly as to what had become of Whitman, obtained any light on the subject. Then he heard from Josie, who could keep a secret as well as any woman, something about a man for whom her husband had paid the passage-money to Australia-on behalf, she understood, of Mr Gadham of Brisby, Gadham, & Co., who had provided the funds. She believed, too, that post-office orders were sometimes sent to this man; but he was now dead. Geoffrey would not like to be asked about this, and indeed he had never told her the man's name. David had no doubt that he himself could have supplied the omission. If this were Whitman, it was the last the old clerk heard of him.

We have shown, we hope, what a well-meaning, honest old fellow was David. He paid, by the bye, to the deserted wife of Ernest Gadham every shilling he had received from her husband. The old man has now been gathered to his fathers for some years; but his daughters and friends still remember him with respect and affection.

## THE ROMANCE OF THIEVING.

Although a man always looks upon a clever theft with an air of romance, he never quite realises the position until the thief or sharper has fleeced himself. We are apt to laugh at the wifestime of the the misfortunes of the man who puts his head search, at that time at least, although it was out of his cab on a foggy day, in answer to a afterwards rumoured that Mrs Gadham had gone knock at the window, and finds his hat disappear-to New York to meet her husband. It is pretty ing in the gloom. Nor do we show more symcertain that the gentleman was never seen in pathy with the man who collides with another

individual in the street, and who, on having his hat, which has fallen, handed back with profuse apologies for the accident, finds, from its size and general appearance, that not many hours before it must have adorned a scarecrow.

But these incidents in no way illustrate the coolness and intrepidity of the professional thief, who does not usually aim at trifles. Last winter, an ingenious theft was perpetrated by two well-known pickpockets, who had followed a gentleman out of the stalls of a Leeds theatre. For a moment they parted company, and when the younger joined his companion, he handed him a pocket-book, from which were taken some notes and money. To substitute false notes was the and money. work of a second.

'You have lost your pocket-book, sir,' said the elder thief, hurrying after the gentleman. With a cool bow, the thief hastened away, pleased with the gentleman's thanks-and his watch.

At Birmingham, not long ago, a thief was detected in the act of stealing a gentleman's watch. In his haste to escape, he ran into the arms of a detective, who had been watching him for some time. Naturally, the thief must have felt somewhat excited at such a moment; but if he did, he showed no symptoms of being so. Although instantly secured by the unenviable handcuffs, he had the presence of mind to pass the watch unob-served into the pocket of a passer-by. This person served into the pocket of a passer-by. was puzzled to know how he became the possessor of the watch, and being afraid of keeping the gift, was sufficiently honest to hand it to the police.

Another instance of the remarkable coolness and audacity of a thief, though perhaps not an uncommon one, is worth relating. One day, a Liverpool 'stalk'—a man capable of doing mischief of any kind for a trifle—having watched his opportunity, took up a coat that hung outside a pawn-broker's shop. Flinging it over his arm, and carrying it into the shop as if intending to make a purchase, he offered it for sale. Not recognising his own property, the pawnbroker bought the coat. But even this did not satisfy the thief. He handled some silk handkerchiefs, and in choosing one, remarked carelessly: 'Take pay for this out of the money for the coat.'- But I have given you the money,' indignantly answered the pawn-

broker.—'O no'; you haven't,' said the thief.

A warm altercation ensued. In vain the shopman protested that he had paid the money; and at last the thief went out in search of an officer to settle the dispute, taking with him some silver spoons, several silk handkerchiefs, as well as the silk handkerchief in question, which in his excitement the broker had forgotten.

But the thief is not always so cool and collected as we are wont to believe him. He is especially unnerved by hunger and the police. Not long ago, a well-known actor, whilst in the provinces, had occasion to walk some distance at midnight, and was stopped on a lonely road by an ill-clad ruffian. 'Fool!' muttered the actor coolly, 'there's an officer within a hundred yards of us; . With an exclamation, the thief disappeared over a wall; and the next morning his dead body was found in a river close by, into which in his haste he had fallen.

Some five or six years ago, the shopkeepers of Bradford were thrown into a state of alarm by a

make a small purchase at a shop, and, by telling a plausible tale that a boy outside would take the purchase from him if it were seen, he got the shopman to put the article down the back of his coat. Whilst thus employed, the ingenious youth very easily relieved the shopman of his watch, and then bolted. After him came 'the boy out-side,' to inform the shopman of his loss. The latter, having had carefully described to him the road the thief had not taken, ran at once after the culprit, the second boy in the meantime helping himself to the contents of the till. How often this larceny was practised, few shopmen in Bradford care to remember.

Once, for the writer's edification, a young lad, not more than fifteen years of age, undertook to stand in a prominent thoroughfare in Leeds and open the ladies' satchels as they passed without being observed. He never failed once, and very often succeeded in taking out their purses also, which of course were immediately returned intact.

It is often argued, that if taken from their evil associates, many thieves would reform. It is very doubtful; they love their nefarious orgics and their liberty too dearly. One instance in support of this is enough. A clergyman in Bristol once interested himself in the welfare of a penitent thief, and secured a situation for him in South Australia. But while at his benefactor's house, listening to the bright prospects that awaited him, the thief was stealing the good man's spoons, watch, and ring. The chances of becoming rich in a day are further inducements, as in the case of the gambler, to continue their life of recklessness and crime. A Liverpool detective once stated that four hundred pounds and several watches were found upon a notorious pickpocket during a festival in that city; and it is no uncommon thing for a couple of thieves during the Derby week to steal five or six hundred pounds-worth of valuables.

## A SMUGGLING ANECDOTE.

FIFTY years ago, there resided in a small farmhouse near a seaport town in the north of Scotland a man named Angus Mackenzie. He was tall and strong, over sixty years of age, and, like most strong persons, good-natured. 'Old Angus'—as he was generally called by the townspeople-was a great favourite amongst them, for it was mostly through him that they got their untaxed whisky. It was an open secret that Angus was a smuggler, but hitherto he had been very fortunate, and the custom-house officers could never catch him. Angus was none of your cut-and-thrust type; sword or pistol he never touched. He was a cautious, cunning, witty old fellow. Few men could tell a better joke; and this very cunning and wit pulled him clear, when bolder means would have failed. Time after time had the excise officers—or 'gaugers,' as they were commonly termed-attempted to catch him in the act, but in vain.

On one occasion Angus received notice that a cargo would be run, and left at a certain place about ten miles from the town. With his horse and cart, he started late one night, taking a Bradford were thrown into a state of alarm by a quantity of peats (turf-fuel) with him to cover couple of young lads. One of the two used to the kegs. Having found the cargo all right, he

loaded his cart, with the assistance of a friend, put the peats on the top, and after a rest, started for the town, where he intended to deliver the whole at the residence of a worthy householder, for he rarely took any to his own house. He had arrived within three miles of the town, and was leading his horse by a rope-rein, when there sprang out from the deep open drain at the roadside two excise officers, who, a few months before, had visited his house.

'Ha, ha! Caught at last, Old Angus!' they shouted. Going to the back of the cart, they began to throw the peats on to the road, and at They were perfectly once discovered the kegs. overjoyed. Here at last they had captured the man who had given them the slip so often; and what a splendid haul too!

'Are these buttermilk barrels?' asked one of

the excisemen, in high glee. Angus simply smiled.

'Drive on, Angus-drive on! We will see when

we get to the town-hall what they contain.'

"Weel, weel, gentlemen; it's yer trade to prevent the guid drap passing ye, an' it's mine to do otherwise; so every man to his ain trade.—

But gentlemen there read here in trade.— But, gentlemen, there need be no ill-will; so, come an' hae a bit snuff an' a crack.'

Knowing that Angus was a perfect storehouse of good jokes-few could tell a better story than he-and feeling more than pleased, they placed themselves one on each side of him, and started for the town, walking all three in front of the horse, which Angus led.

Angus, holding the long rope-rein, and placing his hands behind his back, gradually allowed the line to pass out until the horse was twenty feet behind him; but so much did the officers enjoy the old man's conversation—and he did his best to keep their attention engaged—that they failed to observe what he was doing. As they approached the town, he quietly drew in the rein again until the horse's head was just at his back.

When they entered the main street leading to the town-hall, the news flew like wildfire that Old Angus had been caught by the gaugers. Soon a large crowd followed them. The excisemen were triumphant; it was a red-letter day for them. When the town-hall was reached, the cart was stopped, and the officers, with a look of great importance, proceeded to take off the back door of the cart. No sooner had they done so, than consternation reigned. Where were the barrels? Only a few peats were in the cart! What could it mean? The crowd sent up a shout of derisive laughter. Jumping into the cart, they three out the peats: but not a key could they find. the peats; but not a keg could they find.

Furious with vexation and passion, to be foiled just when victory was so certain, they jumped out of the cart, and were proceeding to enter the town-hall, when Angus stopped them. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'ye thought fit to throw part of my peats into the road about three miles out, an' now ye throw the rest on to the street. Na, na, sirs; I hae done nothing wrang that ye can prove; sae, ye maun jist pit back my peats. Be very thankful I dinna make ye come back the three mile an pit in the rest.'

officers, who, knowing the temper of the men they had to deal with, threw the peats back into the cart amidst the loud laughter of the bystanders.

When they had done so, Angus remarked with his peculiar pawky smile: 'Weel, gentlemen, ye hae done no sae bad. I'm awa' back for the rest o' my peats; perhaps ye would like to come?

The excisemen, without deigning a reply, entered the town-hall. Old Angus proceeded back for his peats, followed by a ringing cheer from the crowd.

The affair was the talk of the town for several days; and how Old Angus had hoodwinked the gaugers was a mystery. But gradually the facts leaked out, and the joke was so good that it could When the excisemen discovered the not be kept. kegs, Angus knew that unless he got the gaugers to the front of the cart, all would be lost. Having got them to walk with him, and so leave the back of the cart unprotected, the rest was plain sailing, for, passing out the rein as far as possible, and keeping the excisemen's attention fully occupied, he knew that his friends, who were always on the outlook for danger, would be sure to see how the land lay and do their best to help him. The roads in those days, where Macadam was unknown, were of a very rough nature, consequently a cart made a fearful noise jolting over the roadway. Three of his friends, who had seen all, and taken in the situation at a glance, crept up to the eart; and one of them getting into it, handed out the kegs, which were rolled into the open drain at the roadside; and then hurrying off for a cart, they put the barrels into it, and placing the peats that the excisemen had thrown out of Old Angus's cart, on the top, one of them drove into the town and delivered the whole lot at the house intended, very shortly after Old Angus had left the town-

# THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Jubilee of Queen Victoria has been celebrated in a variety of ways; but no more useful method of commemorating the event has been suggested or practised than that adopted by the Cape government. The Superintendentgeneral of Education, with the authority of the government, arranged for the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee throughout the colony by the plantation of trees in each village. The school children were the agents in this laudable undertaking, of such importance in a land of drought; and every facility was given them to carry out the work effectually. It was arranged that all teachers and assistants, and the scholars of the senior classes, were each to plant a tree, and were to be responsible for its order in the senior classes. to be responsible for its care during the ensuing year. If there happened to be no suitable spot adjoining the particular school to which the scholars belonged, excursion parties were formed to plant seeds on the slopes of the nearest hills. The crowd, elated at the discomfiture of the excisemen, entered into the spirit of the lock, and shouting out, 'Yes, yes; ye maun do so, or else we will make ye, surrounded the

in forwarding a supply of seeds gratuitously. As June is rather an early month for tree-planting in the northern, midland, and eastern districts, the operations have been postponed in those localities until August and November, in which cases the birthdays of two of the Queen's sons will be thus commemorated.

The eclipse of the sun which will take place on the 19th of August is engaging the attention of the various observatories. Although our own government will not send out an observing expedition, England will be represented by two astronomers who have received invitations from the Director of the Moscow Observatory, near which city the eclipse will best be seen. duration of totality will be longest in the southeast of Siberia, and will last there nearly four minutes. In Japan, this period will be reduced to three minutes. We may mention that in England the sun will rise partially eclipsed; but soon after sunrise it will cease to be obscured. In Prussia, the eclipse will be seen 'total' just after sunrise, and that is the most westerly point at which the phenomenon can be thus seen.

We have so often advocated the use of oil at sea as a remedy for troubled waters, that we gladly call attention to a pamphlet lately issued by the United States Hydrographic Office, which records some observations made by Lieutenant Underwood. He says that two quarts of oil per hour properly used are quite sufficient to prevent much damage both to ships and small boats in heavy seas, but the oil should be of the right kind. Mineral oils are not nearly so effective as those of animal or vegetable origin, and the best results are obtained in deep waters. Amid breakers or surf, the effect of oil at sea is not so certain, but still some benefit from its use may be expected. Lieutenant Underwood advises, that when an attempt is made to reach a wreck, the rescuing vessel should use the oil after getting as close as possible under the lee of the wreck. The vessel may then be expected to drift into the oily surface, when communication may be made with her by boat.

The sudden incoming of unusually hot weather has brought a great deal of correspondence to the newspapers on the subject of mosquito and gnat bites. One writer recommends bruised fern fronds as a remedy for these painful stings. Another, relying upon his experience in India. tells us that a paste made of ipecacuanha powder and ether is a sovereign remedy. Another recommends a tincture of Ledum palustre, which he assures us is the only remedy that he, a martyr to gnats, has found of any real service. This drug may be obtained of any homeopathic chemist; and a tea-spoonful in half a tumbler of water makes a lotion which will be effectual. It is a curious circumstance that these troublesome bites, while hardly affecting some persons, are productive of great torment to others.

Several instances have been recorded where telegraph wires have shown signs of disturbance during earthquake shocks; yet seldom has any dangerous effect been observed. But, according to Lieutenant-colonel Benoît, Director of Artillery at Nice, the recent earthquake shock on the Riviera was accompanied by a curious incident in a certain telegraph office under his jurisdiction.

of the instrument felt a violent shock, which threw him into his chair, where he remained motionless for some time. His arm was temporarily disabled, and he could not resume his work until the close of the day. The matter was investigated, when it became evident that the sufferer had received a very strong electric shock, the effects of which he is likely to feel for some time.

The results of a series of experiments on the influence of different beverages on digestion have been published by Dr James W. Fraser. From his investigations, he is able to lay down certain rules. The digestion of starchy foods is assisted by tea and coffee, whilst that of meat is somewhat retarded by the latter beverage. With infused beverages, eggs are the best form of animal food to eat. Digestion of butter used with bread is delayed in the presence of tea, and probably proceeds more quickly when taken with coffee or cocoa. As a general rule, albuminoid food-stuffs should not be taken at the same time as infused beverages.

Photography in natural colours is a subject which comes up periodically as a matter of discussion in our newspapers. It is the goal to which, in the opinion of many people, photography must inevitably tend. But by those who have given careful consideration to all the varied points entailed, it is regarded as an impossibility. The report that photographs have at last been taken in all the varied hues of nature has once more arisen, and over-confident journalists have given it credence. The recent report differs from those which have occurred in previous years in the fact that the discovery has been linked with the name of a well-known London photographer; but it appears that he did not give his sanction to the statements made. What he appears to have done is this: he has discovered an entirely What he appears to new method of colouring photographs by a pro-cess in which no artistic assistance is necessary. The process is dependent to some extent on light; but it is altogether distinct from the operation of taking a picture by means of a camera. This is done in the ordinary way. A negative is produced, and from that, negative prints are obtained, and coloured by a subsequent mechanical operation.

It is said that a tunnel is to be bored under Gray's Peak, in the Rocky Mountains. It will pierce the mountain four thousand feet below its summit, will have a length of twenty-five thousand feet, and will give communication between the valleys of the Atlantic and those of the Pacific side, saving a distance of some three hundred miles in the road which must at present be traversed.

It will be remembered that some months ago Mr Ellis Lever offered a prize for a perfect safetylamp for the use of miners, and that the judges who were appointed to examine the lamps sent in for competition declared that no lamp sub-mitted to them fulfilled the somewhat onerous conditions laid down. Professor Sylvanus Thompson was one of the adjudicators in this contest, and he has written to the *Times* commenting upon the recent lamentable disaster in the Udston Colliery, by which many lives have been lost. Remarking upon the melancholy fact, that upon three in a certain telegraph office under his jurisdiction. of the bodies brought up from this mine articles. The operator in attendance on touching the key were found which might be used for opening the present form of safety-lamp, he says 'that the Electric Lamp is the only form that can defy the criminal folly which, to all appearance, has been the cause of the accident in question.' He tells us that since the competition referred to, several forms of Electric Safety-lamps have been perfected, one of which, invented by Mr J. W. Swan, was shown at the Eirmingham Exhibition by the British Association. He also says 'that he knows of the existence of several other thoroughly practical and reliable lamps.' The owners of fiery mines should certainly lay these words to heart; and no consideration of expense should delay the substitution of these new lamps for those old ones whose claim to the title 'safety' is so open to question.

A curious instance of the sagacity of birds is recorded by a correspondent of Nature. Some sparrows began to build a nest against a white house in a creeper which was almost bare of leaves. This nest the writer removed, when the birds began to build another. This was again removed, because of the objection to noise and dirt so near the windows. A third time the birds began to build their nest, and a third time it was taken away. But on this occasion, although the nest was only just begun, it had some eggs in it, and the birds had covered it on all sides with the white flowers from a shrub which was growing below, the intention apparently being to render the nest less observable against the background of white wall near which it was built.

Civilisation invariably brings in its wake a number of allments that people in a more savage state of existence do not suffer from. A curious instance of this has lately been recorded at Berlin, where two telegraph operators, a man and a woman, both otherwise in good health, are being treated for a strange and altogether hitherto unknown affection of the hands. The finger-nails are dropping off one after the other, and this is attributed to the constant jar caused by tapping and pressing with the finger-ends, necessary in working the Morse key.

In all treatises on physical geography, a number of illustrations are given in order to demonstrate the fact of the retundity of the earth; but so far as we can remember, the deformation of images on large sheets of still water, due to this convexity of the globe's surface, has not been included in those illustrations. Professor Dufour of Morges has called attention to this curious phenomenon, and he points out that those images, instead of appearing equal to the object which gives rise to them, are sometimes so compressed in a vertical direction as to appear quite different from the original. This is the case with a certain church tower which is seen reflected in the Lake of Geneva. The same thing can be observed in images of distant ships, when the eye is near the water-line. According to this observer, the roundness of the earth is perceived as distinctly as that of a ball held in the hand.

The Local Government Board has lately had before it the question of using salt water for street-sprinkling at seaside places; and the evidence given by different authorities was of an interesting character. At Bournemouth, a complete system for watering the roads in this manner has been designed by the surveyor, Mr Andrews, who stated that the water would not cost more than fivepence

per thousand gallons. It was stated that salt water is particularly successful in laying dust, as it forms a kind of skin, which binds the surface together, or, as one authority expressed it, 'the salt water "gums" the surface of the road.' There seems to be no objection to this surface incrustation of salt, for it causes no inconvenience in the sewers, and has no prejudicial effect on the health of man.

According to the Lancet, a new test for milk has been proposed. This test depends upon the fact that a certain chemical—the sulphate of Diphenylamine—is coloured blue by the presence of an extremely dilute solution of a nitrate. Aswell-water always contains more or less nitrate, its presence in suspected milk can easily be ascertained by the use of this chemical. To use this test, a small quantity of the sulphate is placed in a porcelain cup, and a few drops of the suspected milk are added to it. The mixture will speedily show a blue tinge if the milk contains even five per cent. of average well-water. The chemical named can be readily obtained,

and it is cheap. Some months ago, we called attention to the endeavours that were being made to test the value of torpedoes by launching them against the old ironclad Resistance at Portsmouth. This old ship most thoroughly bears out its name, for up to the present time it has successfully resisted all attempts to demolish it, although nearly every means that science could suggest has been brought against it. These torpedo experiments have recently been renewed, and the old ship is once more the subject of attack. The wounds received in previous attempts have been patched up, and to all appearance the ship is as unhurt as when these trials began. The last effort consisted in the explosion of the enormous charge of two hundred and twenty pounds of gun-cotton. This charge was sunk to a depth of twenty feet below the water-line, and thirty feet from the hulk. The explosion was terrific, but the old ship still remained unmoved. One remarkable result of the experiment is, that the steel booms to which the torpedo netting is attached practically remain uninjured—they were a little bent, but unbroken, and maintained their position. The conclusion to which this marvellous result points is, that the attack by torpedoes can be successfully resisted

by properly arranged netting.

The system of lighting trains by compressed oil-gas, which has been so largely adopted on the numerous railway lines, has recently been applied to the illumination of London onmibuses. The reservoir holding the gas is of copper, and is placed beneath the steps of the vehicle, the gas being stored in it at an initial pressure of ninety pounds on the square inch. This reservoir holds sufficient gas for three days' consumption, and feeds two lamps, one of which is an ordinary railway-carriage roof-lamp placed inside just above the door; the other being a square lamp with a white reflector placed inside the omnibus at its forward end. The reservoir is easily charged from portable cylinders which are sent out from the oil-gas works. This system will no doubt become general in omnibuses.

New people imagine the great saving that accrues from the use of soit water in large

establishments. At a recent meeting of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, the result of adopting a soft-water supply at the Darenth Asylum was reported. From this Report we find that the estimated reduction in expenditure in the several departments of the asylum and schools, consequent upon the adoption of soft water instead of hard, has amounted to more than eight hundred pounds. The saving in value of soap and soda alone amounts to three hundred pounds. In addition to this, much material and labour has been saved in other ways. There is also a great reduction in the annual wear and tear of the steam-boilers and circulating-boilers, which no longer get incrusted with lime; besides a great economy of coal. It is pointed out that in addition to the direct saving, there is an indirect economy in the reduced wear and tear of the linen when washed in softened water. system at this asylum is known as the Atkins Water Softening Process.

Another great canal enterprise has been entered upon; this is the cutting of a channel between the North Sea and the Baltic; and operations were commenced last month by the laying of the foundation stone of a lock near the Baltic end of the future waterway. The total cost of this great undertaking is estimated at nearly eight millions sterling, and the necessary money has already been voted by the German government. A curious feature with regard to this canal is, that it is not so much for trade as for defensive purposes. In some respects, this canal, although a far greater undertaking, may be compared to that of Corinth, for it will save the government the cost of maintaining two separate ports on either sea, or, rather, it will connect these two ports fogether. The length of the canal will be about sixty-one English miles, and it will have a width and depth sufficient to allow two vessels of the largest dimensions to pass one another. Although this canal cannot be compared with that of Suez, or with that upon which M. de Lesseps is now engaged at Panama, from an international point of view, its completion will be an engineering achievement only second to them in importance.

It has been remarked that, despite all precautions, a theatre is a building which sooner
or later is doomed to destruction by fire. There
is much truth in this saying; but it certainly
ought not to apply to recent erections of the
kind, for the art of fireproof building is now
well understood. Still, the contents of a theatre
are of an inflammable kind, and every care should
be taken not only to prevent fire but to allay
panic, which is often quite as disastrous in its
effects. Among the means of speedy egress which
have been advocated is the placing of tablets
covered with luminous paint in the various corridors, so that, should the gas be suddenly turned
off, persons can readily find their way to the
outer doors. Experiments with these tablets are
now being made, and they will probably lead
to their use in many other buildings beside
theatres. It is necessary to place them near a
lamp, otherwise they do not shine.

The immensely high tower which is to form a principal feature of the Paris Exhibition of 1889 that obtaining for the best brass, a material very will have such an unusual altitude that ordinary modes of ascension will be impossible. Few per-

sons would undertake to mount a staircase one thousand feet high, and therefore a lift becomes a desideratum, if the promoters of the scheme expect their tower to bring in any returns in the shape of hard cash. The method proposed by which the difficulty can be mastered is as follows: the ascending room, or cage, will be erected on a vertical screw shaft. This will be rotated at the base of the tower by some form of motor, probably electric. The cage itself will not partake of the revolving motion, for it will slide in fixed guides; but the screw cut upon the shaft will cause it to ascend.

The Photographic Convention of the United Kingdom, started only last year, held its annual meeting at Glasgow last month. Papers upon various subjects were read, and pleasant photographic excursions formed the lighter work of the members engaged. Photography is now such an aid to all branches of science and art, that these annual gatherings will speedily assume very great importance.

### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

DELTA METAL.

The discovery of alloys possessed of special properties has attracted the attention of metallurgists from the earliest times, whose constant attempts to form successful admixtures of two or more metals in varying proportions have produced many combinations of high value in industry and art. One of the most recent discoveries of this class has received the name of Delta Metal, and is formed by the introduction of a small percentage of iron into copper-zinc alloys.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago, Aich and Baron Rosthorn of Vienna perceived the high character possessed by this compound both as regards strength and tenacity. No practical results, however, followed their observations, and the matter remained in abeyance till within a comparatively recent period, when the difficulties experienced by the early promoters in producing an admixture of reliable and absolutely uniform character were overcome after considerable research by the introduction of a definite and known quantity of iron, also a percentage of phosphorus; and in some cases tin, manganese, and lead, when special qualities are required. The iron becomes chemically and not merely mechanically combined in the alloy, a fact proved by the inability of rust to corrode, and the magnetic needle to become attracted by the metal under consideration. Thus Delta Metal was placed on the market as an article of commerce, carrying with it certain sterling characteristics.

The specific gravity of Delta Metal is S-4—that is to say, it differs but little in weight from copper; while its melting-point is eighteen hundred degrees. In colour, the alloy bears a close resemblance to gold; whilst it possesses the great advantage, as we have said, of being untouched by rust or corrosion. This fact, taken in conjunction with the excellent results attained both as regards tensile strength and elongation, and the cost at which it can be produced being identical with that obtaining for the best brass, a material very liable to tarnish and discoloir, make it evident

Amongst other advantages, the alloy can be worked both hot and cold, and can be rolled, stamped, cast, forged, or brazed with equal facility. The castings are particularly sound and free from blowholes-a frequent source of loss and annoyance with those made in brass-whilst possessing, it has been computed, three times the strength of brass castings.

Delta Metal can be applied to the following uses: parts of rifles, guns, torpedoes, tools for gunpowder-mills, parts of bicycles, gongs, &c.—formerly made of steel; in pumpwork, to supersede brass, and extensively in ships' fittings; in chemical manufactures, where other metals would rapidly corrode; in shutters, for bolts and nuts, propellers, anchors, cranks, cog-wheels; and in a large number of ornamental and domestic goods, harness-fittings, spoons, forks, cups, fenders, vases, and candelabra, and a large variety of other goods where handsome appearance is a desideratum.

It is difficult to limit the applications to which Delta Metal lends itself; and after careful perusal of the results obtained, in subjecting the material to a series of searching tests, to ascertain its ten-sile and ductile strength, it is impossible to doubt that in quality and appearance, in addition to its valuable non-corrosive properties, the alloy is well calculated to fulfil the expectations of its introducers.

#### THE SWINTON TELEPHONE.

A very simple but effective telephone, says The Times, is now being introduced to public notice, which constitutes a distinct departure in this class of apparatus. This telephone is the invention of Mr A. A. Campbell Swinton, and each instrument comprises a direct-acting multiple microphone transmitter, a self-contained call-bell, a push-button, and an automatic switch. main parts are mounted on a polished teak baseboard, to which are attached two electro-magnetic receivers.

The transmitter consists of a small lead frame about three inches square, suspended by pieces of india-rubber, so as to be unaffected by external vibrations or tremors. From side to side of this frame, just at the top, is stretched a thin platinum wire, on which are strung about a dozen thin carbon pencils, the lower ends of which rest lightly against an insulated horizontal carbon block fixed across the back of the frame. This forms a powerful multiple microphone, which is capable of very delicate adjustment. The microphonic regulators are so sensitive that they are readily actuated by the direct impact of the atmospheric sound-waves on themselves alone, without the intervention of any diaphragm, tympanum, or auxiliary sound-receiving surface of any kind, or the aid of any mouth-piece or voice-tube. One simply speaks at the row of carbon pencils.

Each receiver is of the usual external shape, and within it is a small soft iron electro-magnet, opposite one pole of which is an iron armature carried by a very thin, tightly stretched mem-brane of non-inductive material, so prepared as to be unaffected by moisture or other atmo-spheric conditions. The multiple microphone transmitter is of such a powerful character that it has been found practicable, even on long lines,

to dispense with the induction coil usually employed with other telephones. The transmitters, each pair of receivers, batteries, and line wire, are all connected in series on one circuit, the two receivers at one station being, however, placed in parallel, in order to reduce the self-induction of the circuit and any tendency to extra current disturbances. This arrangement, while being very simple, has, it is stated, the advantage of causing the instruments to be singularly free from in-ductional interference from neighbouring tele-graph or telephone circuits—a very important point in crowded districts.

These instruments are being introduced by the Equitable Telephone Association, of 75 Queen Victoria Street, London, with the view of meeting the requirements of those who desire cheap and efficient telephones, which they can purchase outright for personal intercommunication.

#### SONNETS.

THE air was heavy with the fragrant scent Of crimson roses, and fair lilies gleamed Whiter against a sun that broadly beamed O'er all the scene. The song of birds upwent Beneath an orchard's leafy-vaulted tent, Where golden fruits hung glossy; and I deemed That such was life; so, till I fondly dreamed Death came not there. But when I closely bent A keener gaze upon the bright-hued flowers, The roses hid a worm within their heart; A canker gnawed the fruits, and as the hours Passed slowly on, I saw their bloom depart; While through my heart an echo of the strife Rang, sadly shrilling : 'Thus it is with Life.'

#### DEATH.

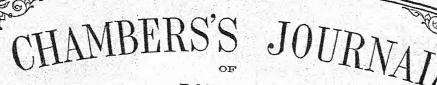
ALL nature slept. The soft voluptuous air Sighing through foliage bathed in silvery light, Scarce broke the stillness. Peacefully and bright Outspread the waters of a lake that bare The living snow of lilies. Everywhere Was perfect restfulness, and as the night Grew older, even the breezes died. The might Of nature slumbered, and her Beauty there Reigned monarch. Patiently I watched through hours Of silent dreaming, longing for the rest That blest all nature-birds and trees and flowers, Till, as I wearied, in my restless breast I heard this whispering of a ghostly breath: 'Mortal, the rest thou seekest lies in Death.' H. DAWSON LOWRY.

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# AN OLD ENGLISH FAIR.

AT one end of the picturesque old High Street of the ancient city of Winchester there rises conspicuously a steep hill. It shuts in the town at the east end; and though the town is now making efforts to climb up where it may, and to spread away to the breezy healthful downs beyond, the face and summit of the hill itself happily cannot be covered with bricks and mortar, for it is public property, and forms the park of the citizens. On the steep westward side are cut winding walks, where young trees and shrubs are planted; while wild downland flowers linger among the grass. On the south, the outline is wilder; the chalk has crumbled away, and is left white and bare and jagged like sea-cliffs, suggesting a reversal of the Laureate's line, 'There rolls the deep where grew the tree,' and hinting of days when the white walls of Winchester may have been lapped by blue waves, and the site of her cathedral been lost in the silence of the central sea.' The green hilltop, and even the excavation in its side, which a railway in piercing the hill has made, add not a little to the beauty of the narrow street below; and from the summit there is as lovely a view of gray cathedral, red roofs, and trees, the long High Street, and hills again beyond, as one need wish to see.

Standing on that hilltop on an autumn morning, when the sun is on the city, and the figures of the citizens are seen leisurely going about their business, and the voices of a few children and the slow chime of the cathedral clock alone break the silence—it is difficult to conjure up the scene on this same St Giles' Hill in September five or six centuries ago. The whole plateau of the hill, so the vision would reveal to us, is seen to be covered with what looks like a second town, a town of little wooden houses or booths, set out in regular streets, and shut in, not by stone walls with massive gates, like the city below, but by a high wooden palisade. The streets are devoted to rude shops, each street to one special kind of mornhandi.

or to traders of one nation, and named accordingly, after the good old fashion which survives in the nomenclature of many streets to-day. There are trades in wine, in spices, in drapery, in the wares of the goldsmith or the brass-worker, the potter and the furrier; monastic shopkeepers, Normans and Poles, and Cornish men, who, in their far Celtic corner of the land, hardly ranked as Englishmen in those days; and, in one quarter, a show of birds and beasts, where the great folks, and the monks, who in their quiet life may well have been glad of a little quaint animal companionship, might pick up a curious pet in the shape of a monkey, a bear, a falcon, or a ferret. Gothic taste still introduced the carved likenesses of such creatures in the churches of the time. And this odd little wooden town is crowded with an odder set of figures than even the great Exhibition year of 1851 brought together in a friendly throng. Foreigners at their varied stalls preside over their representative goods; a medley of buyers and sightseers, citizens and strangers, mingle in the streets. Here are nobles and ladies in the rich costume of the period; men in tunic and mantle, long hose and pointed shoes; women in straight graceful gowns and wimples; artificers, servants, brothers from the monasteries. An occasional horseman, sharply eyeing all that goes on, and looking out for the tradesman who is more shrewd than honest, or the yokel who has drunk more beer than he can carry peaceably, acts as policeman; and as police court and appeal court in general, there stands in the midst of the town the great Pavilion of no less a person than the mighty Lord Bishop of Winchester; while at the north side of the hilltop is the chapel of St Giles, the saint in whose honour all this noise and bustle are supposed to have originated. For the great St Giles' Fair is being held.

shut in, not by stone walls with massive gates, like the city below, but by a high wooden palisade. The streets are devoted to rude shops, each street to one special kind of merchandise, merry-go-rounds, shooting-galleries, and sweet-

stuff stalls of to-day, are but a miserable mockery of those old English fairs of which St Giles' in Winchester was for centuries one of the largest and most important. How they came to be held on the festival days of saints, when people gathered together in great numbers to worship in some church-how the feast-days developed into holidays, and the holidays into fairs-how the churchyard of the church whose patron saint was being honoured was a common place for setting up stalls of merchandise-how the king granted privileges to regulate the fairs, and his shaky revenues or the revenues of the church benefited at the expense of local shopkeepersand how Sunday was a specially favourite day for these carnivals, until the pious King Henry VI. forbade such a breaking of the Sabbath is perhaps tolerably familiar to us. But the vast importance, the commercial significance, the curious tyranny, and the quaint ceremonies of these forerunners of International Exhibitions and Colinderies, are more difficult to realise; so that one welcomes the translation, lately edited and published by Dr Kitchin, the learned Dean of Winchester, of the charter granted to St Giles' Fair in 1349, which still exists among the ancient documents in Winchester Cathedral, as giving us some insight into the practical working of the

Winchester had then ceased to be the proud capital of England; she was sinking and paling before the rising light of London; her varied trades would not long suffice to keep her in the forefront of commerce; her old castle was no longer the chief residence of our kings, or the meeting-place of our parliaments. But her greatness was not yet past, and her mighty fair, held, according to this charter, 'from time immemorial,' was still in all probability the principal emporium in the kingdom, celebrated throughout the civilised western world. The revenues were granted by the Red King, whose charter is the first that can be traced, to the Bishop of Winchester. And to the bishop-with the exception of small payments to several religious houses-they continued to pass, and were, it would seem, employed in the erection of the magnificent cathedral, in the time of Rufus, by Bishop Walkelyn, whose fine Norman crypt and other parts still remain; and later on by Edyngton, who was beginning to recast the nave in the Perpendicular style carried out by Wykeham. Edward III. refers to the past charters in his own grant, exalting the fame of his predecessors at the same time. 'The Lord william of renowned memory' granted a fair of three days; 'Henry of glorious memory' extended it to eight days; 'the Lord Stephen of famous memory' gave six additional; and 'the Lord Henry of good memory' made up the number to sixteen. For a fair of sixteen days King Edward ratified the grant, and the benefits thereof, to the bishop; and lest, through growth of human badness and lapse of memory, these should hereafter become doubtful, or be challenged and subtly disputed, and rather that they may surely and indubitably remain and last for ever, we for ourselves and our heirs have fully granted, and by this our charter have confirmed to the said Bishop William and to his church the per-petual enjoyment during the sixteen fair-days for himself and his successors of all and singular

the liberties, immunities, and customs aforesaid.' Through the 'growth of human badness,' or other causes, His Majesty's prospective beneficence is not of much account to the Bishop of Winchester in this nineteenth century; but at the time, the grant must have been of no small consequence.

In the first place, all trade was stopped in the city. 'No tradesman of Winchester or other man shall sell or offer for sale any merchandise or goods; and if they do, such goods shall be for-feited to the bishop. Even the pedlars were not allowed to take round their 'small goods, such as purses, gloves, knives, &c., without paying a tribute to the bishop for the privilege of opening their packs. And in the second place, no merchant might sell or show goods within a circuit of seven leagues of the fair, on penalty of forfeiture of the goods to the bishop. Seven leagues were about ten and a half miles; but, by a special clause, Southampton, twelve miles distant, was included in the edict as far as all things except victuals were concerned. The trade of the whole district was thus forced to St Giles' Hill—Southampton, though protesting, having to submit; and for everything that entered the fair, toll was paid to the bishop, save by the merchants and citizens of London, Winchester, and the Honour of Wallingford. For all firewood, corn, hay, and charcoal that came into the city, a customs duty was also levied; and 'for every stall for the sale of bread in the top of the High Street of the city on the Sunday in fair-time, a halfpenny.' Some of the dues were pretty heavy. My Lord Bishop took fourpence for each falcon, ferret, ape, or bear, or cask of wine or cider sold; appropriated a fat goose out of every baker's dozen, charged fourpence for a cartload of merchandise, twopence for a pack of mercery, a penny for every burden borne by a man, a halfpenny for each smaller pack; and so on.

Nor were these arbitrary restrictions imposed upon trade, all, though probably the city traders hardly approved of this influx of foreigners and the interference with their business. Matthew Paris recounts how, in the year 1245, Henry III. filled his purse by establishing a fair at Westminster, and ordering all the London traders to shut their shops, and all other fairs throughout England to be suspended for fifteen days; and how he tried the plan again four years later; but on both occasions the storms and rains made the unfortunate dealers' days anything but fair days, and spoilt their merchandise.

Surprise has been expressed that towns submitted to this ingenious method of taxation. But besides this, Winchester yielded up all civic authority to the bishop's representatives; and the worthy mayor and all other functionaries retired for the time being into private life. Jurisdiction over the burgesses as well as commerce was all regulated from that Pavilion, or Pavilionis Aula, on the hill, whose memory is handed down to the present day in the curiously corrupted name of a house, Palm Hall, which stands, a perpetual puzzle to the unlearned stranger, on its site. On the eve of St Giles' day (August 31), there entered the city at sunset by the King's Gate, or the Southgate, the justiciaries of the bishop; and at the gate the mayor, bailiffs, and citizens were bound to meet them and hand over the keys and custody of that

gate. Next, they all rode together to the Westgate—the picturesque ivy-clad old gate which still spans the upper end of the High Streetand received the keys of that entrance and the 'tron' or measure of wool of the city; and the proclamation of the fair and the suspension of the town's business was read. Similar ceremonies followed at the Northgate and the Eastgate, after which the civic rulers escorted the bishop's functionaries to the Pavilion, and were there dismissed to their homes. The justiciaries forth-with chose mayor and bailiffs, marshal and coroner, to their own liking, and their sixteen days rule of the city began. 'And the bishop, from the time that the keys and custody of the gates have been delivered to him, shall, by his justiciaries and other ministers, have custody of the whole city, and cognisance of all pleas between the men and tenants of the city and all other persons, within a circuit of seven leagues round the fair, regarding breaches of law, debts, and all contracts.'

The next day, September 1, business com-enced in earnest. Guards were set at the menced in earnest. Guards were set at the outposts of the city, on all the main roads, to levy toll on saleable goods; sellers of food in the city were removed, together with their comes-tibles, to appointed spots outside the city, where only they might dispose of their bread and other victuals; while a species of contract for the supply of food to the buyers and sellers at the fair was entered into, by every butcher, baker, and fishmonger in the place being commanded to repair to the Pavilion, and from them being chosen 'the most competent, lawful, and discreet men to serve those who come to the fair with wholesome, useful, and sufficient victuals;' and woe betide him who sent bad stuff, for it was forfeited, and the owner 'none the less heavily fined.' Meanwhile, an inspectorship of weights and measures, and supervision over the quality and quantity of meat and drink sold, was exercised over the city from the Pavilion. All weights, measures, balances, and ellwands in the seven-league circuit were brought before the justiciaries; those found unjudicially passed were burned, and the men who used such in fair-time fined 'to the bishop's benefit.' At any hour in the day the justiciaries might walk down into the city and taste any cask of wine kept for sale; and if they discovered it to be mixed, stale, or unwholesome, forthwith those casks were hauled out of the cellars and had their heads knocked off, the innkeepers being, as a matter of course, fined also for the bishop's benefit. Adulteration was not to be lightly practised in those days. Nor were raids on the bakers unknown; my lord's servants paid visits now and again to the bakers, and carried off a loaf or two of breadbe it noted that the justiciaries themselves were the publicans' visitors—to the Pavilion to be weighed; 'and if they prove short, they shall be forfeited to the bishop, and the baker be put in the pillory, or otherwise be fined.'

The Pavilion was also a place of very summary jurisdiction, wherein the justiciaries meted out punishment to dishouest merchants, and to thieves and strolling vagabonds, whom the great fair would undoubtedly bring together in large numbers. It was a Piepowder Court, the court

pieds poudreux); or, as has otherwise been—pro-bably with less accuracy—asserted, the court wherein justice was done to men before the dust of the fair was off their feet. A dusty-foot was a wandering pedlar who got his living by selling small ware from his pack, and had no settled home. So to Piepowder Court came all delinquent fair-folk; and here, too, were settled all disputes and wrong-doings occurring during the sixteen days in the city, within the seven-league circuit, or in Southampton. It is a curious memory to think of the culprits of the big seaport, and of all the country for ten miles around Winchester, the disputants and the illdoers, being dragged up to the top of that quiet ridge of downland which overlooks the little city It will be a matter of future history to-day. how, only a year or two since, certain of the citizens objected to the removal to this hill summit of an old Russian gun captured in the Crimea; and how they carried the position by assault one midsummer night, and restored the precious relic to its old proud position in the broadway of the High Street.

From St Giles day, September 1, to September 15, this condition of affairs lasted: the trading and trafficking, the gazing and haggling, and buying and selling in this queer wooden town within its high wooden palings, on the edge of the downs; the merchants bringing in their wares from the ends of the land and from across the sea to 'Drapery' and 'Spicery' and 'Pottery' and other departments of the mart, until the vigil of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin (September 7), after which date a fine or distraint on his goods awaited the tardy comer; the towns-people passing in and out of the gate that over-looked the town, the country folk swarming through that which led out upon the countryfor there appear to have been two exits, both of which were jealously guarded, for fear of the inroads of thieves, or of smugglers slipping in with untaxed goods. The bishop had his stall as well as his customs duties and fines from other dealers; several monasteries dealt in wine and spices; and the foreigners from Normandy and the Low Countries, Poland, and such distant regions, and the vendors and the buyers from across broad English counties, abode gipsy-fashion on the hilltop, procuring their food and drink from the duly licensed 'lawful and discreet men' of Winton.

Through the mellow sunshine of pleasant autumn days, and through, also, autumn rains that plashed down upon and into the light tents and booths, and damaged the goods, and made mud-walks of the extemporised streets. until, perhaps, as is so mournfully told of the Westminster fair, the unfortunate dealers had to eat their victuals with their feet in the mire and the wind and wet about their ears—the trade of a district over thirty miles in circumference, and the commerce of one of the greatest international marts of the time, went briskly forward upon St Giles' Hill, from the hour when the sun climbed the sky each morning of the sixteen days behind Magdalen Hill, down to the hour when he sauk below the western ridge. At the end of the long day, the marshal rode forth from the Pavilion, immediately after sunset—about half-past six having rule over the dusty-foots or pedlars (the c'clock—through the streets of the fair, and proclaimed that all business must cease and stalls be closed. Nor were any lights or fires allowed at night, except in a 'lamp or mortar,' and wisely, for fire was the most imminent danger that threatened the stores of merchandise within the wooden walls. St Giles' Church perished with the booths in one outbreak; and in another, the same century, an adjacent suburb of the city caught fire from the burning stalls. So the marshal rode up and down the town, as the twilight began to fall, making his proclamation, and the citizens went down the hillside to the quiet, well-nigh deserted streets of Winchester; and the merchants put up their goods and retired within their booths; and till the rising of the next day's sun, no one but the bishop's officers and justiciaries might move about, on pain of fine, within the fair.

Amid all the changes and chances of England's history for four or five centuries, the glory of the fair survived. Charters and old writers tell us of it; St Giles' Hill reminds us of it, and looks down upon the few shabby stalls and swing-boats that once in the year invade the High Street and travesty its greatness. But Queen Anne, who stands in effigy beside the quaint old town clock in that High Street, is not more dead than St Giles' fair, and poets no longer sing with Langland, in Piers Plowman, 'To Winchester I went

unto the faire.

# RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

By the Author of 'Mehalah,' 'John Herring,' 'Court Royal,' etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII. - PENTARGON.

THE morning broke after a stormy night, broke wild and haggard. On the horizon a white shimmer under heavy clouds that would not rise, from which fell lashes of dark rain over the light—a shimmer cold and ghastly as that of the half-closed eye of a dead man. The sea raced inland, in rolling piled-up billows, shaking itself, roaring, spluttering, raging, bent on tearing itself to shreds on the cutlass-like reefs, and beating itself to spray on the cuirass-like cliffs that de-fended the north Cornish coast. The wind had been blowing a hurricane all night, shifting a few points from south to north, but always with a main drive from the west, like the dogged determination of a madman making feints to throw his victim off his guard, but never swerving from his murderous purpose. The sea, heaped together, in jostling billows, was caught and com-pressed between the horns of Padstow Point and Hartland. In that vast half-moon, walled up to the sky with perpendicular iron-bound pre-cipices, the white horses bounded and tumbled down in the conflict. They plunged at the barriers and leaped high into the air, snorting foam, shaking their manes, and fell back broken. torn, to be trampled into the deeps by other billows, likewise rushing on their destruction. A vessel that enters within the bow of that vast are, when the wind is on shore, is infallibly lost, and the Bessie on the morning in question had been driven within the fateful limits.

As already mentioned, Mrs Cable's mother was

a Cornishwoman. Bessie Cable had never visited her mother's native county; but an occasional letter, perhaps once a year, had kept up a link between her and an old mining uncle, Zackie Pendarves, at St Kerian. The man was now dead, and he had left his small savings and cottage to his only known relative, his niece Bessie, whom he had never seen. The bequest came opportunely; for when Richard told his mother of his intention to leave Hanford, she was able to propose that they should migrate to Cornwall and take up their residence in Uncle Zackie's house. What the size of that house was, how much land went with it, in what condition of repair the house was, that was all unknown. Nevertheless, it was a freehold, their own; and the cottage at Hanford was held on a half-yearly tenancy. Richard at once agreed to his mother's proposal. At St Kerian they would begin a new life, leaving behind them all disturbing recollec-

tions. So Richard manued the yacht, and, without allowing his purpose to transpire, shipped his family and goods away, sailed down Channel, doubled the Land's End, and was at once caught in a sudden storm. He had never been in these seas before; he knew nothing of the coast save what he could gather from his chart; but he saw that his only chance was to keep out to sea; and all night he struggled to make head against the gale. When the day broke, he saw that his efforts had been fruitless—the yacht had been driven within the threatening horns, terrible as Scylla and Charybdis. Neither Richard nor one of the crew had closed an eye all night; every man's energies had been at full strain. Cable had not been down into the cabin. Whether his mother slept or watched, he knew not; but she was probably aware of the danger. His dear little ones slumbered, confident of their safety whilst the father was in command on deck. They were not afraid of the water; the tossing of the sea did not trouble them. They were accustomed to it, as tiny water-birds. Often, one or other had been taken to the lightship, and had been inured to the roll and pitch of a vessel, and they minded it no more than the baby minded the sway of the cradle. Why should they fear, any more than the baby that was rocked to sleep by grannie's foot? This was their father's by grannie's foot? great cradle, and the motion soothed their little brains.

All night long, hope had been strong in Cable's breast; he trusted that he had been able to beat against the wind and gain deep sea; but when morning dawned, he saw that their fate was sealed. From the sea, the coast, towards which wind and wave remorselessly impelled the boat, appeared as one sheer wall of rock, nowhere scooped out into harbours, nowhere retreating sufficiently to allow of beach at the feet of the mighty crags. Here and there on the top of the cliffs he could distinguish towers, the belfries of storm-beaten churches, cutting the dawning eastern light. And here and there a seamark, a turret, that indicated, perhaps, the entrance to some tortuous channel deft in the precipices, into which a boat might wriggle in calm weather, but utterly impracticable in a storm.

The base of the cliffs was everywhere hidden in foam, and the spray that was caught and

whirled about and churned up with the wind, so that nowhere could be distinguished a line of demarcation between sea and land. Water and air were shaken together into a belt of salt mist, impenetrable to the eye. Thus the head of the coast-wall stood up against the dawning light like a mountain ridge whose roots lie buried in curdy morning mists. If he could have distinguished anywhere a sandy cove, he would have run the Bessie towards it; but, apparently, there was nothing before her but to be dashed against upright cliffs and go to pieces in deep water.

As Richard stood considering the prospect, and thinking whether it were advisable to run for a circular tower which seemed to indicate the entrance to a port, the mate and the rest of the crew came to him and insisted on taking to the boat. There was no chance for the vessel, none possible; there was one for a small boat, which could feel the shore for a landing-place. If there were a cleft where the tower stood-then a rowboat might be run in; it was more under control than a ship. They wanted Cable to bring up his mother and children and take them along with them. The only prospect of life lay in deserting the Bessie.

Richard Cable heard them out, with a frown and set teeth. Then he bade them take the boat and begone. He and his would abide in the yacht and drown together in her. You drown your way—and I and mine will go down together

our way,' he answered.

Jonas Flinders was one of the crew, and he urged Richard not to commit such a folly, that where there was a chance, he was bound to grasp it; but Richard was not to be moved. He took the wheel and signed the men away.

He watched the crew unswing the boat, get in, and leave the Bessie. He watched them rowing, danced about on the waves, lashed by the spray, and then lost them in the drift. became of them, he could not tell. It was well that they were gone. If he must die with his darlings, let them die all together, without others by.

That boat never reached the land with its load. It came ashore in chips, and the men in scraps of flesh and bone, literally sliced to pieces on the razor-like blades of slate that ran out from the cliffs into the water.

Richard noticed that a flagstaff stood on a rock near the tower, and he suspected that if there were a channel, it lay between these; but the entrance was masked by an insulated rock standing out of the water like a gigantic meal-sack. He took a piece of rope and lashed the tiller fast, so that the bows were turned directly towards the supposed entrance to a port. Then he went to the ladder leading to the cabin and descended slowly. He was in his dreadnaught, dripping with sea-water, his pilot-hat drawn over his brows, and the lappets covered his ears. When he came into the cabin, it was still dark there; only now and then, through a side-light, came a cold white gleam, and then it was blurred over by gray water. The pendent lamp, however, was still burning; but the oil was almost exhausted and the wick was much charred, so that the light it gave was not bright. It had burned inland and the cliffs seemed to be scooped out. all night. Mrs Cable had not slept all night; Cable, with a tremendous effort, wrenched the

she knew the peril, and she kept watch. Now, all the children but tiny Bessie were awake, and their grandmother was dressing and washing them. Owing to the pitch of the vessel, the operation was conducted with difficulty. Richard Cable stood at the cabin entrance, holding the posts and looking on. His mother was then combing out and smoothing on either side of her ears Mary's golden hair. Little Susie stood with her hands and face wet, asking to have them wiped. Did Mrs Cable know that they were all about to die? She thought it very likely, but she washed and dressed the children as carefully as if they were going to a schoolfeast. If they must go in an hour before the throne of God, they should go with their hair tidy, with white stockings and clean bibs, and Mary with the coral necklace round her throat that had belonged to her mother.

Richard looked steadily at the group, and said: 'Mother, when we strike, come on deck with all of them, and give me Bessie into my arms. You shall not drown down here, like mice in a cage.' Then with a deep frown he added: 'This also comes of her.

'Richard,' said Mrs Cable gravely, as she bound Mary's hair behind her head, 'it is not so. Forgive her now.'

'It cannot be.' In a louder tone—'I will

'What! Richard? Not when we are about to appear before the great God?

He shook his head. 'But for her, this would not have come upon us. Our death will lie at her door; all the miseries I have suffered through her are not enough. She must kill me and mine.

'O Richard, do not be unforgiving!'

'I thought to wipe out the curse that comes with her name, when I changed the title of the vessel; but the evil clings to us and drags us

'Richard, I once had a bitter wrong done me, worse than any that has touched you; but I forgave.'

'Mother, if this brought me alone to destruction, I could freely pardon; but when it carries along with me you and all—all that I love—I cannot; I will not. If I go to the judgment seat above, I will take all the seven with me and denounce her; and if there be justice in heaven, she shall suffer.' He gripped the rail as he turned and reascended the ladder, muttering as he went: "I cannot—I will not."

On deck again, he resumed his place at the tiller, and unlashed it. The Bessie was running near the meal-sack rock, at which the waves raced as in frolic, or savagely bent on throwing it over, but instead of effecting this, were themselves whirled as waterspouts high into the air. The rocks in front seemed to tower two or three hundred feet out of the sea. Above them, the sky was brightening and the clouds parting. All at once, Richard saw a fissure in the face of the cliff, a mere rift, impossible for him to strike and pass through. As easily might a man thread a needle on horseback when hunting and the hounds are in full cry. On the left of the ness crowned by the flagstaff, the wall of rock sheered away inland and the cliffs seemed to be scooped out.

helm hard down and brought the bowsprit with a swing round, so that the Bessie, instead of running into the cleft, turned, cleared the flagstaff rock, and went on the ridge of a roller into a caldron or cove north of it. He drew his hand over his eyes and wiped the spray out of them, and saw that he had dived into a semicircular bay, walled up to heaven on every side but that by which he had entered, and in which the mad waves were thundering tumultuously. One side of the cove ended seaward in a mighty black headland, that overhung, without a ledge on it where seagull could nest or samphire take root. In the lap of the bay, where the rocks were not quite so high, a waterfall leaped down, and was lost below in the spindrift that filled the air. One moment more and all would be over. He left the wheel and went to the cabin door, and called: 'Come on deck.'

Then up came the children, Mary leading the way, clinging to the rail with one hand, and with the other helping little Martha to mount the brass-laid steps. Last of all appeared Mrs Cable, carrying the baby. As each little head appeared, Richard, who knelt on one knee by the cabin hatchway, helped the child up, and put his arms round it and gave it a long embrace and kiss—the last, he thought, in this world. He said nothing; he could not speak. Bitter in his heart, bitter as the seabrine, tossed the anger against Josephine who had brought this about.

Without a word, he took the babe from his mother, and then Mrs Cable gave a hand to each of the youngest. So they stood, a little group on deck, looking at the remorseless, cruel shore, at the sweep of iron cliffs that engirdled them, to them to have the bug them. them, about to hug them to death. Though so near, they could not see their feet, hidden in foam and spray. Around them shricked and laughed the seamews. The wind whistled in the cordage. The water roared and hissed around.

Then Mrs Cable stooped to the children's cars and said something that Richard could not hear: but at once, above the boom of the sea and the piping of the wind, he heard the little voices raised in song:

Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges cease to roll?
Where in all the bright For-ever,
Sorrow ne'er shall vex the soul.

It was a song the children had learned at their Sunday school, a song of which their father was very fond, and which he had often made them warble to him. The poor, feeble, quavering voices were now out of tune and faint, with the wonder and fear that fell on them at the sight of what was before; but they knew that their song would please their father, so they girded up their faltering courage and sang as loud and strong as they could:

> Shall we meet in that blessed harbour, When our stormy voyage is o'er? Shall we meet and cast the auchor By the far celestial shore?

see! above the head of the waterfall towards which they were driving, through the rift it had sawn in the rocky wall, flashed the

it took its final leap, into liquid gold, and the river seemed to pour from the very heart of the sun, bringing fire and life and hope down into the wild, gloomy abyss below.

> Shall we meet with many loved ones Who were torn from our embrace?

sang the little voices, and stopped-for, from out of the haze that hung between the sea and cliffs, leaped a fiery streak like a flash of lightning, and something flaring, roaring, screaming rushed over their heads; and a moment after, with a sharp crack like the report of a pistol, a rope fell athwart the deck. Those on shore had seen the wreck and had discharged a rocket over her. Richard knew at once that all was not lost. He flew to the rope and made it fast.

In another moment the vessel struck, not on a reef, but on a shingly beach, and at the same moment a great sea struck her on stern and went up in spiral whirl, like a shaving before a plane, and washed the deck. Richard seized his little ones and drew them to him. The wave passed, and none was lost. Then he gave the baby to his mother, and took up Mary in his arms; she clung round his neck, lacing her hands belind, fastening herself to him as a ferret holds to his prey. She was a shrewd child, and she knew what her father was about to do. He needed not to tell her. She put her lips to his cold wet cheek. Then he grasped the rocket rope, and went over the side with her into the boiling

Whilst he was away, Mrs Cable drew the children half down the cabin ladder, where they might be safe from the seas which struck the vessel and swept the deck. Every sea drove the Bessie deeper into the shingle and farther up the shore; she was steadied, but exposed to the full force of the waves.

Presently, from out of the leaping water, with the froth dripping from him, came Cable again, clinging to the rope, followed by two men from the shore; and the rest of the children and Mrs Cable were conveyed in safety to land. Most difficulty was found with the babe, as little Bessie could not be relied on to cling. She must be held in one arm, and the rope grasped with the Richard would let no one take her but himself, and he succeeded in bringing her through. He was now much exhausted, numbed with cold, and his limbs shook. He would not yield up the child. The danger was yet not over.

The cove into which the yacht had been run was that of Pentargon. It has a small rubbly strand, which can only be reached from the top of the cliffs by an arduous path, which, as it nears the base, passes over shale that lies upon slate-shelves steeply inclined downwards, over which moisture trickles. By this perilous way alone could the little party ascend; by this, with great difficulty, had the coastguard brought the rocket apparatus, when from the lookout they saw the little vessel driven into the cove.

The sturdy coastguardmen gave their hands to the children, to help them to ascend the steep slope over the treacherous shelf, where a fail might precipitate them over a ledge upon the shingle-beach or into the water.

rift it had sawn in the rocky wall, flashed the 'I will come last, with the baby,' said Cable.

singly, staying up a child. There was nothing and quite recently, it has been shown, by very to cling to; every step must be taken with precaution in the loose and sliding shale.

Richard held the smallest child well wrapped under his dreadnaught. She was awake, frightened, cold and fretful, and her sobs and impatience at being covered up harassed Richard, already spent with his watchful night and struggles through the waves with the children. He raised the flap of his coat, put down his head, and spoke soothingly to the infant. His voice usually had great effect in lulling her cries when in pain; but it was not so now. Little Bessie did not know what was going on, was drenched with sea-water, and greatly terri-She could not understand her father, or would not be satisfied.

'It is dada who has you in his arms, Bessie,' he said with his mouth under his dreadnaught. Baby will soon be snug in a warm bed, and have hot milk to drink.

But she strove fretfully in his arms to beat a way by which she might peer out of the wraps, and broke out into shrill screams of pain and anger.

Richard stood still on the shelf, to readjust her in his arms; perhaps, as he held her, her little back suffered, so he altered her position under his oilskin coat. Her cries went through his heart and unnerved him, already shaken and exhausted; cold though he was, he felt hot for a moment with distress and perturbation of spirit.

'Bessie, darling! do be still. Trust your dada a few minutes more, and all will be well!

But hardly had the words escaped him, when the rubble under his feet slid away on the shelfy strata of slate. He fell heavily on his side. He had just presence of mind to fold both his arms round the baby, when he rolled over, and went down the slope and steps of rock. If he were hurt, he felt no pain; his whole attention was engrossed in the child he bore, his whole effort to ward it from blows with his elbows and

In another moment one of the coastguardmen came down to him.

'Bessie is unhurt!' exclaimed Richard, lying among the stones.

'Any harm done?' asked the man. 'Give us a hand. Stand up, mate.'

Cable waited a moment, and moved his elbows, and then said: 'Take her. I cannot rise.' He had dislocated his thigh.

#### NETTLE-CULTURE.

Or late years, it has become necessary to avail ourselves to the utmost of all the resources of the soil in Great Britain, if we are to extricate ourselves from a state of crisis which is daily assuming a more serious aspect. At the present moment, agriculture appears to be in a state of transition. The old routine culture will have to give way to numerous innovations; and it is the duty of the practical botanist to do what he can to help the landowner out of his difficulties, by calling attention to any plants which seem likely to prove a source of revenue. Already we have heard a good deal said about the culture of maize and tobacco in England and Ireland; transparent cells, swollen out at the base, and

carefully collected statistics, that flax-culture with us will yield the farmer a net profit of a guinea an acre, or, if he can accomplish the retting and scutching also, an annual profit of at least double that amount. Hemp is another fibre-yielding plant about which we hear far too little, and with which, it is probable, more might be done. Then there are a certain number of herbaceous plants, chiefly annuals, which might prove well worth cultivating as a material for paper pulp; and another series generally termed 'herbs,' which are in constant demand for culinary and medicinal purposes. We will only mention mint, lavender, chamomile, liquorice (only grown in Yorkshire, at present), gentian, rue, hyoscyamus, belladonna, &c., all of which are indigenous, and could doubtless, with proper attention, be made to yield paying crops in various parts of Great Britain and Ireland. The scientific and experimental agriculturist should now turn his attention to these and many other productions of the vegetable kingdom, capable of culture on an extensive scale in our climate, and for which there is a constant and, in many cases, ever-increasing demand in our markets.

In the present instance, we intend to say a few words upon a very humble plant, the mere mention of which may cause a smile of incredulity to arise. Some people imagine that they know all about it; others, that there is nothing worth knowing about it; while many writers have spoken of nettles being 'neglected' plants. Let us endeavour to point out the true state of the case. Before the beginning of the present century, the nettle began to attract the notice of the curious, and there is no 'neglected' plant growing on 'neglected' spots of British soil that has been oftener alluded to by botanical writers as being a 'most useful' plant to those who know how to use it. But with all this, it has never got upon the market, like belladonna, flax, or lavender, for instance; and it may be worth while to inquire into the reason of this.

There are three kinds of nettle in Great Britain, and they are known to botanists as Urtica urens (Small Nettle), *U. divica* (Great Nettle), and *U. pilulifera* (Roman Nettle). The first two are common enough, and will grow anywhere, but appear to prefer localities in the neighbourhood of human habitations, or the outskirts of highly manured fields; for they require much nitrogen, either in the form of ammonia or as nitrates of potash, soda, or ammonia. Hence, nettles thrive very luxuriantly in the neighbourhood of drains and cesspits in the country, where they have good air and a soil rich in nitrogen. To the botanist, these nettles are particularly interesting, from the fact that in one of the species (U. dicica) the flowers are incomplete, and separated on different plants—that is, one plant has flowers with stamens only, and another flowers with pistils alone; whilst on the other species the two kinds of flowers are found, though separate, on the same individual. This circumstance would have to be taken into consideration if the *U. dioica*, or Great Nettle, should ever rank as a cultivated plant. Another point of interest is the structure and contents of the hairs of the nettle, by which they inflict a sting. These hairs are long, pointed

full of a fluid, of which the principal ingredient appears to be formic acid (so called from having first been discovered in the ant, formica). When the points of the hairs penetrate the skin, they break, and allow the transparent fluid to permeate the tissue, setting up a smart irritation and itching, and raising small circular tumours. These effects pass off in a couple of hours, or less, as the poison is absorbed and carried away by the circulation.

This stinging effect has frequently been taken advantage of in medicine, when it was thought advisable to produce irritation on the surface of the skin, and it has proved beneficial in allaying rheumatic pains, &c. By constant application, the system may, however, become accustomed to it, just as we find bee-keepers who no longer experience any effects from the sting of the bee. It is *U. urens* which has been chiefly employed thus, whilst *U. dioica* has been mostly used for arresting hemorrhage; and this is a very important use of the nettle. Cotton-wool steeped in the fresh juice of either kind of nettle, and introduced into the nostrils, will stop bleeding from the nose, especially if cold applications to the forehead and between the eyes are used at the same time. In cases of internal hemorrhage, the juice of the nettle has often proved most valuable. Dr Fonsaggrives, a year or two ago, told us that one dessert-spoonful of the fresh juice of U. urens given once a day for several consecutive days proved rapidly and completely successful in a case of very severe hem-orrhage, and he recommends it in all such cases. By soaking the nettle in rectified spirit for a week, and then filtering the solution, Dr Rothe, of Vienna, has obtained a hemastatic preparation, a brownish-green tincture, which possesses in a marked degree the property of arresting bleeding. The principle to which this effect is due has not yet been discovered. In fact, the chemistry of the nettle, if we may so express ourselves, is still very little known. With the exception of formic acid, which was found in the hairs by Professor Gorup-Besanez; the presence in the leaves and stalks of some yet unknown astringent principle; the yellow dye yielded by the roots when boiled with alum; and the green colour resembling the Chinese Lo-kuo, which was obtained many years ago by Persoz and Phipson, and appears to have been known in Russia previous to the year 1824, we have scarcely any chemical data, properly so called, with regard to these remarkable plants.

However, at the beginning of the present century it was known to country-folk in Scotland that a deception of nettles with salt forms a kind

that a decoction of nettles with salt forms a kind of rennet that will coagulate milk for making cheese. This property would prove useful in India, where it has been lately proposed, in certain provinces, to use for the same purpose the juice of a plant called Withania coagulans; for the use of common rennet is objected to, from religious motives, by the natives of India; hence, they are deprived of the useful art of cheesemaking, unless they can coagulate the milk by means of some vegetable preparation. In Scotland, also, the young nettle-tops are made into a salutary pottage, as Walter Scott remarks in Rob Roy, a custom which is probably several centuries old. In Sweden, large crops of the Great Nettle

to be relished by cattle, and has the advantage of being an early spring product, supplying fresh green food when there is no other to be had. In the course of the year, they get one or two more crops of nettles from the same land. When dried—by which process it loses its power of stinging—sheep and young oxen will eat it at any time of the year. A French writer says that fowls will eat the grains and the withered leaves, and that the latter are particularly good for young turkeys.

Nearly two hundred years ago, attempts were made to take advantage of the fibre of the nettle. The plant was treated like flax both in Shropshire and in certain parts of France, and manufactured into a kind of cloth. Although this has been since superseded by cotton and flax, the attempt is again about to be made in Germany, where an energetic lady has recently persuaded several agriculturists to put a certain number of acres under nettles, with the view of testing the quality of the fibre produced under the best conditions of culture. We shall await the results with some interest. Meantime, in France, while flax and hemp have long since caused nettle fibre to be discarded, the latter plant has been

frequently used in paper-making.

A good deal might be written about the yellow dye from the root of the nettle, and the green material which results from a peculiar fermentation of the leaf and stalk; but, since the discovery of the coal-tar dyes, those derived from plants directly have become in almost all cases of very secondary interest. Even madder and indigo can scarcely compete with the artificial products of the chemical laboratory.

There is another point, however, in the history of the nettle that perhaps deserves some attention. It was known as early as 1820 that these plants contain nitrate of potash or saltpetre; and some writers have stated that they will only thrive where they find abundance of nitrate of potash in the soil. It is quite possible, however, that the nettle manufactures this salt from the ammonia which it derives both from the air that passes over its leaves and the water which moistens its rootlets; hence, the practical question arises, whether nettles could not be made a valuable source of saltpetre? It is a question that would be well worth investigating by those who have the means and the necessary talent at their disposal.

In spite of the culture experiments now being made in Germany, we have not much hope that nettle fibre will ever again prove a substitute for either hemp or flax in this country; the more so as another plant of the nettle tribe, known as Ramie, a Chinese vegetable belonging to the genus Bahmeria, which the English now call 'grass-cloth plant, is coming very prominently forward (see Chambers's Journal, No. 129). There are several species of these exotic nettles in Assam, Nepaul, the Sandwich Islands, and Brazil, and in all these districts they are used in the manufacture of textile fabrics. The Ramie of China is known to the natives as Tchou-ma (Bahmeria nivean), and attempts are at present being made to introduce it into France. The Chinese obtain three crops of stalks in the year. The fibre is procured by stripping off the bark in two long pieces from the old. In Sweden, large crops of the Great Nettle full-grown plant, which is three or four feet high,  $(U.\ divica)$  are grown as green fodder; it appears scraping these pieces with a knife, to get rid of

useless matter, and then dividing the strips into fine filaments by steeping them in hot water or holding them in steam.

It remains to be seen whether or not our common nettles, submitted to appropriate culture and treatment, could be made to yield a fibre in every respect as good as that of the exotic nettle just alluded to; and if not, whether it might not prove profitable to introduce this exotic nettle into our own country—that is, into certain districts of Great Britain and Ireland where it would doubtless thrive.

## A MATTER OF CONSCIENCE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS .- CHAP. I.

Six o'clock on a November morning at Tynemonth. All night a heavy gale had blown from the east, driving before it the cold gray waves of the North Sea, and piling them upon the bare coast of Northumberland. Their foam flew up coast of Northumberland. Their foam flew up over the low cliffs, and mingled with the chilly sleet, dashed against the windows of the houses built on the verge, making every separate pane of glass rattle in its fastenings. A bleak morning truly, and one on which even the stern medical professors, who are so fond of warning us against the comforts of life and their enjoyment, could not but have allowed that, till daybreak at least, bed was the best place for a tired man. So thought Dr John Wynyard, as he half awoke from his sleep, heard the noise of the wind and rain with a feeling of blissful enjoyment of the contrast, and turned on his pillow, to fall anew into that morning slumber which is the most enjoyable

But the thought of the wild weather without had entered the secret chambers of his brain and set him dreaming. In his dream it seemed to him that he rose and looked out of the window towards the old priory and its wave-worn peninsula of rock; and there he saw a strange sight -a gravestone was approaching the edge of the cliff with a slow, stately, gliding motion. Not a pause it made, but continued its course down the slope and into the foaming caldron of water that boiled beneath. Another and another followed. It seemed as though the whole of those sad memorials had grown tired at last of standing in the cemetery, recording on their faces the false praises of the dead, which kindly hands had graved upon them, but which were none the less lies, 'Faithful and loving wife'—'Tender husband and father'—'Dear and only child.' It was all very well to say so, when they were gone; but would any have said such words of them while they lived? Here, in dreamland, where all things are possible, it seemed scarcely strange that the very stones should have rebelled at last, and be ready to hide themselves for ever under the ocean. A wild strain of music seemed to keep time to their stately march towards oblivion, rising and falling, as though the storm played upon the strings of a great Æolian harp.

'I wonder if any stones will be left—if even one bears a true inscription?' Wynyard thought, and woke, the question remaining unsolved.

As his senses came back to him, he became aware of the unpleasant fact that the sound which

was merely a persistent whistling from the speaking-tube which terminated in the wall close to the head of his bed. Evidently, he was wanted; and the idea of turning out breakfastless into the howling storm that still raged without, was not a pleasant one. However, with a sigh of resignation, he withdrew the wooden stopper from the tube and called down it to know what was the matter.

'Captain Brock, of Cullercoats, seriously ill; wants to see you at once—carriage waiting for you at the door,' were the words he heard. The doctor promptly jumped out of bed, and prepared to dress himself with as little delay as possible, after shouting down the tube that he would be ready immediately.

'They must have sent a sensible man for once, he mused, as he fumbled at his collar stud, which was always slipping out of its proper place. Some fellows would have insisted on giving

me a complete history of the whole business from beginning to end.—But what on earth can Captain Brock want with me? I have not been attending him, and Cullercoats is not in my It may be a good opening for me, Who knows? I have not done so well practice. perhaps. here that I can afford to throw away any chance that offers.'

Being a thoroughly practical man, he thought no more of his dream, by which a more imaginative mind might have been impressed, but hurried on his clothes, and in ten minutes from the time of the summons was in the carriage and driving along the cliff towards Cullercoats, a little village within a mile of Tynemouth.

Captain Brock's residence was a semi-detached house, forming part of a terrace which was in rapid process of construction, the builders having hopes that they would succeed in due time in making Cullercoats the watering-place for the north, in place of Tynemouth, where the visitors found the cloud of smoke that drifted over land and sea when the wind blew down the Tyne, a great drawback to their enjoyment. Wynyard lived in a very similar house himself; but in his case it was from sheer necessity; and he wondered, as he entered the hall and saw the painful newness of everything, that any man of private means should care to settle down in such a dwelling.

It was still dark, and the dawn had only just begun to break as he entered the house. Gas had not yet been laid on in the new terrace; but its want was supplied by a large bronze lamp which stood on a pedestal in the hall, and by its light the doctor saw that some one was there to receive him. It was a girl of some twenty years of age, clad in a close-fitting gown of blue serge, relieved only by a gleam of white linen at wrists and throat, and by a simple though valuable brooch, which fastened it at the neck—a single large opal set in a thin rim of plain gold. Her figure was decidedly beautiful; but so much could not be said for her face, which was spoiled by the heaviness of the lower part, chiefly caused by the squareness of the jaw and chin. However, if not beautiful, it was eminently a good face and a pleasant one; and the doctor, who was no mean judge of physiognomy, thought he had rarely seen a countenance more to be trusted. She bowed slightly to him as he entered, and said, coldly his sleeping imagination had exalted into music | enough, yet with a ring of feeling in her voice

which showed that she was repressing some emotion: 'You are Dr Wynyard, I suppose? Will you kindly come up-stairs? My father is very anxious to see you at once.'

Wynyard bowed, and followed her, asking as he went, how Captain Brock was and what was the matter with him; to neither of which questions did he obtain a very satisfactory answer from the lady, who seemed unwilling to say more than she could avoid.

Captain Brock's chamber presented the scene that all doctors know so well, when a man is taken suddenly ill. The Tynemouth lawyer stood beside the bed with a bundle of papers in his hand. An old woman, called in to assist in the nursing, was making up anew the expiring fire in the hearth; and on the pillow lay a white face with bushy black beard, the eyes closed, and the

breath coming in gasps from the pale lips.

At the noise of the opening door the lawyer looked round, and the sick man opened his eyes. Dr Wynyard approached the bed and prepared to feel the pulse of his patient; but the latter made a motion of dissent. That will come later, doctor,' he said slowly and painfully. 'You cannot do me much good now in your medical capacity; but as a man you can. Come nearer and let me have a good look at you.'

Wynyard obeyed; and the sick man gazed into

his face for a while with an intensity that in any other circumstances would have approached madness.

'He will do!' Captain Brock muttered, half audibly. 'A good face—just such a one as I expected him to have.—Doctor, I want a few words alone with you.'

The other occupants of the room went out at this, and Wynyard was left alone with the dying man; for dying he was, as the doctor's experience told him.

'Lock the door,' said Captain Brock. When he saw that this was done, he put his hand under his pillow and drew out a long parchment envelope, holding some thick document, and laid it on the table beside him. 'Dr Wynyard,' he said, 'I am going to ask a great favour of you greater than any man has a right to require of a stranger. But I know you, and I have studied your face and your life, and I believe you to be an honest and upright gentleman, who will not mind trouble for a good object, and will espouse the cause of the fatherless. Am I not right?

'I hope so, said the doctor simply.
'Well !—I have no relations living except my daughter, and no friends either, said the captain, with some bitterness. 'I am only the retired master of a merchant vessel, as no doubt you know; but I have saved enough money to keep Mary from starving at all events; so, even if you fail in the work I want you to undertake, no very great harm will be done; still—— His voice failed him a little, and he reached over to the

table for a cup standing there.

Wynyard smelt the liquid it contained and shock his head, but passed it to him. He drank eagerly, and seemed revived by the act.

'Dr Wynyard, I have made you executor of my will, and trustee for my daughter till she come of age. You will hear all about that when the will is read. Promise me that you will accept the trust. It is a dvino men that asks you? the trust. It is a dying man that asks you.

But surely you might have found some one more competent than I am to undertake it,' said Wynyard, rather dismayed at the prospect before him. 'I assure you I know nothing whatever of business.

'So much the better, sir—so much the better. You can be trusted, and that is all I want. But I know you will not fail me.—Here is a sealed letter that I want you to take at once; but do not open it till after the will is read. It will give you full instructions as to the work I want you to do. You shall not be the loser, sir.'

His voice had been growing weaker as the influence of the stimulant he had taken left him, and now he sank back on the pillow, livid and breathless, but pointing to the paper that lay on the table. Wynyard took it up and put it in the breast of his coat. The dying man gave him an eloquent look of thanks, and then relapsed into the state of torpor which is the last symptom of that terrible disease, inflammation of the lungs. Wynyard hastened to do what he could for him; but the case was hopeless, as he had known long before. Captain Brock never spoke again in this world.

Wynyard, with the lawyer's assistance, gave what directions were necessary for the funeral and the care of the house for the next few days, as Miss Brock was quite incapacitated from attending to such matters. She did not weep or show violent emotion; but the doctor knew well what her pale face and compressed lips meant, and pitied her all the more for her gallant effort to hide her feelings from strangers. knew that sorrow would find its natural relief in tears when she was alone again, and hastened his departure as much as he could—a delicacy of feeling which the girl fully appreciated, and was grateful for in her own shy way.

Like a sensible man of the world, Dr Wynyard determined to keep his mind as clear as possible of Captain Brock's business until he should be able, after the funeral, to see what was in reality required of him. Nevertheless, it must be owned that his mind was not altogether free from misgivings as to his very delicate position of trustee to a young lady of twenty years of age. How-ever, trustee did not necessarily imply guardian, and he hoped that the old captain had seen the necessity for appointing some sober matron to act in the latter capacity. Meanwhile, he thought act in the latter capacity. Meanwhile, he thought it kinder not to disturb Miss Brock in her first grief, knowing that all possible arrangements had been made for her comfort so far as the present was concerned.

It was a clear frosty day when the funeral procession wended its way along the cliff and through the castle gate to the old priory cemetery. Procession we have called it; but perhaps that may be too grandiloquent a word to use when speaking of the little knot of mourners who followed the body of the old captain to its last resting-place. His words as to his loneliness in the world seemed true appears to the world seemed true appears to the world seemed true appears. in the world seemed true enough, for no relatives had come to attend the funeral or hear the will read. Miss Brock, somewhat in defiance of the custom of the place, was present at the ceremony, and from underneath her thick crape veil, a tear or two rolled down, which made, as Wynyard thought, remembering his dream, a better epitaph after all than any carved in stone; showing as

they did that the dead was at least regretted by one person on earth; and that, after all, is something

After the funeral, the clergyman, lawyer, and doctor, with Miss Brock and the servants of the household, met in the parlour of the dead man's house to hear the will read. The newness of everything, furniture, house, and fittings, seemed sad in its strangeness of contrast with the duty on hand, and the girl clearly felt it so. Wynyard watched her pityingly as the lawyer read the long preamble of the will, knowing that his attention would not be much needed till the enumeration of the captain's worldly goods was over. At length came the gist of the document, and

he listened with all his ears:

'And all the above personal property, of every nature whatsoever, I bequeath to John Wynyard, Esq., Doctor of Medicine, of Tynemouth, Northumberland, in trust for my only daughter, Mary Brock, till the said Mary Brock shall reach the age of twenty-one years, when she shall come into personal possession of the same. And I appoint the said John Wynyard guardian of this my daughter; and do will that he expend what money he considers suitable in providing for her subsistence and education during her minority; and for his trouble in the matter I give and bequeath to the said John Wynyard the sum of One Thousand Pounds, free of legacy duty.

'And I hereby request the said John Wynyard forthwith to sell out all stocks, bonds, and other securities standing in my name, and to invest the money realised by the sale of the same in the shares of a certain Company, the name whereof is duly shown in a paper signed by me in the presence of witnesses and handed over to the said John Wynyard. And no impeachment shall lie against the said John Wynyard for any loss arising from the aforesaid investment,' &c.

'A most extraordinary will, Dr Wynyard!' said the lawyer, as he folded up the document slowly. 'I am not at all sure that it would stand, if any one chose to contest it. He sent for me the night he died, to read it over, to give him my opinion upon it, which I did pretty freely—but to no effect. I suppose you are going to act, and

that you have got the document he speaks of?'
Yes, answered Wynyard to both questions. But I foresee that I shall have to ask your advice, Mr Walker, as I really know nothing about

'Very well,' said the lawyer. 'You will always find me at home from ten to one; and when you come, don't forget to bring your document with you. A great deal may turn upon that.-Goodbye, Miss Brock. I will leave you to talk over matters with your trustee.' And he lifted his black bag and hat from the table and left the room, followed at once by the clergyman and the servants-the latter in high good-humour, having been mentioned in their master's will for small sums, in spite of their short service with him. Wynyard and Miss Brock were left alone in the parlour.

The situation was decidedly an awkward one and the young doctor had no idea how he should begin the necessary conversation. The girl, however, saved him the trouble. She raised her veil, and looked steadily at him for a moment, and then spoke in a voice not altogether free from

tremor: 'Do I understand, Dr Wynyard, that you are appointed my only guardian?' She did not emphasise the word 'only;' but the direction of her thoughts was evident, and Wynyard hastened to answer.

'Your only legal guardian, Miss Brock.—But I have full liberty to use as much of your money as you may require in providing you with a suitable home and congenial society. Would you mind

'I have none,' said the girl slowly. 'I do not think I have a relative living. I was brought up in a convent at Brussels while my father was at sea, and scarcely saw him except in very brief visits, till he retired from the service six months ago and brought me here.-Where do you think I had best go now? I could not live here by myself—could I?'
'Not well,' said Wynyard, looking perplexed.

'I suppose you would not care to go back to the

convent for a year ?'

'Not if it can be helped,' said the girl, with a quick contraction of her brows. 'I was not

happy there.'
'Well,' Wynyard said, as a sudden thought struck him, 'perhaps you had better stay here for a day or two, and I will try to make arrange-

'I am afraid I and my affairs will be a great trouble to you,' she said, with a little pitiful smile, which made the doctor's heart go out to her in sympathy. 'I will do anything you think best; and '—here she hesitated, and a blush covered her forehead-'could you let me have a little money if I am to stay here? There are some bills due to the tradesmen, and one of them came this morning and was troublesome because I could not

pay him.' What was his name?' asked Wynyard quietly. 'Oh! Heaton the butcher.—But I will pay him myself, if you give me the money; you need not trouble to do it.

'I will pay him myself,' said Wynyard; 'you can pay the others if you wish.' And he opened his purse, and produced a number of sovereigns therefrom and laid them on the table with a keen sense of the absurdity of the situation.

'Thank you,' said the girl simply. 'I will keep a careful account. There is more there than I

shall want, I am sure.'

'I hope it will not be many days before I can bring you certain news,' said Wynyard, shaking hands with her. 'Meanwhile, if you have any 'Meanwhile, if you have any difficulty and want advice, write me a note. Here is my address.' And handing her one of his cards, he left the room.

#### WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES.

THE good old-fashioned days of agriculture are gone, and the old order has given place to a new, and may be one more go-ahead, but less moneymaking; yet, for all this, the annals of our ancestral heroes of the soil, of their mode of life and simple faith, will never be lost. In a pursuit like that of farming, so completely dependent upon the weather, that even now, with such powerful allies as steam and ensilage, a few tempestuous hours are sufficient to mar or defer the work of weeks, there is a strange sameness of

yearly routine in the operations of ploughing, sowing, feeding, mowing; and all radiating, in bright or sombre degrees of success, from their common centre, the weather. There can be little wonder, then, if past generations of the inhabitants of our more purely agricultural districts have given more than mere passing attention to meteorological observations; and we have, accordingly, the result of their constant notings down of fitting times and seasons, of portents, warnings, and homely saws, in the numerous doggerel verses which have been handed down from generation to generation, and which are still familiar to many of us. Of these rhymes, many possess reason; others are mysterious until closely studied, when they will be found to teem with both meaning and wisdom. Others there are, lacking both these last-named attributes; but these are the exception. While, on the other hand, nearly all are too full of rustic simplicity, or of that sublime faith in the ways of providence, so long the ornament of our peasantry, to be allowed to lapse into oblivion.

Some English counties are especially noticeable for their numerous homely or weatherwise proverbs—perhaps the more prominent being the eastern counties; while Leicester, Derby, and Cambridgeshire are also most prolific of them—the last-named county probably occupying the premier position among all others. Necessarily, many of these old saws relate to the cultivation of corn; and it was ever thus; for many a line of Virgil's Georgics is nothing more or less than an agricultural proverb treated in that tuneful method so peculiarly his own. Doubtless, readers of this poet's minor work can easily call to memory adages quite as forcibly expressed as the following:

Drunk or sober, Sow wheat in October.

Or:

When the oak is gosling gray, Sow your barley night and day. But when the blackthorn's white as a sheet, Sow your barley dry or wet.

At this last juncture, it becomes imperative to hasten such operations.

Now that we have touched upon some of those relating to corn-lore, it may be well to continue such sayings.

Some of the different rules for seeding-time are put forward in the subjoined forms—such as:

Sow wheat in the slop, And 'twill be heavy at top. Sow beans in the mud, And they'll come up like a wood.

To this a rider is appended:

One for the mouse, one for the crow, One to rot, and one to grow.

A very forcible reminder is that which tells us that

Peas and beans should be so thin That a ewe and her lamb may lie between. This is, however, going a little too far to be reliable.

We next come to one of those which we have described as possessing both rhyme and reason, for, with reference to one of the pulses just mentioned, it is said that

> If on Candlemas day the thorns hang a drop, Then you are sure of a good pea-crop.

On consideration, we shall find that the salt haze of a fog, which at times prevails along our eastern coast, is most beneficial to the seed, acting as a manure upon it.

Barley is now pronounced by judges to be the English farmer's main crop. Accordingly, we are

warned that if we
Sow barley in wet,

Sow barley in wet,
But little we'll get;
But sow it in dust,
And our barns will bust.
barley, being by nature a seed which (

For barley, being by nature a seed which quickly germinates, when retarded in its growth by stiff damp soil, is sure to rot in large quantities.

By the assertion that 'a bright Christmas brings a light wheatsheaf,' may be meant the possibility of a very clear frosty time at that date proving too severe even for this hardy plant. From Kent comes a hopper's ditty:

First the flea, and then the fly, Then the louse, and then they die.

If we remember aright, this was quoted in the course of the hop duty sessions in parliament 1861. The correct season for out-sowing is duly chronicled:

He who would fill his pouch with groats, In Januair must sow his oats.

Our three next distichs hail respectively from Derby, Cambridgeshire, and Norfolk:

When the cornerake begins to crow, Then your hay is fit to mow.

A wet May and showery June Bring all crops into tune.

When the dow [pigeon] doth croak, The winter is broke.

These, and many like them, are more or less memoranda on the subject of corn-culture; but there are in addition many general morals bearing upon rural thrift and industry, in the shape of such sound rules as—

> If you would wish the world to win. Keep neither howling dog nor crowing hen;

for, to thrive, one ought never to keep anything—or do anything—which is at once useless to one's self and annoying to neighbours. It is now more than ever necessary that

The farmer should have on Candlemas day Half his turnips and half his hay;

for with the grazing of stock alone to fall back upon, at present corn prices, it is desirable to keep a fair quantity of stock during the long spring months.

We opine that the well-known.

When the wind is still. The weather is never ill.

only holds good for a portion of the community; for, in the flooded Fen districts, drained largely

by windmills, a good breeze is looked upon as a blessing. The saying must have originated in some dry upland corner.

Melancholy truth tells us that,

When cockle's mixed in wheaten corn, And spurred is the rye, Though many in that year be born, More in their graves will lie.

The growths mentioned are to be seen in a very wet and cold season—like those of 1877-1879—bad alike for corn and man. 'Spurred rye' means the black excrescence from the ear, producing the drug 'ergot.' This, when ground, of course impregnates the meal with an infinitesimal portion of poison.

We are fold that there are different degrees of proficiency even in the henwife's task:

On Candlemas day, the good housewife's geese lay; On Valentine—yours and mine.

As the advent of the cuckoo finds the season backward or forward, so will the prospects of keep for stock, and probable rise or fall in prices of corn, vary; so that,

If the cuckoo lights on the bare thorn, Sell your sheep and keep your corn; But, when he lights on the blooming hip, Sell your corn and keep your sheep.

Amid all the hard work entailed on agriculturists, we learn that there will come a time of jubilee, since

> He that would thrive Must rise at five; He that hath thriven May rise at seven.

Housekeepers ought to bear in mind this sound maxim when making provision for Christmas fare:

On St Thomas the divine, Kill turkeys, geese, and swine.

St Thomas's day is the 21st of December.—Now for a little advice as to furrowing, fuelling, and the avoidance of spring illnesses;

Plough deep while sluggards sleep, And you'll have corn to sell and keep.

Burn ashwood green, 'Tis a fire for a queen; But, burn it sear, And 'twill make you swear.

Ere May be out, cast not a clout-

that is, doff no thick winter clothing. A solemn note of warning is struck in quoting:

March will sarch ye; April will try; May will tell ye whether ye'll live or die.

In short, there are no end of these amusing reminders; but we must finish our imperfect sketch with three, quoted respectively for the felicity of the would-be weatherwise, the non-abstainers, and, lastly, for the ladies, namely—

Bright-tailed rain makes fools fain-

that is, rain succeeded by sunshine deceives the non-observant into the belief that instead of a renewal of the shower, there will be fine weather.

> He who would keep his father's lands, Must wash his throat before his hands.

The extent of the potations being thus limited by | feeling sure that I knew the general direction of

personal cleanliness. Lastly, there is annual testimony to the fact that

March winds and May sun Make linen white and fair maids dun.

#### A TALE OF THE GALTEE MOUNTAINS.

In the early part of the year 1867, I was travelling on business in the south of Ireland, and one evening found myself in a small town on the borders of the counties of Cork and Tipperary. The country was just then very unsettled, and the trading classes uneasy, the wildest rumours being afloat respecting the impending Fenian insurrection. The telegraph wires between Dublin and the south were cut; the insurgents were in possession of Cork and Limerick; shiploads of men were on their way from England and America to aid the rebels—such were some of the canards that spread alarm through the district in which I then was.

I believed only a small portion of these reports, but enough to make me uncomfortable; and I determined to return to England at once. There was no vehicle to be obtained, police officials and newspaper correspondents having hired them all; but as my host promised to send on my luggage in a day or two, I did not hesitate to face on foot the distance between my inn and the nearest railway station, which, by a cut across the hills, was, I was assured, only four miles away. I set off, then, on the morning of, I think, the 5th of March. The sky was overcast, and a keen east wind made my ears and cheeks tingle. The halfclad gossoon who served me as guide for a part of the way trotted at my side, his hands thrust into his pockets, his neck and bosom bare, his trousers admitting the air by a score of rents. He had quite a budget of intelligence about the 'boys,' as the Fenians were popularly designated, and dwelt with pride on the fact that he knew many of them. Were they dangerous?—'O no!' he replied, laughing at the question. "Tis only polis an' sojers they'd shoot; they won't harm any one else.'

With this grain of consolation, I parted from my guide at the foot of the Galtee Mountains, and climbed the narrow pathway which he called a 'road.' Little round stones slipped and rolled beneath my feet; in some places the path passed by the brink of depths where a fall would certainly be fatal; in others, it crossed the side of steep slopes where it was difficult to maintain an erect position. At length I reached the top, and congratulated myself on having accomplished the most difficult part of my journey.

Far below, the path could be seen winding like a gray thread. As my guide said, I could not miss it. Snow now began to fall, slowly, softly, silently, shutting out the plain, and gradually narrowing my horizon, until I could only see a few yards around me. The path was soon obliterated, and the ground became slippery. However, feeling sure that I knew the general direction of feeling sure that I knew the general direction of

the road, I went forward confidently. But it gradually dawned upon me that I had lost my way, and I looked anxiously round for some sign of human life.

I wandered on for some time, now plunging into a pit filled with snow, now stumbling over some hidden stone, and at length, when almost exhausted, reached a cabin, where I resolved to seek shelter. Standing near the head of a steep glen, the house rested against the side of a cliff, which sheltered it, while helping to support the wooden roof. Though the cottage was diminutive, it looked clean in its fresh coat of whitewash; and a slender column of smoke suggested warmth and food.

In reply to my knock, a woman of about fifty opened the door and bade me enter. She was tall, with good features, and an air almost of refinement. Her black cap and dress were fresh and neat; her manner was reserved, though kindly, and the house was as clean as such a dwelling could be. But in the damp earthen floor and walls, in the meagre furniture and the woman's deeply lined face, there was evidence of poverty and care. I told her my story, and begged permission to rest for a while.

'An' welcome, sir,' she said, drawing to the fire a rush-bottomed chair and desiring me to be seated. 'I am sorry, sir, that I have little to offer you to ate, but'-

I hastened to assure her that I was well supplied; and emptying my haversack on the table, showed that dearth of food was not likely to cause me anxiety. It turned out that I was only three miles from the railway station, to which a good road led; and my mind being relieved on this point, I proceeded to make myself comfortable. We talked of the insurrection; and she was much put out when I spoke of the rebels' defeat as certain.

'Thin you don't think the boys will win, sir?

'Impossible,' I exclaimed. 'They are madmen to attempt it.

'I suppose you're right, sir,' she sighed. 'This is the second risin' I've seen—me poor husband was out in '48—an' no good can come of 'um. Poor lads, to throw away their lives so foolishly. What's that?' she asked suddenly; and seeing her strain her ears, I too listened, and heard a dull tramp and the confused sound of many voices. My hostess sprang up, filled with animation, and hastened to the door, saying: "Tis some o' the boys!'

About a score of men were scaling the height before the cabin; and when they neared the woman, she addressed them in Irish: 'How goes the cause?

'Eadly, missus,' one of the foremost replied.
'The game is up, an' I daresay the sojers is at

The party advanced stragglingly, and entered the house without ceremony. All appeared to be of the humbler classes—small farmers, labourers, artisans—and were miserably armed. There were a few revolvers and rifles among them; but old

muskets, swords, even scythes tied to staffs formed the bulk of their weapons. Their leader wore a red sash and sword-belt outside a green uniform, and above his hat a large plume waved. He was a handsome soldier-like man, and seemed worthy of a better command. In the rear, one of their number was borne on hurdles.

When the men saw me, they stopped, and questioned the hostess suspiciously. A few words sufficed to satisfy them, and they proceeded to make themselves at home. A heap of peat that stood beside the hearth was thrown upon the fire, and a bright blaze soon danced in the chimney, and lit up the forms of the men, who, crowded as closely as possible, sat or lay around the fire. The woman of the house was activity itself. She filled a large pot with potatoes, and set them to cook, afterwards spreading on a table her little store of eatables. Then she attended to the person who was injured. He was a lowsized, slender lad of fourteen or fifteen, who now lay on the only bed of which the cottage boasted. His face was pale, and his features were distorted in an effort to suppress the cry of agony that rose to his lips. The lad's pain arose from a sprained ankle; and when the foot was relieved the best and wrapped in from the pressure of the boot and wrapped in wet flannels, the boy uttered a sigh of relief.

The majority were a rough wild lot; but I was interested by their chief and by this boy. The former sat apart, his dark handsome face wrapped in gloom, his hands toying with the knot of his sash, while he looked thoughtfully at the ground. The boy was apparently ignorant of the oaths and jests around him; eye and car were on the alert, his glance being fixed on the window, through which he commanded a view

of the high ground outside.

I soon found that I was the subject of conversation between two or three of the party, one of them, a tall, burly, black-browed ruffian eyeing me in no friendly manner. 'Where may you be from, stranger?' he asked.
'London,' I replied briefly.
'I told you so,' he said, turning to his comrades.

'I knew he was a Sassenach, an' curse me if he stays under the same roof as us!'
'You're right, be jabers!'

'We'll have no Saxon spies here!' cried another.

I must own to having felt uncomfortable, and I said in as conciliatory a tone as possible: Gentlemen, if my presence is objectionable, I shall leave.'

'How polite you are,' said the first speaker, with an oath. 'Lave you to go and tell where we've gone? Not likely.—Look here, boys; suppose we tie him up and throw him into the pigsty? It will be good enough lodgings for the English baste.

I sprang to my feet, seeing the fellows about to carry out the proposal; and fearing that their violence might proceed to fatal lengths, I snatched up a sword that one of them had laid aside, and said that whoever approached me would do so at his own risk.

The leading ruffian grinned, and quietly pointing a musket at me, said: 'Put down that sword before I say three. One, two'——,

'Lower your weapon, sir!' came like a trumpetblast from the corner where their chief sat. Up to that moment he seemed ignorant of what

passed around, but he now stood erect, his eyes flashing indignantly. 'Leave that man alone,' he continued; 'we are not murderers.'

'Oh, begorra!' the other replied, 'we're all captains now, an' there's no masther here.' He again pointed his gun at me, which he had for a moment lowered.

'You scoundrel,' the leader rejoined, 'you'll be in the dock soon, and will have enough to answer for without adding to it the blood of an innocent man.'

The eyes of all were fixed on my assailant. Those who formerly encouraged him, less ruffianly or less daring, fell back on hearing their captain's voice; but this one appeared quite unmoved. The woman of the house sat in a corner, her apron thrown over her head, in order to shut out the bloody scene that was, she believed, imminent. The lad looked on with dilated eyes, his lips parted, and his breathing almost suspended. I mechanically clutched the sword, and kept my eyes fastened on the trigger of the musket, which the man's finger pressed.

'Put down the sword,' he repeated, in a low hoarse voice. 'One—two'——

I closed my eyes and muttered a prayer. For an instant I hesitated whether to comply or to make a dash for the door. A loud report nearly deafened me; there was a scream; and on opening my eyes, I saw my assailant dancing about the room, swearing furiously, and nursing his right hand, from which blood poured. The leader stood looking sternly at his wounded follower; and the sight of a revolver, still smoking, in his hand told me to whom I owed my life. There was not a murmur heard, even the ruffian whose murderous designs were frustrated, after the first outburst, writhed in silence.

'My good woman,' said the chief calmly, 'perhaps you will be kind enough to give that rascal some old linen and help him to bandage his

hand.

While my hostess was engaged on this task, two of the men who had been placed as sentinels outside rushed in. 'The redcoats are comin'!' they cried. 'There's cavalry there too, an' some

o' the boys are runnin' this way.'

In an instant all was wild confusion. a cry of alarm, my would-be murderer fled, completing the wrapping of his wounded limb while running. He was followed by several others. 'Strain the praties!' cried some of those who remained; and before many seconds, the huge pot was taken from the fire, the water drained off, and the half-cooked potatoes divided among the hungry rebels, who thrust them into their pockets and hats, burning their hands, and danc-ing with pain. The chief was the last to leave the house, after committing the boy to the woman's charge. While he divested himself of his plume and sash, and put on a large overcoat that one of his followers left behind, I thanked him for his timely intervention on my behalf.

'Pray, do not mention it,' he said with a pleasant smile. 'Had I stood by quietly, I should have been as great a villain as the other.

-Farewell!'

The lad was terribly frightened.

stupor into which she was thrown by my peril, and she now looked around with dull eyes.

'Can we do nothing to save this poor boy?'

I asked.—'Why not say he is your son?'
'Of coorse, of coorse!' she answered, her face lighting up with intelligence.—'Rest aisy, darlin',' she continued; 'no wan'll hurt a hair o' yer

I corroborated this, and the boy was comforted.

'Why did you join those men?' I asked.

'Me father was with 'um, sir.'
'Is he killed?' I went on.

'No, sir; oh, no!' the lad replied with a look of alarm; 'but we lost wan another.'

'What's yer name, alaunnah?' inquired the woman.

'Patsy Ryan, ma'am.'

Her face became dark, and she started back from the bed, over which she had been leaning, asking in a cold hard voice: 'Where d'ye come

from, good boy?'
'From Tulla, ma'am, three miles th'other side o' Doneraile,' the lad answered, puzzled by the

change in her manner.

'Is foxy Pad Ryan yer father?' she almost screamed.

'Yes, ma'am,' was the faltering reply.

The woman became frantic. 'Cursed brood!' she shricked, 'that brought nothin' to me an' mine but misfortune! Whelp of a vagabone assassin an' parjured informer, come till I give ye to the polis, an' put ye in a fair way o' bein' hanged!'

She seized the boy by the shoulders, and before he could resist, dragged him from the bed, and they struggled together for a moment on the floor. I raised the woman and drew her away, remonstrating and entreating meanwhile. She turned on me like a fury, and snatching up an axe that stood behind the door, rushed towards me, wielding the weapon, while her eyes flashed and her

lips quivered.
'Don't come between me an' me revinge!' she cried. 'D' ye know who led me husband into crime, an' falsely swore him to the gallows, who broke me heart an' ruined me life? I'll tell ye-foxy Pad Ryan. An' whin I have his son here in me power, who'll say I mustn't have blood for I followed me darlin' Dan to Cork jail, an' saw him brought out tied with ropes, an' thin they strangled him to death. An' whin I come home, I found me baby dead from cowld an' hunger; an' I knelt down an' prayed that the curse of all the saints might attind the villin who brought the desolation on me house.—An' here's his son, an' I'll folly him to the gallows too!'

Exhausted by passion, she dropped into a chair, still holding the axe, and looking threateningly on the boy, who had crept back to bed, and now lay gazing in terror at the woman. We heard voices outside, and all three turned towards the window. The snow had ceased, the air was clear, and the sun shone coldly on the white-robed hills, while an icy wind moaned through the glen. 'My father!' cried the boy joyfully.

A group of men were crouched on a hillock outside the house, and after glancing down the sobbed, 'if I could only run! But I can't, an' slope, they simultaneously levelled their guns and they'll ketch me an' hang me.'

My hostess was hardly recovered from the ran. He who remained was a fall sinewy man,

with a slouched hat and a long gray overcoat, His hair and outside which a belt was fastened. whiskers were reddish, and he had a yellow, wrinkled, hawk-like face, that was singularly repulsive. He stayed to watch the effect of his shot, then springing to his feet, uttered a shrill whoop, brandished his gun, and was about to follow his comrades, when the whistle of bullets passed the cottage, and after bounding upward, the man fell on his back in the snow, and lay motionless, his arms outstretched.

My hostess, her face pressed against the window looked on breathlessly; and when the man fell, she dropped on her knees, and with uplifted hands, cried, in an agitated voice: 'God pardon me, for a poor wicked crayture, who forgot that her cause was in His hands when I sought the life of an innocent gossoon!' She staggered to the bed, and throwing herself across the boy's feet, solbed hysterically. He, divided between sorrow for his father and anxiety for himself, after one sad wail of 'Daddy! daddy!' sat pale and trem-

The wind brought to us the dull sound of horses' hoofs, and a troop of lancers came trotting up the glen by twos, the sunlight glancing from the points of their spears. Behind, at a slower pace, two or three companies of infantry climbed the rugged path. The whole force was drawn up on the level space before the door, and an officer, attended by a couple of soldiers, entered.

The poor woman was too agitated to answer his inquiries, and I undertook to satisfy him about the passage of the rebels and my own identity.

'Who is this young man, madam?' he asked referring to the boy, who, on finding himself observed, shrank back in the bed.

'Me son, capten—me only boy, yer honour.-Don't be afraid, Patsy darlin'; the han'some gintleman won't do anythin' to ye.'

'Is the poor lad ill?' the officer asked sym-

pathetically.

'No, sir; no, yer honour; but the boys-the Faynians, I mane, sir—frightened him, an' runnin' home, he turned his ankle benathe him. That's all, capten, sir.'

The soldiers departed, and I soon followed, leaving the boy bemoaning the loss of his only relative, whose body the troops carried with them, while the woman tried to console him.

I arrived in London without further incident.

Business took me again into that neighbour-hood some years afterwards, and as the weather hood some years afterwards, and as the weather was fine, I made an excursion to the scene of the adventure I have related. The place was easily found, and I was agreeably surprised by the changes that had taken place. Patsy Ryan was still with the widow, whose desire for vengeance had collapsed on the death of the boy's father. He was married, and had three sturdy children, who called the old lady 'grannie.' The little cottage was replaced by a substantial house; the rugged waste that formerly ran downward from the door, was now cultivated and fanced in with the door, was now cultivated and fenced in with the stones that Patsy dug from his land; a couple of cows grazed lower down; and pigs, ducks, and geese roamed about at will.

another; and as I sat before the hearth, surrounded by the family, I could not help contrasting the comfort and peace that now reigned there, with the poverty, the misery, the fierce passions that I saw on my former visit.

#### THE EGG QUESTION AGAIN.

At a recent meeting of the Balloon Society, a paper was read, by Mr Charles E. Hearson, on the Embryology of a Chicken, in which he gave a sketch of the progress of artificial incubation from the time of Réaumur to the present day. Major Leslie moved a resolution to the effect that, in the opinion of that meeting, the enormous increase in the importation of foreign eggs into this country should draw attention to the necessity of developing the home supply both by natural and artificial means. As one of the largest land-owners in the county of Monaghan, he was pleased to find this Society calling attention to an essential Irish home industry. Ireland was an essential Irish home industry. Ireland was at that moment sending more eggs to this country than ever it did. Mr W. H. Le Fevre, C.E., stated that the following sums were paid for eggs imported into the United Kingdom in 1886: From Germany, £743,618; from Belgium, £743,618; from Belgium, £653,784; from France, £1,215,360; from other countries, £266,280: total, £2,879,042. He believed that in Ireland alone a sufficient quantity of eggs could be produced to supply the whole of the United Kingdom. If a portion of the sum we now pay France, Germany, and other countries were remitted to Ireland in exchange for that commodity, it would go some way to improve its condition. Fortunately, science was coming to our assistance in effecting improvements in incubation for hatching chickens. As a native of the Channel Islands, he remembered the time when the South-Western Railway had considerable difficulty in filling three steamers per week with produce from the Channel Islands and the coast of Normandy. They now had twenty-five to thirty steamers bringing over pro-visions to this country every week. It was not an unusual occurrence to find a large steamer filled with nothing but eggs. He attributed the success of the South-Western Railway Company to the agents employed by them in collecting the traffic.

#### THE DEAD FRIEND.

Mr sun is darkened, and my broken life Creeps sadly on, through never-ending ways Of deathless sorrow. In my friendless days Hereafter, there must come again the strife Wherein he cheered me, and the battle rife With weary doubt; but he no more will raise The drooping spirit with his kindly praise That now is silenced. I have ta'en to wife Grim Sorrow; she is mine for evermore. Dear friend, upon some far-off silent shore I fain would lie with thee, as sometime here, In still communion; but between doth pour The flood of death, and I may only peer Out through dark dreams and know thy spirit near. HENRY D. LOWRY.

Nothing could exceed the tenderness shown by the old lady and her adopted son towards one noster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.



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# THE PRIVILEGE OF SANCTUARY.

Six cities of refuge—three 'on this side Jordan,' and three 'in the land of Canaan '-were appointed by Moses, 'that the slayer might flee thither, which should kill his neighbour unawares, and hated him not in times past; and that fleeing unto one of these cities he might live.' Heathen temples and sacred enclosures were in later times the asylums for those who availed themselves of them. Before the privileges of sanctuary were recognised by legislators, they were accorded by the general usage of Christian churches. Constantine is alleged to have legislated upon this subject as early as 324. It is, however, absolutely certain that Theodosius in 392 made a law which explained and regulated the privileges of sanctuary, but that he did not establish them. Theodosius II. extended the privilege of sanctuary from the altar and body of the church, to which it was confined, to all the buildings and courts contained within the outward walls. Papal sanction to the privileges was not accorded until about 620.

The intention of the original law of sanctuary was to provide a refuge for the innocent, injured, and oppressed; and, in some instances, to grant a delay till an impartial hearing could be obtained, or an intercession made for the offender. By the Roman law, murderers, escaped slaves, robbers, public creditors, and others were excluded from sanctuary privileges; whilst almost all criminals were admitted to them by the canon

law and the popes' decrees.

It has been affirmed, on somewhat doubtful authority, that the security of sanctuary was accorded in this country towards the end of the second century; but that the privilege of sanctuary was expressly recognised in a code of laws promulgated in 693 by Ina, king of the West Saxons, there is no doubt. The fifth law ordains that if a person convicted of a capital offence fled to a church, his life should be spared; and also that if any one who deserved to be flogged sought refuge in a church, the stripes should be withheld from him,

Nearly two centuries later-in 887-the privilege of sanctuary was, by the law of Alfred the Great, accorded for three nights to any person who sought the protection of the church, so as to enable him to provide for his own safety, unless he should previously compound for the offence. By this law it was ordered that if any one should violate the sanctuary by inflicting blows, wounds, or bonds, he was compelled to pay the sums which were awarded for the injury by law, and the large sum-in those days-of one hundred and twenty shillings to the ministers of the church.

With the Norman Conqueror, the law of sanctuary became more definite. The extent of the privilege, however, appears to have been more or less varied. The privilege at Beverley, which was granted by Athelstan, extended for a radius of a mile, taking St John's as the centre. The outward and second boundaries were designated by crosses of rich carving. The third boundary began at the church entrance. The sixth em-braced the high altar and the 'fridstool.' This word, made up of the words 'frith' and 'stol,' means the seat of peace. This was invariably, we believe, a heavy stone chair. That at Beverley is utterly devoid of decoration. There is no trace thereon of any former inscription. It undoubtedly had a Latin inscription upon it formerly, which in effect stated: 'This stone chair is called Fridstool-that is, the Chair of Peace, to which what criminal soever flies hath full protection.' The Beverley fridstool has been broken, and repaired with clamps of iron.

We have said that the privilege of sanctuary varied in places, and have referred to Beverley. Sanctuary at Durham extended to the church there, its churchyard, and its circuit. All who came within a certain distance were afforded protection. The penalties for violation of privileges of sanctuary at Durham increased in proportion to the degree of holiness ascribed to the successive distances. The violation of the security of sanctuary between the outer and second boundary at Beverley was punished by a fine of one "hun-

dredth," or eight pounds. The second space was secured by a penalty of double that sum. In like manner, a fine of six, twelve, or eighteen "hundredth" was incurred by any one who violated the sanctity of the space between the successive boundaries up to the sixth. But if a person should take a malefactor from within the sixth enclosure, he would be what was styled "botelas" (bootless)-his offence would be such as no payment could redeem.' Within the precincts of ment could reteem. Within the previlege of sanctuary was granted, as also in the ancient churches of Stow and Innerleithen.

The boundary-stones set up in the four roads leading to the monastery of Hagulstad (Hexham), in Northumberland, were rude crosses, around which, partly in Saxon characters, was the word 'Sanctuarium' The fridstool at Hexham is the handsomer of the only two which are extant in our day—the fridstool at Beverley having been hewn out of a solid block of stone, and perfectly plain; whilst that at Hexham—which is carefully preserved—has interlaced ornamentation of Saxon or Norman origin cut on the top of it, and a moulding immediately below and

around the seat.

In describing the method of claiming the privilege of sanctuary and the ceremonies observed, we cannot do better than quote from the Rev. James Raine's preface to the fifth volume of the Surtees Society, which relates to the sanctuaries of Durham and Beverley. Mr Raine writes: 'At Durham, persons who took refuge fled to the north door, and knocked for admission. The large knocker upon the north door is believed to have been that which was used for the purpose. There were two chambers over the north door in which men slept, for the purpose of admitting such fugitives at any hour of the night. As soon as any one was so admitted, the galilee bell was immediately tolled, to give notice that some one had taken sanctuary. The offender was required to declare, before the shrine of the patron saint and certain credible witnesses, the nature of his offence, and to toll a bell in token of his demanding the privilege of sanctuary. The notice of this custom occurs constantly in the registers of the sanctuary at Durham until the year 1503.

A copy of the oath taken by those who sought its peace within a mile -the only copy now extant—is to be found in the Beverley register, which is one of the Harleian Manuscripts. The bailiff of the Archbishop of York, who admin-istered the oath, was instructed to ascertain of the refugee 'what man he killed, and wher the refugee 'what man he killed, and wher with, and both ther names; and then gar hym lay his hand upon the book, saying on this wyse: "Sir, tak hede on your oth. Ye shal be trew and feythful to my Lord Archbishop of York, lord of this towne; to the Provost of the same; to the Chanons of this chirch, and al other ministers therof. Also, ye shal bere gude hert to the Baillie and xii. Governors of this towne to al burges and comviners of the same. Also, ye shal bere no poynted wapen, dagger, knyfe, ne none other wapen agens the kyng's pece. And ye shal be redy at all your power if ther be any debate or stryf, or oder sothan case of fyre within the towne, to help

to surcess it. Also, ye shal be redy at the obite of Kyng Adelstan, at the dirige, and the messe, at such tyme as it is done at the warnyng of the belman of the towne, and do your dewte in ryngyng, and for to offer at the messe on the morne. So help you God and thies holy Evangelistes." And then gar hym kysse the book.' The bailiffs fee was two shillings and fourpence, and that of the clerk, for entering in the sanctuary

register, fourpence.

Sir William Rastall, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas during the reign of Queen Mary, has handed down to us the form of con-'This hear thou, Sir Coroner, that I, M. of H., am a robber of sheep, or of any other beast, or a murderer of one or of mo, and a felon of our lord the king of England; and because I have done many such evils or robberies in his land, I do abjure the land of our lord Edward, king of England, and I shall haste me towards the port of such a place which thou hast given me; and that I shall not go out of the highway; and if I do, I will that I be taken as a robber and a felon of our lord the king; and that at such a place I will diligently seek for passage, and that I will not tarry there but one flood and ebb, if I can have passage; and unless I can have it in such a place, I will go every day into the sea up to my knees, assaying to pass over; and unless I can do this within forty days, I will put myself again into the church as a robber and a felon of our lord the king; so God

me help and His holy judgment.'
'Every one'—to quote Mr Raine again—'who had the privilege of sanctuary was provided with a gown of black cloth, with a yellow cross, called St Cuthbert's Cross, upon the left shoulder. A grate was expressly provided near the south door of the galilee for such offenders to sleep upon; and they had a sufficient quantity of provisions and bedding at the expense of the house for thirty-seven days. In the sanctuary at Beverley. offenders were treated apparently with still greater kindness. They were received there with humanity, and during thirty days had their food provided in the refectory, and if they were persons of any distinction, had a lodging in the dormitory or any distinction, that a longing in the commonly or in a house within the precincts. At the end of the time, their privilege protected them to the borders of the county; and they could claim the same security a second time under the like circumstances. But if one's life was saved a third time by the privilege of sanctuary, he became

permanently a servant of the church. This protection by the church was, it has been seen, only of a temporary character. The murderer or felon was required, within forty days after he had taken refuge, to appear before the coroner, clad in sackcloth, and before him confess his crime and abjure the realm. No person was allowed to feed him beyond the forty days. By an Act of Parliament passed in the twenty-first year of the reign of Henry VIII, the culprit 'immediately after his confession, and before his abjuration, was to be branded by the coroner with a hot iron upon the brawn of the thumb of his right hand with the sign of the letter A, to the intent he might be the better known among the

king's subjects to have abjured.

The privilege of sanctuary was so frequently

Chambers's Journal, Aug. 13, 1887.]

abused, that the privileges were from time to time restricted. Thus, in 1378, it was ordained that debtors fleeing to Westminster with the intent of defrauding their creditors, should have their goods and lands levied upon for the purpose of dis-charging their debts. Pope Innocent VIII. in 1487 authorised the arrest of persons who had gone forth from sanctuary for the purpose of committing murder or robbery, although they had sought refuge a second time; and at the same time ordered that those guilty of hightreason, who had taken sanctuary, should be prevented from escaping. This bull was confirmed by Alexander VI. and Julius II. in 1493 and 1504.

Either Henry IV. or Henry V. addressed a letter to Cardinal Langley, which is preserved in the Treasury, in which the Crown respected the immunity of St Cuthbert even in a case of treason. It reads as follows: 'By the king, H. R. Trusty and welbeloved in God, we grete you And wheras we undirstand that Robert Marshall, late comitted to prison for treason, is now escapid and broken from the same into youre church of Duresme; we havyng tender zele and devocion to the honor of God and Saint Cuthbert, and for the tendir favor and affection that the right reverend fader in God our right trusty and welbeloved the Bisshop of Duresme our Chauncellor of England we have for his merits, wol that for that occasion nothing be attempted that shud be contrarie to the liberties and immunitie of our church. We therfor wol and charge you that he be surely kept there, as ye wol answere unto us for him.—Yeven under our signet at our towne of Stanford, the xxvii. day of July.-To oure trusty and welbeloved in God the Priour of Duresme.

Between the twenty-second and the thirty-third years of the reign of 'bluff King Hal,' the privileges of sanctuary were considerably altered. It was discovered that the strength of the realm was much weakened by men seeking sanctuary and abjuring the realm, who disclosed state secrets, and instructed foreigners in the use of the bow and arrow; so it was enacted that every person abjuring was to repair to some sanctuary within the reign, which himself should choose, and there remain during his natural life; and to be sworn before the coroner upon his abjuration so to do. But if he went out of that sanctuary, unless discharged by the king's pardon, and committed murder or felony, he was liable to be brought to trial for his offence, and was excluded from the right of felony.' About four years later (26 Henry VIII.), privilege of sanctuary was withheld from all persons accused of high-treason. In the following year, 'all sanctuary persons were to wear a badge or cognisance, to be assigned and appointed by the governor of every sanctuary, openly upon their upper garment, of the compass, in length and breadth, of ten inches, under pain of forfeiting all the privileges of sanctuary. They were also prevented from carrying any sword or other weapon except their meat-knives, and those only at their meals. They were not to leave their lodging except between sunrise and sunset, under penalty of forfeiting their sanctuary for the third such offence. Six years later, Henry, in the only rye would grow there; but he kept plenty thirty-second year of his reign, further restrained of sheep and several pigs, and reared, though the privileges of sanctuary. The privilege was he could not fatten cattle.

now limited to parish churches and churchyards, cathedrals, hospitals, and collegiate churches, and all dedicated chapels used as parish churches. The exceptions were made in favour of Wells, Westminster, Manchester, Northampton, York, Derby, and Launceston. The privileges were, in the succeeding year, transferred from Manchester to Westchester in Cheshire. One of the first acts of James I. was to further abridge sanctuary protection; and the same monarch, twenty years later, (in 1624) finally withdrew the privileges of sanc-

The offences of those persons who sought refuge at Durham and at Beverley were-murder and homicide, debt, horse and cattle stealing, escaping from prison, housebreaking, rape, theft, backward in his accounts, harbouring a thief, failing to prosecute, treason, receiving stolen goods, and coining.

With Hallam, we agree that under a due administration of justice, the privilege of sanctuary 'would have been simply and constantly mischievous; as we properly consider it to be in those countries where it still subsists. But in the rapine and tumult of the middle ages, the right of sanctuary might as often be a shield to innocence as an impunity to crime. We can hardly regret, on reflecting on the desolating violence which prevailed, that there should have been some green spots in the wilderness where the feeble and the persecuted could find refuge. How must this right have enhanced the veneration for religious institutions! How gladly must the victims of internal warfare have turned their eyes from the baronial castle, the dread and scourge of the neighbourhood, to those venerable walls, within which not even the clamour of arms could be heard, to disturb the chant of holy men and the sacred service of the altar.'

#### RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XXXIV .- THE 'MAGPIE.'

THERE stood a humble inn-a tavern, rathercalled the Maypie, on the downs; its door opened on no high-road; but it stood where lanes or side parish roads converged. In the olden days, it had been a resort of snugglers, who had run their goods into Pentargon cove. The taverner had then always maintained half-a-dozen donkeys, and these were employed in transporting the smuggled goods up the cliffs by the precarious path which alone gave access to the cove, and enabled goods brought there to be carried away. The smugglers knew well enough how to surmount the most difficult portion of the ascent: they stretched a rope along it from a crowbar driven into the turf above. As for the donkeys, they were unshod and sure-footed, they would run almost where a squirrel went.

But the smuggling times were past, so were the days when a lively trade in wrecks was carried on; and the Magpie would have perished of inanition, had not the landlord begun to enclose the downs and annex a farm to his alchouse. The place was so exposed, so wind-swept, that

As none of the roads that met at the Magpie were market-roads, the host could only count on stray passengers, fagged with laborious scrambles up the stony and steep coast-road, to drop in for refreshment. His most regular customers were the coastguard, who, in their nocturnal tramps along the cliffs, passed his door twice every night, and never passed without a halt and a drop of comfort.

Partly because the coastguard wished to do Jacob Corye a good turn, and partly because the Magpie was the nearest inn, they conveyed the Cable family beneath its sheltering roof. Richard was put to bed, a surgeon sent for; and Mrs Cable undressed the children, borrowed dry clothes of the landlady for them, and set to work to wash the salt out of their garments and hang them up to dry.

Scarcely had the Cables been housed, before a swarm of men came down the cliff to the beach, from which the tide was retreating, invaded the Bessie, and began to ransack and strip her, as the ants will attack and strip a dead bird cast near their mound. Sails, shrouds, anchor, binnacle, the fittings of the cabin, the contents of the galley, the mattresses of the berths, the benches, stools, the chests, everything they could remove was carried away. They heeded neither cold nor wet; they disregarded the peril to their lives from the waves that still swept the wreck, so eager, so ravenous were they for spoil.

The days of the wreckers are long overthat is to say the days when wrecking was called wrecking; it is now called salving, from the Latin word salvare, to save; but this does not imply that those who have been wrecked get much more than if they had fallen into the hands of wreckers. Those whose fathers went wrecking, now go salving; and very consoling it is to us to know that we have made such an advance in civilisation. As a matter of fact, the thing is pretty much the same. All salvage is supposed to be given up to an official Receiver of Wreck—on the coast where the Bessie was cast, this was the head coastguard. But it is by no means certain that all that is salved is thus delivered over. When the receiver has got what the salvors have chosen to deliver up, then the Board of Trade investigates, and decides between the respective claims of the owner and the salvor, retaining, however, a share for the Crown. Mostly the wreckage is sold by auction first; and it is the proceeds which are divided, the Crown taking a third, and the salvors a third; and a third is left to the owner. To the last-named, the salving looks very like wrecking; to Richard Cable, very much so on this occasion; for the things were sold when he was unable to attend, and the amount raised to be divided by three was not much, and his receipt infinitesimal compared with the value he set on his property. Moreover, things he valued highly sold for pence and furthings. Richard was irritated, and not at all in a frame of mind to be comforted by the thought that everything he treasured had gone under the category of salvage, and was therefore clean away from him for ever,

thought of Josephine as one who brought evil on him and pursued him remorselessly, had taken hold of his fancy, and he attributed every misfortune to her; not altogether without a cause, for had she not made Hanford unendurable to him, he would not have left it; had he not left it, he would not have been wrecked; had he not been wrecked, he would not have been crippled; and had he not been crippled, he would have returned to his ship the moment he saw his children safe, and then no wreckers or salvors could have meddled with its contents.

His very ship was no longer his own; it had passed into the hands of the salvors. Fortunately, all his money was safe; before leaving, he had secured it about him. But the amount he had secured it about him. But the amount was small, after he had paid his rent and all the little bills at Hanford.

Presently, Mrs Cable came up and took his hand. It was hot, and his cheeks were flushed. 'The surgeon is a long time coming,' she said.
'O Richard, this accident to you is worst of

'That is as it should be,' he answered. threw little Bessie down and injured her; now she has cast me down and lamed me. If in like manner as She at Hanford Hall'-he would not name Josephine-'has brought misery and ruin on me and mine, misery and ruin might

befall her, I were well content?
'Richard,' said Mrs Cable sorrowfully, 'I do not recognise you, with these bitter feelings in your heart.'

'I do not recognise myself. Do you know how if a little gall falls into a pot, it spoils the whole mess? She has spilt wormwood into my life; and the world, everything I taste and smell and see and hear and feel, is bitterness to me.

The doctor arrived; and with the help of the innkeeper, Richard's leg was got in place again; but the surgeon shook his head, and said that there was more injury than mere displacement done—that the recovery would be slow; the leg must be given perfect rest; and that, unfortunately, it was likely Richard would always have a stiff joint.

'That also,' muttered Cable, clenching his hands in the bed—'that I shall owe to her, and bear ever about, as a lasting record against her, a

warning against my ever forgiving her.'
He was restless whilst confined to his bed, and his restlessness interfered with his convalescence. He was impatient to get away, to be at his future home. The pain he suffered made him irritable; but disappointment chafed him more than physical pain. What wrong had he done that he should be thus pursued with mistorture? He hed done his virent for his his fortune? He had done his utmost for his children; he had discharged his duties as a lightshipman, as a son, as a husband, conscientiously; and yet—Providence laid on his back lash after lash, as if he were one who needed chastisement to be brought out of evil courses into the right way. He murmured at the ways of Providence; he accused it of injustice, of cruelty, of blind-ness. He was wroth with the crew for deserting It is her doing—it all comes of her! he the Bessie. If they were all drowned, it served muttered, and tossed in fever and rage on his them right. Had they remained, one could bed. He was unreasonable in his anger. The have continued in command of the vessel, and the Bessie. If they were all drowned, it served them right. Had they remained, one could

delivered it from becoming a prey to the salvors. He was angry with those who had despoiled his ship, though he knew that they had acted with legal right. He was incensed with his hostess, who had come up to his sickroom and demanded whether he were prepared to pay for all the food and care and housing he and his family received.

'We're poor folk,' said the woman, 'and can't afford to keep eight people for nothing. The children eat a lot o' bread and butter, and drink a gallon of milk. My man is a hard-working chap; but he don't calculate to maintain a family

as ain't his own.'

Richard had promised to pay; but the demand of the woman, though reasonable, appeared selfish

and hard to him. 'You know,' said she, 'I've heard that folks be going about with a brief to get together a few shillings, maybe a couple o' sovereigns or even more, for you; and when you've got the

money, you can pay me out of that?
Then Richard was very hot with indignation. 'Tell those busybodies who have begun the collection, to return every penny. Not one coin of it will we touch. I am not a beggar. I will take nothing from any one but what I

have earned with my hands.'

He knew that his scanty fund would soon be exhausted; but he would not stoop to receive a gift. He was a proud man-he had inherited

pride from his mother.

Then he thought of Josephine, always with a simmering rage in his heart. He counted over all the insults she had heaped on him. He recalled her look, the flash of her eye, the distended nostril, the curled lip, the contemptuous shrug of the beautiful shoulders, the intonation of her flexible voice. He could not yet shake off the fascination, the admiration she produced in him; but he thought of her without love. What was she now doing? How had she borne the news of his departure? He knew but too surely. She had laughed, and clapped her hands, and tossed her beautiful head, and said: 'I am well rid of him.' Now she was free, and enjoying herself, going about to all the tennis-parties and picnics and dinners in the neighbourhood, courted, making herself agreeable, saying sharp and witty things, singing and playing, forgetting him utterly, and only now and then, when forced to recall him, recollecting him with a sneer. As he thus thought, he ground his teeth and tore at the sheet till he had ripped it into rags; and he bit at the rags and tore them smaller and threw them about him, in impotent fury. Verily, he hated Josephine with deadly hate.

Jacob Corye, his host, was a good-natured man, and he came up with his pipe occasionally, and with a jug of ale in one hand, and sat and talked with him; but his talk did not much interest

Cable—it was all about bullocks.

You see, cap'n, this is how we're beat. We can raise just about any amount of young stock here; but we can't fat 'em. There's no rich pasture to make 'em fat; or it may be the salt that is over all the land, carried by the wind and air for a score o' miles inland, takes the goodness

and rear 'em; but we can't sell 'em to good advantage, all because we can't fat 'em. If, now, we could fat 'em as well as raise and rear 'em. then it's pounds on pounds we could make; but we can't do it. I've turned it over and over in my mind, and I don't see how it can be altered. You may take my word for it, cap'n, rearing is one thing, raising is another, and fatting is a third. It is just as with milk-there's milking, and creaming, and buttering. Now, we can rear and raise, but we can't fatten; which is all the same as if in a dairy they milked and made cream, but nohow could turn the cream into butter. Consider the loss that would be, if they couldn't make butter out of the cream! Or, put it another way, with wool—there's the shearing, and then the weaving, and then the tailoring, before the coat of a sheep comes on my back. There's a profit goes in the shearing, another in the weaving, and again in the tailoring. Just reckon it up in your mind what a fortunate thing it would be for me if I could shear the wool off my sheep and clap it straight on to your carcase without any intervention of weaver and tailor. It would not be keeping of the Magpie I'd be then, and getting a few coppers out of the coastguard of a night, when they're prowling about looking for each other. It do rile me uncommon, thinking how I'm beat about the fatting.'

'1'm not surprised at your house bearing the sign of the Magpie,' said Richard impatiently.
'Ain't you?' answered Jacob. 'Well, now,

that's a curious coincidence; nor am L. I found it called the Magpie when I was born into it. But—as I was saying about the young cattle.'

'Oh—the cattle.' Richard turned his head irritably from side to side on the pillow. 'I thought you'd fatted 'em off and done with

them.

'On the contrary,' said Jacob eagerly, 'that's just what I can't do. There come the rascally regraders about, and pick up our calves or young stock; and they take 'em to Camelford or Launceston or Bideford, poor and thin, naught but skin and bone, because we can't fatten. If we could fatten as we can rear and raise, we'd get better prices; but we can't. It's like your seven little maids—just as if you could rear 'em and educate 'em, and couldn't marry 'em, because you'd no money to lay on 'em thick as slabs o' yellow fat. There'd be a cruel case, to have the brightness of all them problems and have the bringing up of all them maidens and not to be able to marry em. I say it's all the same with our young stock. The regra-ders make a profit at the market; and then others take the cattle, and when they've fatted 'em, they sells 'em to the butchers; and they kill 'em, and there's a profit again. There's two profits goes out of my pocket, and I'm beat if I know how to compass it to secure 'em to

myself.'
'I want to go to sleep,' growled Richard, driven desperate by the incessant chatter of the host

about raising and rearing and fattening.
'Put it to yourself,' continued the landlord placidly. 'It would be a vexing thing for a father like you to have raised seven little maids—and I and the fatting properties out o' the grass. I will say they re as promising young stock of the can't say; I'm no scholar. But we can raise em; human kind as I've seen many a day—and been we can raise em in any numbers. We can raise to pains and expense rearing and educating of

'em; but you never get no farther-never can fatten 'em. You toil and you contrive and pinch yourself every way for 'em; but they remain like Pharaoh's lean kine. You can't do nothing with 'em; no buyer will take 'em off your hands; all your labour and care is so much waste, because you can't fatten. That would be an aggravating sight for a father in his old age to have all these seven as bony, lean old maids browsing about him, because he was unable to dispose of 'em in the marriage market! You can understand that; then you can understand the feelings of a farmer here with his calves. There is nothing like bringing a situation home

Jacob sententiously.—'My pipe is out.'
'I'm not surprised,' sneered Richard.—'Hark!
what is that? Who is down-stairs? I hear a what is that? voice I know!

An exclamation in the doorway from Mrs Cable: 'Oh, Mr Sellwood! You here!'

Cable: 'On, air Sellwood! You here!'

'Come all the way from Hanford on purpose,'
was the answer. 'We heard there of the wreck.
It was in the papers; and I came to gather information about those who were lost—poor fellows,
for their relations. I thought it would ease their
minds. But most of all, I've come to see Richard
—I have a message for him.'

'From whom rector?'

'From whom, rector?'

'From his wife—from poor Josephine.'

Poor Josephine? Richard laughed scornfully

A brief paragraph in the papers was all that informed Hanford people of the loss of the Bessie. When a ship is wrecked and sailors' or passengers' lives are lost, depositions are taken as to the facts, and the names are entered in an official record; but very little information gets about. When a man-of-war or a passenger vessel sinks, then full lists of those who go down in her are published. When a railway accident occurs, then we know who were killed, who had bones broken, who were bruised, and who had only their hats battered and their shirts crumpled. But when a sailing-vessel, a trader, a collier, a fishing-smack is lost, the matter is dismissed in a line of the daily paper; there is no sensational writing done about it; no details of the tragedy are given. The loss is too insignificant, too much in the common run of events, to demand much attention. When, in the post-office, a letter goes astray, especially if that letter contains half-adozen postage stamps, a great stir is made; the general Post-office sends down an official to investigate the matter, to track the course of these six Queen's-heads, and to bring to justice the post-man through whose dishonesty they have been made away with. But when a ship, not an envelope, and six living human heads are lost not six little paper portraits worth a penny eachthen a perfunctory inquiry suffices; no one con-cerns himself to see whether blame attaches to any one; scarcely is the trouble taken to count the lost heads and ascertain whether it were half a dozen, or twelve, or a baker's dozen. So, when the scanty tidings of the loss of the Bessie reached

Hanford, no one knew the particulars.

In such cases, on the seacoast, the parson is the one who collects the requisite information.

wreck took place, and the latter is almost sure to supply the desired particulars. But if the parson be like Baal, either talking or hunting or on a journey, or peradventure sleeping, then there is neither voice nor any that answereth, and the trembling, anxious wives and mothers must remain in suspense.

The importance of the tidings of the loss of the Bessie did not strike either Josephine or her father at first, for neither was aware of the change of name; but the rector soon knew, and came to the Hall to break the news to Josephine. He at once volunteered to run down by express to Bideford and take the North Cornwall coach on, and learn all that was needed to be known, and telegraph what he heard to Hanford. Josephine wanted to accompany him, but he dis-

Mr Cornellis brightened at the news. 'Really,
Josephine,' he said, 'luck is on your side.'
She did not answer him, but went into the garden after the rector, caught his arm, and said: 'Tell him—tell him, if he be alive, that I send him my humble love. He has only to hold up his finger, and I will come to him. Tell him all his finger, and I will come to him. he must now know all.'

'Say nothing to your father about your resolu-tion till my return.'

Thus it came about that the good, kind old

man arrived at the Magnie.
On his way from Eideford, he had occupied the box seat, and the coachman had been able to tell him about the wreck. The crew were all lost-how many they were, he did not know; but the captain and a woman, his mother, and six or seven little children, were saved, and were all at the Magpie. 'And, looky' here, sir,' said the driver; 'whatever you do, don't drink none of Jacob Corye's beer; it's bad. I reckon it be brewed with Epsom salts. I took a couple o' glasses once, and I couldn't drive the coach next I were that pulled down. None of the quality, sir, patronises the Magpie, only them coastguard—a low lot, sir; and Jacob's beer and Epsom salts agrees wi'them, happen.' He drew his lash across the leader.—'You don't happen to know Jacob, sir?'

'I have not had the honour.'

'You'll please to mind what I have said about his beer, sir. Jacob is always going on upon his young stock because he can't fatten. He be-He begrudges the money picked up by they who take them off him and put them in rich pastures for a few weeks and then sell them at a great profit. It is all very well for Jacob to grumble that way; but it is my belief that he drenches his bullocks with his beer. I'd be glad to know what becomes of his beer, if he don't give it to the cattle. No Christian-only coastguards-will drink it; and you can't fatten young stock on Epsom salts. I put it to you, sir, as a man of the world and a Church of England minister—can you?' Again he wiped the back of his leader, as tenderly as he wheat the back of his leader, as tenderly as a fly-fisher wiping the glassy surface of a pool for a trout. 'Looky' here, sir! Them coast-guard men took the cap'n of the wreck to the Magpie because they drinks there, what no one else in his senses would do, not if he has any respect for his vitals. It do seem a cruel pity that the party there should run the risk of being noisened just to oblige the coastgrand and Isoch. He writes to the parson of the parish where the poisoned, just to oblige the coastguard and Jacob

-You're going to see the cap'n you say, Well, I think-you'll excuse the freedom I take—that you'd be acting as a true minister of religion if you'd caution the cap'n against the Magnie beer. It's that lowering, sir, that you, sir, whom I take to be an archdeacon'—
O dear, no!—nothing of the sort—a simple rector.'

'Even if you was an archdeacon, sir, after a week of that Magpie beer you would be a-tee-totaling all over the county.'

When Mr Sellwood descended from the coach, he tipped the driver so generously, that the coachman drew close to him with a radiant smile and said, behind his hand: 'You'll not touch a drop o' that beer, sir; and say a word in season to the cap'n.' As he strolled away towards the tap of the inn where the coach stopped for the night, he said to himself: 'If he was to take half-adozen glasses of that beer, it would so lower him altogether, that, for the return journey, he'd give me a sixpence instead o' half-a-crown. A man can't come to greater degradation than that, I reckon.'

Forewarned in this way, the rector of Hanford, after having deposited his portmanteau at the inn where the coach stopped, walked off to the

Magpie.

#### A PENNY BOTTLE OF INK.

It is a wet and windy day, cold and cheerless, during the season that is known in England as summer. We are located at the seaside, and the necessity has arisen for writing an important business letter. We have called for paper, pen, and ink; and although the first is obtainablesome having been included, by a rare chance, among the chaotic mass of indispensables brought from the homestead-the ink and the pen are not forthcoming. Even the landlady of the lodgings has admitted her poverty in this particular, and as a last resource, the domestic has been despatched through the rain to the nearest stationer's; and she has returned with a small bottle of ink and a pen and holder, for which she has laid out one

The letter is written, and lies ready to be despatched. As the rain continues to fall, we are driven for lack of occupation to consider and to criticise the furniture, and the various shelly and sea-weedy ornaments that adorn our sitting-room. But there is a limit to even satirical comments on shabby furniture, and as all else in the room has been (metaphorically) dragged to pieces, the recent purchase comes under notice. A penny bottle of ink! There can be nothing remarkable in so commonplace an article. Have we not seen them in the newsvending class of stationers' shops, heaped together in the corner of the window, or on a back shelf-rough, dingy, uninviting objects! Why waste a moment of time or a passing thought over such merchandise? But the rain keeps us within doors, and affords an excuse, in the absence of other amusement, for turning to this humble pennyworth.

Whatever else it may be, it cannot with justice be classed as a dear purchase. The shopkeeper, presumably, made a profit on the sale, the manufacturer also benefited, and most likely there was a middleman, who has not gone unrewarded. It

would appear that our purchase of this small bottle has assured a monetary profit to two, if not three, tradesmen. When we come to think of it, there must be many others who have shared in our penny. When examined in order, we find: the bottle; the ink, black and fluid, and exceedingly pleasant for writing; a cork, sealed with wax; a printed label, covering a slot in the bottle, in which rests a wooden penholder, containing a good steel nib. Thus we have six articles, each one from a different source, brought together and retailed for one penny. How can it be done for the money? Perhaps, if we examine still closer, we may get some insight into the secret, though to fathom it completely must necessarily

be beyond us.

The glass of the bottle is of the cheapest quality. It is evidently made of 'cullet'—a technical term for broken windows, tumblers, bottles, and every description of fractured glass. Among the curious trades that abound are collectors of broken glass, who clear the dust-yards and the builders yards, and carefully select and keep apart the flint and plate glass from the common window-panes. These collectors supply the small glass-blowers; and vans loaded with this fragile freight may ofttimes be seen journeying to the workshops, where, night and day, the furnaces blaze, and perspiring men blow the molten metal into the heated moulds that shape the bottles. The moulds themselves have taxed a more than ordinary intelligence. It needs a rare mechanical mind to produce even a common bottle mould. The pattern-maker, the ironfounder, and the mechanic who finishes the rough castings, have all brought their special tact and knowledge to bear, before a single bottle could be produced. The mould reaches the glass-house, where alternate shifts of men are constantly blowing and annealing the bottles, supervised by foreman or master, who, with the previously mentioned makers of the mould, have all shared with the manufacturer and retailer in the profit of our penny.

Next, we take the ink. Who shall tell how many persons are directly and indirectly concerned in this small quantity of liquid? Leaving on one side the 'unspeakable Turks' who have stripped their oak-trees of the gall-nuts, of which all black inks worthy the name are made; and on the other hand, the hardy north-countrymen, dwellers on the Tyne, where the best copperas is produced; there are the brokers, dealers, and drysalters, with their clerks, porters, and the dock labourers; there are the chemist who blends the chemicals and the ink-boilers who have made the ink; there are the men, boys, or girls who pour it into these small bottles, and in other ways prepare it for sale—every one of whom has had a portion of

our penny.

The cork is so small as almost to escape notice. Workmen in Spain or France have stripped the bark from the cork-tree, after ten years growth; other brokers and their satellites have sold it at public auction or by private contract; the skilful cutter has shaped it with his sharp knife (from Sheffield)—and all these have found their reward

in a portion of our penny.

If the cork was small, what shall be said of the seal upon it? In this minute dab of wax we have rosin from America, shellac from India.

a pigment for colour, and other ingredients known only in the mystery of wax-making. These—not forgetting the manipulator's wages—have all been

paid out of our penny.

The label suggests the paper-makers, and we might go further back to the typefounder and compositor, the printer and the cutter-out, and gluer, each one participating in our penny

Now for the pen and the holder. There is a handle of hard wood, a tip to hold a pen, and a steel nib. It would be hard to say where the wood came from—probably from Norway—or to conjecture through how many hands it passed before reaching the sharing reaching a beauty before reaching the shaping-machine, a beauttfully constructed piece of mechanism, that splits and fashions it into its present polished cylindrical The tip, or holder, has engaged the skill and intelligence of a tool-maker, who has designed and intelligence of a tool-maker, who has designed cutters to pierce the soft sheet-steel, and other tools to bring it to its proper form—possibly through some half-a-dozen processes in heavy and costly presses. The steel itself has passed through many hands before reaching these artificers, and on leaving, passes through others to be hardened. The nib also owes its existence to the united labours of a similar army of workers—and all labours of a similar army of workers—and all these, every one, has had a portion of our penny.

Though the portion claimed by each of the workers concerned in this bottle of ink must be exceedingly minute, the fact remains—the penny has paid them all. 'It is the quantity that pays', yet that which rules a thousand gross, regulates in its degree the single bottle drawn from the bulk. How many profits can our penny have paid? From first to last, here, there, everywhere, all over the world, are the workers, direct and indirect, without whom our penny bottle of ink

could not be. Who shall number them?
The rain is over, the sky is clearing; let us to the sands! Stay! Take care of our purchase. Give it a place of honour on the mantel-shelf. It deserves some consideration. Has it not beguiled a half-hour that might have been tedious? And it may be we, in our turn, have found one more profit in our penny.

# A MATTER OF CONSCIENCE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS .- CHAP. II.

DR WYNYARD's first steps were directed in search of Heaton the butcher. That worthy, a tall, loutish north-countryman, was standing at his shop-door when the doctor arrived. The latter asked for Miss Brock's account, and paid it, obtaining a receipt in due form. When the last stroke of the straggling n was written, the

doctor took the paper and put it in his pocket and then proceeded to business.

'Well, Mr Heaton, don't you think you are a fine specimen of a Christian, going to a dead man's house and worrying his daughter for your paltry money while her father's body is lying understand unstains?' unburied up-stairs?'

'I'm a man that pays his own debts, and looks to other people to do the same,' said the butcher sullenly.

'Quite so,' said the doctor quietly but firmly,

time possible. I do not suppose anything I could say to you would change your opinion; but Miss Brock can change her account to another shop. You need not send your cart any more up to

Cullercoats. - Good-morning.'

As the doctor walked out of the village, meditating deeply on the sudden episode which had been introduced into his life by this dead man's will, he was startled by hearing some one close behind call him by name. He turned, with a start, and saw Mr Walker, somewhat heated by rapid walking, encumbered as he was with his black bag. 'I thought I should never catch you up, doctor,' he remarked. 'What a pace you do with the beginning to do the beginning to the beginni walk at, to be sure! I had some business to do at Cullercoats; and just as I was starting for home, I saw you coming out of Heaton's shop, and thought I might as well bear you com-

pany,'
'Oh, I am glad to see you,' said Wynyard.
'There are a lot of things about which I want

to ask your opinion.'

'Six-and-eightpence, then, if you please!' said the lawyer. 'You are a moneyed man now, and a full-blown trustee, and also a guardian with a young lady for ward.'

'It is about her that I want to speak first,'

said the doctor gravely, paying no heed to the small professional jest of his friend. 'She has no relatives, and no home to which she can go. I was thinking of asking my mother to take her in for the present. What do you say to the plan?

'An excellent one for the girl, no doubt, said the lawyer. 'It has only one fault that I can see. Have you considered that Captain Brock has, most unadvisedly, in my opinion, left you entirely free in the matter of spending money on his daughter during her minority? If your mother should take her in, every one will natural. rally come to the conclusion that you are paying yourself well, and making the most of the girl's fortune for your own benefit during the time it is in your hands. Now, if the old man had stipulated the sum to be paid for her board and education, there would have been no trouble at all. That comes of people making their own wills without own below wills without our help.

I had not thought of that, said Wynyard, and walked on silently for a few minutes with a somewhat clouded brow. 'After all,' he said presently, 'if it be clearly best for the girl, why

should I mind what people say?

'And your practice?' said the lawyer inexorably. 'People do not care to call in a doctor on whose reputation even the slightest breath of suspinon has rested. You had better think twice before you act.'

'What savages people are!' said Wynyard.
'Granted,' said the lawyer. 'But, for all that, I am not sure that, did I not know you personally, I should not have thought the view I have just given you the most probable under the circumstances.

Wynyard walked on, meditating on the diffi-culties of the situation, 'I don't care,' he said at last. 'I have been intrusted with the guardian-\*Quite so,' said the doctor quietly but firmly. That is quite right; but there are proper and improper times for dunning your customers, and in this case you have chosen about the very worst my duty as I see it, and make her as happy as I can. I think, if I know my mother, she will not accept one farthing for taking care of Miss Brock.'

'All right,' said the lawyer. 'I admire your spirit, and hope you will succeed in persuading the world in general of your disinterestedness. —Here we are at my door; so good-bye till to-morrow morning, when I expect to see you, document and all. I own to a little curiosity as regards that same document. Captain Brock was a shrewd-headed man, and I would like to know how he has directed his money to be invested.'

'I am going home now to read it,' answered Wynyard; 'so you may expect to see me in the morning—unless, indeed, I am vowed to secrecy on the subject.'

'I hope not,' said the lawyer gravely. would place you in a very awkward position.'

They shook hands and parted—the doctor going home to find his dinner cooked to rags, and his landlady impatient at his long absence. She was a good old soul, though rather short of temper; and Wynyard easily pacified her, and sat down to eat a hearty meal, and read his formidable document at the same time. Being a bachelor, he had fallen into the habit of always

reading at his dinner-table.

The thick parchment envelope contained quite a variety of documents. The first that appeared was a roughly drawn plan, apparently of a mine of some sort. Then came a prospectus of the 'St Vrain's Mining Company (Limited),' on the back of which was pasted a list of prices of shares in the said Company, evidently cut from newspapers. Last of all was a document in the handwriting of Captain Brock, and to this Wynyard turned at once for information. It was long and closely written, and began by an account of the circumstances which led to the writer's presence in Colorado in the autumn of the year previous to that which was now closing. Then came an account of a long riding expedition, taken alone, in search of silver-bearing strata-Captain Brock did not mention with what end in view he had started as a prospector, but doubtless he had some idea of forming a Mining Company, and supplementing thereby his small income. Evidently, he had no mean knowledge of geology; even the uninitiated Wynyard could see that, from the remarks made here and there upon the places visited. The paper now took the form of a diary, and at last came an entry marked off from the rest by crosses in red ink. It ran as follows: 'October 14—lat. 39° 20' N., long. 106° 30' W. Found at last. Rich deposit silver—some gold. Lies pretty deep; only found it by accident. Started for San Francisco with specimens of ore.'

Evidently, the lucky prospector had been too absorbed in the thoughts of his find to care to keep up his diary, and a long blank of dates

now occurred.

The next entry was dated January, and written in blotted characters, which it was not easy to read: 'Some speculator before me after all! St Vrain's Mining Company started to work same place as my find. Just my luck!'

Here the diary ended; and after the last words, was written, in the shaky handwriting of a sick man: 'Dr John Wynyard, I have appointed |

you my trustee, as I believe you are a good man, and I have no relations or friends to whom to turn. I do not expect to recover from this illness—one of my shipmates died of the same on board of the Miranda, and I know the signs. This old diary of mine will save me a lot of writing. I need only take it up where I left off. I thought my find was to turn out worthless to me, and took no more trouble about it; but two days ago I received the enclosed plan of the St Vrain's mine, and I saw my way to a fortune at once. They are working towards my "find," and will come upon it in a few months. I got a file of old newspapers and cut out their share quotations for the past six months, and you will see they are going steadily down, which shows they are as yet working a poor vein. The shares are five-pound ones, and they are at oneand-one-eighth now! If only I were spared for a week, I would make a great fortune; but the news has come too late for me. It will be in time for my daughter, though, and she will be a great heiress. Sell out all my stocks and bonds, and invest the whole of the money—and the thousand pounds I am leaving you, if you wish-in the shares of the Company. As soon as the miners come upon my find, shares will go up with a bound. Don't sell the shares till they are at twenty pounds at the least; and if you must consult a lawyer, swear him to secrecy before you do so. And I adjure you as a dying man, keep the secret from all others except my daughter. Tell her, if you like. I have made my will in accordance with this paper, and given you full security for all you may do; and now I sign this paper in the presence of witnesses, to make everything square and honest. I wish I could have seen the affair out myself; but it can't be helped; and Mary will be an heiress if you be faithful to my trust; and I think you will.

The paper was duly signed, and witnessed by

two of the captain's servants.

Wynyard sat and looked at it blankly till the short daylight ended and the cramped letters became blurred and illegible. Then he gave a long sigh, replaced the papers in their envelope, and carefully locked them up in his desk, after which he lit his pipe and sat down in an easychair by the fire to meditate on the events of the day. The landlady's cat jumped into his lap and lay there, purring and contented, quite unconscious of the worries and difficulties that prevent the nobler animal, man, from ever being thoroughly happy in this world, however much outward circumstances may conduce thereto. And there we may leave our hero for the present.

Next morning, there was a ring at Mr Walker's door, and his thin, sallow clerk ushered in Wynyard, documents in hand, and with a decidedly grave expression of countenance, which

the lawyer at once perceived.

'No bad news, doctor, I hope?' he said kindly.
'I don't know,' said Wynyard. 'A good deal of difficulty and perplexity, at all events. Ah! How is that? You had best make a

clean breast of it, and tell me all that the captain's document contains. Or let me read it myself, which perhaps will be better.'

'I must swear you to secrecy first, then,' said Wynyard; 'Captain Brock insists on that as an indispensable preliminary.'

'You have a right to insist upon that, in bringing me a document for my professional cpinion, said Mr Walker. 'And my profession can keep a secret as well as yours, doctor! But of course any promise of secrecy that I may give can only be contingent on my not being legally bound to disclose the contents of the papers you show me. If you can assure me of that, I will

give you my promise readily.

'I see I must trust you, then,' said Wynyard,
'for really my ignorance of business is such that I cannot give you any assurance at all about it.'
And he handed the papers to Mr Walker.
The lawyer read them carefully through, looked

at the plan of the mine, made a rapid calculation on a slip of paper, and then leaned back in his chair and looked at the doctor. 'I do not see your difficulty, Wynyard,' he said. 'If Captain Brock's calculations be right, and you can buy in at one pound, which, I believe, is the present price of the St Vrain's shares, and then run them up to twenty pounds, you will realise a fortune of some two hundred thousand pounds for Miss Brock, and twenty thousand pounds for your-self. Unless the old captain were mistaken, you have certainly fallen on your feet.'

'Do you think I am bound to invest the money in these shares?' asked Wynyard.

Why should you not?

"To tell the truth,' said the doctor, blushing a little under the keen eye of the lawyer, 'I am not quite clear in my own mind as to the honesty

of doing so.'
'Where does the honesty come in?' asked the

lawyer with a smile.

'Well, Walker, I thought over it last night, and I cannot see my way clear. If I buy the shares at one pound, those who sell them will get rid of them under the mistaken idea that their property is of no value; while I, the buyer, will know the contrary to be the case. It seems It seems to me perilously like cheating. I think I should write to the directors and let them know what is likely to happen. After all, Captain Brock may be misinformed; at anyrate I am not disposed to force the market.

The lawyer laughed. 'Suppose you see on a

bookstall a rare old volume marked sixpence, would you buy it at the dealer's price, or offer

him twenty pounds for it?' he asked.

'I don't know; I never considered such a case. 'I will tell you, then,' said Mr Walker. 'You would undoubtedly buy the book for sixpence, and quite right too. What do you suppose makes prices on the Stock Exchange go up and down, except the dealings in them by people who act on private information, and use their knowledge in judging whether prices will rise or fall? I tell you it is one of the most ordinary transactions of business life, and I never knew any one discover dishonesty in it before.—You ask for my opinion, and I give it to you for what it is worth. The St Vrain's is, I believe, still solvent, though paying little interest on its shares, and therefore you are not likely to lose much by investing in it, even if the captain made a mistake. On the other hand, he was very possibly right, and in that case an enormous profit would be made—not quite two hundred thousand pounds, though, for your buying would send the shares up in the market. I should strongly recommend you to carry out the testator's wishes; and indeed I do not see how you can well do otherwise, unless you refuse to act at all.'

'I should like to talk it over with Miss Brock

before I decide anything,' said Wynyard.

'Do, by all means, then. If she is not tickled by the prospect of such a fortune, she will be a rara avis indeed! And I should say she knows about as much of business matters as you do. Have you written to your mother about her?'

'Yes, I wrote yesterday, and ought to hear

from her to-morrow.'

'Go, and tell Miss Brock what you have done then—that is, if you are sure of your mother's acceptance of the charge. You can talk to her afterwards of the money matters; and when you have settled affairs, come back and see me again; and I will put you in the way of getting a trustworthy stockbroker to negotiate your business for you when the will is proved. I won't interfere in any way with your market; but when you have purchased all your shares, if you will give me a day's grace before writing to the directors, I should like to buy a few shares myself and have a stake in the affair. That is the best practical illustration I can give you, as a lawyer, that my advice is bona fide.

'I do not know what I shall do yet,' said Wynyard cautiously. 'But I shall certainly go to see Miss Brock at once and ask her opinion.

'Au revoir, then,' said the lawyer. 'I consider the matter as good as settled, and look upon you with respect, as the prospective possessor of six

hundred pounds a year.

Six hundred a year! As Wynyard walked towards Cullercoats, the words kept ringing in his ears like a snatch from an old song. hundred pounds a year! Six hundred poundsworth of comforts and luxuries for himself and his parents; a flourishing London practice, the power of attending the lectures of the princes of his profession, and keeping himself well up to the mark in the medical science of the day. What a prospect for a clever, struggling provincial doctor; and all to be obtained by a course which an upright lawyer had just declared to be strictly legal and honourable! His doubts grew fainter and fainter as he neared the village, and by the time he reached the house to which he was bound, they had almost vanished alto-gether. And yet, curiously enough, when his ward came to meet him in her plain, mourning-dress, with her pure face and placid smile of trustfulness, those troublesome doubts began to haunt him again.

#### MATCHES.

May it not be said to smack of the wildest form of communism, the tacit understanding by which, among the brotherhood of smokers, any stranger, be his station or dress what it may, has the privilege of demanding from the casual passer-by the favour of 'a light?' Amidst the numerous attacks directed against the habit of smoking, and what have been not unfitly termed its allied comforts, from the time of King James's famous Counterblast, this one point seems to have escaped the ever-ready notice of the many opponents of tobacco-namely, the essentially democratic influ-

ence attendant on the indulgence in the weed. That the match-box, even indeed in some cases the tobacco-pouch, should be regarded as a sort of property in common, to be shared without a moment's hesitation on demand with any member of the community—that the right of an entire stranger thus to claim assistance should be so frankly acknowledged, is a feature the gravity of which, from a social if not a socialistic point of view, seems scarcely to have yet received due consideration at the hands of those who mark the signs of the times. We check with becoming sternness anything like the approach and familiarity implied in the chance remark, however interesting, of an unintroduced stranger; we resent as impudent in the last degree any appeal to our purse even when made in the name of charity; there are some of us, indeed, who impart, or would seem to impart, with no small share of suspicion any information, in answer to a request from a stranger as to the direction of a certain street or house; but the simple appeal to 'oblige with a light' is received, if not invariably with the most courteous of affirmatives, at least, if it is in one's power, with the required favour. Those who are far too well acquainted with the world and its prejudices to court anything approaching a snub through the usual modes of address, are aware that the request for 'a match' or 'a light' will never receive anything but a civil answer.

Those excellent people who are for ever inquiring into the causes and origin of everything about them, will of course explain the universal custom among smokers of thus freely affording assistance to each other in the matter of matches, if not exactly by some still surviving relic of the cult of our fire-worshipping ancestors, at least by the tradition handed down to us from those days, far nearer our own times, when the difficulty of obtaining a 'light' caused it to be a positive kindness for those in possession of the sacred fire to impart it to their less fortunate neighbours. When our grandfathers with their flint and steel chipped their knuckles over their tinder-box, as the frugal French peasantry to this day continue to do, in order to evade the extravagance of the costly and too often harmless matches of the Régie monopoly; when the later dangers of thrusting a sulphur-tipped stick into an explosive bottle are recalled—for friction-matches have been known but half a century—the offer of a 'light' was indeed a service, and the tradition has still been retained. When the trouble of striking a light at that not very distant time comes to be remembered by those who nowadays enjoy the luxury of purchasing matches at three-halfpence a dozen boxes, something of the freemasonry which still survives among the smoking community in the matter at least of 'a light' can be easily understood. The custom, it may be observed, is universal. 'Pardon, monsieur; un peu de feu, s'il yous plaît,' is a request which throughout republican France is as freely acceded no cause to regret or to fear the harmless form

to as the appeal for feuer throughout aristocratic Germany; or the less courteous, though substantially similar salutation of America: 'Say, boss, have you a light about you? — Ain't ony on ye, ony on ye?' was the plaintive appeal of one of Leech's miners to a group of his 'pals;' and the bearings of his somewhat singularly expressed request were completely grasped by the group of bystanders.

The smoker is acutely aware of the sufferings of a brother whose pipe is filled, or whose cigar end is ready bitten or cut off, but whose inability to obtain a light robs him of the ineffable delight of a puff. Those who do not smoke, it is asserted, cannot enter into the subtle sensations and emotions which attend the indulgence in the weed; and it is perhaps with something of a savage delight—modified by the variations of individual character—that on occasions such as these the non-smoker grimly informs the stranger

that he 'can not oblige with a light.' Fortunately, by a tacitly accepted code of modern manners, it is understood that the appeal for the favour of a match, even when acceded further intimacy. Now, in the past, and indeed to the present hour, the offer of a snuff-box was, and is, a distinct invitation to further intercourse, only to be repelled by a stern refusal to share in the titillating pleasures of a pinch, How the social and conversational distinction between the appeal for a match and the offer of a snuff-box came to be so well marked, is a question difficult to accurately determine. attention of a 'light' costs so little, that the humblest outcast is thus enabled to oblige the wealthiest millionaire, who is not ashamed in the hour of need to thus show his dependence on the generosity of others. The cheapness of matches is a point which is astounding. When it is remembered how many processes—some thirty to forty—each box of matches has to pass through before it is ready for use, it remains, indeed, to all but those acquainted with the details of manufacture, a matter of surprise that so acknowledged a public boon should be obtainable at so small a rate. How deep is the interest of the community at large in the question of matches is shown by the unpopularity which it will be remembered attended Lord Sherbrooke's ill-judged attempt, some years back, to place, after the fashion of France, a tax on the domestic match. Fiscally, the till then popular Chancellor of the Exchequer showed his acumen, for the average consumption of matches has been reckoned in Great Britain alone at eight daily per head. The storm raised by Mr Lowe's proposal was, however, such that the obnoxious measure was removed. or else, doubtless, we should have seen disappear from our domestic manners one of those rare acts of simple courtesy which seem common to all sections of society.

After all, these are the little kindnesses which tend to lessen the asperity of those class distinctions which nowadays, it is commonly asserted, are being on every side broken down. Without such cheaply afforded favours, perhaps the bad feeling which some among the community are for ever sedulously stirring up, would be more openly expressed. If that is the case, there is of communism which, among the large and seemingly increasing numbers that enjoy their weed, has come to regard the match-box as property to be enjoyed in common.

#### GHOSTS ABOARD.

THE Valiant was her name. Who had christened her, and how she came to be christened a name so peculiarly inappropriate, we cannot say. She was a tub, if ever there was one. Such craft as she, they build by the mile, and saw up into lengths. A floating coal-box, painted black, with an engine and a couple of boilers, a rudder and screw, some tarred rope and a score of seamen of all nationalities and no manners: there you have the Valiant, and the thousand and one ships of the same ilk which fetch and carry the riches of the world. And that is the kind of ship, a warehouse afloat, that you may cram with cargo from keel to hatchway, which, if money is to be made out of the service, makes it; a thing of ugliness, and a joy for ever to its owners—not by any means to its crew, by the way—which can be worked from port to port at a minimum of cost and a maximum of profit. Provisioned anyhow, rammed full of cargo, manned in haste with a crew scraped off the streets, no sconer is she fairly affoat, than first this thing gives, then the other; a boiler-plate is sprung, a bolt parts in the rudder chain; but she pegs away, patched and repatched out of all recogni-tion; and, if trade is fairly alive, pays a freeboard dividend of fifteen or twenty per cent. a voyage.

On the 12th of February we cleared out of the Tyne, loaded to the muzzle with coal, and bound for Venice. We had a river pilot aboard, of course, and were dragged out to sea, through the double line of buoys and the crowd of shipping, by a little coffee-pot of a tug. It was getting on in the afternoon before the last of the coal had been whipped into us, and we were in a frantic haste to save the tide. Our decks were about as foul a sight as you could have set eyes on. The men were groggy and in the sulks, as men always are at the start of a fresh voyage. The chief officer, Mr Marks, was in command, for our new cap'n had not yet arrived from New-castle. We were to lie out down the river, and the tug would fetch him off when it brought us our fresh meat. Mr Marks was parading the bridge in his 'longshore clothes and tall hat, jammed fast on the back of his head, for there was a pretty brisk wind blowing in from the sea, that seemed to promise us some nasty weather outside. He was an elderly man, this Mr Marks, with a patient eye, and a sandy goat's beard. Mr Rubble, the second mate, was a squat little man, heavily bearded, who had run away from home to follow the sea, and had never ceased regretting it ever since, for, after 'bucketing' about on a three years' cruise, he found himself too much of a salt to be happy ashore, and too heartily sick of the sea to be contented affoat.

of whisker; one eye had foundered in his head and there was nothing left but an eyelid and a hole. The ball of it had been bitten one night in his sleep by a famishing rat, and had festered and sloughed out. He was in mid Pacific then, and the nearest surgeon a thousand miles away. He was of a taciturn disposition, and I fancy his temper had been damaged in the West Indies by a too liberal allowance of pepper in his curry. In his last spell ashore—he was a native of Newcastle, where his wife and his lad Bill lived -the Salvationists had got hold of him in the midst of one of his tremendous drinking bouts, and had excited him into a state of religious frenzy, and in this temporary exaltation he signed the pledge, and, amid a whirlwind of applause, fetched a bottle of rum out of his pocket, and, smashing it on the platform, solemnly executed a hornpipe on the relics. When he came to his senses next morning and remembered what he had done, he swore at himself like a hurricane, but kept the pledge, though he maltreated fearfully a zealous 'captain' who called about breakfast-time to see how their scafaring proselyte was progressing.

Well, we hove to down the river just where we could feel the lift of the sea under our keel, and waited for the return of the tug with our skipper. The sky was banked-up with clouds, and a pretty stiff wind was piping in from the nor'-nor'-east. The steam was at high pressure, and blowing off from the wastepipe by the funnel. We were a little more ship-shape, for the men had been swabbing and swilling the coal-dust from the decks. At last the tug steamed alongside, and Mr Marks received the skipper as he swarmed up the rope-ladder, followed by his portmanteau and umbrella. He was a dapper little man, and came aboard smoking a cigarette. By the time the fresh meat had been passed across into the doctor's (the sailors' sobriquet for the cook) hands, the pilot was ready to leave

'Well, good-night, cap'n!' sang Master Pilot, as he clambered over the side—'good-night, and bong voyage!—Below there! steady!'

The ropes were cast off. The engine-room tele-graph was rung—'Slow ahead,' and as she got way on her, the Valiant was headed for the

It was a dirty night, and not a vestige of moon. The sea was not very heavy; but it was getting up under the nor'-easter, and there was every sign of a wicked gale brewing. As storms go, it is a toss-up between a nor-east squall and a sou'-west gale for downright vicionsness. But to fight a nor'-east gale in the German Ocean, aboard a coal-hulk, with your lee-shore all shoals and sandbanks-well, there aren't many things we wouldn't rather do, if it were a matter of choice instead of sheer necessity. Every now and then would come a whilf of rain, and there was no dodging it, for the weather cloths had not yet been rigged up round the bridge. A quiet pipe, smoked in the hollow of the hand, was the only solace in the dreary heartily sick of the sea to be contented attoat. For the rest, our ship's company consisted of a motley crew of twelve seamen, half-a-dozen stokers, three engineers, a steward, a cook, and a cabin lad. A regular old seadog was our bo'sun, Jack Dredge, stumpy and square, his brown weather-battered face framed in a ragged fringe

he seemed a bit of a dandy, he was a seaman to the backbone. Day broke at last over a tumbling sea. What with keeping the watches, overhauling the decks fore and aft, battening down the hatches, and making all ship-shape, there was plenty to do on that first day at sea to keep us from thinking too fondly of the girls we had left behind us. There was not a patch of sun to be seen; nothing but cloud and sea, sea and cloud. And the wind came screeching from the nor east, swirling the rain and spray about our decks. It was a bitter time that day for the officer of the watch, oilskins notwithstanding. But the men seemed the better for their wetting, and the cheerier; the fit of landsulks was tumbled out of them; and when the Swede Jansen, slithering cautiously along the wet iron deck for ard with his kid of peasoup and potatoes under one arm, was capsized by a sudden lurch of the ship, he and his dinner rolling away to wind'ard, the men waiting their turn at the galley-door sent up a shout of laughter and bellowed stentorian sea-jokes from hollowed hands after their unfortunate messmate.

Hour after hour the Valiant pegged stubbornly along, plunging down the green slopes of the waves, and raising herself heavily out of the troughs of the sea. She rolled excessively, and laboured up the waves in a reluctant way, which was far from inspiring confidence in her seaworthiness. At two P.M. we passed the Cromer Lighthouse, and it was an hour and a half afterwards before we got the Haslow Light abeam. At four, Mr Rubble turned out for the first dogwatch, and soon afterwards a man brought the side-lights aft and fixed them in their sockets. Then, after a second trip for ard, he returned, nursing the binnacle-lamp in his arm. It was Smith who brought them, instead of the bo'sun, whose duty it is to look to the compass lights. Mr Rubble was too little of a martinet to have troubled himself about so small an irregularity, had he not been irritated by the clumsiness of the man's efforts to adjust the lamps.

'Where's the bo'sun?' he shouted into Smith's ear, for the wind and sea were making a great uproar. 'Why hasn't Dredge brought these lights himself? What does he mean by sending you with 'em?'

Still fumbling at a lamp, Smith bellowed in reply: 'Dunno, sir !'

But there was a look in his face, shy and glossy with rain, which gave the lie to his words. Mr Rubble noticed the tell-tale expression, but did not stop to give it a second thought. Taking the lamp from Smith's blundering fingers, he dismissed him, and fixed it in the binnacle himself.

At four bells the first-mate relieved Mr Rubble; and the latter dived below to get his tea and a snatch of sleep if possible before it came his turn again for Mount Misery (sea-slang for the bridge). With his hands deep in the dogeared pockets of his pea-jacket, and his shoulders hoisted well up to his ears, Mr Marks paraded to and fro, thumping his feet down, to keep the blood in them from stagnating. Every now and then he peered ahead into the stormy darkness, on the lookout for the Shipwash Light, which was due to come up some half-dozen points off the starboard bow. needed a good pair of sea-legs to avoid being. Every now and then he stepped aside to consult wrecked against the hatchways or capsized into

the compass, to satisfy himself that the ship was being steered her proper course. Once, as he stood staring ahead across the tumbling black seas, the door of the fo'c'sle was suddenly opened and a shaft of light streamed out on the deck for'ard. The figures of two men came out darkly against the bright background for a moment, and then were lost in the night again. As far as Mr Marks could make out, there seemed to be some unusual commotion in the fo'c'sle. changed his position, and went over towards the spot where Duckworth stood, shifting his quid and the spokes of the wheel.

'Anything wrong for'ard, Duckworth?' shouted r Marks tentatively. 'Are they quarrelling, Mr Marks tentatively.

d'you think?'
The man glanced down at the distant open door of the starboard fo'c'sle where the seamen were quartered, and put the wheel over some half-dozen spokes before replying, which he did without looking up at the mate: 'I don't know as they are, sir. Maybe it's the bo'sun as is took bad again and frightenin' of 'em.'

'The bo'sun?' bellowed Mr Marks.

what's the matter with the bo'sun?' 'I dunne, sir,' shouted Duckworth, stelldly minding his business at the wheel. 'He was took bad this afternoon-in his 'ead-and said as how he 'eard voices a-callin' of him; and some o' the boys j'ined in, and said as how they 'eard 'em, too, a-callin' of the bo'sun; and he turned in at eight bells and jammed his 'ead under the piller to shet out the voices, and wouldn't turn out again for no one.' Only fragments of Duck-worth's narrative reached Mr Marks' ears, for the din of the storm was terrific.

'Voices?' shouted Mr Marks interrogatively. 'What d' you mean?'

Before Duckworth could shift his quid to reply, a head and a pair of shoulders appeared above the ladder and stopped, not daring to trespass on the privacy of the bridge. The mate went over to see what the man wanted. It was the Irish sailor, and his jolly red round face was wet with rain and white with fear. He was dressed only in trousers and shirt, and the latter was unbuttoned and flapping in the wind.

'What do you want here?' shouted Mr Marks savagely, irritated by these irregularities. 'And what are you men up to in the fo'c'sle? Do you want to get yourselves reported to the

cap'n?'
'Av ye plase, sorr,' shouted the Irishman huskily, 'the boys asked me to come and tell ye there's sperrits aboard, and the bo'sun's clane gone mad.

The mate caught the word 'sperrits,' and jumped to the conclusion that the men had smuggled some liquor on board and were drinking themselves crazy. 'Spirits?' he roared back.

'Which of you has got 'em?'
The man shook his head. 'It's not them sperrits, sorr, worse luck—it's voices; and the bo'sun's clane gone mad. For the love av heaven, Mr Marks, come for'ard and spake a word to the boys.

Telling Duckworth to keep a sharp lookout ahead while he was away, the mate ran quickly down to the deck, with Grady at his heels. It the scuppers. fo'c'sle, when suddenly the mate felt his arm nor once. grabbed by the Irishman, and turning on him, saw Grady's face ablaze with excitement. 'It's them ye hear that, sorr?' cried the man. sperrits again! There, sorr, just listen

If Mr Marks' hearing had been as keen as his sight he might have been more impressed by the cry, wild with seeming agony and faint with distance, which penetrated even the roar of the wind and the ceaseless thunder of the sea. But Mr Marks' hearing had been damaged by partial drowning off the coast of Spain, and though he listened intently, he heard no voices except those of the ocean and the air. Naturally concluding that Grady was drunk, he laid hold of the man by his beard and shirt-collar, and shaking him savagely, flung him down, aided by a leeward roll of the ship, under the wheels of the donkey-engine, and almost toppled after his victim himself. In no palavering mood, he went on to the fo'c'sle and stepped inside. It was very evident that there was something wrong with the crew. The men were huddled together by the stove, some in streaming oilskins, some only in shirts and trousers, all looking scared and all silent. In the middle of the place Dredge the bosun stood, half clothed, with a queer wild expression on his gnarled face, listening hard for something or other. The eyes of the men were all fixed on him. As Mr Marks stepped in out of the wind and rain, the bo'sun shouted hoarsely: 'Hark, lads! He's callin' of me again! It's him—it's Bill!'

This time the mate heard the cry, or thought he heard it, for it was very distant, and was carried away again in the thunder of the gale. But he elbowed the idea aside roughly; it was so impossible for any human being affoat on such a sea to make himself heard above the roar of the storm. 'What's all this tomfoolery about?' he demanded of the men angrily.- 'And what's the matter with you, bo'sun? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, playing the fool in this way.

-Bo'sun!' But the bo'sun heard nothing of the reprimand. He was eagerly listening for the recurrence of that cry; his fists were clenched, and the veins on his throat stood out like cords. And when that sound of human agony came wailing out of the storm again, his battered face lit up with a passion of love, and crying aloud, 'It's Bill! it's Bill! I'm comin', lad, I'm comin'!' he made a bolt for the deck; but Mr Marks stopped him, and they came down together. A couple of men pulled Dredge off the mate, and

helped the latter to his feet.
'The man's drunk or mad,' gasped Mr Marks, fetching his breath heavily after the shock— Dredge had retreated up the footsle-' mad or drunk. How has he come by the liquor? And

drunk. How has he come by the liquor: And who's this Bill he's raving about?'
'Bill's his on'y son, sir,' said one of the men in a scared way. 'And the lad warn't well when we come out o' port, and bo'sun he thinks as he hears the lad callin' of him for to help him or surface.' suthin'. Nor it's not all tommyrot neither, Mr Marks, for we've heard them voices ourselves.

They had almost reached the heads; 'heard 'em ourselves, we have, and more

But as he had been absent already far too long from his post, and as it was beneath his dignity to bandy arguments with the crew, Mr Marks poolipoohed the matter; and after warning them to keep an eye on Dredge, and not to dare to hear any more ghostly voices at their peril, went aft again to the bridge.

When the second-mate relieved him at eight o'clock, he recounted briefly what had happened, and advised Mr Rubble to keep a sharp lookout on the fo'c'sle, and if any further commotion occurred, to let the cap'n know at once. 'I'll take a trip for'ard before I turn in and see that all's quiet,' he added as he left the bridge. 'And if there's any more bracking down to be described. if there's any more knocking down to be done, I'll be ready for it this time.'

Everything was quiet, however, except the weather. The Valiant staggered along on her course, creaking, throbbing, groaning. At four bells the lookout man came to serve his turn at the wheel, and the other went for ard to the fo'c'sle-head. Towards eleven, the wind lulled down a trifle, and a patch of moonlight mottled the sombre clouds; but the sea was still running mountains high and pitching tuns of water into us fore and aft. Mr Rubble had quite forgotten the incident which had occurred in the chiefmate's watch, and he was beginning to long for his bunk, when he was startled out of his drowsy complacency by the sound of a wailing cry, thin and distant and agonised, which the wind seemed to bring to his ears out of the storm and the night. The man at the wheel had heard it too, and turned a frightened face on the mate. 'Lord save us!' exclaimed the man, 'it's that there voice again!

The words were barely spoken, when the door of the fo'c'sle was flung back and a crowd of figures swarmed out on deck. Then the door of the firemen's quarters was opened, and three men came out with a lamp. Seeing that something was amiss, the mate hurried down the companion-way to the cabin and roused the skipper. Captain Lawson was on deck promptly, and after hearing Mr Rubble's huddled narrative, requested him to return to his duties on the bridge, and went for ard himself.

The men were all congregated under the shelter of the weather-bulwark, one or two standing, the rest crouching down together, like a lot of sheep. They had turned out in all sorts of haphazard clothing, and most of them in bare feet. They were all sulky and scared and silent, except one of the firemen, who was relieving his feelings in the choicest language of the stokehole. The skipper was among them before they were aware.

'Now, my men,' he demanded briskly, 'what's all this nonsense about? Who gave you orders to turn out and lie around on the decks in this way? Where's the bo'sun?'

One or two drew in their legs timidly, but nobody attempted to reply.

"Well?' sharply interrogated the skipper. 'Is the bo'sun among you? Why doesn't he answer?'

Marks, for we've heard them voices ourselves.— Silence. The light of the fireman's lamp Haven't we, boys?'

'Ay, ay,' chorused the men, wagging their Lawson's hand. The sight of it brought the

carpenter to his senses, and he shouted sulkily: 'Bo'sun ain't 'ere, Cap'n Lawson. He's mad. And no wonder neither. It 'ud drive me mad mysel' if I was to pass another night in that there fo'c'sle. Why, the ship's 'aunted!—There! listen to that!'

Again the faint despairing cry made itself heard above the roar of the waves. The wind seemed to bring it, and the wind swept it away again. Its weird agony awakened something of a superstitious dread even in the skipper's mind. The men cowered closer together.

Leaving his crew where they were, the captain made his way to the starboard fo'c'sle, and called the bo'sun by name. No answer. Then he entered the alley-way, and walked up the length of it. Behind the stove at the far end he found the bo'sun, huddled down on his haunches, in nothing but his sleeping shirt. The man was staring, stark mad. His one eye was bloodshot and wild, and the other empty pit glared up darkly. The skipper was no coward, vet at the sight of that half-naked madman he quailed a little, and felt sorry that he had found him; but only for a moment. He stepped quickly past the stove to lay hands on Dredge, and as he did so, once more that wailing voice bore through the storm its message of infinite, helpless agony. At the sound, Dredge leaped to his feet, and crying out loudly, 'It's Bill as is callin' of me! I'm comin', lad—father's comin'!' burst out of the fo'c'sle and away across the deck, and was up on the lee bulwark and over the side in a flash. The skipper made a rush for the door, to attempt to secure the fleeting figure, but in vain. Just for half a second the madman was visible in his fluttering shirt on the reeling bulwark, and then went over into the darkness and those tumbling seas.

Mr Rubble saw the deed from the bridge, and springing to the telegraph, rang the ship to a full stop; and then, whipping out his knife, ripped and sawed at the cords with which the lifebelt was lashed to the bridge-rail, and dashing down the ladder to the after-deck, flung the belt overboard from the stern. But, of course, it was trouble thrown away. And even if a boat could have lived in such a sea and found men to man it, the bo'sun would have drowned three times over before we could have got one lowered and started out to find him in a waste of black and stormy waters. After wallowing about some ten minutes or so for decency's sake, the skipper rang the ship under steam again, and we slowly drew away, leaving the body of our bo'sun tossing somewhere in our wake.

Neither threats nor cajolery could get the crew back into the fo'c'sle. The skipper talked about 'mutiny on the high seas,' and even vapoured a little with his pistol; but the men were stubborn and refused to budge. Breakfast over, they came aft in a body while the cap'n was on deck, and respectfully but firmly demanded to be set ashore at the nearest port. The ship was haunted, said they, and no good would come of sailing in her, and sail in her they would not. The cap'n told them that he could clap every manjack of them in jail for three weeks, to which they replied that they preferred jail to a haunted

Well, like a reasonable fellow, the skipper gave engine and carriages sit astride the rail, equili-

in, and we ran for Harwich there and then; put the men ashore without a cent of wages among them; wired details to our owners; officially reported the bo'sun's death; shipped a fresh crew, and were out again and fairly on our way inside four hours.

That was the last of the voice. Neither out nor home did we hear any more talk about the ship being haunted. We made a prosperous run, and were docked again in the Tyne before the seventh week was over. Then the secret came out. The Valuat was scraped and painted, and ransacked and repaired from stem to sternpost. In that narrow den called the forepeak, which serves as the ship's lumber-room, beneath a mass of old iron cables and rusty cordage, we found the corpse of a lad withered to a mummy. The rats had been at him too, and his feet were gone. Beside him there lay an empty meat tin; and in one of his pockets was an old silver watch with this inscription on it: 'To Bill, with Father's love.' It was the bosun's son. The poor fellow had stolen aboard as a stowaway; for, being a sickly lad, his father had been strongly against his following the sea. In the storm, the plunging of the ship had shaken down upon him all the lumber in the forepeak, and he had screamed for his father till he died.

### SINGLE-RAIL RAILWAYS.

The single-rail railway has been a constant ambition of the inventor, for whom no little fascination would appear to attach to attempts to devise a system of locomotion carried on one instead of two lines of rails, to judge by the frequent endeavours to solve the problem and to place it on a sound and practical commercial basis.

Nearly half a century ago, the project took shape in a rail carried on clevated posts, equal loads being slung on either side of the carrier-wheel from projecting arms. The arrangement was, however, deficient in stability. Since that date, many schemes have been brought forward, from ingeniously designed arrangements in which equilibrium is secured by the addition of a small guide-rail on either side, the whole details of which have been worked out with great care and accuracy; down to the simpler form of a one-wheeled cart running in a groove formed by hollowed logs, supported on either side by men or beasts, and designed for South Africa, under the name of the Cameron Pontoon Cart. In each and all, however, the principle involved remains unchanged.

Passing over the Meigs system, which was specially designed for overhead lines, and with a view to modify the inconveniences resulting from those now working in New York; passing over, also, the Larmanjat system, which, though obtaining some footing in France and Portugal, has failed as yet to give practical results sufficiently satisfactory to hold its own, we come to a scheme recently placed before the public, and known as the Lartique system, which, from the complete and energetic manner in which its inventors have carried out their conception, merits some passing notice. The rail is carried on iron trestles, of the form of the letter A inverted. Both engine and carriages sit astride the rail equili-

brium being insured by two small guide-rails, one on either side of the trestle, and about a foot from the ground. Two classes of lines are constructed—a heavy permanent line for fixed traffic, and a temporary one of lighter design, readily movable. The advantages of a light railway weighing only some fourteen or fifteen tons per mile, and costing, according to the estimates, only some three hundred pounds per mile, in farming operations will be readily appreciated; easily shifted, it is quickly re-erected to follow the crops; whilst one horse alone drawing the little trucks on their single rail, will, it is calculated, do eight times as much work as if dragging his load over the ground.

An elevated railway standing some three feet above the ground has a decided advantage over a surface line in countries subject to sand-drifts or heavy snows; as an example of which it may be stated that in Algeria, where the esparto business requires a ready means of carriage across the sandy plains, the Lartique railway is viewed with favour, and has done good service. The single rail, again, allows sharper curves than are admissible even on the narrowest gauges; and where minerals, &c., have to be brought down mountain slopes by zigzag routes, the advantages of the system make themselves apparent. For military purposes, the readiness with which the Lartique railway can be installed, and its general portability, will at once occur to the reader. The employment of trestles of different heights to carry the line affords a ready means of dealing with inequalities of ground, and also minimises the difficulties of crossing ditches, ravines, or brooks. Traction can be effected by manual or animal power, or by steam, compressed air, or electric locomotives, to suit the special requirements of the case.

suit the special requirements of the case.

At the present time, when cheap fransport both for men and goods forms a leading problem not merely at home but in the development of our colonies, every attempt to improve the present systems of locomotion is worthy of careful attention and judicious investigation.

### POWDERED MILK.

An attempt now being made to introduce pow-dered milk—that is to say, milk reduced by evaporation to the solid state, and sold as an article resembling sugar both in form and appearance-merits some notice, when account is taken of the important position held by milk amongst the necessaries of daily consumption. The process adopted for the proposed conversion may be briefly sketched. Fresh cow's milk having been treated for the removed of a partial of the second o removal of a portion of its cream, is placed in a vacuum pan, surrounded by a water-jacket or outer vessel charged with hot water. The milk is gradually reduced to a viscid substance, of the consistency of ordinary condensed milk. Granulated white sugar is now added, to render the mass sufficiently friable, and the temperature is lowered some twenty or thirty degrees, to prevent any discoloration or loss of flavour in the powdered milk. Nothing further remains but the removal of the contents from the vacuum pan, which can either be distributed in the form of immps, or as a granulated powder, after grinding in a revolving burrstone mill. The apparatus employed consists essentially of a copper vacuum pan connected with an air-pump capable of pro-

ducing the requisite vacuum; a water-jacket surrounds the vacuum chamber. A pipe, furnished with a stop-cock to regulate the supply, delivers the fresh milk direct into the vacuum pan, whilst an air-tight door is provided for the removal of the solidified material. A circular shaft running through the pan is furnished with stirring arms and scrapers for actuating and mixing the viscid milk; and is driven by suitable belting or gearing. The water-tight jacket is furnished with three pipes, giving admission to cold water, hot water, and steam respectively, so that the requisite heat can be maintained and regulated with the greatest nicety. An overflow pipe is also provided.

It is claimed that powdered milk possesses excellent keeping qualities, and that samples exposed to moist air at a temperature of one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit have, after many months, been found unaffected either as regards flavour or appearance. The process is by no means confined to cane sugar for admixture with the milk; malt or grape sugar will produce results equally satisfactory. Powdered milk is well adapted for addition to tea, coffee, chocolate, and other kindred beverages; whilst that in the form of lumps will be found convenient for many

purposes.

The manufacture of instantaneous beverages should receive an impetus from the invention now under discussion, for milk in powder-form can now be added to extract of coffee, powdered

chocolate, or cocoa.

The uses of milk for cooking purposes are too well known and appreciated to need any special enumeration; the reader will readily perceive how valuable the invention must prove itself in all culinary arts; whilst travellers both by land and sea cannot fail to avail themselves of the new article.

### THE GREAT NORTH SEA.

YEARS have passed since the great North Sea Took him who was dearest on earth to me. Safe in God's keeping I know he lies, And he hears not the seabirds' moaning cries, As slowly over his grave they float. With the drifting wind; and never a boat Or a sign of mankind is there, Only the wild waves' ceaseless prayer Sounds ever above his quiet bed, Till the day that 'the sea gives up its dead.' The mist comes down and it hides the sun : But naught he knoweth-his work is done. Storm and tempest, they come not nigh The graves of the ocean, and never a sigh From the world far above them can break the sleen Of the dead who rest in the measureless deep. Thus for ever, until the latest morn Shall roll back the last time the darkness forlorn. My love in the clasp of the great North Sea Waits, till the ending of time shall be.

FLORENCE PEACOCK.

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### CLIQUE

THE sentiment so tersely expressed by the miner in Leech's inimitable sketch, suggesting to his companion to 'eave 'arf a brick' at a passing stranger, has found, in a modified form, an echo, at some period or another, in every human heart. The spirit of clique, of clannishness, or whatever name it may bear, is one which is common to humanity at large, a relic, probably, of the state of aggressive self-defence which formed the existence of our primitive ancestors. As introduced into every-day English, the word clique is essentially modern; but it represents an institution the age of which it would be impossible to determine. Did it not sound perhaps somewhat irreverent, it might be suggested that in the pre-Adamite era the fate of the fallen angels, so dramatically related by Milton, could be traced to the spirit of clique, one which would seem to be inherent in all living nature. Sir John Lubbock, in his interesting series of studies on the Intelligence of Ants, has shown us that the same feeling actuates insect life; the members of one anthill, even when separated by a year's absence, being, we are assured, promptly recognised, or assisted in trouble, by their comrades, where an outsider or a stranger would be mercilessly and instantly despatched. It is this same feeling which in savage life explains the animosity of tribe against tribe, reflected to our own day in the familiar vendetta of Corsica, or the blood-feuds which the criminal records of the United States show to exist in the New World in that vague and extensive land of opportunities known as Out West.

From the altitude of civilised existence, we are apt to stigmatise all such human failings as 'savagery,' forgetful that in our midst the same spirit survives, if scarcely with the same homicidal ferocity, at least with much the same intensity of feeling. We pride ourselves that the

contrast which marks our modern notion of civilisation and the social life of our more primitive ancestors, is the gradual disappearance and abolition of the tribal distinctions which in savage life are enforced with such stringency; we are seemingly unconscious that the spirit which on a large scale arms nation against nation, and in a less degree splits society up into a number of conflicting 'sets,' is a survival of a past when a general state of defensive preparation against outside attack constituted the normal condition of humanity, and each little clique of individuals thrown together by natural circumstances held it as a mutually accepted understanding to protect its members against interference from without. Esprit de corps is another of the euphemisms with which we designate the spirit of clannishness; allied to which is the even more subtle but none the less equally well-marked spirit that keeps up the rigid distinctions of caste not only in the East but among ourselves. Without that spirit, humanity in the past would never, probably, have survived; and even now, without its aid, the wheels of modern existence would scarcely work smoothly.

Of late, there has been quite a stir in the English world of letters on the subject of what has been termed literary 'Log-rolling,' an American variation-taken from the lingo of the emigrant pioneers-of our own less refined principle of, 'You scratch my back, I scratch yours,' a process which solely owes its origin to the spirit of clique; and the institution, called into question, has been ably defended by more than one brilliant writer. In literature, more especially in literary criticism, it would seem particularly difficult to avoid such influences, in spite of the apparently thick veil of anonymity which covers authorship in our country. In the ranks of the profession itself, the secrecy kept so profoundly from the world at large, does not exist, and Jones knows perfectly well that he can look

to Smith for a kind word when the occasion arises—a reciprocal arrangement which works equally for all the members of the particular clique to which they severally belong. In the arts, the principle is the same, whether an Exhibition is to be criticised or a play advertised.

It is urged by some that this friendly form of mutual admiration, which it seems impossible to avoid, possesses its advantages. What the exact morality of the arrangement may be, it is perhaps a little difficult to say. It cannot be denied that with its influence the truth is not always dragged from its modest hiding-place. It is impossible for members of one and the same set—mutually jealous, and aware of each other's deficiencies as they may be—men who have dined and wined together, to criticise each other as they might otherwise do, if not so deeply indebted to, rather, perhaps, so completely dependent on, each other.

As originally organised, clubs of course owed their existence to the spirit of clique. Men of one 'set' would gather together at some special place of entertainment, and only after due initiation would admit 'outsiders.' This was the simple custom of the past, of which many historical instances are familiar, possessing their existing parallels nowadays, though it is to be regretted that to a great extent we have broken in on the good old traditions. It is characteristic of modern existence that too many of our clubs are now each the centre of a numerous series of small coteries. the members of which are as distinct as mutual absence of sympathy can succeed in rendering a number of fellow-mortals who are only united by the selfish advantages they owe to a common annual subscription.

As for the dividing lines which separate society so sharply into its cliques innumerable, what need is there to do more than refer to so familiar an expression of the social sectarianism from the effects of which every one must have suffered at some time or other of his existence? In no direction is it possible to escape from the influence of clique. Every profession will be found to be divided into its various 'sets,' all completely divided. If, in the great cities, something of the influence of a daily existence in which so many incidents are common to all sections of society, tends to a slight extent to lessen the rigid exclusiveness of clique laws, those who live in the country, perhaps even more those who live in country towns, know how severely social distinctions are enforced, and at the same time how solid are the advantages accruing from the superior clannishness on which this spirit is based. Few things are more constantly the source of regret among certain members of the community than what are called the levelling tendencies of the age. Such pessimists may, however, gather comfort from the fact, that destructive as may be many of the effects of modern progress, the spirit of clique is too inherently rooted in human nature to be easily swept away by any political convul-sions. That spirit is dependent on a natural craving for the moral and material support derived from association with fellow-mortals.

The feeling which dictates this sense of dependence possesses its excellent as well as its easily detected evil qualities. A state of social Ishmaelism would be indeed intolerable.

### RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XXXV .- 'MAGPIE' BEER.

When the rector appeared at the Magpie, Mrs Cable was pleased to see his genial face, but uncertain how her son would take his visit. She had no doubt that the message of which he spoke was one that would irritate him. In all probability, Josephine asked his pardon; but he was in no humour to grant it. Bessie Cable had ceased to speak to him about his wife. Any allusion to her, however slight, roused his anger; and the only way in which she could keep him quiet was to talk of future plans, or of what the children were doing—how they picked mushrooms on the downs and blackberries in the hedges.

She put her finger to her lips when the rector blurted out his purpose in coming, and beckoned to him to come in with her to the parlour. Then, when he had complied, she asked him to be seated, and standing herself respectfully, told him, with a distressed face and with the tears trendlying in her eyes how matters stood

trembling in her eyes, how matters stood.

The rector listened to her, interrupting every now and then, because he could not keep his tongue quiet; and when she had done, he began to talk. He told her that her whole past history was known to him; and that in his opinion the time had arrived when Richard must be told who was his father, and what the wrong was that had been done to his mother. 'Leave it to me,' said Mr Sellwood; 'I will tell Richard; but when I stamp on the floor thrice, you must come up; I shall want you.'

'Please, sir, say as little to him as you can about his wife. It has become a craze with him that she is the occasion of every misfortune and trouble that has come upon him. He is an altered man—altered for the worse. I scarce know my gentle, loving Dick any more. I do even believe he has left off saying his prayers.'

'Let me alone,' said Mr Sellwood. 'I have mixed with all kinds of men and seen all sorts of humours, and I will deal with him discreetly.

—Now, I will go up, or he will be suspecting that you have been priming me.'

'Will you take anything, sir, after your long journey? Shall I order you—some beer?' 'Beer!' exclaimed Mr Sellwood. 'On no

'Beer!' exclaimed Mr Sellwood. 'On no account.' He dashed up the stairs. 'Magpie beer—and in a week be lowered to teetotalise the county!'

'How are you?' exclaimed the rector, bursting into the room occupied by Richard. The stairs were very steep, almost like a ladder. He had gone up them fast, and precipitated himself against the frail door, that flew open before his weight. He came in like a blast of healthy cool wind that drives fogs and miasma away. His hearty red face, his cheery spirits, his crisp manner, had a momentarily salubrious effect on the sick man, whose brain was clouded with the

fever-fogs that rose from his festering heart. He put out his hand, and the rector shook it.

The rector was one of those men who carry with them wherever they go a sense of substantiality. Men in an uncertain position, pecuniary or social, have ever a crack in them. cannot help it-it is inevitable. But the rector was a gentleman by birth, a man of private means, an incumbent in an established church, of hereditary orthodoxy, who no more changed his opinions than he changed his banker; who no more dreamed of insecurity in his position than he dreamed of giving up the Guardian or of going through a course of Zola. A man with an uncertain position is a man with a very thin skin, and he is always supposing that he is being tickled, or pinched, or impinged upon by those about him, wilfully, and he resents these touches as personal affronts. But a man who has been a gentleman since he fed out of a silver spoon as a baby, and who has never overdrawn his account at the bank; who, like certain Alpine plants, knows perfectly his own level, and that he will get frozen if he creeps above it, or stifled if he descends beneath it, is confident, thickskinned, never imagines and resents a slight. He pities the unfortunates who do not appreciate his worth, and would help them freely out of his purse, however grossly they might have insulted him, should they need assistance. Such a man is a rhinoceros as to hide; not arrows or spears, only conical rifle bullets, pierce his skin. But the triple-hided rhinoceros is the gentleman incumbent in an established church, who knows that his tithes must be paid, and that nothing short of a revolutionary explosion can shake the establishment. Such a man imposes by his presence, by his confidence in himself; and when the rector burst into Richard's room, Richard, who was disposed to be angry at having been pursued from the east to the west by one of Hanford, was unable to look surly and turn

his face to the wall and keep his hand in bed.
'Parson Sellwood,' said Richard Cable, 'I won't say that I'm not glad to see you; but if you come with a message to me, I must ask you not to deliver it. I can have no more communication with one who has hurt me past the power of forgiveness. I don't want ever to hear her name again. I wish I may never see her face. I curse the day that we met. She came to me in storm, and I put out my arms and took her into my vessel. And in return, she has pursued me till she has thrown me and my little ones out of our house, our home, cast us up, shipwrecked waifs, on a strange shore, and me flung out with an injury that will never be got over. That she has hurt my body, matters little—I could have forgiven that; but she has crushed and crippled also my child. Little Bessie and I are both wrecks; my home is wrecked, my happiness is wrecked, my faith is wrecked—and she has done it, she alone!' He turned

his head away.

'Cable, my good fellow,' said the rector, taking a chair and seating himself in it a little way from the bed, where he could watch Richard, the message I bring you must be told.

I will not hear it.

'The person who gave it me urged it on me before we parted.

'Take it back to her unuttered. I throw it in her face.'

'I beg your pardon. The person is not a she.' 'What !-the message is not from my-from

Mr Sellwood evaded a direct answer. 'As I came along on the coach, I had a most earnest

message imparted to me to convey to you.'
'She has come! She is here! She is below!'
almost screamed Cable. 'Let her not come near

me, or touch one of my children!'

'The coachman was very particular that I should remember to advise you on no account to touch the Magpie beer. It is made with Epsom salts.'

Richard turned his head sharply round and

stared at the rector.

Mr Sellwood maintained a face of the utmost gravity. 'Poor fellow!' he continued. 'It has disagreed with him; and having a warm heart, he pities you, and repeatedly sent this message to you by me—Don't drink any Magpie beer.'
Richard drew a long breath. This was all,

'The Magpie beer,' proceeded the rector, throwing one leg over the other and folding his hands and twirling his thumbs, 'is reported to be lowering; and my good friend the coachman believed that no one but a coastguardman could drink it long without becoming a teetotaler.

Richard still stared at his visitor.

'The Magnie beer,' said the imperturbable rector, 'is held to be the real cause why Jacob Corye cannot fatten his young stock. Has he said anything to you about his calves and bullocks that he raises?'—

'And rears,' interjected Richard, and sank flat on the bed. 'Too much. In mercy—I have had enough of that. I did not expect this from you, sir. My head turns. I pray you, none of this seesaw about raising and rearing and fatten-

'You wish me to change the topic?' 'By all means, sir, or I shall go mad. That Jacob Corye comes in here with his pipe and his jug of beer'

'Never touch it,' interrupted the rector.

'And talks of naught else but the raising and rearing and the fattening of young stock, till, in spite of my thigh, I think I must jump out of bed and run away.

'Is it a fact that he feeds his young stock

on beer??

'I don't believe a word of it, sir.'

'Or that there is Epsom salts in his beer?'
'I've not tried it; I can't say.'

When I heard of the properties of that beer -I was so troubled in mind at the danger you ran, that I came at once to see, to bring you the message and warn you of your danger.'

Richard raised himself in the bed slightly. 'Sir,' he said, 'I do not understand. You did not come all the way from Hanford to caution

me against the Magpie beer—did you?'
'No. I cannot say that. The coachman spoke to me about it; but—as you ask what the real motive of my journey was, I do not object to tell you.'

Then Richard became agitated. 'I heard you speak down-stairs. You have a message to me from—from her. I will not receive it.'

'You need not,' answered the rector with placidity. 'But it does my heart good to hear you have not touched the Magpie beer. I have come here to talk to you about your father.'
'My father!' Again Richard stared at his

visitor. 'You ran away from Hanford in such a hurry,' continued the rector, 'that those who desired to communicate with you after your father's

'My father is dead !'

'And were at liberty to do so,' proceeded Mr Sellwood, 'had not the opportunity. I may tell you candidly that I have only recently learned the circumstances of your parentage—only since your abrupt departure. In the matter of his estate, which you may justly claim'——
'He was rich!—left money!' gasped Richard.

Excuse me, Cable, but you are rather given interrupt. When you turn a tap, a stream to interrupt. flows out; but if you put your finger in the way, an even flow is diverted into spirts and splashes. If you will allow me to tell the story in my own quiet way, without breaks, it will be more consequent, and easier for me to tell and you to follow.' Then he stamped thrice on the floor; and immediately Mrs Cable came up. 'I desire you to be present, said Mr Sellwood, 'whilst I tell Richard your story, and concerning his own father, that you may confirm me when I am right and correct me when

Richard looked uneasily at his mother. 'I do

not wish to hear the story, he said bluntly.

The rector understood him, and looking him steadily in the eye, said: 'It is a story which, though it tells of wrong done to your mother, tells of nothing but what makes for her honour. She is a woman'—he rose and bowed to Bessie 'I could almost envy you to be able to call her your mother—a woman I always respected, one whom now I revere.' Then he sat down

Cable was touched, softened; he put out his hand to his mother and clasped hers. eyes met. The little cloud of doubt which had always hung on his mind was gone. His mother was irreproachable. He had felt it must be so, and yet he was not sure. Then he turned to the rector and said: 'Thank you, sir—thank you for that.'

Now, Cable, you must listen to me patiently and without interruption—I hate interruptions whilst I tell you the entire truth.'

Then he told Richard what he knew. the merest outline of a life-story, which Bessie could have filled in with a thousand particulars, but which were now unnecessary. Mr Sellwood told the story with delicacy, avoiding the slightest reproach on the memory of the dead man, casting the blame on his relations, perhaps exaggerating the pressure that was brought upon him to induce him to consent to the annulling of the mar-

As Richard listened, his eyes were fixed on his mother, and his thought throughout was, what she had endured, and with what silent dignity she

had borne her wrong.

'And now, Cable,' continued the rector—'now I come to speak about Josephine.'

face altered. He let go his mother's hand, and gathered up the sheet about his ears and shouted: 'I will not hear about her; I will receive no message from her. I would to God I could forget

'Do not act like a child, Cable,' remonstrated Mr Sellwood. 'I must speak'——
'But I will not listen,' retorted the maimed

The rector looked at Bessie, and she at him.

What was to be done?

Just then, up the stair came the host with a jug of beer in his hand. 'Well, I never!' exclaimed Jacob Corye. 'A parson in the Magpie! This is the first time this has happened. Well, sure, this is an honour; and sir—if I may make so bold you'll drink the Magpie beer, and no better was ever brewed, to the good-luck of the house; and to the mending of the cap'n, you shall drink a second, and no charge for either.

- protested the rector. 'My good friend'-

backing.

backing.
'Nay; I'll take no refusal,' insisted Jacob.
'My beer is famous, and you shan't have to pay for it. First time a parson has come over my drexil [threshold] and stood between my derns [jambs]. Drink, sir!—Nay, parson! Drain it to the bottom, to the good-luck o' the Magnie; and I'll fill it again to the mending of the cap'n's thigh. Now, sir!—Nay, drink away, to the last drop; there's more coming.—Now, sir, what do you say to Magnie beer? what do you say to Magpie beer?

### CHAPTER XXXVI .-- YET.

Mr Sellwood walked back to his inn, carrying within him two jugs of Magpie beer, and the equally salt and sour conviction that he had He had not been able failed with Richard. to convey to him Josephine's message; he had not been able to tell him of her resolution to make over Gotham's property to him. He was in that touchy and obstinate state of mind that he refused to allow the smallest reference to his

How the characteristics of the mother came out in the son under similar provocation! As, under the influence of pleasure or pain, of strong passion, of death-faint, likenesses never before noted appear on a face, so is it with mental and spiritual characteristics. Long years may pass without any resemblances having been traced, and then, all at once, the son, under exciting conditions or numbing sorrow, reproduces the modes of thought, follows the lines of his parents' conduct in similar situations. Bessie Cable had been silent for many years, burying her grievance in her heart, brooding over it, showing it to none; and now, her son, staggering under a blow, fell into the same course, and doggodly refused to allow her who had struck him to be mentioned in his presence.

The rector was a sanguine man. He buoyed himself in the confidence that everything would come right in the end; but he was forced to admit to himself that this end was a long way off in the case of Cable and Josephine. Those qualities in the man which had made him estimable before—his steadiness of purpose, his reserve. me to speak about Josephine.' his self-respect, his patience in the midst of Instantly, at the sound of her name the man's difficulties—combined now to impede a recon-

He had taken his resolution, and would adhere to it with iron tenacity. He would confide his wrongs to no one; take counsel from no one, be swayed by no one. His galled dignity would harden into stubborn pride; his patience would make him endure every extremity with-out a murmur, rather than yield. Mr Sellwood saw that the task he had set before himself, and which had presented itself to him at first as easy, was one beyond his powers of performing. He went in a meditative mood to the telegraph office, and sent a communication to his wife at Hanford concerning those who had been lost in the wreck; but he sent none to Josephine. He did not know how to couch his message in a few words. He walked home to the inn and called for a drop of brandy, to correct the evil influences of the Magnie beer, and looked about for writing materials. He would send Josephine a letter. He speedily disposed of the brandy; but the letter was not so easily managed. What was he to say? That the Cables were safe, but that Richard had injured his thigh; that they had lost everything except a small sum of money that Richard had carried on his person, and which, therefore, had not fallen into the hands of the salvors. He might write this, but it would have the effect of bringing the impetuous Josephine there; he was sure of that; and the result would be to aggravate the estrangement. He had his pen in his mouth, biting the end of the quill and ripping the feathers off it with his teeth, with a puzzled and dis-tressed look on his honest face, when the waiter opened the door and said that Mrs Cable wished to speak with him.

'Show her in,' said the rector, drawing a sigh of relief. Perhaps she could help him out of his difficulty: anyhow, her interview with him would delay the execution of his embarrassing

task.

'Sit down, Mrs Cable-sit down. Just wired to Mrs Sellwood about the poor fellows. She will go round and see their families and break the news to them. She is a wonderful woman —wonderful in these painful cases—has such taet; I do not know what I should do without her.—Sit down; do.—I've'—apologetically—'been taking just a drop, only a drop of brandy, neat; did not feel quite myself within. Had a good deal to upset me of late. He pointed with the end of his pen at the little bottle and glass. A long curl of ripped feather hung from the quill. He had pulled it off with his teeth, in his perplexity, as if the solution to his diffi-culty was to be found under the outer cortical, as a woodpecker seeks its food under bark and moss on tree-boughs.

moss on tree-boughs.

'I have been writing—that is, I have begun a letter. No. Upon my word, I have only begun to think about beginning one, and have got no further into it than "My dear Josephine." If it were a sermon, I should have got on famously by this time; but—I am pulled up at the very outstart. I can't get on.—I hope you have brought me something satisfactory, which I can say.'

which I can say.

Mrs Cable's handsome face was troubled.

Richard said that as he had maimed little Bessie, she had maimed him, and that this is a law. As I was unforgiving, so now is my son unforgiving. I was hardened for more years than I like to say, and I doubt if he will yield sooner. I am a woman, with a woman's weakness; and he a man, with a man's strength.'

'But then,' resumed the rector, 'it makes all the difference that your resentment was against

a man, and his is against a weak girl.'

Bessie shook her head. 'Gabriel, heaven knows, was weak enough.'

'He never sought to make amends to you. Josephine is full of self-reproach, and is thoroughly in earnest in her desire for reconciliation.

'It cannot be,' said Mrs Cable, after a moment's onsideration. 'If he forgave her to-day, they ould be apart again to-morrow. They have consideration. would be apart again to-morrow. nothing in common; with the best wishes to be happy together, they could not unite. There's a way of the weft and a way of the woof in a way of the weft and a way of the woof in everything—in human natures, as in brown holland or silk velvet. If you join two pieces of the same material with the weft of one across the woof of the other, there'll be puckers for ever. You may wash and pull and iron to get them smooth; but you wash into fresh puckers, and you pull apart and iron into creases. I leave you to judge how it must be when you stitch together sailcloth and satin across each other's grain' other's grain.'

'What am I to say?' asked the rector despairingly. 'I must write to Josephine. She is in great trouble. As for your theory, I don't hold it. There is give and take in all married life. Bless me! do you think Mrs Sellwood and I agreed together from the first like bread and butter? Cable and Josephine have not been

together three months, and are they to fly apart at the first tiff!'
'There is give and take where the joining is between two cut the same way, weft or woof.

Then when one pulls, the other gives.'

'Mrs Sellwood and I had our tiffs. Why-I remember distinctly the second week of our marriage, she—that is, I—— Well, never mind-particulars; we were both in the wrong. It was a rainy day, and horribly cold, at Mürren, several thousand feet above the sea, and in close proximity to glaciers. Nothing to do; no books but odd volumes of Tauchnitz; no heating apparatus in our room. I wrapped myself up in a duvet and stood at one window looking out into the rain; and she wrapped herself up in a duret and looked out at the rain from another window; and we would not speak to each other. We were both cold, both cross, and both in the wrong, and ashamed, or too proud to own it. I thought then I had made a mistake in marrying her, and I believe a very similar idea lodged in her head. It was wet and clammy and cold in our room, that detestable day at the Hôtel du Silberhorn at Mürren. I know that I used my pocket-handkerchief, and so did she. We were all right again next day, when the sun shone. I got up early and picked her a bunch of Edelweiss and gentians; and she—she mended one of my braces for me which I had broken out. We made it up then.—I have no patience with Cable; he must come round. Why, he suppose, sir, I did wrong harbouring my resent-ment against Gabriel for so many, many years; with Cable; he must come round. Why, he and now the chastisement has come on me. can't be in a more miserably uncomfortable condition than I was that morning at Mürren, scrambling about after Alpine flowers-wearing one suspender!

Bessie shook her head. The cases were hardly

analogous.

'Josephine is humbled,' he went on. 'There is infinite good in the dear girl; but she has been mismanaged—I will not say by whom. She has—she always has had a true and sound heart; but she has been allowed her own way too much, and permitted to exercise her temper without check. She is headstrong, because she has been almost forced by circumstances to decide on her own course for herself; but she is a true woman—a true woman,' repeated the old rector, standing up. 'I'm the last to conceal, rector, standing up. 'I'm the last to coneeal, to deny her faults; but—there is sterling stuff in her. She's a dear girl, a good girl.' He walked to the window and looked out. Presently he came back to the table. 'Look here, Mrs Cable. Do you suppose that I have not had crows to pluck with Josephine? I do not mind confiding to you-but let it go no further -that I have had a crow as big as an albatross and as black as pitch to pluck with her. She hurt me where I am most sensitive to pain. Are you aware that my boy proposed to her, and that she refused him—threw him over for your Richard? A father has feelings. He is proud of his son, when that son is good and has not cost him an hour of uneasiness; and a father turns somewhat rusty against a young a father turns somewhat rusty against a young hussy who snaps her fingers in his face. But I forgive her. Indeed, I may say that I value her infinitely higher now than I did before.—Do you know those horrible little pieces of money one gets in Austria—ten and twenty kreuzer bits, of base metal washed over with silver? They look very well when new; but with use, the silver rapidly rubs off, and you get the tarnished brass beneath. A lot of women are like that; and the rub and turn about the design like that; and the rub and turn about, the daily friction of married life, brushes away all the external gloss and plate. With Josephine, it is just the reverse-the brass is the outer work, and the sterling silver below. Why, is Cable to be angry and cast her away because of the brass? Let him take her and try her, and he will soon come on the precious metal.' He rang the bell. Excuse me; I must have another glass of cognac. That Magpie beer—two pints was too much. I shall be quite upset.—But, Mrs Cable, I leave it to you to reason with your son. He rolls himself up like a hedgehog when I come near and breathe a word about Josephine. He does not know what a treasure he has got in her. Tell him that I envy him his possession. I should be glad if my son had her instead.—Bless my soul! does he want his wife to be a turnip or a mangold? I suppose you never heard of Rübezahl, the mountain spirit, did you? who carried off a princess, and to supply her with com-panions and ladies-in-waiting, transformed turnips panons and ladies-in-waiting, transformed turnips into young damsels. Let me tell you, and tell Cable through you, that the manufacture continues at a brisk rate. I have met scores of young ladies who were, I could swear, nothing but transformed turnips. Josephine is not one of these; she has character—she is a real woman.—I am warm—it is not the brandy, it is ray facilines which heat me? feelings which heat me.'

'You see, sir, the difficulty is that both of them are strong-willed in their own ways.'

But Josephine is bent now on doing what is right.—Judge for yourself, Mrs Cable. When she learned who Richard really was, at once, without consulting me or Mrs Sellwood or any one, she made up her mind that she had no right to Mr Gotham's property. She would not have Richard enriched through her, but be herself enriched through him. She makes over everything absolutely to him. Is not that a proof of determination and of right principle?'

'In the first place,' answered Mrs Cable, 'let me say that I am quite sure Richard will not accept the property. I would not myself touch a penny of it; and he shares my pride. If his father did not choose to acknowledge him, Richard will accept nothing of what he has left. I am as sure of that as if I heard Richard say so.

'But—will not Josephine's disinterestedness touch him? He must see how right-minded she

'Mr Sellwood,' she Bessie shook her head. said, after thinking deeply for a few minutes, 'I allow she must be strong to decide to do this. But strength in her will never touch Richard and bring him to take her in his arms again. It is weakness, and not strength, that appeals to him. He is a man with the heart of a mother. You do not understand. A mother will let herself be cut to pieces rather than that the feeblest child she bears should be hurt. The feebler the child, the more she loves it-the more she will endure for The more the child frets and cries, the greater her devotion to it. There are men with mothers' hearts, men who may admire what is strong, but are touched, and who love only what is weak.' She shook her head again. 'No; only in weak-ness can Josephine recover him. When Gabriel Gotham was rich and at his ease, I nursed my pride and my resentment; but when he was dying, with no one that loved him by, no one even to care for him, to hold his head and wipe the sweat from his brow-then I could not hold out any longer; all my pride went down like a tent when the pole gives way. I know Richard, and I see my own nature in him. He is purposeful, and will not be turned when he has set his head in one direction.

'At all events,' said Mr Sellwood, 'you will let him know what Josephine has done. Impress on him that she has made over everything to him. Whether he chooses to take it or not, all that Mr Gotham bequeathed to him is now your son's. If he refuses to take it—it accumulates for his children. Josephine only delays to hear what I have to tell her about Richard Cable, before executing the requisite deeds. Tell your son that he must appoint some one as his agent, to look after the estate, and care-keepers to take charge of the house, for Josephine will vacate the Hall and leave Hanford.'

Mrs Cable remained thinking, with composed face and a stern look, usual with her, on her brow. 'I will tell him the main matter,' she said after a long consideration; 'but all the particulars you must tell him to-morrow. I will go to him now and prepare him. You come, sir, if you will be so good in the morning and see him.' She rose in her dignified manner, made an oldfashioned courtesy, and left the room.

When she had gone, the rector put his hands under his coat-tails and walked about the room. 'After having been bitten by a mad dog,' he said to himself, the best thing to do is to run or walk till one drops, so as to work off the poison from the veins. I'll do the same with that Magnie ale. I feel it in me still. I'll go out. And, by the way, I'll see if there be any toyshops in the place where I can get some twopenny trifles to amuse the little Cables to-morrow.

On reaching the Magpie, Bessie Cable went directly to her son's room and discharged the obligation she had taken on herself. She told what she had to say plainly without comment, confining herself to the bare narration.

Richard listened without interrupting her. His face had acquired some of the sternness which hers had gathered during years of trouble and self-compression. It was now very stern. When she had done, he spoke in reply with a firm voice: Mother, I will have none of my father's possessions, because he never called me son. indifferent to me what She may decide, how she may dispose of them. Neither she nor his possessions concern me.'

Mrs Cable breathed freely. Her son thought in the matter of the Hanford estate like herself. She had felt convinced he would so think; but it was a satisfaction to her to hear him so express himself.

After a short pause, he went on: 'Mother, I will not stay another day here. Whilst you have been absent, I have called up Jacob Corye, and I have told him that we would all leave tomorrow.

'It is impossible.'

'We all leave to-morrow for St Kerian. I will not stay here. The parson has followed and found us, and She will be coming next. I know she will. She only waits to hear that he has seen

us, that she may come and see us also.'
She is very sorry, thoroughly repentant.

sends you her humble love.'

'I refuse her love, as I refuse the Hanford estate. I will not see her again. I cannot forgive her. I will not forgive her. I should hate her as much if she came kneeling to me as if she came scoffing at me. She is false and cruel. I always thought that was a queer passage in Scripture about the unpardonable sin. I can understand it now. She has sinned the sin unto death against me, and I will never forgive her in this world or the next.' His eyes began to flame with wrath again; the mention of Josephine was like the poking of the fire in a forge-it made the glare and heat break forth in spurts and sparks.

'Richard,' said his mother, 'you cannot go to-

morrow.'

'Go, I will,' he said, moving impatiently in his bed. 'I have ordered Jacob Corye to get me a wagon with trusses of straw; and I will lie on them, and the children can sit about me and in the corners. I shall go mad if I stay here, thinking every moment that I hear her hand on the door, her foot on the stair, and that next moment I should see her come into my room. If she came—lame though I be, I would leap out of the window to escape her.'

'Richard!'

'I cannot stay here. I must go to St Kerian thrift are proverbial, but which is not rema to the house that belongs to us. That at least for its general education or intelligence.

will be my own home; there I can be master, and shut the door in her face, if she dares to pursue me thither. Here I am in an inn, and an inndoor is open to every one.'
'Richard,' said Bessie Cable gravely, 'are you

afraid of her?

He did not answer for a moment, but at last he said: 'I always was afraid of her, from the moment I saw her when we were cast on the

sandbank.

'No, Richard,' said Mrs Cable suddenly, 'it is not true. You are not afraid of her. You are afraid of your own self. You love her still, as much as ever; and I say—she will conquer you—yet. I cannot see into the future; God knows how. Perhaps, as your father conquered me, through weekness that the time will through weakness; but the time will come, as it came to me. She will conquer you, in spite of all you set up between you, all your turning away, all your anger and resentment; she will conquer you-yet.'

### WAR INDEMNITIES.

THE rapidity with which countries recover from the ravages of war has attracted the attention of most political economists. The phenomenon was first explained by Dr Chalmers; and since his time, explanations more or less similar to that given by him have found their way into most of the current economical text-books. A point, however, closely connected with this, and which has received less consideration than it deserves, is the great facility with which a vanquished nation has sometimes been able to pay an apparently ruinous fine which a victorious enemy has imposed upon it. By far the most striking example on record is the case of France after the war of 1870-71. The Germans, not satisfied with the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, insisted that France should pay the cost of the campaign, as a losing litigant pays the costs of a lawsuit; and a fine amounting to the enormous sum of five milliards of francs, or two hundred million pounds sterling, was exacted, the German troops remaining in occupation of a part of the French territory until the last farthing of it was paid. One would naturally have supposed that, to a country already crushed and prostrate, this would have been a blow from which it would have taken generations to recover, and that the payment of such an indemnity would have taxed to the utmost the financial resources even of so rich a nation as France. The astonishment of rich a nation as France. Europe was therefore great when it was seen that not only was the indemnity easily and quickly paid, but that the financial condition of France was, at the end of a few years, more prosperous than that of her rival. So evident, indeed, was this, even to the Germans themselves, that it was humorously proposed by a writer in a German periodical that when Germany next beat France, the French should be compelled to receive, instead of paying, a fine of two hundred million pounds.

We have now to consider the causes of this singular phenomenon, and in doing so it is necessary to advert to the peculiar economic position in which, twenty years ago, France was placed. The bulk of the population consisted then, as now, of small proprietors, a class whose industry and thrift are proverbial, but which is not remarkable

banking system of the country was in a backward state, and joint-stock Companies were far less common than in England. A French peasant proprietor, therefore, who had saved a little money beyond what he could profitably investigated in the investment of his form in the improvement of his farm, was utterly at a loss as to what he should do with it, and in his perplexity, he usually buried it in the floor, or hid it in the wall or roof, of his cottage. Thus, a large part of those funds which, in countries that have reached a higher point of economic development than France had then attained to, are deposited in banks and invested in commercial enterprises, was lying, like the buried talent in the parable, useless alike to its owner and to

It was evident that any event which should induce the millions of French proprietors to draw forth their hidden hoards and place them out at interest would be a benefit to them and, through them, to their country. The extent, however, to which the country as a whole would benefit by such an occurrence would depend upon the nature of the investment which induced the peasants to lend their money; if it were a productive undertaking, the country would gain largely; if an unproductive one, it would gain little, or not at all. But even if the undertaking were unproductive, the country would be no worse off than before, because the money spent upon it would not represent capital withdrawn from a profitable employment. The necessity of paying two hundred million pounds to clear the soil of France of the German invader was an event exactly calculated to produce the above result. An appeal was made at once to the cupidity and to the patriotism of the French peasantry. They were offered interest by the government for their hidden gold, and were told that by lending it they would help to shorten the period of German occupation. The gold came forth from its hidingplaces, was lent to the French government, and was paid over by it to the Germans. The total result to France has been that the French taxpayer is now paying, and the owners of the hoarded gold are now receiving, interest upon so much of the indemnity loan as was subscribed out of these hidden hoards. One set of Frenchmen are paying interest to another set of Frenchmen; the hoarded gold has gone to Germany, and in other respects the country is in the same position as if the indemnity had never been exacted. It seems a paradoxical assertion, but it is nevertheless a true one, that not only was the payment of this gigantic fine little injury, but it was even in a certain sense a benefit to the people of France. The country was, economically, in a backward state; the various forms of credit were little known, and the peasantry were afraid to trust their money out of their own possession. They have now learnt that they can lend it safely and profitably to their own government, and this has inspired them with confidence to deposit their money in banks and to lend it to joint-stock Companies to a much greater degree than was usual before 1870.

The advantages which arise from lending and borrowing—that is, from credit—are similar to those which arise from all exchanges. A has what B wants, and B has what A wants. They exchange, and each is better off than before.

Similarly, A has one hundred pounds which he cannot himself employ profitably, but B could employ it profitably if A would lend it; A lends it, and receives interest out of the profit which the use of it enables B to make, and both are better off than before the loan was effected. Credit of this kind is the very life of commerce; and whatever encourages legitimate credit is an advantage to a nation in trade, just as an improved weapon is an advantage to it in war. 'Neither a borrower nor a lender be,' may have been excellent advice for Polonius to give Laertes when leaving Elsinore to complete his education in Paris; but a nation which acts on it as a commercial maxim will be left far behind in the race of industrial competition. France was in great danger of being so left behind, and from this danger the necessity of paying the German in-demnity contributed in no small degree to deliver her. It was, in fact, a blessing which came in the guise of a disaster.

Let us now turn our attention to Germany, and consider the effect produced in that country by the influx of French gold. Part of it was used to restore the currency; part was hoarded for military purposes; but a large part was expended in constructing fortifications and on other public enterprises. So much of it as was spent in this last way flowed into the channels of circulation and caused an inflation of prices. This rise of prices was mistaken by the mercantile part of the community for a rise proceeding from other causes, and one of those speculative fevers set in which almost invariably terminate in a commercial crisis. It would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to determine whether the country lost more by reason of the crisis than it gained by the command which such a mass of gold gave it over the wealth of other nations; but this much is certain, that the blessing was a mixed one, and that just as the French lost less, so the Germans gained less, than a careless

observer might have supposed.

An interesting and deeply important question —we mean, important in a speculative point of view, for we trust it will be long indeed before it becomes a practical question—will here perhaps occur to our readers: What would the effect be upon England were she called upon to pay a heavy ransom to a victorious invader? Would her vast wealth not enable her to do so with at least as little sacrifice as France incurred in 1871? We think the answer must be in the negative. The case of England is widely different from that of France. Except the reserve of the Bank of England, the country contains no metallic hoard; and that reserve, besides being very small in comparison with the sum and the France of Gorman and the transit by France of Gorman and the sum of paid by France to Germany, is not an idle or useless hoard. All the petty savings of even the poorest classes in England are collected, and either deposited in banks or invested in jointstock Companies and Friendly Societies. Our system of credit has been elaborated to such a degree that it is now so delicate, so sensitive, and so complicated, as to form one of the greatest marvels of modern civilisation; and by means of it we are able to carry on a gigantic trade without using more of the precious metals for currency purposes than the amount required for small retail transactions. It is evident that a

country such as this, having no private hoards to fall back on, has three ways, and three only, of meeting any large external demand: it can send abroad its metallic currency; it can export the metallic reserve of the Bank of England; or it can send commodities. No other means of liquidating such a demand exists, or can be conceived; and to liquidate it in any of these three ways would be a heavy blow to the nation. To export our metallic currency would make it necessary to substitute for it an inconvertible paper currency, which would be to follow the worst financial precedents and to return to the dark days of the Bank Restriction. To export the Bank reserve would make it necessary to authorise a suspension of specie payments by the Bank of England, and would be an expedient similar in principle to an issue of government paper, and but little less mischievous in degree. The third course—that of exporting commodities equal in value to the indemnity we had to paywould be by far the least objectionable mode in which we could meet the demand; but it is hardly necessary to point out that to hand over to an invader two hundred million pounds-worth of useful commodities is a very different thing from paying him (as France did) that same sum out of gold which was lying idle.

To what conclusion, then, do these reflections lead? We think to this one: a nation which has reached a high point of economic civilisation, in which credit is completely organised, and the use of metallic currency, except for retail transactions, almost entirely dispensed with, and in which the small savings of individuals are collected, and profitably employed, by banks and similar institutions, will always find greater difficulty in paying a war indemnity than a nation in an in paying a war indemnity than a nation in an earlier stage of economic development, in which the savings of the thrifty poor take the form of a metallic hoard, and in which the metallic currency is very large. A nation of the former kind having no hoard of idle money to draw upon, must meet the demand out of money which is serving some useful purpose, or else by exporting commodities; and the national capital must suffer a pro tanto diminution. A miser from whom a highwayman takes one thousand sovereigns is not really worse off than he was; but a merchant who is robbed of the same sum has lost capital equal in value to one thousand pounds.

### A MATTER OF CONSCIENCE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

DR WYNYARD began the conversation by informing Miss Brock of his plans for her residence with his mother. She said little, but he could see that she was pleased; and rather wondered why she should be so. His vanity was not sufficient to make him suspect that the thought in the lady's mind was that the mother of a good man ought to be a good woman; and yet that idea, or something like it, was what passed through Miss Brock's brain.

'You look rather grave, Dr Wynyard; I hope nothing is the matter?

doctor. 'I want to consult you about it-that is, if you feel equal to talking over money matters.

'I shall be very glad to do so; but I doubt if I can be of much help, said the girl simply. Won't you sit down, Dr Wynyard?

He did so, and proceeded to give her a concise account of her father's instructions, and his own opinions thereupon, not omitting the lawyer's remarks. Indeed, Wynyard felt that insensibly he was making the best case he could for the expediency of carrying out the will. The girl only interrupted him once or twice, and then her questions were very pertinent. When he had finished, she meditated a little, and then delivered her opinion.

'I think I quite understand now, Dr Wynyard. You must know so much better than I can. But for my own part, I have no doubt at all upon the subject.'

'Have you not?' said Wynyard hopefully. 'Then you think I may invest your money with a clear conscience?'

'O no!' said the girl. 'That was not what I meant at all. There is a verse in the Bible that seems to me to be perfectly clear on the subject. May I show it to you?

Wynyard made a sign of assent, wondering what was coming next. Miss Brock took a Bible from the table and turned over the leaves quickly. 'Here it is!' she said, and read in her clear young voice the words of Solomon: 'It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer: but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth.' -'Is not that exactly what we should be doing, Dr Wynyard?

'I suppose so,' said the doctor, rather unwillingly; but we should not be decrying the value of the shares by buying them-rather the contrary

'Well,' said the girl with great simplicity, 'I should have thought that the cases were the same; but of course you know best.'

'I don't think I do, at all,' said Wynyard honestly. 'It is very possible that if there were not so much money at stake, my opinion might agree with yours. But you must not make up your mind all at once like this; I want you to think it over quietly. Your income, if we do not carry out your father's plan, will be a little over three hundred pounds a year; whereas, if we do carry it out and succeed in selling our shares at twenty pounds each, it will be somewhere near six thousand pounds a year. Do you understand what that means?'

'I know so little of money,' answered the girl musingly. 'Even three hundred pounds a year seems a great deal. But in any case, surely, Dr Wynyard, it cannot alter the question of right and wrong ?'

'Certainly not,' Wynyard acquiesced. The Nothing but a rather difficult question of simple Christianity of his ward, and a lurking conscience as regards your affairs, said the feeling that his own conscience agreed with her,

were too strong for him to attempt to argue the point at present. But he determined to gain time. 'Well, Miss Brock,' he said, 'will you think it over well, and let me know what decision you come to, next time I see you? I hope to be able to bring you a cordial invitation from my mother to-morrow, and then we can decide finally.'

'But what am I to think over, please?' asked the girl. 'If it be the right or wrong of the matter, I cannot see that there can be any question at all.'

'Well, would you mind talking it over with Mr Walker the lawyer?' asked Wynyard, with a keen sense of his moral cowardice in shifting the burden of argument on to the shoulders of another man.

'Not at all, if you wish it,' Miss Brock replied. And Wynyard, not daring to face the lawyer again in person, went into the parlour and wrote a note to Mr Walker asking him to call at Cullercoats; and then started himself on a tour of medical visits in the neighbourhood, with a mind decidedly dissatisfied with his morning's work, but with a much increased store of admiration for his ward. John Wynyard admired Miss Brock for having conquered him so completely by her simple clearness of conscience.

Next morning, Wynyard, as he had expected, received a letter from his mother containing a most cordial invitation for Miss Brock, and announcing the writer's intention of coming up to Tynemouth that same day for the purpose of making the girl's acquaintance and escorting her down to Kent. As Wynyard read it, he felt proud of his mother-not for the first time-and he thought with pleasure of the effect which her kindness would have on his lonely ward. He found he would require to be at the Tynemouth railway station about two o'clock to meet Mrs Wynyard, and rang for his landlady to order dinner to be ready for the traveller. But just as he pulled the bell handle, the door opened and Mr Walker entered, and flung himself into a chair. He seemed decidedly put out about something, and Wynyard guessed what was coming. You are a nice sort of a man, doctor,' he said, to send me to Cullercoats to argue with a young lady, who is without exception the greatest simpleton I have ever met; and that is saying a good deal! I thought you were foolish enough yesterday, but at least you did not quote texts of Scripture at me.

'And she did, then?' said Wynyard, laughing. 'Whole chapters she would have given me, if I had let her! But I soon stopped that. I said, if she found fifty texts it would not affect the case in point, which was a matter of ordinary business, and not to be judged by high moral rules of right and wrong. She said, her opinion, which she only offered for what it was worth, was, that every act, however small, was to be judged by these rules. I replied that, in that

case, there was no use in my arguing the question further; and that, as she was not of age, she must leave her trustee to act as he thought best. She said: "Certainly. I am sure Dr Wynyard will do what is right."—"I am not, then, young lady," I said. And so I came away.'

'I am not sure that you did not get the worst of it, Walker,' said Wynyard.

'Nonsense!' said the lawyer.—'Now, look here, doctor. I have thought the matter over, and I am quite clear upon it. You can do as you like about your own money; but the trust money you must invest as the will directs. You have no option in the matter as a trustee.'

You have no option in the matter as a trustee.'

Here the landlady entered, and the lawyer fumed in silence whilst Wynyard was giving her his orders. When she left the room, the doctor turned to him, with a grave face now, and spoke: 'If I must invest the trust money in the St Vrain's mine, at least there is nothing in the will preventing me from writing to the directors before, instead of after.'

The lawyer, for once in his life, was really startled. 'You don't mean it? You wouldn't be such a fool? Don't you realise what that would mean? You would simply make a present of a few hundreds of thousands to the directors and their friends; and probably get about three per cent interest for your ward out of her shares, at the price at which you would be obliged to buy in. If you do such a thing, you are perfectly mad.'

'I think I shall, for all that,' said Wynyard quietly. 'I agree with Miss Brock. I think Captain Brock's idea is scarcely honest, and certainly not what a Christian man should carry out. I shall see Miss Brock to-day; and if she be still of the same mind, I will write to the directors this evening to put myself out of the reach of temptation.'

of the reach of temptation. The lawyer looked at him for a moment and then took up his hat. 'Good-morning, then, Dr Wynyard,' he said grimly. 'You will regret not taking my advice, or I am much mistaken. Under the circumstances, I suppose you have no objection to my availing myself of the opportanity which you are throwing away? I must be content to be thought a dishonest man by you and Miss Brock, but I do not think that will disturb my digestion.'

Of course you must do as you wish,' said Wynyard, rather sadly. 'But, Walker, do not let me lose my friend as well as my prospects. You do not know how hard it has been for me to give up such a chance as I shall never have again.'

have again.

'If I were sure that you were in your right senses, I might be angry,' said the lawyer. 'As it is, I still hope that you may think better of it. Meanwhile, with your permission, I will hurry off to secure my own shares and make myself safe in either case.'

Wynyard watched him as he crossed the street, with a decided feeling in his own mind that Christianity was a hard creed to live up to in the nineteenth century. But he was a man who, having once made his decision, was not easily shaken; and moreover, to tell the whole truth, the commendation for which he looked

from Miss Brock was a strong factor in the case. Still, he gave a long sigh as he closed the door and returned to the half-furnished room which was now likely to be his home

for many years to come.

Mrs Wynyard's train arrived in good time; and after dinner, mother and son walked out together to Cullercoats. Miss Brock was there to meet them; and Mrs Wynyard's keen eyes noticed that the girl cast a quick inquiring look upon the doctor before she greeted her lady visitor. The preliminaries were readily arranged, the ladies having thoroughly congenial natures and each being only anxious to save natures, and each being only anxious to save the other trouble. Mrs Wynyard was obliged to return home the next day, and Miss Brock was sure she could easily be ready in time to accompany her. When all was settled, Wynyard begged a few minutes' private conversation with his ward on matters of business; and his mother discreetly withdrew, wondering meanwhile what the nature of the urgent business could be that required her absence.

'Are you still of the same mind as regards those shares, Miss Brock?' asked Wynyard, when

they found themselves alone.
'I am indeed,' the girl answered. 'But as neither you nor Mr Walker agrees with me, perhaps I may be wrong.'

'I do agree with you thoroughly,' said the doctor. 'I was not sure about it yesterday; but you have convinced me. Still, as it is a great temptation to both of us, had I not better write a letter to the directors at once, and put it out of our power to alter the decision we have come to?

'Oh, please do!' said the girl, clasping her hands. 'It has haunted me ever since you spoke of it—I was so afraid that you would not see things as I did. And last night, I had such a terrible dream! I thought we had bought I thought we had bought the shares, and that I was a rich woman, sitting in a grand drawing-room in a house of my own; and suddenly the door opened, and a long procession filed in of men, women, and children, dressed in rags, and looking so thin and wretched; and something seemed to tell me that all these people would have been living in comfort now, had I not bought their shares and deprived them of their rights. They all stood there and looked at me, and I felt that if they spoke I

should die. So I suppose I woke with the fright; and I dared not go to sleep again.'

'It was a remarkable dream,' said Wynyard, smiling to himself at the idea of what Mr Walker's contempt would have been for it, had it been told him. I have brought the papers with me; so, if you will let me use your desk, I will draw up my letter forthwith, and you shall post

As he was writing the last words of the important letter, his mother came in alone and kissed him softly on the forehead. 'I have heard all about it, John, she said. 'Of course you were | Wynyard.

quite right, both of you. She is a noble girl, John; when am I to have her for a daughter inlaw?

The doctor looked up in his mother's face and, seeing a twinkle in her eyes, blushed guiltily. He made no answer, however, but continued his writing. When the letter was finished and the envelope sealed, Miss Brock was again in the room with her walking things on; and the three went out together, and dropped it in the slit of the letter-box of the first pillar they came

'There is an end of two hundred thousand pounds,' said Wynyard, somewhat dolefully.
'And the beginning of a new life,' whispered his mother in his ear.

A hot July afternoon, and two lovers sitting under the shade of a convenient walnut tree in an old walled garden in Kent.

'Show me your watch, John,' the girl is

saying.
This is about the twentieth time you have

seen it, Mary.'
'Well, I love looking at it and at the inscription; and I am going to read the latter aloud now, to punish you: "From the Directors and Shareholders of the St Vrain's Mining Company (Limited), as a mark of their appreciation of the honourable and disinterested conduct of John Wynyard, Esq. M.D."—You must feel proud of that; I know I do.'

'Indeed, I do not feel proud,' said Wynyard musingly-'only humiliated that my Christianity was so weak that I ever had any doubt as to what I should do. You never had, dear.

'It was so much easier for me, John. I never felt the need of money in my life, and three hundred pounds a year seemed absolute riches to me.

'It will be nearer one thousand pounds a year than three hundred pounds, I hope,' said the doctor. 'Even at the high rate at which I had to buy in, those shares are paying well. Mr Walker the lawyer has made a fortune and retired from business. What fools he must think

us, Mary.'
'Never mind what he thinks,' said the girl quickly. 'I do not envy him his money—not in the least. We shall have plenty to live upon, and you will be able to take a London practice

now; will you not?'
'I might,' said the doctor.—'And yet, do you know it still goes very hard with my pride to think it will be with my wife's money, and not

my own, that I must purchase it?'
What does it matter, if you love me, John? asked Mary simply.

'You are too much for me, as usual,' he replied, it yourself, if you like.'

'I think I will, if I may,' said the girl. 'It is so nice to feel, once a letter is in the post, that it must go, and that you cannot stop it.—Here is a pen and ink. May I go and tell your mother about it while you write?'

'I am not your ward now, at all events,' said 'Certainly,' said Wynyard. 'There can be no secret about it now.'

As he was writing the last words of the

a right to dispose of myself and my property just as I think fit; and what is more, I shall

expect you to obey me.'

I did that before, if you remember,' said

'And never regretted it?' she asked, looking up in his face with an expression of perfect confidence as to what his response would be.

'Never!' he answered.

### MEN OF ONE IDEA.

Por has observed that every man has a pet word or phrase which he uses frequently (the 'impalpable inane' of Carlyle and the 'lucidity' of Matthew Arnold are instances in point); and it is almost equally certain that every man has a pet idea. In some, it is difficult to discover what that one idea is; in others, it is very prominent. The desire to master one's trade or profession is, we need hardly say, very laudable; but when a man has no thoughts for anything else, and cannot open his mouth without talking 'shop,' he is simply an intolerable bore. Lord Beaconsfield, indeed, defines the true bore as 'that man who thinks the world is only interested in one subject, because he can only comprehend one.

Most notable men are handed down to posterity by their one idea; but there are many excep-tions to this rule. We are told of a celebrated comedian who, by some strange infatuation, thought himself destined to excel in tragedy, and was much mortified when on benefit nights he played Romeo and the audience insisted on receiving it as a burlesque. The one idea of Charles Reade is well known. He was not content with his fame as a novelist, but wanted to become famous as a dramatist also; and there are a few living authors who are quite as ambitious.

Probably one of the most remarkable men of one idea was Lord Palmerston, who could think of little else but foreign politics. An amusing story is told of him in the Greville Memoirs. 'The Queen,' says Greville, 'told Clarendon an anecdote of Palmerston, showing how exclusively absorbed he is with foreign politics. Her Majesty had been much interested in and alarmed at the strikes and troubles in the north, and asked Palmerston for details about them, when she found that he knew nothing at all. One morning, after previous inquiries, she said to him : "Pray, Lord Palmerston, have you any news?"
To which he replied: "No, madam; I have heard nothing; but it seems certain the Turks have crossed the Danube." The fact that Palmerston at this time was not Foreign Minister, but Home Secretary, adds point to the anecdote.

Some of our judges are men of one idea. A short time ago, a learned judge had never heard the name of one of the most popular actors of the day; and another asked, 'What is baccarat?' which had been mentioned in the course of a case heard before him. At length, however, there are signs that their lordships are becoming there are signs that their lordships are becoming conscious of what is going on in the world, and that they occasionally glance through a newspaper. When one of the counsel in a recent case called Mr J. L. Toole, and said, 'You are known as Mr J. L. Toole, the lessee of Toole's Theatre,' the Lord Chief-justice triumphantly exclaimed: 'We all know that.' This is certainly a honeful sign. a hopeful sign.

There are certain well-known types of men of one idea—such as the 'horsey' man. Many of

them are not quite so bad as Smedley's wellknown character, who assured his 'dear Fanny'

There are moments When love gets you in a fix, Takes the bit in his jaws, and, without any pause, Bolts away with you like bricks.

But, as a rule, their talk is of the turf, turfy. Sydney Smith's son, who was known as Smith the Assassin, was, according to Mr Serjeant Ballantine, a man of this class. Late on in life, he entertained gloomy thoughts of the future.
'On one occasion,' Mr Ballantine says, 'when he was about to meet the Bishop of London at dinner, his reverend father suggested to him the propriety of exhibiting to that distinguished prelate his familiarity with the Scriptures. Accordingly, he seized upon the earliest opportunity to ask his lordship "whether anything was known of the condition Nebuchadnezzar was in when he

came up from grass."!
With the men who are apt to look at everything from a pecuniary standpoint and whose whole aim in life is to amass money, we are all familiar. As the worship of mammon has been condemned by writers and divines of all ages, and as this phase of our subject is decidedly hackneyed, we shall content ourselves with relating a story of one of these men of one idea. General Skobeleff, according to the story, was working one evening in his tent near the Danube, or near a pond, when a Turkish bomb dropped at the threshold of his tent. The general had just time to see the sentry outside stoop down and throw the shell into the water. Skobeleff approached the soldier and said: 'Do you know you have saved my life?' 'I have done my best, general, was the reply.- 'Very well. my best, general, was the reply.—'Very well. Which would you rather have, the St George's Cross or one hundred roubles?' The sentinel hesitated a moment, and then said: 'What is the value of the St George's Cross, my general?'—'What do you mean? The cross itself is of no value; it may be worth five roubles perhaps; but it is an honour to possess it.' 'Well, my general,' said the soldier, 'if it is like that, give me ninety-five roubles and the Cross of St George!' The sentry, it should be noted, was a Jew, with a fine Semitic profile.

Another class of men of one idea are those

Another class of men of one idea are those who have little or no knowledge of modern who have little or no knowledge of modelli literature, and who think that all the 'wit and wisdom of the world are concentrated in some fifty antique volumes.' Take an illustration from an anecdote told regarding Thackeray. from an anecdote told regarding Thackeray. Before the great novelist could deliver his lecture on English Humorists at Oxford, it was necessary to obtain the license of the authorities. The deputy-chancellor at Oxford, upon whom Thackeray waited, knew nothing about such trifles as Vanity Fair. 'Pray, what can I do to serve you?' said this bland functionary.

'My name is Thackeray.'

'So I see by this card? 'I seek permission to lecture within the pre-cinets.'

'Ah! You are a lecturer. What subjects do you undertake—religious or political?

'Neither. I am a literary man.

'Have you written anything?'
'Yes; I am the author of Vanity Fair.'

'I presume, a Dissenter. Has that anything to do with John Bunyan's book?'

'Not exactly. I have also written Pendennis.'
'Never heard of those works; but do not doubt they are proper books.'
'I have also contributed to Punch.'

'Punch? I have heard of that. Is it not a ribald publication?'

There are many other classes of men of one idea, to enumerate the whole of which is no part of our intention. A person does not need a wide circle of acquaintances to know at least one man who is absorbed in but one subject. When two men of one idea are thrown together—in a railway carriage, for instance-and both endeavour to ride their favourite hobby, the result is amusing-to a third party. The men themselves may, however, be anything but amused, and may part with scarcely a flattering idea of each other's abilities.

### THE DEVIL'S SCRAUGH.

BY AN ARTILLERY OFFICER.

In the year 187- I was quartered at Athlone, in the County Westmeath, Ireland. It is not a bad military station-for an Irish one-especially for a man who cares for outdoor sports. There are good fishing and boating on Lough Ree; and by the kindness of the landowners of the neighbourhood, many a day's good shooting of a miscellaneous kind may be had over the interminable bogs that lie all around. I enjoyed myself greatly, having a taste for solitary shooting excursions, and liking that uncertainty as to what bird or quadruped would next rise from the heather, which is chiefly to be found in Irish sport. Generally, I started on such expeditions alone, save for the company of a smart young gossoon of the town, Peter Farrell by name, who, having been born with the national love of shooting and fishing, vas only too glad to accompany me for a nominal consideration, and make himself useful in pointing out the 'mearnes' which divided the properties of different owners, sometimes consisting in a narrow trench require for miles therether in a narrow trench running for miles through a in a narrow trench running for miles through a bog, and sometimes of an imaginary line, which I had to accept in faith, not being able to see a trace of it for myself. He also carried my game-bag, and would think nothing of a twelve-mile tramp over spongy bog-land with a couple of hares over his shoulder and a full bag at his

One November afternoon we had gone farther abroad than usual, and reached a bog on which I had never been before. Peter declared he knew it well; but I rather doubted the statement. We had had a very fair day's sport, and it was getting time to think of returning home, as the short winter daylight was drawing to a close. I had an idea that a short-cut might be made to reach the high-road by holding a due north-west course; but Peter inclined to a south-westerly one. The argument ran high, when at length we discerned a cottage with a thatched roof at the bottom of a

a little pool of water, some hundred yards in diameter, which I perceived at a few furlongs off, and on which I hoped to surprise a stray teal or wild-duck. Sure enough, there was a flock of the former birds feeding in fancied security near the edge. I selected a stunted thorn-bush growing on the margin as a good shelter behind which to approach them unperceived, and began stealthily advancing under its cover. The pond was surrounded by a large patch of light-green moss; and as soon as I stepped upon it, I became aware that it was what is called, in Irish parlance, a 'shaking scraugh;' that is to say, the water was here covered only by a floating mass of weeds and peat-moss, closely interlaced, and forming a curious combination, that was neither bog nor yet terra firma. As you walk upon such a place, it sinks beneath you, and you see a wave running along before you just as when you shake a carpet. However, there is generally little danger of breaking through, so closely matted together are the fibres, and I advanced with caution, bent on having my shot. Suddenly, without the least warning, my foot went through, and in an instant I was up to my neck in the black, peaty water beneath, just keeping my head above the surface by the bearing my outspread arms had on the moss. It was a terrible situation! If once I sank, no power on earth could save me—it would be like drowning under ice, only that, ice being transparent, there would be some hope of being cut out in that case; and here, under the mossy blanket, absolutely none. I shouted at the top of my voice for help, but with a painful conviction that if it did not come within three minutes, it would be too late, as I felt myself slowly

Suddenly I felt something thrust through the collar of my coat from behind, and heard a man's voice saying coolly: 'I have a good hold on ye

with the graip now, your honour; if you make a good offer at it, you can scramble out!

Most conforting were the words, in my desperate case. I made a violent struggle, vigorously assisted by my unknown friend with his 'graip' (a sort of three-moned drig which he had in (a sort of three-pronged drag, which he had in-serted under my collar). The cloth held; and I scrambled on to my knees, and in that igno-minious position, with my clothes streaming with the black water, reached the comparatively firm ground of the bog.

'Musha, then, your honour is badly off for sport, when you must look for it in the Devil's Scraugh!' said my preserver, as I turned to look him in the face.

He was a strong, burly, Irish peasant, clad in the costume that is now rapidly becoming extinct—a chimney-pot hat, a frieze coat, knee-breeches, and gray worsted stockings. His features were striking, I thought—bushy black eyebrows meeting each other over the nose; gray keen eyes; a mouth that seemed like a straight line drawn across the face, so tightly were the lips compressed; and a square chin, with a week's growth of bristly black beard upon it. Altogether, not the sort of man you would care to have for an enemy.

hollow where the high bog land sloped downwards to the banks of a stream.

I sent Peter down to the cottage to inquire the way, and meanwhile directed my steps towards five minutes longer. It seems like a special

providence that you should have been there

with your graip.

My preserver scowled, and his face became less inviting than ever. 'I saw your gossoon going down the hill to the cottage beyont,' he said. 'I suppose it was to ask the way. There's no one lives there but myself, so he won't get much by his walk. If you want to get back to Athlone, just cross over the bog there where you see the tree growing its lone, and you'll strike the road. No! as he saw me drawing my purse from my saturated pocket— Turlough O'Brien wants money from no man; God forbid! When you see a shaking scraugh again, maybe you won't be so ready to venture on it!' Whereat he gave a ghastly sort of chuckle and walked off, with his graip over his shoulder, just as Peter came up. The action surprised me, as the Irish have their full share of curiosity, and rarely resist the opportunity of asking questions when they get a chance. Peter's face of dismay when he saw my wet clothes, the lake, and my new acquaintance, was a study. I wanted to look for my gun, which I had lost in my immersion; but he drew me away in great haste.

'See now, sir-never mind the gun. It's gone for ever and ever; and it's well you're not gone with it. Murther'n Irish! did ever any one see the like! And sorra a bit of me knows if we'll get home to-night at all at all, after this!'
'I've just found out where the road is,' said I.

'It is exactly where I told you—over the bog there.'

'The road, is it?' said Peter. 'Ah, then, if that were all, sorra much matter it would be. But we must only make the best of it, now we're here; and may the Holy Virgin have a care of us and be betune us and evil!' And devoutly crossing himself, he drew me away.

Needless to say that, on the way home, I demanded an explanation of him; and after a great deal of cross-examination, drew from him as curious a story as I had ever heard, and which I here give, divested of the many digressions from the point, and the rich vocabulary of Irish phrases with which it was told me.

John O'Brien, the original owner of the cottage we had seen, had two sons, Patrick and Turlough. No one knew whence he himself had come, or on what terms he had purchased the land on which he built his modest dwelling; but he appears to have been shunned by the people of the neighbourhood, chiefly on account of his living in such close proximity to the Devil's Scraugh, a place of which many wild legends had been told, and which was the favourite spot chosen by the priests wherein to confine, 'between the froth and the water, evil spirits exorcised by them. Probably, with the exceptions of John O'Brien and his sons, there was not a man in the county who would have ventured near Lough Galliagh, as the pool was called, after dusk; and the temerity of the owners of the farm was universally ascribed to familiarity and friendship

with the powers of evil.

To add to the bad reputation of the locality, a young girl, betrayed and deserted by her lover, had drowned herself in the Lough some years before the time of which I write; and the lover himself, having with tardy repentance joined eagerly in the efforts made for the recovery of the

body, was himself drowned also in the same spot. and in the presence of many of his neighbours, who were unable to rescue him, and who only succeeded in recovering the two corpses several days afterwards. There was a 'wise woman' living in a little cabin on the outskirts of Athlone. who, when she heard of the occurrence, mumbled something in Irish, and then informed her awestruck listeners that she had had a revelation, and had learned that the pool was under a spell, and would infallibly cause the death of the enemy of any one who had the courage to drown himself therein, repeating the name of the man he would doom as the black water silenced his lips for

O'Brien and his sons were more shunned than ever after the event just related; but when the old man died and it was found that he had left the whole of his small possessions to his eldest son Patrick, and that Turlough was quite unprovided for, popular opinion veered round, and set in strongly in favour of the younger brother, all the dislike due to him being added to the share of Patrick. From what Peter told me of the latter man, I do not think he deserved the opprobrium which fell upon him; he seems to have been kind enough to Turlough, giving him a share of his house and of the proceeds of the land; though declining, perhaps wisely enough, to make them over to him by legal document. Turlough said little, lived in apparent friendship with his brother, and bided his time. It came earlier than

he expected.

Patrick, like most of the Westmeath men at that date, was a thorough Fenian at heart, and managed to get greatly involved in the plots which led to that most abortive attempt at a rebellion, in which the government appears to have known quite as much as the conspirators themselves of the secret councils of the latter. As a natural consequence, Patrick was 'wanted,' and equally, as a matter of course, he was not to be found by the police who invaded his domicile. No one was there but Turlough, who was politeness itself, gave them a glass of whisky all round, and showed them with some pride a deed of gift from Patrick, which, in due legal form, made over to his brother Turlough the former's interest in the farm. Clearly, nothing was to be

done, and the disappointed police had nothing for it but to return to barracks.

In what part of Ireland, Patrick lay hidden during the years that followed, Peter could not tell me; but it was on a spring day in 1870 that he came again, attended by certain friends of his as witnesses, to claim back the deed of gift from his brother. The seven days wonder had passed, Ireland was quieter than usual, and there was no more talk of prosecuting ex-Fenians. The farm had only been made over to Turlough that he might manage it till better times came, and that there might be no danger of confiscation. What could be simpler than that the rightful owner should now reclaim possession. But he had reckoned without his brother. Turlough sat unmoved by the storm of passionate invective that was poured upon him, and stolidly reiterated his assertion that he had given Patrick full value for the farm, and had no intention what-ever of giving it up. Words ran high, and doubtless blows would have followed, had not

Turlough at last produced an American revolver from his pocket, and threatened to shoot every man in the house—his house, if they did not at once leave it. Against such a practical argument there was nothing to be urged; and the men left the hut, carrying with them the frantic Patrick, mad with rage, and fired with a true Irish thirst for revenge.

Their road home lay by Lough Galliagh. As they neared it, Patrick broke away from his friends, rushed across the quaking Devil's Scraugh, and plunged into the peaty water with a scream of his brother's name mingled with a ban! The party he had left stood still a moment in horror, and then hurried cautiously towards the margin of the pool. But the desperate man never rose again. Some thought that he must actually have swum under water till he was beneath the scraugh, so as to render rescue impossible and make sure of the anathema!

From that time forth no living man, could he avoid it, would approach Lough Galliagh or speak a word to Turlough O'Brien. The latter was cut off from all human companionship, and driven to subsist on the potatoes he grew on his farm and the milk of a cow which he kept there. Whether his terrible penance did him good or not, Peter could not say, but I hoped it had done so. A man whose heart was wholly bad would

have left me to perish in the scraugh.

No one had dared to attempt the finding of the corpse of Patrick O'Brien; but, almost daily for years past, Turlough had been seen working with his graip here and there along the margin of the Lough and in the Devil's Scraugh itself, so the probability was that he was endeavouring to find his brother's body—whether with a hope of avoiding the ban pronounced on the pool, or with the better object of giving Christian burial to the remains of his victim, no one could say, though, of course, the peasantry inclined to the former belief. No doubt I had met with my accident in one of the holes he had dug in the scraugh, which had had time to cover itself with a treacherous layer of weed. The popular opinion was that Turlough himself would some day be drowned in such a hole, and thus fulfil the weird of the 'wise woman.'

We reached Athlone that evening long after dark, but in safety, to Peter's great surprise and self-congratulation. He had been thoroughly frightened by finding himself in proximity to the dreaded spot, and for some time afterwards boasted less than usual of his knowledge of every hole and corner in the bogs from Moate

to Athlone.'

I am an Irishman by birth and education, and have heard many weird stories in my native land, but seldom one which impressed me so much as that which Peter had told me. It kept my mind busy and my body wakeful that night till far into the small-hours. I did not know which to pity the most—the desperate man hurrying into the presence of his Maker with anathemas on his lips and a purpose of vengeance in his heart, or the living one who 'dreed his weird,' solitary amongst his fellows, unhelped and unpitied by them. Ere morning, I had resolved that, so far as I was concerned, the matter should not rest

there, but that I would at once pay Turlough O'Brien a visit, express my gratitude to him better than I had been able to do it in the hurry of the moment, and try to help him, at least by sympathy, if in no other way. He had refused to accept money; but he could scarcely decline a few articles, of use to a man in his circumstances, if brought to him as a present and not as a reward, and these might be my excuse for intruding upon him. Truth to tell, I was rather doubtful as to the reception I might meet with

'Man proposes, and God disposes.' It is a trite saying, but a practical one. When I rose in the morning, I saw the sky covered from zenith to horizon by a leaden pall of cloud, whence descended an unbroken torrent of rain, turning the streets to rivers of mud, and splashing on the pavement from every gutter, as if the deluge were come again. Bog-trotting was, in such weather, out of the question, and I resigned myself to the inevitable, though reluctantly, as I knew well that when steady rain begins in the County Westmeath in November with a falling barometer, no man can say when it will stop. But I was searcely prepared for the rainfall of that November. Ten whole days did it continue without a symptom of cessation; then came a break of sunshine late one afternoon, a fine night, and again rain in the morning. When, on the fourteenth day, the mercury in the barometer that hung in the antercom showed signs of rising steadily, in place of jumping up and down every few hours, and the clouds thinned away and let a watery glimpse of sun come through, we were all thoroughly tired of inaction and indoor confinement, and half the country was under water.

Next morning was a glorious one, with a cloudless sky; and I started on my expedition-alone this time, as I did not think it fair to ask Peter to accompany me, knowing his feelings on the sub-ject of my destination. I found locomotion very difficult, as the bogs were aukle-deep in water in some places, and once I thought seriously of turning back; but my good intentions were too strong for me, and I struggled on. About noon I passed the 'lone tree' and came in sight of Lough Galliagh. It had become a respectable sheet of water by this time. 'The Devil's Scraugh was quite covered, and evidently my friend Turlough's engineering operations must have been suspended for some time past by the laws of nature. The cottage still stood where I last saw it, and a thin wreath of smoke rose from the chimney, proving that the owner was at home. The stream below it had become a swollen river, moving sluggishly onward close to the walls of the hut, having evidently flooded the potatogarden and fields adjoining. I was pleased to think that I had brought a few luxuries with me, a pound or so of tobacco and so on; for evidently the outcast had need of something to keep his spirits up, in view of the desolation around him.

Having thus reflected, I looked again towards the gloomy pool where I had so nearly lost my life. Curiously enough, it seemed larger than when I had viewed it a few minutes before. As I tried to account in my own mind for this phenomenon, I felt a trembling of the ground

beneath my feet; and, with a dull sullen roar, the whole bog, from Lough Galliagh downwards, split away, opening a vast chasm, filled with black foaming water, and slid away bodily towards the stream below. A few yards it thus moved un-broken, and then split in every direction into a maze of islands, all borne downwards by a resistless rush of water, that had accumulated twenty feet beneath the bog upon the impervious marl subsoil, and now bore away its load triumphantly, in a roaring torrent, directed straight upon the

cottage by the stream. At the first dull roar, I had seen—I seemed to see everything at once—the door of the hut open, and a man standing on the threshold open, and a man standing on the threshold looking towards Lough Galliagh. Then the flood broke; and cottage and man vanished like a dream in the stream beyond, followed by the great masses of peat, which choked up the bed of the channel, and piled themselves on the further bank like chaos come again. I am not ashamed to say that I turned and ran for my life. There was no saying whether my part of the bog would not follow the other. However, the release of the water had saved the remainder of the peat; and I was able, by making a long detour, to avoid that chasm where once was Lough Galliagh, and to strike the bed of the stream about a mile farther down, where already a crowd of country-people had collected, and were gazing in bewildered astonishment at the devastation around them. One or two of the most practical—or perhaps most apathetic—amongst them were groping in the rapidly diminishing waters of the stream, and fishing out relies of the furniture of the cottage, which had been struck by the first force of the released waters and carried down the stream in fragments, before the mass

of peat had dammed the channel.

'Hurroo, Johneen!' shouted one stalwart fellow, holding on to a long pole with a salmon gaff at the end of it. 'I have a hoult of something weighty this time. Lend me a hand, and

we'll have it out.'

I knew instinctively what was coming, and shrank from the sight. The women screamed and the men crossed themselves as the body of Turlough O'Brien was raised from the water and drawn towards the bank. His stern face with its black hair looked set and ghastly in death; and it had a great gash across the forehead, caused no doubt by some timber of the hut striking it in the water. There seemed some difficulty in getting the corpse out of the water, and it soon appeared that the right hand held a death-grip of something which looked like a bit of smoke-browned rafter. The salmon gaff was again used, and the men raised the body and its prize together.

'God be betune us and all evil!' shrieked an old woman. 'Sure, it's his own brother he has a hoult of! Throw him in again how or had a hoult of! Throw him in again, boys, or bad luck will follow yez!

'Nonsense,' said I hastily, seeing an evident disposition on the part of the men to comply with the injunction. 'Surely that thing can't be a body?

It was one, however, shrivelled and dried up like a minimy, but nevertheless preserved by the strange antiseptic power of the peat, so that the features were perfectly recognisable. A man in the crowd identified it at once as what remained of Patrick O'Brien. Clearly, it had been carried out of its resting-place by the descending water.

As a suicide, the priest refused to bury Patrick O'Brien in consecrated ground; and the public opinion against Turlough was so strong that they did not dare to lay him in the graveyard. After the inquest, the bodies were claimed by some man in the neighbourhood, who declared himselffalsely, I believe—to be a relative of the deceased. No one cared to dispute his claim, or ask what he did with them; but I have reason to think that the country-people buried them somewhere near the old site of Lough Galliagh, by advice of the 'wise woman,' who declared that such was the only way to remove the ban that hung over the place.

### ONLY A LITTLE CROSS.

ALL cold and lone, on the ground we found him. The brave young spirit had passed away; And as we folded his cloak around him, We thought how nobly he fought that day. Bright drops of dew on the curls were gleaming That lay caressing the boyish brow. Ah! that pale young face in the moonlight beaming Is ever rising before me now.

A broken sword near his hand was lying-His mother's picture-a lock of hair; And to his heart he had clasped, while dying, The little cross that she used to wear. That bright young head on the ground reposing, The white face turned to the star-lit skies, How still it lay, while strange hands were closing The heavy lids o'er the once bright eyes.

Twas then we thought how that light foot never Again should beat on the cottage floor; The joyous laughter was hushed for ever. That gaily rang through the open door. Twas then we pictured his mother kneeling, To kiss the pillow his cheek had prest; From happy comrades, a pale girl stealing, To sing the songs that he loved the best.

We thought how they who with smiles did greet him. Could find none dearer to take his place; The noisy children that ran to meet him, Would watch in vain for his pleasant face; The father's eyes would grow dim, while telling The daring deeds of his gallant boy; And gloom would fall on that little dwelling. Whose walls once echoed with sounds of joy.

The little cross from his cold hand taking, One parting look on his face, and then, With trembling fingers, and hearts nigh breaking. We laid it down on his breast again ; And with a prayer for the thousand mothers Who nightly watch till the shadows flee, We left him there, for we knew that others Would need our help, ch, far more than he! FARRY FORRESTER.

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### THE ART OF LISTENING.

Ir was pointed out a short time ago, by a writer well qualified to judge of his subject, that the Art of Conversation is gradually dying out in England. We write a great deal more than our fathers did; but we say less. A fall-ing-off is visible both in the quantity and the quality of our conversation. It is obvious that by conversation the writer does not mean the exchange of observations which is carried on with sufficient liveliness wherever men and women gather together for what they describe as social intercourse. Of this species of talk there is no dearth; and if there were, we should hardly consider it cause for serious regret. But our author complains that the conversation which used to be cultivated, and rightly, as one of the fine arts, has been of late years persistently neglected, until society has lost one of its greatest charms.

Be this as it may, let us ask our readers to turn their particular attention to a kindred subject of equal importance—we mean the Art of Listening. Much as we may deplore the loss of good talkers, it would be far more disastrous were the race of good listeners to be allowed to die out. A good talker is one of the luxuries of life, to be brought out and enjoyed on special occasions. A good listener is essential to the every-day comfort of home. Nay, further, we have no doubt that the decrease of the former is largely due to the rarity of the latter. There are many of us who are secretly conscious we could talk well if we had any one to listen to us. We are silent for lack of an audience.

The writer knew an old French marquis who held strong opinions on this subject. His earnest and reiterated advice on the topic of matrimony was concentrated chiefly on this one point. 'Marry a handsome woman if you will, a rich one if you can,' he used to say; 'but in any case marry a woman who listens.' And this he considered the only true method of classifying the sex. Others might view them as good and bad,

clever or stupid, pretty or plain. He asserted simply that there are women who listen, and women who do not. He added that the latter were in the majority.

We trust that no one will hastily infer that we are so far behind the age as to consider that listening is the exclusive province of women. That they can talk, and talk to some purpose, has been so clearly demonstrated, that there are few who would now be bold enough to deny it. At the same time, we are sure that good listeners are more often found among women than among The quickness of a woman's perceptions, the warmth of her sympathies, her capacities of endurance—these are the very qualities essential to real proficiency in the art. Is there any picture more lovely, in the whole gallery of Shakspeare's women, than the portrait of the beautiful Venetian winning Othello's heart by the perfection of her listening? Some of the most popular women have neither beauty, rank, nor wealth to recommend them; we have known such owe their position in the hearts of their friends chiefly to the fact that they were the most charming of listeners. On the other hand, how many women are there whose usefulness and happiness are marred by their ignorance of

tion of our meaning.

Where could you find a sweeter, brighter, more lovable young wife than Beatrice? As Benedict sits opposite to her by the fireside after dinner and watches her graceful head bending over her book, he may well feel proud of her. 'I met Williams in the City to-day,' he says presently.

this accomplishment! Let us give an illustra-

'Did you, dear?' says Beatrice, looking brightly up from her novel.

'Yes. He says he thinks that house of Parker's would be the very thing for us. There are six rooms—kitchen on ground-floor, and a good strip of garden.'

'A good strip of garden on the ground-floor,' repeats. Bestrice dreamily, her eyes on the page.

'I wish you'd listen to what I'm saying,' says Benedict, somewhat crossly. 'If you'd rather read, of course '-

But I would not rather read,' answers Beatrice, closing her book readily, and fixing her eyes on her husband with a well simulated air of profound interest. But she keeps her finger in the place, which Benedict perceives, and draws his conclusions; and presently he gets up, feeling a triffe hurt, and says he is going over to have a smoke with Jones.

Nowhere will you find a better sister than Martha. She watches over the domestic affairs of her brother Theophilus with the truest devotion. His gloves are always in their place, his coat always brushed; nor is he ever exposed to the mortification of putting on a clean shirt and finding too late that it has a button lacking. In one respect only does Martha come short of the ideal sister.

'Would you like me to read something aloud to you? says Theophilus, coming into the room where Martha sits by the fire knitting his winter socks. 'I have just got the new number of the Asiatic with my article about the vowel sounds in Sanskrit in it.

'Delightful!' cries Martha.

Thus encouraged, he begins to read, giving every word its due weight, as only authors do. Presently, he is aware of a low under-current of

sound. He pauses, and catches the mystic syllables, 'Knit one, purl one, knit two together.'

'I am afraid you find it a little dry,' he suggests wistfully. Martha protests that, though she is counting her stitches, she is listening all the while and enjoying it immensely. But the reader's pleasure is gone. Martha is an admirable woman; why does she not listen?

I was asked not long ago to spend a few days in a country-house to meet the fiance of the eldest son, an old college chum of mine. The young lady was pretty, intelligent, accomplished; and I heartily congratulated Tom on the marriage he was making. But when I spoke to his brother in praise of his future sister, he said gloomily: 'Wait a bit.' I waited. The first day I thought her clever. The third day I found her not clever exactly, but vivacious and amusing. By the fifth, I had grown heartily weary of the unceasing flow of her commonplace chatter. When, at the end of the week, I heard that the wedding-day was fixed, I found myself sighing involuntarily. Since their marriage, they have often pressed me to go and stay at the Rockeries; but I like occasionally to have an opportunity of making a remark myself, and for this reason. I have always refused the invitation.—Poor Tom!

### RICHARD CABLE THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE DIVER.

'My dear Josephine,' said Mrs Sellwood, 'I can't quite follow you. Why should you not become a governess, if you really are bent on earning your livelihood? I cannot endure the thought of you taking a menial position.'

'Is not that of a governess menial?'

'Hardly so At least a least

Hardly so. At least, a lady can maintain her position as a governess; but when she

becomes'-she hesitated-'something else, I mean something lower, it makes all the difference in the world.'

'But, dear Mrs Sellwood, I want to step down into that inferior class, to be able to see with their eyes, hear with their ears, think with their

brains, and throb with their passions.'

'It is quite unnecessary,' said Mrs Sellwood,
'I can do that. You can do it without any 'I can do that. You can do it without any quixotism. With them, it is as with all satellites —they reflect the light of their sun; that is, of the social sun, the lady of the house, or the gentleman, round whom they move. The butler always assimilates himself to the manners and always assimilates himself to the manners and modes of thought and expression of his master; and the ladys-maid to those of her mistress, Of course, they never reach their glory; they misted in a lower key. They repeat their superiors in an inferior sphere. It is like the echo to the human voice. The same words repeated, but a tone or a semitone, and broken—reflected back. I have known butlers who really might have been mistaken for gentlemen, and ladies'-maids with really very pretty manners.

Josephine shook her head meditatively. 'Don't you think, Mrs Sellwood, that the similarity may be external only? I have heard parrots speak like Christians; indeed, I have been told by my father of one which said: "No primogeniture! Down with the House of Lords! Tichborne for

Well, said the rector's wife, 'more than half the people in the world have parrotical minds, if I may so express myself; they merely repeat what they hear, without attaching sense to the words. It is exceptional to find a person who thinks as well as speaks. Servants are nothing but human parrots; they repeat more than the words; they repeat the ideas, prejudices, manners, even voices of their superiors, in an exaggerated and somewhat grotesque form. Why, half the words they use they do not understand; I mean those of Latin and Greek origin—perambulator, affidavit, telegraph, bicycle, and so on.'
'They understand what these words mean, but not their derivation.'

'We know both. The words convey more to our minds than to theirs. Surely, you can imagine yourself ten degrees stupider than you are, and you at once descend to the menial mind.'

Josephine was still unsatisfied. 'I do not know that,' she objected. 'I fancy we who are cultured can no more understand the mind of the uneducated, then a man can follow the thread of ideas that traverses the brain of a horse.

'They have no threads of ideas—only threadends which they pick up from us. We, who are educated, have our ideas and our reason; and we work out problems, and we throw down our thread-ends and conclusions; and the uneducated take them up and tangle them together into a ball in their brains.

'I do not believe it, Mrs Sellwood,' said Josephine. 'Have you ever seen those mats and rugs made by cottagers out of bits of coloured cloth and list? They weave them into some kind of pattern, but the main fabric of the mat is strong hempen twine. This twine is made into loops,

and the fag-ends of coloured cloth are slipped through the loops and gripped and drawn together. These mats have wonderful wear in them, because of the strength and tenacity of the hempen substructure. I quite allow that the lower order of men have not broadcloth minds, have minds made up, as you say, of scraps of culture cast aside by their superiors; but they do weave them into some sort of pattern, and make them into service-able textures. What I want to learn is, what is the substructure of hemp, what is the grasping, assimilating, organising faculty in the minds of the uneducated? I can never find that out without going among them.'

'You will not find it out if you do go among them; there is no such substructure as you imagine.'

But, Mrs Sellwood, how do you know? How can you know, never having been inside the circle

of the uneducated?

'I can judge by what I see,' answered the old lady touchily. 'You are like those Australian explorers who went into the heart of the island expecting to find mountains and lakes, pastures, gold mines, and nearly perished in the infinite monotony of desert they traversed.'

'I am not going to make any discoveries; I do not anticipate finding a land flowing with milk and honey, or hope to induce colonists from the upper classes to come down and camp in it. I go because my husband belongs to that rough and stony land, and I wish to inhabit it with him, to share his privations and pleasures.

The rector's wife said nothing. She was doing

some woolwork, a group—Ruth and Boaz.

'Mrs Sellwood,' said Josephine, 'I am not sure that I shall not find an agreeable freedom from formality in the life below the line. Are we not all, who are above it, set to work our lives out like that piece of wool embroidery on which you are engaged? We have to make our stitches exactly according to pattern, and put in exactly the regulated number, and the proper tints. result is extremely unsatisfactory when the miserable piece of work is done.—Do look at Boaz! His eyes are square; and Ruth's face in profile has a nose resembling a flight of steps. Because the social pattern set before us requires us to make square eyes and staircase noses, are we to do so servilely in defiance of all the canons of art and truth?

The nature of the woolwork stitch will not allow of any other arrangement. Allowance is

made for the exigences of canvas.

But why should we go on making steppy noses and square lustreless eyes, because the canvas and stitch require it? When you have done your Boaz and Ruth, what is it? It is not a picture—it is a caricature.

It is a banner-screen, and will shelter many a face from the fire, and perhaps recall me to the thoughts of my grandchildren, when I am

dead and turned to dust.

You have run off with the illustration away from what we were discussing, and which this embroidery was meant only to illustrate.

'I know perfectly what you mean, and I am thinking of that. Suppose our lives are formal, worked out patiently in little squares; first a stitch from right to left, and then another from left to right; now with wool of one tint, then

with wool of another-well, it makes a complete There is system in it; there is fore-It is a work of great patience and thought. perseverance, and it will always tell that tale to generations to come. But the lives you speak of are not so systematised; they are like the needlework of one colour-blind—a jumble, with no idea in the worker's mind how to make a stitch, how to keep in line, to strain his wool, to match his shades. When, however, the untaught and undisciplined comes into service, is brought into contact with the highly civilised and educated and disciplined, then he or she begins—involuntarily, may be—to copy what is seen; just as the barbarians who invaded the Empire copied the civilisation of Rome. The menial begins at once to sort the wools and to practise stitches; and the result is a copy—sometimes a copy in ill-matched colours, and with irregular lines-of the work of the master or mistress. As far as it is a copy, it is interesting. Where it is not-it is void of everything attractive; it repels.'

'I am not convinced,' said Josephine. 'I will tell you whether I am wrong and you right, after I have made the experiment.—Mrs Sellwood, have you ever read The Devil on Two Sticks ?

'Good gracious, no! It is not proper for one

to read.'
'There is no harm in it. Asmodeus takes the student through the air over Madrid, and removes the roofs of all the houses, so that he can see what goes on within: the story of life in every house, in every room, is revealed to him. Do you know I often think of that when I am with people? I consider what mysteries, what romances, what workings are within these little chambers, with the two eyes as windows; and I long infinitely for a devil to remove the scalp and let me see what is within. Neither you nor I, nor any member of our order, knows in the least what is going on in the great city of the commonalty below us. We want to have the roofs lifted, that we may look in and see the stirring in the brains, and then only shall we understand the thoughts and prejudices, the beliefs, the doubts, and the poetry of Demos."

'And the commonplace,' added Mrs Sellwood.
'I will tell you all, when I have seen,' exclaimed Josephine vehemently.—'Dear Mrs Sellwood, I have been brought in contact with one the best of men-belonging to that city of mystery. He could not understand me, and I could not understand him. It was as if I belonged to the flying island Laputa, and he to

the country of the Houyhnhnms.

'My dear, you are referring to Gulliver's Travels.'

'Of course, Mrs Sellwood.'

But-ladies never read further than the voyage to Lilliput.

I believe they are supposed to limit them-

selves to the infinitely little.

Neither spoke for a few moments after this. Mrs Sellwood was offended. She as well as her husband, allowed, and always had allowed, Josephine to speak freely before them. knew, or suspected, that the influences at home were unsatisfactory; and they had encouraged frankness in her, that they might get to under-

stand her mind, and be able to give some direction to her thoughts, and exercise some check on her inconsiderate impulses. But in permitting this freedom, they had to endure the sharpness of her tongue, which sometimes cut the old people unpleasantly, drawn athwart old pre-judices and traditional principles.
'Did you ever read Schiller's Diver, Mrs Sell-wood?' asked Josephine.

Yes, dear—long ago. I do not remember much about it, except that a king threw a goblet of gold into Charybdis, and sent down a page after it.

'Exactly. And the page, when he came up, was to tell the Sicilian king what he had seen in the depths of the sea. This is what he

related:

Now the purple darkness of the deep Lay under my feet like a precipice, And though here the ear must in deafness sleep, The eye could look down the sheer abyss, And see how the depths of these waters dark Are alive with the dragon, the snake, and the shark.

I am quoting an English version of the poem, Mrs Sellwood, as I daresay my German may be inexact:

In horrible consciousness there I stayed,
One soul with feeling and thought endued,
'Mid monsters, afar from earthly aid,
Alone in that ghastly solitude!
Far, far from the sound of a human tone, In depths which the sea-snake hath called her own.

I am the diver. I am going down into the mysterious depths where the whirlpool swirls, and where, as Schiller says, "a new sea springs from the old sea's breast." But I do not go down because I like the abyss, or think it a habitable place, or particularly desire to culti-vate the acquaintance of the dogfish, dragon, and octopus, but to recover the golden chalice

of my husband's esteem.'
'My dear Josephine,' answered the rector's wife 'if I remember the story aright, the page recovered the goblet only because it lodged on a shelf above the abyss tenanted by these monsters. The king cast in the goblet a second time, and then it fell into the uttermost depth, and from thence

the lad never rose.'

It was so. And so, under water there is the shelf, and below it the vast profound. My husband does not belong to that region of horrors. His golden heart has never sunk to that. As there are stages in our flying island Laputa, so are there shelves below the sea.

'Very well,' said Mrs Sellwood. 'You go down under water to the first terrace, and you will flud—you yourself admit it, no monsters there—only respectables. I can tell you what you will see—because the dredge brings them up—

winkles, cockles, and oysters.

Josephine began with her sweet pure voice to sing the mermaid's song in Oberon. Then, for the first time since Richard had gone, she laughed, not with her old bright, ringing tones, but with a tinge of sadness, and said: Oh, Mrs Sellwood, I shall come up a mermaid, belonging to both realms, that above, and that below, understanding both, and at home in both. What experiences I shall have gone through!

her arms round Josephine, drew her to her bosom, and kissed her. 'You belong to a different order of souls from me, dear child, she said. 'I am not heroic. I see that you have generous and true impulses, and go your own way. In that, you differ from me and such as me. I understand that, by an ingenious contrivance, locomotives are constructed for use in war-time which lay down their own rails as they go along—of course, travelling very slowly, and always running on rails of their own laying. That is like me, and persons so constituted as I am; we always travel on rails-rails of our own laying. You are not like that; you make furrows.'

'Yes,' said Josephine sorrowfully; 'I tear up the road, throw about stones, and wound passers-

by, and upset myself.'
'As you are bent on this experiment—of which I do not quite approve, it is so foreign to anything that I should have considered properam resolved that you shall take a shelf in very shallow water. You must allow me to determine that for you. I have a sister, Miss Otterbourne, who lives near Bath, a very kind old lady, has her prejudices, as is usual with old maids good, wholesome, well-established prejudices, that hurt no one. She has written to me for a lady'smaid. If that situation will do, take it. will have dived, but we hold you by a hair.'
Josephine thanked Mrs Sellwood.

Then the rector came in, and with his fresh face, a waft of cool, bracing air. He squeezed Josephine's hand and kissed his wife.

'My dear Charlotte,' said he to the latter, 'we old fogies have antiquated notions, routine courses, that are unsuited to extraordinary emergencies. Josephine has been right, Her heart has told her from the beginning what was to be done.—My child, I have seen him; I have spoken with him. I know all the circumstances. I have had my finger on his pulse. Josephine must come down to his level.'

(To be continued.)

### THE HESSIAN FLY.

Among the many visitors that annually with the advent of spring-time seek our shores, there has been of late years a certain group, which, though individually small in size, yet travel in so numerous a company as to bring terror to the British agriculturist. However unwilling he may be, the farmer must cater gratis for these voracious little insects; and should they still continue to thrive within our shores, we may erelong find our supply of cereals even more rapidly diminished than it already is by bad seasons and over-farming. This dread guest is the so-called Hessian Fly. It comes to us not, as we might suppose by its name, from Germany, but from America. Its first appearance in Staten Island and Long Island in 1776 was contemporaneous with the arrival of some Hessian merceneries, employed in the revolu-tionary war. For long it was supposed that these soldiers had brought the unwelcome guest in their straw; hence its name. Later however, it was discovered that the Hessian Fly was no Mrs Sellwood threw down her work and put German importation, for it was unknown in Ger-

many before 1833; whereas it had always been a well-known and much-feared visitant of the wheat-fields on the shores of the Mediterranean—in France, Spain, Minorca, Italy, and Asia Minor. More probably, therefore, the fly was introduced, not only into America, but also into Germany itself, either from Southern Europe or from Asia Minor. But whenever or however introduced into the western continent, there for a century the Hessian Fly has been busy making havoc among the various grain-crops of the country. From Long Island it has spread steadily over the different States at the

rate of twenty miles a year. As long ago as 1788, Mr Bond, the British consul at Philadelphia, wrote home to the Privy-Council of his fear that 'the introduction of American wheat into the United Kingdom might be the means of communicating the insect to other grain.' So alarmed were the Council, that they sat day after day to consider what measures should be adopted to keep the fly out of this country; and the business was considered so important, that the minutes of the Council and documents obtained from all quarters filled more than two hundred octavo pages. The Council issued an edict prohibiting the importation of corn; but after about eleven months, the order was withdrawn, the authorities having deter-mined that the insect could not be introduced with grain. But whether in the cargoes of straw shipped by United States shippers at a loss for freight, or, as is more probable, in the straw used for packing, or variety of feed-corn, in the sweepings of granaries, storehouses, and the holds of ships, certain it is that the Hessian Fly has at last found its way into Britain. summer of 1886 it was first detected by Mr Palmer on his farm of Revell's Hall, near Hertford. Noticing a falling-off in his wheat and barley, and making an examination to learn the cause, the farmer discovered strange-looking objects like grains of linseed tightly packed between the outer coverings of the grain and the knots of the second joints above the roots. He at once reported the matter to Miss Ormerod, Consulting Entomologist of the Royal Agricultural Society, who, having visited the fields, declared it her belief that the grain-like objects were the pupe of the Hessian Fly-' flax-seeds,' as the Americans call them. Patient observation of a seed which in six weeks developed into a perfect fly, and consultation with celebrated entomologists both British and American, confirmed Miss Ormerod's opinion.

Since Mr Palmer's discovery, the insect has turned up in other parts of Hertfordshire, also in Bedfordshire, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, Cambridgeshire, Hampshire, Herefordshire, Suffolk, and other counties; and in Scotland at Crieff, Forfarshire, Fife, Inverness, and Lord Polwarth's farms at Mertoun and Bettyfield. Thanks to the promptitude of Miss Ormerod, and the energetic appeals of Mr Whitehead, the chair-man of the Seeds and Plants Diseases Committee of the Royal Agricultural Society, the matter has been brought under the notice of the country at large through the medium of the newspapers, and of the House of Commons in particular. At the desire of the Agricultural

taining a full account of its appearance and habits, with suggestions for methods of prevention and remedies, was drawn up by Mr Whitehead, and issued to all local authorities in Great Britain. From this document we gain much interesting information about our troublesome visitor.

The Hessian Fly is a family relation of the daddy-longlegs, the common gnat, the water-gnat, and the midge, which, like itself, are included in the family Tipulide, of the order Diptera. The female fly is a creature about an eighth of an inch long. Its body is of a dark-brown colour, shading into black; its wings are of dusky gray, fringed, and rounded at the tips. It is characterised by long fringed dark-coloured antennæ with bead-like joints. The male fly, which is much less abundant than the female, is said to be smaller, but has longer antennæ. The insect seems to prefer a warm moist climate, and generally attacks plants in a poor, thin, gravelly soil, probably because these are less able to resist its encroachments. It generates twice a year—in the spring and early autumn—the first generation injuring wheat and barley plants; the second attacking young wheat-plants directly they come up. The autumnal attack is, according to Dr Fitch, the more deadly, being 'in a double sense a radical one. Each particular shoot at whose root one or more of these larvæ nestle is commonly destroyed by the time the worm has attained its growth. The presence of these worms is, therefore, readily detected by an examination of the small wheat in October or November. Individual shoots will be found here and there in the field withered and changed to a light colour, strongly contrasting with the rich green of the vigorous uninjured plants.' The effect of the insect on the plants is much like that of the disorder known as 'gout' or 'root-falling,' only that, instead of giving way at the roots and various parts of the stems, the plants attacked by the Hessian Fly are crippled and bent sharply down just above the second joint; while the stems are so weakened and 'scrawled' that there is little or no corn in the ears, and the straw is broken, discoloured, and stunted.

In the case of the spring generation, according to the same authority, the fly appears about the 1st of May, and deposits its eggs upon the same crop of grain that has already reared one brood, and also upon any spring wheat that is forward enough for its purposes, selecting the more luxuriant of the young leaves. The egg is about the fiftieth of an inch long, cylindrical, translucent, of a pale red colour, becoming in a few hours irregularly spotted with deeper red. The insect lays from eighty to one hundred eggs. placing from twenty to forty upon a single leaf in the creases of the upper parts of the blades of the young plants. The larva is hatched in from four to eight days. It is a wrinkled, yellowish maggot without legs, but with fourteen joints. When full grown, the larva is nearly an eighth of an inch long, and of a clouded white hue, with faint greenish lines. After being hatched, the larva moves from the leaf above to the second joint of the stem, at the base of the blade, and fixes itself head downwards with its head close to the soft stem, and absorbs Department, a Report on the Hessian Fly, con- the juices of the plant. After about five or six

weeks, according to the weather and the state of the corn-plants, the larva changes its colour to a bright chestnut, and soon after casts its brown skin. In this guise the larvæ resemble grains of linseed, and are called 'flax-seeds' in the United States.

Many precautions and remedies are suggested to prevent our country being scourged by the Hessian Fly, as the States and Canada have been. The chief of these are—late sowing; great care in the selection of seed and in the importation of grain and straw, especially from America; the enriching of the soil by strong manures; careful winnowing and sifting of refuse corn; subjection of long-strawed manure and litter to the heat of 'mixens' before use; raking or harrowing or even burning of infected stubble; pasturing the infected ground with sheep, and applying to infected fields dressings of lime, soot, or salt. When a ripe field is attacked, the only remedy is to cut the crop about a foot from the ear and burn the straw, chaff, and earings. If these precautions are not taken, the pest will spread widely; if they are adopted, the farmer will probably lose fifty shillings per acre, in addition to the ordinary and normal loss entailed by wheat-growing. Perhaps, however, the most effectual precaution would be the introduction wheat-growing. and colonisation of certain parasites which are the natural enemies of the Hessian Fly, and soon check its terribly rapid multiplication. In this Journal of 25th September last year, we printed the set of directions issued on the subject by the Lords of the Committee of Council for Agriculture. As we write, a government inquiry on the ravages of the fly is about to be made, and farmers are requested to send any information on the subject to Mr Charles Wing Gray, M.P., House of Commons, Westminster.

### SINGLE-HANDED SMITH.

SINGLE-HANDED SMITH was not, as the nickname might on the face of it seem to imply, a cripple. It would, perhaps, have been better for himself and for the householding portion of society if he had been. The sobriquet was bestowed upon him from the circumstance of his having been one of the first to set the fashion of working singlehanded in his profession of burglar. In the course of a long and busy professional career, he was taken only twice. His last capture occurred quite recently, and resulted in his being sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. Though a detective, I on that occasion had no finger in the pie beyond giving evidence of identity and previous conviction. His first arrest, however, was my work, and, all things considered, it was an arrest in which a detective might reasonably take a little

In 1874, the burglaries in a certain suburban part of our division were unusually numerous, and in every instance the burglar-for the jobs were evidently single-handed ones—got clear away. The chief characteristic of the robberies was their boldness. On several occasions, where the attempts to break in had been frustrated, owing to their having roused the household, it was discovered in the morning that some other dwelling only three or four doors away had been but he only answered: 'Well, it is your job; and owing to their having roused the household, it was discovered in the morning that some other

'burgled.' Apart from this seemingly reckless but practically successful daring, the execution of the jobs was inartistic and coarse, and the robberies were certainly not 'put-up' affairs. The latter point was proved to demonstration by the frequency with which the thief, whoever he was, missed come at able valuables that would inevitably have been secured by a burglar to whom servants or others had either wilfully or unconsciously given information. The residences performed upon were invariably such as had back gardens. Through these gardens the houses were approached, and entrance was usually obtained by the rough-and-ready method of forcing doors and windows with a 'jemmy.'

The field of labour which this particular enterprising burglar had marked for his own was within the area where I was the only plainclothes man engaged. As a matter of routine, therefore, these burglaries were my cases; and as they went on unchecked, I naturally began to feel crest-fallen over them. I had worked very hard in the endeavour to achieve success, much harder than I had done in cases in which I was held to have scored brilliantly. Where defeat came in was in the failure to trace any of the stolen property that could be sworn to. I haunted pawnbrokers' and jewellers' shops with an energy worthy of any cause, and kept a specially sharp lookout upon the establishments of known or suspected receivers of stolen property. Twice it seemed as though my exercise of the twin virtues of patience and perseverance was about to meet with its reward; but on each occasion hope's flattering tale ended in disappoint-

So matters stood about the end of March in the year mentioned. My much-wanted' man, though still making himself felt with undesirable frequency, was slacking off in his operations, and my hopes of being able to capture him had sunk to a very low ebb indeed. One night, or, to speak by the card, one morning, for it was nearly two o'clock, when I was out on duty, I received a message asking me to return to the station at once. On getting there, I found in the office a gentleman who had come to report that about three-quarters of an hour before there had been an attempt to break into his house. The sergeant on duty had already taken down his statement, which was to the effect that about one o'clock he had been awakened by what he described as a crashing noise on the ground-floor of hishouse. He had called his son, a young man of twenty, and they had gone down stairs, revolver in hand. They found that a window had been broken open, and they reached it just in time to see a man retreating over the garden fence. The garden abutted upon a railway embankment, down which he must have plunged, as they saw him ascend on the other side of the line and dis-

appear in the fields beyond.

Assuming that it is our old hand, I said to the sergeant, 'there is just the possibility that he may hark back and try to do another house close by. I don't say, mind you, that he will have a second try this morning; still, he is just the fellow who would think it the dashing

if you think there is any likelihood of his falling

into a trap, you had better lay it for him.'
That is what I propose doing. Can I have a

couple of men for an hour?!
'Yes; you can have the constable in reserve here, and the man from the nearest fixed point.'

Five minutes later, I set out with these two men for my proposed scene of action. The house at which the attempted burglary had taken place was one of a row of about thirty running parallel with the railway. I instructed the constables to take up their positions far enough down the railway embankment to be well out of sight, the one about half-a-dozen houses above, and the other about half-a-dozen below, the one on which our enterprising burglar had already tried his hand. I remained on duty in the roadway in front of the row of houses.

I had been pacing up and down there for about twenty minutes, when, on turning at one end of the road to go back again, I saw a man come out from the gateway of one of the houses near the other end of the row I was watching. I could make out his figure distinctly, and knew that I had the advantage of him in that he could not see me. The last house at my end of the row see me. The last house at my end of the row had its garden 'end-ways on,' and screened from the street by a wall nine feet high. At the edge of the pathway opposite this wall, half-a-dozen trees had been planted; and standing between them and the wall, as I was at the moment I caught sight of the man, I knew that I was sufficiently deep in shadow to be quite safe from observation. Keeping still, I watched the stranger approaching. He was moving briskly, though certainly not in a manner suggestive of a burglar in flight. Still, this was not a time a burglar in flight. Still, this was not a time to leave anything unnoticed, and resolving to at least have a look at this early bird, I moved forward so as to meet him in the open. gave me a cheery good-morning, and would have passed on; but stepping in front of him so as to bring him to a stand-still, I said: 'Just half a minute.'

'I think you have made a mistake,' he said, smiling; 'or if not, you have the advantage of me.

'I am not claiming acquaintance,' I explained; 'but I want to have a word or two with you.'

'Speak on, then,' he said, still smiling; 'but be as quick as you can about it. I have a considerable distance to go, and I am too late—or too early -to get any conveyance.

'To come to the point at once, then. I am a plain-clothes officer, and I am on the lookout for a burglar who has been at work in this road. 1 am bound not to miss any possible chance of obtaining information, and I feel justified in speaking to you, as you don't live in the house you have just come out of. This last was a random shot.

'Well, no; I don't live there,' he replied; 'but I have been to a party there, and am the last of

the die-hards to turn out.'

He spoke in a perfectly natural manner; nevertheless, to my mind the answer was unsatisfactory. The houses in this road, if not exactly palatial, were large and high-rented, and the families inhabiting them were certainly 'swell' up to a point that made evening dress indis-pensable. And this man was not in evening

costume. His overcoat was open, and I could see that his under suit was dark tweed and of rather horsey cut, the coat buttoning high. 'That is strange,' I was beginning to say, when he broke in with: 'Then it is a case of strange

but true. But why should it be strange?"
'Well, I have been walking up and down the road for the last half-hour, and I have seen no

sign of a party going on.'
'Nor would you have done for the last hour, as far as that goes. For quite that time the front of the house has been "the banquet hall deserted." As I have just told you, I outstayed the others; and my friend and I were chatting in his own little den at the back of the house. And now, I'll give you my name and address, if they are any use to you.'
'They wouldn't be the least use unless they

were verified.

'Upon my word,' he cried, with a short forced laugh, 'though I am thoroughly aggravated, I can't help feeling amused. What is the crotchet you have got in your head? I begin to think you must be suspecting me of being a burglar. Now, I'll put it to yourself, do I look like a housebreaker?'

The manner rather than the matter of the question caused me to hesitate. The tone in which it was put so emphatically conveyed that, in the opinion of the speaker, such an idea was inconceivably ludicrous, that I hesitated about answering the question that had been put to me. 'I don't say you look like a burglar,' I at length replied, 'though, as far as that goes, you might look like a bishop and be a burglar. I am not detaining you on your looks, but because you have not sive a satisfactory account of have not given a satisfactory account of yourself.

'Oh, you admit you are detaining me, then?' 'Well, yes-that is what it comes to, I suppose,' I answered.

'Then clearly understand, my fine fellow, that you do it at your own hazard.'

'Quite so. You have some good reason for declining to give a straightforward account of

yourself, and I must take you into custody. 'Will you? How are you going to do it?' and as he spoke, he stepped back, evidently intending to show fight. But before either of us could 'go for' the other, the two constables came in sight, hurrying down the road. At the sound of their advancing footsteps, my man glanced round; and the change that had come over his countenance when he turned it to me again, would have con-vinced me, if I had not already felt assured of it, that even if he had not been on the job I had then in hand, he had cause to fear falling into the clutches of the police. It was well I had been prepared for a rush upon his part, for it came now in a style that would have floored me if I had not been ready for it. As it was, I dodged the blow he aimed at me, and closing with him, had him fast when the constables came up, which they did at a run, when they saw what was going on. After we had secured our man, the constables told me of a house upon which

they suspected he had been operating.
'All right,' I said, when I had asked the number of the house, 'You take this man to the station, and I'll follow on after I have seen the householder?

At the house on which the burglar had made his second attempt at business, there was nothing new to be learned—there were footprints in the garden, and a pane of glass broken; and that was all

On getting back to the station, I found that the prisoner had given the name of Smith, but had absolutely refused to give any address or offer any explanation concerning himself. This satisfied me that if I had taken an address from him, he would have given me a false one, and I congratulated myself on having stuck to him in the manner I had done. Later in the morning I put myself in a position to prove that the prisoner's statement as to having been at a party was untrue.

Such was the position of affairs when the hour such was the position of analys when the hour arrived for going to the police court. I was still firmly persuaded that I had got hold of the burglar, though I was quite aware that the evidence on that point was weak almost to nothingness. For the moment, however, this weakness was not a fatal one, as there was ample avidence to increase a repeated on the broader charge. evidence to insure a remand on the broader charge of being found loitering under suspicious circum-

stances and refusing to give any account of himself.

Before the magistrate, Mr Smith, as he still chose to style himself, was cool and plausible. He took the respectful and candid line. He had no questions to ask the witnesses, he said, in reply to the magistrate. Their evidence was substantially two with the important process. substantially true, with the important exception, that he had not come out from the gateway, as alleged, though, as he had been walking close to the railings, and the light was uncertain, he had no doubt the mistake of the officer was a perfectly honest one. - It so fell out, he proceeded to say, that at the present time he had reasons of a private and personal, but certainly not a criminal character for desiring to keep himself unknown, and for wishing above all things not to get his name and affairs into the papers. The magistrate expressed himself as of opinion

that the circumstances leading up to the arrest constituted—while unexplained—such a case of suspicion as entitled the police to ask for time to make inquiries. He felt bound to remand the prisoner for a week, but would admit him to

As might have been expected, Mr Smith replied to the effect that the reasons which prevented him from giving explanations would preclude him from seeking bail; and he was accordingly remanded in custody. It was tolerably evident, however, from the manner of the magistrate, that unless we could at the next hearing offer evidence directly connecting the prisoner with the burglaries, we would not get another remand, and it therefore behoved me to bestir myself in the interval.

At that period it was customary to photo-At that period it was customary to photograph prisoners under remand; and on the following day I was furnished with a portrait of my man. Provided with this, I set out on my travels in search of a clue. I worked literally night and day. Once more I tried my fortune with pawnbrokers and suspected receivers of stolen property; and this time I added ironmongers' establishments to my line of exploration, in the hope that some shopkeeper in that

business might recognise the portrait as that of a man to whom they had sold tools that could have been used in housebreaking. I prowled about thieves' quarters, and scraped acquaintance with 'corner-men' and habitual criminals. I sought out firemen, street coffee-stall keepers, market gardeners, carmen, and other night-toilers. But all in vain!

At midnight preceding the day on which Smith had again to appear in court, it was still a case of 'as you were' with me, so far as concerned the possession of evidence calculated to incriminate the prisoner in respect to any specific burglary. I had come home dead-tired, and thoroughly depressed in spirit, for I could not but 'bitterly think of the morrow.' I felt as strongly as ever that Smith was the burglar; but feeling was of course of no avail, was a thing not to be even mentioned in court, and I had no doubt as to how the magistrate would act when he found

there was no evidence forthcoming.

Prisoners under remand had to be brought up from the county jail by rail; and in the morning I went to the station with the van, not, however, with any definite object in view, but from mere restlessness of mood. I was on the platform when Smith got out of the railway carriage, and I toward I say him give a clight challength of the I fancied I saw him give a slight shake of the head to a woman who was one of about a score of spectators standing in line between the station door and that of the prison van. The movement upon his part-if it was a movement-was so slight that I could not feel certain about it; but though in doubt, I instantly resolved to watch the woman. Tearing a leaf from my pocket-book, I wrote a message to the superintendent on duty at the court, telling him that I purposed trying a last chance for getting evidence, and asking him to keep the case back as long as he conveniently could.

When the van had driven away, the woman turned her steps in another direction, and on reaching the nearest public-house, entered it. But almost immediately she emerged from it again, accompanied by a man whom I recognised as a police-court tout. He had been a solicitor's clerk, but had 'gone wrong' through drink, and now picked up a precarious livelihood by advising small-fry criminals undertaking their own defence. That the woman should be in communication with this man was, from my point of view, so far so good. He was a smart fellow, and it was doing him bare justice to take it for granted that if he caught sight of me, he would so regulate his movements as to test whether or not it was his companion I was tracking. I had therefore to follow the pair at such a distance as not only made it impossible for me to pick up any stray crumbs of the animated conversation in which they were evidently engaged, but also put me in danger of losing sight of them should they turn off short or sharp. By-and-by I saw them cross the road and enter a second public-house. Nearly opposite to this 'public' was a pawnbroker's establishment, at which I was professionally well known. For this I instantly made a dash, and hastily explaining—in a general way—to the property. plaining—in a general way—to the proprietor the position I was in, I was by his 'kind permission' allowed to substitute a light-coloured, differently cut, more swellish-looking overcoat for

the black one I had been wearing; to exchange my billycock for a 'top' hat, to mount a pair of eye-glasses and don a coloured necktie, and altogether to make very considerable and, as I trusted, tolerably effective alterations in my appearance. Moreover, I was permitted to watch the publications from a structure of the publication of the public house from a storeroom window which fully commanded it.

About ten minutes after I had taken my station there, the tout and his companion came to the door, and having glanced steadily and critically up and down the road, and-apparently-compared notes, once more set forward, evidently in a relieved frame of mind. Of course I immediately followed. For a quarter of a mile farther the trail lay along the high-road, then the couple turned suddenly into a side street, into which I followed them just in time to see them enter a shop of the 'small general' order. I waited on watch a few doors off, and in about five minutes saw the man leave, and pass out at the other end of the street. When a few more minutes had elapsed without the woman coming out, I began to fear that she had given me the slip. Resolving to reconnoitre closer, I walked slowly past the shop, and looking in at the window, beheld the woman behind the counter, her hat and mantle taken off, a 'bibbed' apron on, her dress sleeves turned up, and looking every inch the shopkeeper at home. The name above the door was Henry Dunn. I did not wish to raise any suspicion in the woman's mind by entering the shop so shortly after herself. I therefore made my way to a respectable-looking public-house at the other end of the street, to try if I could there glean any intelligence of Mr Henry Dunn or the lady who was presiding over his modest business establishment. Entering the bar, I called for a glass of ale, and then, taking the portrait of Mr Smith from my pocket, showed it to the barman who had served me, asking: 'Do you happen to know who that is?'

'Well, no; I can't exactly say that I do,' he

'Well, no; I can't exactly say that I do, he answered; 'and yet I seem to know the face.'
'Know it! Why, of course you do. Try again, old man!' exclaimed a young fellow, who, I subsequently gathered, was billiard-marker to the house, and who, with the freedom characteristic of public-house manners, had been looking over the other's shoulder and joining in the examinathe other's shoulder and joining in the examination of the photo.

'It ain't any one as uses the house,' said the barman, though rather in a tone of question than

assertion. 'Well, not regular,' said the marker; 'his regular house is the *Prince of Orange*. He's a big gun among the pothouse politicians there. But he often drops in here of a morning for a corpse-reviver.-Come, surely you know who it is now; I knew him in an instant.

'Why, la! yes; it's Harry Dunn,' said the barman, his face brightening. "No-confidence" Dunn, as they call him.'

"Right you are at last,' said the other.—"Eh,

guv'nor? 'Yes, that is the man,' I answered. 'But I didn't know he was called "No-confidence Dunn."

and bawls out, "Answer my question, sir, or I'll move a no confidence"— Are you going to put him in a paper?' he suddenly asked in conclusion.

'Less likely things have happened,' I replied in an oracular tone, and smiling to myself as I thought of the present-day possibilities of fame in association with the illustrated Police News.

Leaving the public-house, I took a cab to the nearest police station, and having obtained the assistance of a couple of constables, drove back to Dunn's shop. Entering with my companions, I found the same woman still behind the counter, and greeted her with: 'Good-morning, Mrs Dunn.'

'Good-morning, sir,' she answered, looking with some surprise at the constables.

'Where is Mr Dunn?' I asked.

'In the country,' she replied. 'Why?'

'He was in the country; but he was brought back this morning, as I daresay you know. You see who we are; and however surprised you may affect to be, you can guess well enough what business we are here on. I am going to search

these premises.'

'Where is your'-she was beginning; but before she could get out the word warrant, I had pushed through to the little parlour adjoining the shop. Opening a cupboard in it, the first thing that met my view was a pile of small parcels, which, on being undone, were found to contain valuable property—mostly initialed or crested plate and jewelry—of a kind that could have been unlesstatingly sworn to, and that I at once knew to be the proceeds of burglaries committed in our district. Having secured these and a very neat and complete kit of burglar's tools which I discovered in an up-stairs room, I deferred-for want of time—a thorough search until a future occasion. Meanwhile, leaving the premises in charge of the constables, I arrested Mrs Dunn. She probably felt that matters had reached a stage at which silence upon her part would be golden. At anyrate she accepted the situation very quietly, merely asking, as I led her to the cab, on what charge she was apprehended. I replied, that, personally, I would put the point lightly, and say unlawful possession of the property, though the probability was that my official superiors would see their way to charging her with the graver offence of receiving stolen goods well knowing them to have been stolen.

We reached the court a quarter of an hour before my case was called on, and as it was now a strong and plain case, there was sufficient time for making the arrangements for conducting it under its new aspects. When it came on for hearing, the male prisoner was brought in by himself. Leaning forward with his folded arms upon the rail of the dock, he glanced round the court, and especially at me, with a very confident air. The first intimation that he had of the arrest of his wife was when, a minute later, she was led into court. At sight of her, the blood returned to his countenance again with a rush, turning it livid, almost black indeed, with passion, didn't know he was called "No-confidence Dunn."

How did he come by that name?

'Oh, he fancies himself at politics; goes to public meetings, and comes out strong in the M.P. line. Questions the speakers, you know,

whimpering: 'O no, Harry. How can you think so of me!' His manner and action at this juncture were, to those experienced in such affairs, as good as a practical admission of guilt. From that point the case for the prosecution went smoothly and surely. I repeated in evidence what I have already told here of my morning's work and its results, and produced the stolen property found, together with the lists descriptive of portions of it that had been issued from time to time. On this, a further remand of a week was granted, to allow opportunity for bringing forward the owners of the various articles.

During the interval between the committal and the trial, I obtained some interesting particulars concerning the self-dubbed Mr Smith and his work. His escaping detection so long had been in a great measure due to the methods by which he had disposed of his plunder. He had kept altogether aloof from professional receivers of stolen property, and in fact was not known in the trade at all. Such articles as could have been unmistakably identified, he had had the self-restraint to refrain from putting on the market immediately; and though his storing them for a time ultimately furnished conclusive evidence against him, there was no doubt it had deferred the evil day. At the trial, a verdict of guilty was returned against the male prisoner, and he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude; but the woman was acquitted on the ground that she had acted under the direction of her husband.

What the real name of this convict was, is even now not known with certainty to the authorities. During the week of the first remand, however, we in our division had come to speak of him as Single-handed Smith, and so we speak of him still, when, as sometimes happens, his exploits crop up in conversation among ourselves.

### THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

From some experiments which have been lately made in the United States, it seems probable that nitro-glycerine may eventually supersede gunpowder as a charge for shells. In the ex-periments referred to, shells filled with this terrible fluid were fired from a twenty-pounder fieldpiece with a charge of three pounds of gun-powder. In one case, where the gun was aimed point-blank against a bank of soft earth, the shell scooped out a cavity in the soft soil of eight feet in diameter, and no less than five feet deep. For comparison of results, an ordinary shell charged with common powder was fired into the same bank from the same distance, when the hole made was only two and a half feet in diameter, and but one foot deep.

As a precaution against fire, some scenery at one of the Brussels theatres was coated two years ago with a composition largely consisting of alum and asbestos. Recent experiments with scenery so prepared have demonstrated that the canvas can be thus rendered perfectly incombustible. The invention is due to an engineer in the town; and the process will now be adopted throughout the country. It is said that this

simple application does not interfere in any way with the material upon which the scenes are painted, nor does it have any prejudicial effect on the colours employed.

It would seem, according to a Dresden newspaper, that disasters to eyesight are far more common than is generally supposed. It is there stated that in Germany and Switzerland more than two million glass eyes are manufactured every year. One French house alone manufactures three hundred thousand annually. greater number of the unfortunate purchasers of these artificial eyes are labourers and artisans, more particularly those who are exposed to fire and who are employed in ironworks. It is stated that an artificial eye seldom lasts for more than five years, for the natural secretions of the glands cause the surface of the glass to become cloudy. The imitation of the natural eye is so exactthe pupil being made of coloured glass, and red lines being painted on the inner surface to simulate veins—that it is with extreme difficulty that

a man with a glass eye can be distinguished from those with natural sight.

A new primary battery for electric-lighting purposes has been invented by Mr C. Maltby-Newton, C.E., who claims for his invention the following advantages: It will give a constant current, affording a brilliant and steady light for one hundred and twenty hours without any kind of attention; and the battery need not be run off for these one hundred and twenty hours at a time, but may be used for an hour a day or an hour a week until exhausted, as may be required. The fluid used is non-corrosive, and gives off no fumes. The new battery is introduced to public notice by the 'Electric Light Syndicate of West Street, Finsbury, London,' and it is intended that it shall be hired by consumers at a nominal rental, and be recharged when required, and generally kept in working order by the Company. The cost of using this new form of battery is estimated to equal that of gas at four shillings and sixpence per thousand feet. The apparatus has no machinery to get out of order, and it can be kept in any outhouse, shed, or cellar.

It is worthy of notice, as showing the gradual introduction of electricity for unusual purposes, that the captain of the South Coast Tricycle Club recently rode a machine lighted by a small incandescent lamp fitted with a reflector. It is said to have given a good light, and the experiment

was in every way a success.

An interesting paper, entitled The Coloured Race as a Problem in Sanitation, was recently read by Bishop Penick at a Public Health Conference at Louisville, United States. In the course of this paper the writer said that the negro since his emancipation had degenerated in a very marked degree, and that he is dying off fifty per cent. faster than his white brothers. He also said that the death-rate among the coloured race was much the death-rate among the coloured race was much larger than its increase; and he argued from this, that unless something was done to prevent this mortality, the race would in time become extinct. A curious commentary upon this view is afforded by a paragraph in the Scientific American to the effect that a coloured woman in Marion County recently died of measles at the age of one hundred and twenty-two years. She retained all her faculties up to the time of her death, and said that she had never taken a dose of medicine. In the last cotton-picking season, she took her share in the work, and did that work well. It is stated that her age is attested by authentic records.

A contemporary gives particulars of a very singular surgical operation. A year ago, a man at Huntingdon attempted to murder his sweetheart by stabbing her with a sword-cane, and was duly sentenced to penal servitude. His victim gradually recovered, but constantly maintained that a portion of the blade still remained in her body. In this conjecture it seems she was right, for a piece of steel more than six inches in length has just been taken from her. The most peculiar part in connection with the operation remains to be stated. The original wound was in the girl's chest, and the blade has been extracted, broken end first, from her back, so that during its sojourn in her body the piece of steel must have turned completely round. Her recovery is only a matter of time.

A new grain-drying machine has been invented by Mr James Black, Dumfries, who was formerly a kiln-man, and was thus well acquainted with the problem to be solved. The machine, although a small one, will dry at the rate of forty bushels an hour. It consists of an iron case, in the interior of which are four wire cylinders extending its whole length, about fourteen feet. The heated air from a furnace below rises through this case, and gradually dries the grain, which is supplied at the top, and is carried from cylinder to eylinder in turn, and eventually discharged perfectly dry. An exhaust fan expels the steam as it rises from the grain. It is said that the drying is more equal than when effected in a kiln, and that the heating can be done at far less cost. The machine has another advantage in being portable, for it can be shifted

from place to place.

According to a paper read by Dr T. D. Crothers before the Society for the study of inebriety, there are now in America fifty different hospitals for drunkards. These contain more than one thousand patients; besides, it must be remembered, another thousand who are under treatment outside the hospitals. In most of these cases, the disease—for inebriety is now looked upon as a form of disease—had existed for many years. It is said that thirty-five per cent. of the cases under treatment are permanently restored. Dr Crothers considers that the marked intensity of inebriety in America as compared with Britain may be ascribed to the 'greater intensity of nervous function.' He does not believe in so-called cures or antidotes for this form of 'drunkenness,' but maintains that each case should receive special study of its peculiarities, and should be subjected

The following method of preserving cut flowers has recently been published. An inverted glass shade is placed in a soup-plate or other non-porous vessel, and surrounded with water. The tresh-cut blossoms are then placed under the shade, and at the same moment a small quantity of spirit of chloroform, that is, chloric ether, is dropped into the water. Flowers thus treated will, it is said, keep fresh for months; but the operation of placing them beneath the shade and pouring in the chloroform must be done quickly.

to strictly scientific treatment.

The occurrence of unusually hot weather has always the effect of calling attention to methods of purifying water; and there are now under discussion some new systems of cleansing waste waters with a view to prevent the pollution of rivers. One of these which is attracting attention is a process suggested by Dr Gerson of Hamburg. According to this process, the waste water is first of all placed in a reservoir and treated with chemicals, which form a precipitate. This precipitate is mixed with peat and used as manure. The remaining liquid is now subjected to filtration through a mixture of sawdust and peat, by which any colouring or offensive matter is at once abstracted. The result is a water which is perfectly odourless and tasteless; and this applies even to liquid which is the refuse of dyeworks and tanneries. The system is said to be economical, as the by-products are of almost sufficient value to cover the cost.

Our readers will remember that a few years ago we gave a full description of Mr Fleus's diving apparatus, and also of the application of that invention to the saving of life in gas-laden-mines or other noxious atmospheres. The same indefatigable inventor has now successfully applied his talents to the production of a domestic hand ice-machine, by which small quantities of ice can be readily produced. The machine acts upon Carré's principle, which is described in every physical text-book. This process consists of vaporising a portion of the water treated by means of a vacuum, aided by the absorptive action of sulphuric acid. The machine will be of great value not only in ordinary households where small quantities of ice are constantly in demand, but also to yachts and other vessels not provided with the power which is necessary to actuate the freezing-machines which are used so largely in steam-vessels. The machine is small and compact, and is not costly.

Dr Thomas Taylor, microscopist to the department of Agriculture at Washington, has in the last annual Report of that department shown, by means of photo-micrographs and coloured plates, illustrations of the crystallisation of butter and other animal fats. He shows that the fats of different animals differ in their crystallisation, and asserts that if butter, lard, and beef-fat are separately boiled and gradually cooled, the crystals that are formed will show marked differences under microscopic examination. These differences are easily to be seen in the photographs alluded to, and they point out a ready means of detecting butter which has been adulterated by spurious fats.

Methods of identifying artificial butter are of peculiar interest just now, for the Houses of Parliament have recently discussed the subject of these substitutes for butter and the name by which they should be called. It is now resolved that the word 'Margarine' shall be used instead of 'Butterine;' and dealers who fraudulently supply the artificial for the real article will be subject to heavy penalties. Margarine when properly made is by no means an unhealthy compound; but it should of course be sold for what it is, and not for genuine butter, as has been the custom among certain dishonest traders. In Germany, it has been proposed that margarine should be mixed during preparation with one of

the products of the dry distillation of tar, which would in no way affect its taste, wholesomeness, or general appearance; but the mixture so treated, when brought into contact with a solution of soda or ammonia, would become bright red. This result would also follow if genuine butter were adulterated with even a small quantity of the

prepared margarine.

The question of the danger attending the use of arsenical wall-papers has recently been revived by the Lancet. It is stated that, contrary to general belief, green is not the only colour which should be avoided as being likely to be charged with an arsenical compound, but that various other gaudy wall-papers are contaminated with the noxious metal to a considerable extent. Flock-papers should be particularly avoided, for the rubbing off of the flock causes the colour to be disseminated in the air as a fine dust, which can be readily drawn into the lungs. Arsenic is used in the pre-paration of many colours which cannot be truly described in themselves as arsenical. Thus, many of the aniline pigments have arsenic present in them, generally as an impurity caused by careless manufacture, and magenta is one of the colours which is likely to be so contaminated; so that the conclusion to be drawn from these remarks is, that the colour of the paper is really no guide to the presence of or freedom from arsenic. tests for the presence of this metal are comparatively simple, and can be performed by an unskilled hand. They are fully described in any text-book of chemistry.

It has been stated that a substance resembling ivory, of great hardness and of creamy whiteness, can be made from potatoes. The tubers must be of good quality, and after being washed in diluted sulphuric acid, are boiled in the same liquid until they form a dense and solid mass. They are then freed from the acid and slowly dried. This artificial ivory can be dyed and turned in the lathe, and applied to any of the uses for which real ivory—now becoming so scarce—is usually employed. It remains to be seen whether this imitation ivory will answer for many purposes as well as celluloid. It certainly should be much

cheaper to manufacture.

The ash from the volcano Cotopaxi has recently been analysed at a certain place where it fell, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles from the mountain. It was found to consist of quartz, felspar, magnetite, and specular iron ore. It is curious to note that silver was present in this ash to the extent of nearly two hundred grains per ton. This seems a very small proportion; but when we consider the amount of ash ejected during one eruption of the volcano, which is spread over the vast area indicated by the distance at which this sample was collected, it must be seen that the total quantity of the precious metal distributed throughout the dust is really enormous.

The results of some inquiries as to the condition of certain trees in the Park and grounds of the capital at Washington are contained in the pamphlet issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. It seems that some of these trees have been completely denuded of foliage by the action of destructive insects, and the matter

the Atlantic, that the mischief would across but it now seems that the pugnacious little bird has rather protected these insects, by driving away the native birds which used to feed upon them. It is to be hoped that the close aftention given to this important subject will

lead to some remedy being soon adopted.

A recipe for a good and cheap disinfectant has recently been published. It is compounded as follows: In a pint of water are dissolved thirty grains of nitrate of lead; in another vessel, two drachms of common salt are dissolved in two gallons of water; when the crystals disappear, the two liquids are mixed together; and after the precipitate which is formed has been allowed to settle, a clear fluid remains, which consists of a saturated solution of chloride of lead. This liquid can be used for all the usual disinfectant purposes, and a cloth saturated with it will speedily render the air of a sickroom sweet. Nitrate of lead is a cheap salt, and the mixture can be made with-

out much trouble.

It has lately been pointed out that the banner of steam given off by locomotives may be regarded as a hygrometer or detecter of the amount of moisture present in the air. If the atmosphere be already saturated or nearly saturated with water, and rain may therefore be looked for, the steam from the chimney is seen to hover in an uncertain manner over the train, and will sometimes form a cloud one hundred feet long or more behind the moving carriages. In dry weather, on the other hand, the steam rapidly disappears, and in some instances it is so quickly drunk up by the thirsty air as to make no visible cloud at all. Those who live near railways have, therefore, a ready means of ascertaining whether wet or dry weather may be expected by the appearance of the cloud from the locomotive chimney

A new industry, and especially one that makes good use of what has hitherto been regarded as a waste product, is always a matter of great interest and importance. Such an industry has re-cently been established in South Staffordshire, its object being the preparation of basic slag for agricultural manure. For this purpose, the Staffordshire Steel and Ingot Iron Company at Bilston has recently laid down extensive plant for grinding the slag. The machinery used pulverises the material to such an extent that the finished product will pass through a sieve of ten thousand holes to the square inch. The manurial value of this slag is due to the large quantity of iron and phosphoric acid which it contains.

The sunflower has hitherto been valued in this country chiefly for its poetical fame, latterly as an aid to esthetic decoration, and has also been turned to the more prosaic purpose of poultry-feeding, its seeds being much appreciated by domestic fowls. According to a Cuban journal, the plant is cultivated in certain swampy districts with great advantage to the general climate. From observations made during the month of June 1885, it was found that a quarter of an acre of these plants will give off in a day sixty-five gallons of water in the form of vapour. There seems little doubt that the flower not only acts as an absorber of water, but that it destroys malaria. It of course emits, as all plants do, pure oxygen in exchange for the carbonic acid it appropriates; has now really become serious. It was hoped exchange for the carbonic acid it appropriates; that when the English sparrow was imported but it is suggested that possibly the aromatic

odour of the sunflower may be possessed of anti-

septic properties.

It has recently been stated that ninety per cent. of wild animals which are kept in confinement are subject to heart disease; but this complaint is by no means the only one which attacks animals artificially reared. The elephant is specially subject to a number of diseases, of which the most tribe generally succumbs to bronchial affections and heart disease. The tigers, lions, and felines generally suffer from heart disease, coupled with dysentery; while the canine tribe seems to be

almost free from these ailments.

According to Iron, a Norwegian engineer has succeeded in contriving a number of articles, made of reindeer hair, instead of cork, for life-saving purposes. His attention having been called to the great buoyancy of reindeer hair, he made a number of experiments, and constructed the apparatus referred to. One article is a bedstead or couch which can readily be converted into a small boat. This boat, although only calculated for the support of two men in the water, is found to sustain three with ease. A dress has also been made of reindeer hair, clothed in which a man cannot sink; it is asserted, indeed, that reindeer hair will support ten times its own weight. Beyond these advantages, the material has the property of furnishing a costume which is warm and comfortable.

### FINDINGS AND KEEPINGS.

It has been my fate during the whole of my life, from the time I was seven years of age, to find odd articles of more or less value lying in my path, to which I have rarely been able to find owners. The old saying of 'Findings keepings' has been verified, except in three or four instances which, curiously enough, were of the most value pecuniarily. My first 'finding' was when running home from school one frosty afternoon, I slipped on a slide and fell on the publics. I was on the point of screaming-had, I believe, opened my mouth for that purpose, when my eyes caught the glitter of a fourpenny piece between two stones, and in my eagerness to pick it up I quite forgot whether I was injured or not, for I ran home in high glee to show it to my father and mother. They seemed to think little of it, however, and laughed at my eagerness. Not getting all the sympathy I expected, I ran off to my grannie.

'What a lucky little maid, to find silver before anything else!' she exclaimed. 'Let me bore a hole through it, dearie, and put a blue ribbon through it, and you'll never be without money as long as you keep it. It's good-luck to find

silver.

At that time, I failed to see the double meaning in my grannie's words; but whether the words took hold of my childish mind, and the wish to find things caused its own fulfilment, by rendering find things caused its own fulfilment, by rendering me more sharp-sighted than usual with children, I know not; but certainly from that time it was a graceful note with a handsome volume of Long-curious how often I used to be running home fellow's Poems for Janet, and an invitation to

with stray articles I had found in one place or another.

Just before Christmas, I found an Old Moore's Almanac; and during January following, two cambric handkerchiefs, one nearly new, with A. S. embroidered in satin-stitch monogram; the other rather worn and unmarked.

One Valentine's Day (Sunday) I went to church with my mother. Kicking the snow before me on the road, I saw something glisten in the sun. I stooped, and picked up a tiny chased gold pencilcase, like those that are often hung on watchguards. Imagine my delight, and chagrin, when my mother quietly took it from me and put it in her pocket. I am afraid I thought of little else during the long morning service. It was locked up in my mother's desk till she made inquiry as to its owner; then, after a year or more passed by and no owner turning up, it was considered to belong to me.

During the four following years I found a baby's coral and bells, nearly new, in the havfields; a pink silk necktie; a book-mark with a spray of ivy, and 'Lucy' worked on it in silk and beads; two half-worn cedar pencils, a book of Scotch Songs much worn, and two horseshoes. The last-named were nailed to the back-kitchen door and painted black. The book gave me my first insight into the breezy poetry of Scotland. Nearly all the shorter songs in the book I got by

Some months passed by and nothing came in my way. I was fully employed both at school and home, and seemed to forget all about the matter. My fifteenth birthday, at the end of June, however, was exceedingly warm and oppressive. I had some school-friends coming to spend the evening and have tea in the home-close. In the afternoon I went up the town to get some cakes and ice-creams. When crossing the marketplace, just in my path lay a beautiful little brooch, with a Swiss châlet delicately cut in ivory, enclosed in an oval gold rim. This, after showing it to my mother, I pinned on my dress, and regarded it as an especial treasure, having found it on my birthday. I wore it for several weeks. One evening, a young lady, who had lately become the wife of one of the bank partners, called on my mother, and in course of conversation remarked she had lost an ivory brooch that was given her by her husband on her wedding tour.

My mother smiled, and called me in from the garden, saying: 'I believe Janet is wearing your brooch at the present moment. She found it on her birthday, and has not, I think, put on any

other since then.

- was delighted. She offered to pay Mrs Lme the value of the brooch, or give me another in its place. This offer was declined. I was glad to be able to find an owner for one of my findings. I told her this. The remark led to my mother telling about the curious luck I had spend the evening with her. Needless to say that I accepted with delight; and from that evening dated a close friendship, which deepened and

ripened as years passed on.

The following winter I spent in London with some relatives. Going through the Green Park one morning as soon as it was opened, I found a good brown silk umbrella with ivory handle lying on the grass under a tree. I made it known at the keeper's lodge and gave my address; but no one claimed it. A few days after, coming out of church in a snowstorm, I stumbled over something soft. Looking down, I saw a dark mass on the path, which proved to be a warm woollen wrap of a rich dark crimson, beautifully knitted and finished. This was my constant companion for years, and when worn out, I stuffed a cushion with it.

Two or three Shetland veils that are worn by infants came into my hands, and a parcel of school-books was found in Birdcage Walk. Two of these had an address written in, and were duly

In the spring I was visiting near Reading, and one fine Sunday afternoon I walked with Miss - to the lovely little church at Mapledurham, going through the fieldpaths and along short going through the fieldpaths and along short shady lanes in their first spring beauty. About half-way up one of these lanes I picked up sixpence. Miss E—laughed, and said it would do for the bag at church, when suddenly she cried, 'O Janet!' and showed me half-a-crown she had found in a deep rut. We looked about; and between us found sixteen shillings and fourpence-halfpenny in various coins; and a little farther on, a knife with four blades and buckhorn handle. It was nearly a mile from any house, and though we made inquiry, no one claimed either money or knife. Two days after, on returning to London, and crossing one of the flights of steps over the rails at Paddington, I found a handkerchief with deep black border marked 'Alicia Early.' In connection with this, I must mention that four or five years later, while waiting for a friend in Manchester station, the Liverpool train came in; and I noticed half-a-dozen large travelling-trunks turned out of the van, on which 'Early' was marked in large letters; and a small parcel had 'Alicia Early' written on it, with 'Passenger from Rio Janeiro.'

While staying at Oxford in Commemoration week, a party of us had been to see the boatraces, and were resting under the trees in the Broad Walk, when four or five young men passed with a huge mastiff at their heels. Nearly opposite to us, the animal rolled down on the grass, scrambling and scratching in usual dogfashion. As I was admiring the dog, I caught the glitter of something bright turned over by one of its massive paws; and on going to the one of its massive paws; and on going to the spot, found an old-fashioned double gold locket, the ring of which was broken. On opening the locket, a small photo of a young grave-faced soldier was on one side; on the other, a lock of soft baby hair, and the words, 'My only son—Sebastopol.' I have the locket in my keeping still, and often wonder who was the tender, heart-broken woman who lost that precious memento of affection. Who knows the tears that have been shed over that little photo, probably the

only one the poor mother ever possessed !

Late one wet Saturday night I was walking home, when I saw a small twist of white paper in the mud. I kicked it forward twice without a thought of what it might contain, when it struck me I heard the chink of coin. Taking off my glove, I picked it up, and, being only a few steps from home, carried it there. The paper contained four shillings and sevenpence, with a list of several articles of grocery; but no name to show to whom it belonged. Most likely, dropped by a child sent on the errand.

A silver brooch, minus a pin, next came into my possession; and part of an eardrop of plain gold set with a pear-shaped cornelian. three handkerchiefs followed, and a child's muff

with one scarlet glove inside.

In August 1868 I was again in London. One morning I started from Brompton to walk across the Park and Kensington Gardens into Bayswater to see some friends. When nearly there, I sat down on one of the iron seats a few minutes to cool myself. The seat was one of those made cool myself. with flat iron bars about three inches apart. Just as I was moving to leave, I saw a small black handbag lying under the seat. It was pretty full. A little parcel contained two pair of black kid gloves and some white lace; another, a jet pendant set with seed pearls in the shape of a Maltese cross, that had evidently been mended at the back; and a small copy of Shelley's Poems, with 'Salome from Jose' written on the title-page in a masculine hand. Inside the bag was a small pocket with a Russia-leather purse, and an envelope without any address, containing a long letter, on foreign paper. There was also some loose change in the pocket; and three or four trifling bills without any name but that of the firm. The purse contained three sovereigns and a five-pound Bank of England note; and a cheque for two hundred and forty-four pounds, to be paid through a solicitor to Salome M.—.

In the utmost astonishment and some trepidation, I hastily thrust the money into the purse, and the other articles into the bag, and shut it up. What to do I hardly knew. Several people were passing backward and forward, as I sat there quite bewildered with the thought of what I should do for the best. A man and child came and sat down on the same seat; and after a minute or so, I walked quietly towards the Park gate. As I went out, a tall boy of fourteen or fifteen ran hastily past me and along towards the seat where I had been sitting. I stepped back into the Park and stood under the nearest tree and watched the boy hurry up to the seat, and after a look round and under the seat, was evidently questioning the man, who pointed towards the way I had come. The boy then came back again, eyeing me keenly, beckoned to a policeman whom I had not noticed before, standing just outside the Park railings.

I could not help smiling at the ridiculous yet serious position I was in, for I was now aware I had been watched while watching the boy. The bag was under a loose mantle I wore. The moment the boy looked at me, I felt sure the man on the seat had given him a description of my personal appearance; but when I smiled and looked at the policeman, he touched his cap and said: 'Beg pardon, ma'am, but this young gentleman has been sent to fetch a handbag left on that seat yonder by his ma, that has valuable articles in. Have you seen such a thing?

'I have found such a bag; but you must tell me what the contents are before I shall feel

justified in giving it up.'
Policeman X. looked at the boy, whose countenance fell, and he glanced at me angrily, saying: 'Mother did not tell me, only that I was to run and get it if possible; she was so upset over my sister's accident.'

'What is your name?' I asked.
'Josia M—,' he answered; 'and my sister's is Salome Josephine. We live at the end of the square over yonder. Come with me, and take the bag to mother yourself.'

Policeman X. stepped forward and said: 'That's the best plan, ma'am; we will go at once.

For the first time in my life I was escorted by the police to the square where Mrs Mlived. I saw a beautiful but anxious face looking from the window as we approached; and a lady in deep mourning answered the door and conducted us with uplifted finger into the room, where on a couch lay a lovely child of six or seven. She was fast asleep, and her forchead was bound up, and the thick fair curls were wet and blood-stained.

An explanation followed. Mrs M—and her children had been crossing the Park; the little and her girl in the highest spirits ran forward and climbed on the seat to jump off; the toe of her boot caught between the bars, and she fell violently forward on the gravel, cutting and bruising her head severely, and rendering her unconscious. Mrs M—— and her son picked up the child as quickly as possible, hastened home, and sent for a medical man. In her haste and fright, Mrs M—— threw down the bag; and it was quite forgotten till the child came round, when she sent her son to see if haply he might find it or obtain any clue to its loss. The result has been told.

I stayed half an hour with Mrs Mfound she was going the following week to join her husband in New York, having been detained through the illness and death of a girl of twelve from accompanying him, some weeks previously, to investigate some business affairs. She was evidently in great distress of mind, and I was glad to have been of some service to her. We took a cordial leave of each other; but we never met afterwards.

After I had returned home some months, I was strolling through the fields at the side of the turnpike road, when I heard a horse and trap approaching at a terrific pace, and I ran to the nearest gate to look through. A light, high dogcart, drawn by a young fiery horse, tore rapidly by me; but I could see that the groom had the sense to remain cool. I listened attentively, and found, after about half a mile or more, the speed was reduced, and then lost in the distance. I climbed the gate and returned along the road. About a hundred yards along by the side of the road lay a large double black-and-white checked plaid. Of course, it had dropped from the dogcart. I carried it home, had it advertised; but no one claimed it.

Just at the same moment a farmer's man leading his horse caught sight of it and picked it up. As he did so, he cried: 'Halves, ma'am. You seed it first, and I picked um up.' There was a good-tempered sparkle in the man's eyes as he spoke, yet I detected a look of anxiety on his face as he held the gold on his open 'All right, my man; it's more yours than mine; and most likely you want it most,' I answered.—'Ay, ma'am; it'll buy the missus some good boots, and she do want some bad, I reckon .- Thank ye, ma'am.' And we parted company with equal cordiality.

A large, new india-rubber ball next came into my hands; several letters that had been dropped, stamped and ready for posting; a Roman Catholic mass-book; and a roll of new music. The last two I found in one of the retired streets in Learnington as I was hurrying to catch a train north. This shows how easily odd articles are lost, and also how difficult it is in most cases to return them to the owners, or for the losers ever to recover their property. In all probability, the number of articles lost yearly amounts to hundreds of pounds, without taking into account hard cash, or the more costly jewelry that is well advertised. Much of it gets into the hands of careless or indifferent persons, who will take no trouble to return it or find owners; and far more, I am afraid, is retained by a class still more unprincipled, who have means of turning findings' into ready-money.

### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

#### SILK-GRASS.

ALTHOUGH many attempts have been made to bring out machines for the decortication of the fibre of the Pita plant, or 'silk-grass,' it is curious to learn, from an American consular Report, that the plant has never been cultivated, but grows wild in patches on the borders of rivers and lagoons in Honduras. The stalks of the plant contain the fibre of commerce, and these grow to a height of twelve or fourteen feet. The Indians scrape off the hard skin of the stalk with a bamboo knife, and thus obtain the fibres, which form the heart of the stalk. Another plan is to steep the stalks in water until the skin decomposes; but this is said to injure the fibre somewhat. In Honduras, the pita fibre is used chiefly for thread, nets, fish-line, and cordage; while some of that sent to Europe and America is manu-factured into lace handkerchiefs, ribbons, and wigs. Although many attempts have been made, no machinery has yet been invented capable of decorticating this fibre on a profitable scale; but were this once accomplished, the wild pita-fields of Honduras would become most important in the commercial world. In fact, the opinion is even now expressed that in a very short time they will become the centre of an industry for the supply of fibre to Europe and the United States.

### THE INDIAN FOWL.

advertised; but no one claimed it.

One snowy day I was crossing Bull Street to but game to the backbone. He is an important the post-office, where a path had been made, bird, as, but for him, the Anglo-Indian would when I saw half-a-sovereign lying on the stones, have poor times. Beef and mutton are not to

be had every day in the Mofussil, and when procurable, only two or three times a week. But fowl is to be had. He is the mainstay of the Indian khansamah (head-servant or steward), especially the dâk-bungalow khansamah. There is a form always gone through on arriving at one of these bungalows, something after this fashion: 'What can you give for dinner, khansamah?' asks the traveller.

'Whatever the sahib likes,' replies the innkeeper in a grand tone, as if boiled elephant could be had on short notice.

'Well, give me some beef.'

The khansamah is very sorry—no beef to be had.

'Mutton, then?'
No mutton, either.

You feel you have done everything in your power, and leave it to the khansamah; and he gives you fowl fowl soup, fowl cutlets, fowl curried, and fowl done up in a dozen different

ways.

But he must be caught before he is cooked. A fowl with weak intellect, or a young and silly bird, may be inveigled by a handful of corn and fall an easy prey; but the veteran who has escaped many a design on his life is quite another thing. He will eat as much corn as the khansamah likes to give him, but will keep his weather-eye open and not get within reach. Then the khansamah girds up his loins and calls up his whole establishment and prepares for a hunt; and a hunt it will be. The veteran fowl has the fleetness of a greyhound, and will give good sport. Avoiding the grasp of the baworchee (cook), he takes refuge under the raised floor of the bungalow. Dislodged thence, he dodges between his would-be captors, and goes sailing away under the compound railing, over the ditch, on to the road. This is an unlucky move. A pariah dog, which has been sleeping on a dust-heap on the road, oblivious of fleas and mange, and dreaming perchance of the last bit of carrion he finished half an hour before, wakes up, and gives chase. In trying to escape this new enemy, the luckless bird flies into the clutches of the others. fate is soon sealed; and shortly after he is dished up. As you survey him with a pitying eye that such pluck should be sacrificed for the table, for he is a most tasteless bird, you cannot but wonder at the enormous amount of bone and muscle he exhibits. In fact, he and his brothers scorn to get fat. They will lead a lazy life, and one of content, from a fowl's point of view, but they will not get fat. In this they are unanimous. Many are the allusions the hungry traveller makes on this peculiarity of the bird. The khansamah is, however, proof to this. So he smiles meekly, and holds his peace.

The Indian fowl has periods of excitement to ruffle its otherwise smooth career. You are awakened early in the morning by a tremendous clucking. You are sleepy, and as you turn over dreamily, think perhaps a jackal has got into the hen-house. This is explained later on, however, by the presence of an eggcup on the breakfasttable. Out of the bottom of this you scoop an egg the size of a marble, and eat it at one gulp. Also for the motherly expectations thus cut short! But the Indian fowl is a philosophical bird, and does not make a fuss over the inevitable. She

will go through the same experience day after day, until she is consigned to the pot, and will appear at your table the same lean, unuscular bird as the hundreds you have eaten before.

Honour to the Indian fowl, and may its shadow never grow less! Some say we keep India by the sword; but it is our firm belief that if all the fowls emigrated from here to-morrow, we should have to accompany them, and leave the land to the Bengalee Baboo and the Russian.

### TWILIGHT DREAMS.

'Sing to me, dear!' The voice came through the gloom And glimmer of the quiet firelit room, To me, who, filled with thoughts of other days, Heard dimly, and saw all things through the haze Of sweet, sad memories of lost delight.

So I but faintly stirred; and, in a dream
Of all that had been, murmured: 'Yes, the stream
Flows clear and gently! Let us float along,
And you and I will sing a happy song
Of true heart's truest love and love's delight.'

'O love! the waters are so blue, so blue, And my heart, O my love! so true, so true, And all things beautiful and all things rare, As nothing are beside thy face so fair— Thy face, my beautiful, my heart's delight!'

'Nay; but call back thy thoughts, sweet sister mine; The deep sea-billows over what was thine Surge to and fro; and thou art left alone, With but a brother's love to call thine own; And yet, for thee, life holds some small delight.'

'O brother!' I made answer, 'it is true That all of life's dear hope, beneath the blue And smiling waves, lies hid in ocean's heart; But spirits are not sundered; do not part; They meet, in dreams like mine, of past delight.

'And if no more upon the solid ground
Or treacherous wave we meet, we still are bound
By faith's strong tie, and love's bright golden chain,
To one another, till, in bliss again
We meet, and dwell for ever in delight!'

F. E. Hunt.

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## IN THE HIMALAYAN COUNTRY.

THE country of the outer Himalaya—the tracts which form the base of the vast triangle which has the isle of Ceylon at its apex-is the most charming for climate and the most surpassing for grandeur and beauty of scenery of all the districts, countries, and places of India. The writer is familiar with but one part of this long line of territory, and of that part he takes up his pen to give some account; but he believes that he may say with correctness that there is vast similarity everywhere along the great wooded base which looks down on the plains of Hindustan, in front of the eternal snows, from the Punjab territories, far to the left, to Darjeeling and parts adjacent and beyond, away to the right. You have the same sanatoria for British soldiers; hill-stations for the European community generally, which vary only as one English town differs from its neighbour; and nestling in nooks all over the hillsides, you have the same sort of native inhabitants, semi-Hindustani or Indian and semi-Mongolian in national type.

Of late years, the most notable movement in these mountain districts has been the establishment of the Forest Department by the government of India, which has, by the hands of this department, assumed formal possession of all the great forests; has set about taking care of them; and, further, of multiplying and increasing both the area and the best natural products of these enormous and majestic wildernesses. Noble are the mighty hillsides, indeed; and in the verdure with which they are clad may be counted many varieties of pine and classes of kindred genus. The deodar, which we believe is a cedar, is esteemed the most valuable. In the hill-tracts which face the upper provinces of India, the mountains generally are wooded only on the sides looking back ward to the higher ranges, the snowy chain behind; and the slopes which look south, to the sun, are yellow and bare. At points along the line of railway which runs for many a hundred mile from Calcutta in the south-east

to far-distant Peshawur, right on the distant verge of empire, one can alight to go to the hill-station of his choice or to which duty draws him. Darjeeling, which is now a great place, can be reached from Calcutta direct; and by going up the line, one can alight for Naini Tal or Mussourie, for Dalhousie or Simla; but to get to these places, after leaving the main line, one must undertake a second journey, which varies in length and in difficulty with the station selected. But refreshing it is, when you do get there, and you can appreciate then what 'climate' means; and you are apt to go about enjoying each mouthful of the fresh air, with hands extended, as if to grasp and weigh and feel the delightful commodity.

The climate would be considered good and bracing for any country in the world; and the Forest officers are quite appreciative of the great advantage that in this respect they enjoy; and they cling to the hills, although, as compared with some other departments, the Forest is not well paid; while the life is often one of complete isolation. The Forest officials have rather a difficult course to steer in their dealings in the way of duty with the native communities. of the hillside and the glen. The villages are legion; they are scattered about everywhere, and they have, the writer infers, many claims, coming down probably from unknown antiquity, which are apt to clash with the great claim of imperial lordship. But the department appears to be very wisely guided; and the officials are trained men, not rarely of high scientific attainment; learned in all native languages, and in social position equal of course to any. Jolly little cribs some of the Forest huts are, and in much, very un-Indian like; but covered with trellis-work and creepers, half but, half bungalow, they carry one away from things Indian, especially when the sun is sinking low behind the great mountain walls, and the air is getting chilly, chilly. Very pleasant then to turn inside, where the little room is ruddy with the light of the roaring fire. On the sward near the house you may

see, too, English daisies; but they do not come naturally; for if they exist, they are due to the horticultural tastes of the officer of the circle. The villages are low in the interlying valleys, but sometimes on the slopes of the hill. Some look like a collection of Swiss cottages, two-storied and roofed with slate; and Swiss or not, certainly unlike anything in the lower regions, 'the plains,' from which we have just ascended.

In one large village which the writer visited, he was struck with the fine appearance of the female community. They looked far finer beings than the men, and were full in form, with remarkably large and expressive black eyes; and, generally, buxom of figure and expressive of face; while the men appeared very ordinary, thin, and

shabby creatures.

Another charm of 'the interior'—as the regions lying away from the hill-stations are called—is the pheasants. Here you get the noble birds amid the noble forests. There are several varieties, but the most prized is the moonal, which is got at the highest elevation, and whose coat is of a beautiful azure. You may be 'worse off,' indeed, than to be wending your way home to the hut carrying a heavy pheasant, which you have just bagged on the soft grassy brow of some great declivity; turning, now and again, to look at the sunset light still welling up from the sable deeps of the opposite ranges; and then feeling the frozen ground of the forest path crunching beneath your feet; while your retriever comes pattering after you.

There is other game than pheasants on these alps, however, very different; and the pursuit more arduous. Bears abound, and tigers are at times very troublesome. The bear, although not fond of showing fight, can maul most frightfully with his claws, which resemble those of a garden rake, and his favourite coup is to scalp. Mr -, a Forest officer, lost his life by a fall from a precipice in an affair with a bear; and as to tigers, our host at Deoban, Mr Sthe lucky man who, a few years ago, killed a man-eater, for whose destruction the whole station of Chakrata turned out, soldiers, civilians, and all, a comprehensive line; and the animal fell to the rifle of Mr S---In a jar of spirits in the bungalow some human remains are shown that were found in the stomach. Close to Deoban, Mr G—, of the Forests also, a noted sportsman and shot, while walking along, heard some noise behind him, and discovered that he was being followed by a tiger. He signalled to his servant to hand him his rifle; and returning towards the striped animal, he 'let him have' a bullet in the head, and 'bagged' him; the shot being as accurately placed between the eyes as if done by a pair of compasses!

In the winter-time, the writer has seen the icicles hanging plentifully, long and solid, from the eaves of the Deoban bungalow; the snow lying deep everywhere, and the vast woods shrouded, silent, in the soft ghostly garniture. This spot is some nine thousand feet above the sea; and after a stormy night, the writer has seen the clouds lying like a great calm sea below one, with here and there the tops of hills for islands. The coup d'ail was superb and enchanting: the millions of surrounding trees

mantled in saintly snow; below one's feet, the floor of cloud, 'vast—motionless;' far away, the white bulwark of the eternal snows; and over all, in exquisite contrast, the pale blue of the sky, with the sun as yet unrisen. Such a scene is not often beheld, and forms a diamond locket for Memory to keep with her.

In the summer, which is always pleasant in

these altitudes, wild strawberries patch the sides of the hills with red. Eaten 'one by one,' these have not much flavour; but munched by the handful, they do give out some characteristic relish, albeit a faint one; and they make very nice jam. Apricots are grown in the native villages, and these, too, are better as jam than eaten from the tree. Rasps and blackberries can also be gathered; and the writer remembers gratefully the confections made by a lady-friend resident at the neighbouring military hill-station; and all made from native fruit, supplemented by perhaps English strawberries. In the military station, in cantonments, you might well forget India, for everything looks so English. Neat brick buildings of all sizes, with slated roofs; brisk, stalwart redcoats; neat young English women passing by; and in the gardens below the railing-lined walk, little fair-haired English boys and girls laughing and playing. And the fresh, glorious air, how it comes in billows up the wide steep ravines, with the diminished trees and villages far away down! And looking level, you feel the sensation of being up in a balloon! Here the newly arrived regiments are sent when just out from England, to be 'set up' by a year's residence, ere going to their long spell of duty in the hot plains beneath. And the English look, mostly, as if the place did them good; and you may see as healthy visages and as rosy cheeks here as you could wish.

To revert to the strawberries. The writer recalls a time when he went strawberrying with the help of all his baggage coolies, to gather for jam-making; and how a favourite dog, Sancho, a water-spaniel, was as keen after the herries as any, and would hunt for them in company of his master, and with roguish delight would seek to be first at a good one, pouncing upon it with his paw; and with waving tail, and the white of his knowing eye showing, refusing to let go! A hill pony that had been for years in the plains enjoyed himself, too, on another occasion; and when he came to a stretch of snow lying by the roadside, would delight to go among it and to toss at it with his nose as he trotted through it. It is requisite in these parts to have horses that are accustomed to the hills, for animals coming up freshly are apt to get terribly puffed and blown with but little exertion. Ponies are preferable to horses, but the latter are extensively used. Not far from the canton-ments of which we are writing is the spot where, in the year 1871, Captain Lillingston of the Forest department lost his life by his horse's foot slipping. He fell, not over a sheer precipice, but down a long grassy bank; and was found dead at or near the foot of it; and the horse too. A simple stone with an inscription and I.H.S. marks the place on the path by the

lone hillside.

One branch of the work of the Forest department is the cutting of sleepers for railway pur-

poses, and the floating of them down the streams that wind towards the plains at the bottom of the ravines in the mountains. The deodar cedar is the best, we believe, for sleepers. This is a most important part of the department's operations. Another is to supply the cantonments with firewood; and lastly, it devolves upon them to offer a great deal of general hospitality, which they obligingly do, and at no small sacrifice, for many are the calls upon them, both upon their time and their cellar and larder, by friends well known and by the passing stranger.

It is a grand mountain country. The scenery is of great beauty and grandeur; often more bare and bold than beautiful; yet in the aspects facing the north, where the trees abound everywhere, one finds scenes of singular nobility; and on most days you can get a view of the higher monarchs, the eternal snows. These, however, are distant, and not, therefore, so imposing as imagination will figure them, and the snow appears at times as of a metallic tinge. But it is grand, nevertheless; and the air cold, bracing, glorious. Lovely are the pinewoods when the late afternoon sun is lingering among them; and the high bank where the wild thyme grows, on the misty morning when the sun is slowly climbing up from the east, there is health and pleasure and poetry there too; as there is when the aromatic scents from the forest side steal over one like soft and subtle music.

## RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MEHALAH,' 'JOHN HERRING,' 'COURT ROYAL,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.-ST KERIAN.

THE village of St Kerian, in Cornwall, lies about ten miles inland from the north-west coast. It lies in a hollow, a valley down which flows a little stream, that has its source in the granite moors that form the backbone of the long peninsula that constitutes the county of the Cornu-British. Up the valley, clothing its sides, where steep, are cakwoods, copse for the most part; and above the copse rise the bald moors, sprinkled with gorse, and in July, pink with heather, and purple shot with heath. The granite tower of the church peeps above some old lime-trees that form an avenue to the porch, and some Scotch firs that rise with flaky boughs from the churchyard boundary. There the rooks build and burden the velvety green foliage with their rough nests. The tower of the church is square, with the pinnacles cut to lean outwards, as the foliation of a crown—a Cornish peculiarity. Near the churchyard, communicating with it by a side-door, is the rectory garden, apparently one great pillow of evergreens, laurel and rhododendron, and myrtle and laurestinus; and out of this green sillow apparent the claim of the first product of the state of th pillow appears the slate roof of the parsonage, sunk so deep in the evergreens that only roof and chimneys appear.

The cottages of St Kerian are for the most-part of kneaded clay—locally called cob—the warmest, snuggest, driest material of which a house can be built; a material which, when used as a garden wall, ripens peaches, grapes, apricots on its warm

surface. It sucks in the sun's rays as a sponge, and gives out the heat all night. Stand by a cobwall after a bright day, when white-frost is forming on the grass, and you feel a warm exhalation streaming from the dry clay. Fruit-trees must blossom when nailed against it: and the blossom cannot do other than set, and having set, must glow and swell and mellow and flush with sweetness. The flower-bed under the cob-wall is one that is rampant, luxuriant, always beautiful. In the winter months it is not bare; it has Christmas roses and aconites; it is throwing up and opening flowers at extraordinary times, and ripening strawberries at periods when no one dreams of strawberries.

A few houses are of stone, and the stone, like the cob, is whitewashed. These houses have slate roofs, and on the slate are orange and white patches of lichen; and on very old slate even masses of golden stonecrop. But the most subdued slate never reaches the softness and sweetness of tone of thatch—the thatch that covers the cob cottages. That is brown and furry and cosy. Verily, the cottars must be princes and princesses to cover their houses with sealskin!

One of the stone houses is the village inn, with the sign of the Silver Bowl. Why this sign? Because the legend told how St Kerian had gone to sea in a basin of pure silver, and in it had rowed over vast and trackless waters till he reached the land of Paradise. And all the time he was away, a wolf kept watch over his wallet and psalter, that lay on the beach of India.

St Kerian was, truly, none other than the man in the moon, and the moon was his coracle of silver in which he traversed the dark-blue heavenly seas. But of this the villagers knew nothing. They dimly recollected the old Catholic legend of the miraculous cruise of the patron saint of the parish, and knew that the great silver bowl on the signboard over the inn referred to the story.

Another stone house belonged to the blacksmith, George Penrose, a plain worthy man, hardworking in his forge and out of it: in it, hammering and moulding iron; out of it, digging and growing vegetables in his garden; and especially fond of carnations.

Outside the village, a rifle-shot from the last house that could claim to be in what was locally called the Church-town, stood a poor cottage, built of cob, with a thatched roof. This cottage was but one story high. You could have touched the caves when standing by it. The door of the cottage opened on the road; but beside it, at one end, was a garden in the shape of an extremely acute triangle; one side was hedged against the road, and the back was hedged against the field. It was obvious at the first glance that this was the cottage of a squatter, who, in times past, when land was of little value, had squatted on a bit of waste ground beside the road, turned it into a garden, and erected the cottage for himself. No one had objected. If the lord of the manor had been told of it, he had laughed and shrugged his shoulders and asked no head-rent. No attempt had been made to dispossess the squatter; and as years passed and he had made no acknowledgment to any man for his house and bit of land, in time he became absolute proprietor of cottered and transgular available and proprietor of cottered and transgular available and and proprietors of cottered and transgular available and proprietors.

as good a right to it, to hold, to devise, to sell, as the best Squire in the neighbourhood and the most substantial yeoman in the parish had to their lands. The cottage had been dug out of a pit at the vertex of the garden, where was now a puddle, and a shivering white willow by it; and the triangle of ground had been reclaimed from the roadside by old Jonathan, the father of Zackie and of Bessie Cable's mother.

This was the estate-this, and seventy-eight pounds five shillings and tenpence-which fell as an inheritance to Bessie Cable on the death of her uncle; and to this freehold estate Richard moved with his mother and little children, and into it he settled; Bessie Cable being its sole and undisputed, and, indeed, indisputable possessor. Not another relative in Cornwall, nay, in the wide world, had Uncle Zackie. I am sorry to say it, but it is true, and must be said—the people of St Kerian did not hail the arrival of the Cables with enthusiasm, were by no means inclined to show them much hospitality. St Kerian's people were Cornish Kelts to the ends of their fingers and toes, without one drop of Saxon blood in their veins. They were a people who shut themselves up in their exclusiveness, as they were shut in by nature by their moors. It might be true that Bessie Cable was linked to the place by her mother; but her mother had chosen to desert the house of her child-hood and 'go foreign;' and Mrs Cable was foreign born and bred; she did not even speak like a Cornish woman. All England, even Devon, and most of all the eastern counties, was foreign to the Cornishman, foreign as Timbuctoo and Alaska.

The St Kerian's people did not come out to meet and welcome the new landed proprietor and his family who came into their midst; they looked on him with suspicion and jealousy. Richard Cable, grown peculiarly sensitive and irritable, felt this, and resented it. He would have as little to do as was possible with the St Kerian's folk. Besides, he was disappointed. The cottage and the land were much smaller than he had expected. Omne ignotum pro magnifico. He had imagined a roomy house, with gardens and paddock, and perhaps some outbuildings. He was wofully downcast when he arrived at the hovel in the wagon on the straw. The cottage was plainly furnished, and in tolerable repair. It was obvious that a hard time was before him. He was poor, though a landed proprietor. His estate, like that of so many Squires in the present day, would not maintain him. He would have to work, and work hard, to feed the seven little maiden mouths at home, as well as his own and his mother's. Potatoes, as he knew by experience, would go like wildfire; bread would vanish as moisture in the east wind. The three-cornered garden would not grow cabbages and turnips enough for all these little stomachs that demanded of it food daily. Think! Three hundred and sixty-five days make up the year. Multiplied by eight, that makes two thousand nine hundred and twenty meals—only one per diem—to be got out of that little garden; and that, moreover, without making any count of food for Richard himself. But they must fact had been dropped.

The times were hard for Richard. He had potatoes; for supper, kail; so that in reality recovered so as to walk about; but he walked

the demands on the triangular patch reclaimed from the roadside would amount—if the father was to eat anything out of it except earth and stones-to six thousand five hundred and seventy meals.

Richard Cable had always been a reserved man. He was now more reserved than of old. Hanford, he had associated with his mates without ever becoming what they would call 'one of themselves.' At St Kerian he associated with no one. The Cornish people are inveterate talkers. It is said that a loquacious person can talk the hind-legs off a horse; if so, it is a wonder that any legs remain on the horses in the west. Everything is made to give way to talk—the most pressing business, the most urgent duties. Indeed, the most imperious call of a Cornishman's nature is to talk. It is said that in the navy the officers are shy of west-country sailors, because they are such talkers. The Cornish are a kindly people, who like their neighbours to be 'free' with them—that is, to run into their houses at all hours for a talk and allow them to reciprocate.

Dicky Cable went near none of the villagers of St Kerian, hardly spoke to them; when he did, it was on necessary matters. He let them understand that he objected to have his kitchen invaded at all times, and to have his proceedings scrutinised and canvassed. He was a busy man. He had to work for seven little children, and had not time to talk. With him, every minute was precious; it meant a patch on Mary's shoe, threescore stitches in Martha's stocking that he was knitting; the shaping of a wooden head to Bessie's doll; a bit of tilling of the garden that fed them all. Every idle minute sows a weed, said Richard.

The villagers, who grudged the invasion of the parish by foreigners, were not conciliated by Cable's manner; they could not understand that he had other crops to cultivate than goodfellowship.

Mrs Cable also, in spite of her Cornish blood, was no talker. Had she been a gossip, all would have been well. When you come across a Frenchman in a railway carriage or in a cafe, he tells you the history of his love, the circumstances of his marriage, and the ages and temperaments of his children; and expects similar confidences on your part. The Frenchman has a pleasure in turning himself inside out before you, like a glove. This is because he is a Kelt, and a give. This is because he is a kert, and craves for sympathy. The Cornish are Kelts also, and they overflow with frankness, and exact reciprocity in candour. The St Kerian people wanted to know the complete history of the Cable family, and demanded it as a right. Bessie would tell nothing. The mother of the children was dead—that was enough for them. children was dead—that was enough for them to know. Of Richard's second marriage not a word was breathed; no suspicion of it entered a St Kerian imagination, and the Cornish imagination is no sterile faculty. As certain soils will grow all kinds of plants although nothing is sown in them, so with the imaginative faculty: It will produce crops of most varied weeds, growing where you could swear not a seed of fact had been dropped.

lamely and could not go far. Work for which he was suited was not easy to be got. Work by means of which he could live at ease was

not to be got at all.

The little patrimony that had come to Bessie Cable melted away. The necessary things to be bought, the doctor's bill, the bill at the Magpie, the feeding and clothing of the little ones—all ate into the seventy-eight pounds five shillings and tenpence. Uncle Zackie had but a single bed. Now, several were needed, and they had to be purchased. One cup and saucer, and a single plate, a gridiron and a frying-pan, had sufficed for Uncle Zackie; this would not meet the requirements of nine persons, and had to be supplemented.

Then, again, all the clothes of Richard, his mother, and his children had been 'salved' in the wreck, and were therefore lost to him. It was necessary to buy fresh clothes. What had been 'salved' was past recovery.

Seven little girls! Was not that enough to break a poor man's heart? Was it not selfish and cruel of Polly to spread her wings and fly to a better world and there enter into rest, and leave him alone in this rough world to battle with hunger and cold-with seven little maidens on his back? No wonder that his back began to bend; no wonder that his flesh fell away, and he looked thin and transparent; no wonder his clothes were so poor and patched. But his seven little girls were plump and upright and sturdy and neat. He stinted himself of everything that they might lack nothing. It was a desperate battle, and only strong love could have nerved him to fight it. If Richard Cable could have gone to sea, he might have earned something better than what he could pick up at St Kerian; but he had either taken a distaste to the sea since his last voyage, or he could not bring himself to leave his children any more.

He went about the parish to the farmers, limping on his stiff leg, and asked for work. Could he hedge? He had never learned the art, and let me tell the reader that hedging is an art, an art which School Boards are killing; it is an art to be acquired in boyhood, and there is hardly a young man nowadays who can hedge. Did he know anything about cattle? He had had no experience, and not a farmer would intrust his cattle to him, that he might acquire experience on them. Could be plough? He had never tried; and good ploughing is not easily acquired. A walking postman was needed for five parishes, the pay six-and-sixpence per week; the distance to be walked, fair weather or foul, twenty miles-but then, Richard was

lame; so he refused the six-and-six.

The parish authorities, the whole neighbourhood—that is, all five parishes—took it ill that he rejected the office of walking postman so liberally offered him. That he was lame, was his concern, not theirs. He rejected the office because he was proud; he was puffed up with pride because he was a foreigner. What could be expected of a man who had seven little girls and not a boy? Seven little maids! What was to become of them if their father died? They and their grandmother would have to go to the workhouse; and who would have to pay as he was unprincipled; he knew the folbles, for them there, for feeding, for fattening of the follies, the weaknesses of men; but what he

them, for clothing, and educating them? Who but the ratepayers? No wonder that, with such a prospect, the ratepayers looked on Richard Cable with a resentful eye.

He got work at last-work for the time being -he took it resentfully, surlily, with gall in

his heart—work on the roads.

There was another matter which had not conduced to diffuse a kindly feeling towards Cable in the place. One day, a village boy had knocked little Mary down out of wanton wickedness. She was a foreigner. He had heard his parents, the entire parish, speak against these foreigners, and he thought himself at liberty to demonstrate his dislike by outward act. When Richard heard this, he was as one possessed. He went after the boy and half-killed him in his fury. He barely escaped a summons for this retaliation. The boy's father was a carpenter, and was related to every one else in the place. In St Kerian, if you touched one, the whole population came out against you as a hive of bees. That the boy had done what was wrong occurred to no one. An outrage had been committed by this lame foreigner on a member of the community, and the entire community took it up and resented it angrily.

Since Richard had crossed the threshold, not once had Josephine been named. One might have supposed that, as far as Richard was con-

cerned, no such person existed.

Since he had entered that cottage, no allusion had been made by him or his mother to the fortune of Gabriel Gotham. They had but to make their necessities known, and they could have as much money as they needed. But Richard would have died, his mother would have died, one and other would have sat silent and watched the seven little girls die of starvation, rather than touch a penny of that fortune. They were proud, were these Cables, mother and son; their pride was inflexible as iron.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX .- A SPIKE IN THE NEST.

The mind of Mr Cornellis was at ease. So completely satisfied was he that nothing was to be apprehended which could annoy him, that he went to town 'on business,' as he told his sister and daughter; really, that he might amuse himself, and he remained away from Hanford over a fortnight.

When his affairs were in an unsatisfactory condition, and he saw that only desperate measures could avail, not to recover him, but to stave off a complete break-up, he had begun to draw towards his old associates and dupes. His conversation had acquired a sanctimonious sayour, and the cut of his coat had something clerical about it. He laid aside his rather highly coloured ties, and adopted black. A moustache he had been cultivating disappeared. But when Jose-phine acquired the fortune of Gabriel Gotham, all necessity for picking up the old threads of his former life passed away, and he dropped once more the acquaintances, and the formalities and restraints he had with a bad grace reassumed under the cogency of adverse circumstances.

did not know, and made no allowance for, were the noble and generous impulses of the heart. He traced all action in life to springs—but these springs were always mean and selfish; consequently, he was occasionally foiled in his calculations.

He did not understand his daughter's nature, because he was unable to understand that she could be actuated by any motives involving selfsacrifice. He respected her intelligence, and he relied on her wit saving her from doing anything injurious to her prospects. Her marriage with Cable had been a puzzle to him; but he supposed that it was due to an unreasoning passion for a time blinding her eyes to her interests. That she regretted her marriage, he had no doubt; that she no longer loved Richard, he was aware, and he was consequently well assured that she would take no steps to bring about a reconciliation, and a repetition of the ridiculous and disagreeable incidents of the past month, which must follow in the train of a reconciliation. As there are two hemispheres in the brain, and we can therefore simultaneously think of two matters at once—as, for instance, we can read aloud, and be meditating at the same time on something different; or we can converse with a visitor, and whilst so doing take an estimate of her dress, and note where the braid is off and a glove is burst-so are there double, and even more than double springs in every heart, and none can tell at once which is in the ascendant. There is always, and there always must be, an element of uncertainty in the determinations, and consequent actions, of every man, for this reason. We cannot tell at once which of the springs, even if we recognise their existence, is the strongest, and what the correcting and controlling force of the other that is acting in opposition. Indeed, it is not usual that any one of the springs asserts itself as a mainspring till late on in life, and in no inconsiderable number of persons none ever does so assert itself.

Mr Cornellis regarded his fellow-men much as billiard-balls: he had only to walk round the table, level his cue, rest the end between his thumb and forefinger, and strike, calculating to a nicety the angle at which the balls would fly apart; the cannoning and pocketing would follow as a matter of course. All went by rule of dynamics. And Mr Cornellis would have been right had all his balls been perfectly round, and absolutely solid, and his table nicely levelled. But these were elements in the game that did not enter into his calculation.

It is said that the Englishman rushes into war thoroughly despising his enemy, and that this is the cause of the majority of the disasters which mark the initiation of a campaign. Mr Cornellis shared the Englishman's contempt for an enemy—that is, for every one with whom he had dealings. He undervalued his powers; he disbelieved in moral force, and consequently made no provision to counteract its effects. Stupidity he could allow for; and when he encountered strong principle, he misjudged it, and eschewed it as stupidity deeper than what he had

Mr Cornellis and the rector viewed the world

motives swayed men's conduct than truth and honour and love; and Mr Cornellis was perplexed and angry when he came across those who were not either intensely stupid or wholly self-seeking. Neither liked the other. Mr Self-wood was forced to mistrust Cornellis; but he never could persuade himself that Josephine's father was as devoid of principle as his clear common-sense obliged him to suspect.

When Mr Cornellis went to town 'on business,' he gave no address where he might be found; he did not desire to be worried by his sister's letters concerning the trivialities of Hanford life; consequently, his daughter was unable to communicate her intention to him till he was pleased to emerge from the seclusion in which he had kept himself and shrouded his acts whilst in town. When, after a visit to London that lasted somewhat over a fortnight, and had cost him a considerable sum of money, Mr Cornellis reappeared at Hanford, not much fagged with his business, in a completely new suit, in the latest fashion, from the best tailor, and with a new diamond pin in his tie, he was not in the smallest degree prepared for the

surprise his daughter had in store for him. Mr Cornellis had never taken pains to gain his daughter's affections; he was aware that he had not her esteem; there was always present between them an invisible barrier. When two intellects are set in opposition, and the male and elder is aware that the other is its match, there ensues a sense of injury and aversion. It dreads a contest, lest it should sustain a fall. Mr Cornellis had seen his daughter's mind and character form under his eye with an independence that an-noyed him. He had not moulded them—they had shaped themselves. Where he had interfered, his interference had brought about results the opposite to what he designed. The chronic antagonism between them had not broken out into civil war till Josephine had declared her intention to her father of taking Richard as her After one savage passage-of-arms, a husband. truce ensued; the father knew he had gone too far, and he used all his arts to recover the lost ground. The marriage of Josephine had brought her closer to him than she had been in her previous life. She had been forced to acknowledge that he was right in his opposition, and to submit to his guidance. He had acquired an ascendency that satisfied him, and he rashly supposed that this ascendency was final and secure. Cornellis had written to announce his return, and to order the carriage to meet him at the station. He was surprised to see Josephine on the platform ready to receive him, when he arrived from town by the train he had men-This was an attention he had not tioned. anticipated. She was dressed very quietly in her blue serge, and with a close straw bonnet trimmed with navy-blue ribbons.

'Why—Josephine,' said he, taking her arm as he stepped out of the carriage, 'what new fad is this—dressing like a superior domestic?'

'I am glad you have arrived as appointed,' said she, without answering his question. 'Had you come by a later train, I might have missed you. I am going off by the next up-train.'
'Indeed? Whither?'

of men trom opposed points. The latter was will you come with me into the ladies' surprised and troubled when he found that other waiting-room—there is no one there—or walk

with me on the platform, whilst I tell you what I have to say?

Well-be sharp. I want to get home, and cannot detain the horses.

They walked together out of the station along the platform, where there was no one to overhear their conversation.

'You are looking well, papa. I hope you have

enjoyed your visit to town?

I have been steeped to the ears in business, he replied. 'I got into Kettner's occasionally, and had something really good to eat, neither over-salted nor under-spiced. When I am a little out of sorts, I run in there and have a bowl of bisque. It sets my stomach right when nothing else does—light and nourishing. I am fond of Kettner's, quiet—and good wines. The waiter there knows me, and is attentive.'

'Papa, I am going.

'So you have told me; but I have not been informed whither.'

'I am going into Somersetshire—near Bath.'

What for ?

She hesitated. She was a brave girl, but she shrank from the scene that must occur. The rector, aware that the interview would be unpleasant, had volunteered to relieve Josephine of the duty of telling her father what had been determined and done. But she had declined his offer, and had resolved-it must be admitted, with a spice of craft—to break the intelligence to her father almost in public and a minute before she departed. After that quarrel with him which had driven her desperate and made her plunge into the sea, she shrank from a private interview; and she knew that if he were told what she had decided on whilst she remained at Hanford, the house would be insupportable. Whatever he might say, he could not alter her mind. His absence had enabled her to dispose of everything, undisturbed; and now all that remained to be done was to inform him of arrangements already completed; and as soon as this was done and she were away, the better

'For the life of me,' said Mr Cornellis, 'I cannot see why that precious idiot of a cook of ours should never make bisque to my fancy. No great difficulty in pounding prawns, I should have thought.—By the way, Josephine—artichoke soup with crushed almonds is worth living

for. 'Papa, I have something very important to tell you.—Never mind about soups now. I am afraid'—with a touch of her old self—'I am going to salt and flavour your soup not at all to your taste.

'Go on with what you have to say; I am impatient to be on my way in the carriage.

My train will start in five minutes. I have my ticket, and my boxes are labelled. But I have only five minutes in which to tell you something that will surprise and, I fear, annoy you greatly.'

'Upon my word,' said Mr Cornellis irritably,
'you have the knack of making one uncomfortable. You treat me as the boys treat the plovers. When they have found a nest on the downs, they drive a spiked stick into the ground at the bottom, so that the poor bird cannot sit on her eggs comfortably, and she goes on laying

till she has heaped her eggs over the spike, so as to make her seat tolerable.—What new stake have you been driving into my home? My whole time and energies are taken up with covering the prickles and goads you fabricate to my torment.

'You have been from home, papa, so it has not been possible for me to consult you since

the rector returned from Cornwall.'

'What did he find there?'

'The yacht was wrecked; but Richard and the children and his mother are saved; the other poor fellows are lost.'

'Things might have been managed better,' growled Mr Cornellis.

'Poor Richard has injured his thigh, and is likely to be lamed for life.'

'If he be tied by the leg to the Cornish rocks, so much the better.—Are you going as the eagle to tear the entrails of your Prometheus?'

'Papa, I have been considering about Cousin Gabriel's legacy. You let me accept it; you let me marry Richard without telling me who Richard was. I have learned that now; and I know that Cousin Gabriel performed an act of gross injustice in not recognising his son and leaving his estate to him.'

'That was Gotham's concern.'

'I have inherited what ought to belong to Richard. I have considered the situation, and I have resolved not to take the legacy.'

'You have taken it.'

'I am going to-no, to be correct-I have already-surrendered it.

'I do not understand you.'

'I have no right to the estate. When the rector went to Cornwall, I told him to offer it to Richard. You know, papa, that Cousin Gabriel left everything in trust till I married, and that at manyings I became sole nossessor. and that at marriage I became sole possessor, with entire liberty to do what I liked with the property. I was so sure, when I came to consider matters, that Cousin Gabriel meant the estate to pass to his son, through me, that I could in conscience do no other than transfer it to Richard. I have striven to do what is

right, and I have made the transfer.'
'You do not mean'— Mr Cornellis could not finish the sentence; he had turned the colour

of a Jerusalem artichoke.

'I do indeed mean what I say, papa. I have been with the lawyer, and Mr Sellwood has helped me, and it is all done. The difficulty we have had to contend with is, that Richard absolutely refuses to accept what I offer. I did not think myself justified in retaining any share, and I wanted to make over every penny unreservedly to Richard; but Mr Sellwood and the solicitor have advised me otherwise, and I have retained an annuity of two hundred and fifty pounds for my separate use as long as I live.

—But, papa, I had already made up my mind to touch nothing of Cousin Gotham's money—so long as I do not share it with Richard, I mean—till I can receive it from him. So I will not have the coupits for my courself. will not have this annuity for my own self; I give it to you. You shall enjoy that; and, unless Richard objects, which is not likely, you can live at the Hall?

'On two hundred and fifty!'

Of course the place must be kept up, and

the maintenance of the house and estate will be paid out of the estate. I do not see why you should not continue to live at the Hall; you will have the two hundred and fifty in addition to your own private income, and have the house and garden rent free.'

He turned his face towards her and opened his mouth to speak. The face was livid and quivering with evil passion. Every veil of disguise had fallen; the ugly villainy of the man's soul glared at her out of his eyes. She shuddered. He looked, with his mouth open, as if he could have flown at her and bitten her. He could not speak; he was too greatly agitated to utter a word.

'Shall we turn back towards the station?' continued Josephine. 'I see it is time for me to be getting into my carriage. I have not much more to say. If I have forgotten anything, Mr Sellwood will supply the deficiency.—Richard is angry with me, and he has cause to be angry. I shall never rest till he forgives me and takes me to his heart again. I have been unworthy of him. I was not well advised; but my own heart was rebellious. I have been proud, and now I am going into the world to learn humility. -Papa, Mr Sellwood will explain to you the course I have elected. I have told Aunt Judith; but she cannot understand. I intend to earn my own livelihood, and earn Richard's respect.

There—the bell is ringing; I really must be off. I have taken a third-class ticket.—Let my arm go, papa. Say good-bye; we shall not meet again for some time. If I have been unlike a daughter to you and failed in love—I ask your pardon. I fear—I fear that I have driven a spike into the nest that wounds you.

'That impales me,' groaned Mr Cornellis.

## WHAT IS A DAY?

A SIMPLE question enough, and one that admits of various simple answers, each correct as far as it goes. In one sense in which it is commonly used, 'day' indicates the period of light as distinguished from that of darkness, denoting, therefore, any length of time under six months, according to the latitude of the observer and the season of the year. Another popular meaning is the space of twenty-four hours, including a period of light and another of darkness. This, again, is not the same all the world over, as the times of its commencement and termination vary in different countries, some reckoning from evening to evening, others from morning to morning, while modern civilised nations count from midnight to midnight. Astronomers, also, have their various days: the absolute solar day, ranging from about half a minute under, to the same amount over twenty-four hours at different times of the year; the mean solar day, being our common day of twenty-four hours; the lunar day, of nearly twenty-five hours; and the sidereal day, of about four seconds short of twenty-four hours.

But there is another aspect of the question which is not less interesting, though not so frequently alluded to: we refer to the duration of each day on the surface of the earth, the place and time at which it is first seen, and at which it finally dis-

appears.

The succession of day and night depends on the rotation of the earth on its axis; and since the earth is of a globular shape, it is evident that the whole of its surface cannot be turned towards the sun at one and the same moment; in other words, that it cannot be noon all over the earth at once. A little thought will show that whenever it is noon at any one place, it is midnight on the opposite side of the earth; and at the different places between, all the times of day are at one and the same moment to be found. Take a particular example to make this clearer. When it is noon at London, the countries exactly on the opposite side of the earth-say New Zealand and its neighbourhood-are turned directly away from the sun, and therefore have midnight. Paris, being a little farther east than London, will have been brought directly under the sun a little earlier; that is to say, at London noon, Paris noon has been gone a few minutes. Go to Egypt and Constantinople, farther east; their noon has been gone an hour or two. Farther on, again, India is approaching her eventide, and China and Japan have already sunk into darkness. Turn your face west, however, across the Atlantic: you will find our American cousins have not yet reached their mid-day, in fact are thinking in New York about breakfast, and out west in California are hardly yet getting up. Still to the west, we come round again to New Zealand, where the day-which was only just dawning in California-which was high noon at London, and afternoon in India-this same day, say the 1st of July, is, as we saw, on the eve of departing altogether, to give place to a new one, the 2d of July. It is clear, then, that, while the 1st is still young in America, and long before it is over even in England, the 2d will be well started in New Zealand and countries in that longitude, and will come round the world from east to west as all its predecessors have

The question then arises: where did this day, the 2d of July, first begin? It was not in America, for we saw the folks there just about to rise on the 1st. Yet it was beginning in New Zealand. Therefore, it must be either in New Zealand or some place between there and America. The fact is that there is no defined place where the day can be said to appear first of all. Civilisation originally spread from east to west across the Old World, and then across the New, carrying its calendar with it. The day came from the east, and travelled across to the west, and no one asked whence it originally came or where it ultimately four seconds short of twenty-four hours.

These different answers, and the phenomena to which reference must be had for their explanation, would provide material for a long article.

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when traffic began to cross that ocean, and the question was forced upon men's minds in a manner which we shall soon see, a sort of understanding was arrived at that the day should be deemed to begin there.

According to the way in which this arrangement is now carried out, the first land that the new day dawns upon is Easter Island, about two hundred and thirty miles west of the coast of Chili, South America. That is to say, the 2d of July breaks here within a few hours of the 1st having broken on the American coast to the east, and the two days run on alongside-the 2d in Easter Island and places west, the 1st in all places on the American continent. We may therefore realise this idea—that at twenty minutes past seven any morning of our lives in Great Britain, the next day is commencing on the world, and is to be found at this little island in the Pacific Ocean, whence in due course it will travel round to us. But to have thus the start of the world is not an unmitigated advantage to these islanders. Suppose one of them sails east to America, what is the result? He will find they keep the day there under a different date, and he will have to reckon one day in his calendar twice over to put himself right with their notions. On the other hand, if an American crosses from east to west this wonderful magic line where the day begins, he will find the dates in this fresh part of the world are one in advance of him, and he must needs strike a day out of his calendar to keep up with the times. This fact was curiously illus-trated in the case of Magellan, the Portuguese captain, who sailed round the world from east to west in 1522, and having crossed the magic line of 'day's birth' in his wanderings, his calendar became of course a day in arrear. The sailors were completely ignorant of this, and finding, on landing at home, that their Sabbath was falling on a Monday, they accused one another of tampering with the reckoning. It was not for some time that the true explanation was discovered. The converse case is made the hinge of the plot in Jules Verne's Round the World in Eighty Days, where the author depicts an eccentric Englishman, Phileas Fogg, who made a wager that he would go round the world in eighty days. He accomplished his feat in what he thought was eightyone days; but on arriving in London, found his friends auxiously expecting him, and discovered he had just won his wager. He had crossed the magic line eastwards, and had forgotten to subtract the day he had thus gained.

To put the matter another way. In sailing round the world eastwards, the days are each a little less than twenty-four hours, according to the speed of the ship, as the sun is met every morning a little earlier. These little differences added together will amount in the course of the circumnavigation to twenty-four hours, giving the sailors an extra day, not in imagination, but in sober truth, as they will have actually eaten an extra day's food and consumed an extra day's grog. On the other hand, in sailing westward, the sun is overtaken a little each day, and so each day is rather longer than twenty-four hours, and clocks and watches are found to be too fast. This also will amount, in sailing round to the starting-point again, to one whole day, by which the reckoning has fallen in arrear. The eastern

ship, then, has gained a day, and the western ship has lost one, leading to this apparent paradox, that the former ship has a clear gain of two whole days over the latter, supposing them to have started and returned together.

Colonies and settlements have occasionally had strange experiences in this matter of dates. Great nations have a tendency to make all their possessions follow the institutions of the mother-country as far as possible, and with respect to the calendar this rule holds good. It is indeed the reason why most of the islands of the Pacific keep Asiatic dates, although some of them are much nearer the American than the Asiatic coasts; the fact being that these islands were discovered and settled by mariners sailing from Asia, who of course took their calendar with them and never thought of altering it. The system, however, of carrying a foreigner's reckoning into another country has not always worked so successfully. A few years ago, Alaska-the north-west corner of Americahaving been settled from Russia and being owned by Russia, kept its calendar as it had been brought round from the west by Russians; on the other hand, the rest of America kept the date which had come round to them with the discoverers from the east, which was of course a day behind the former; so here were two different dates close at hand. When Alaska was ceded by treaty to the United States in 1867, the inconvenience of continuing this was evident, and the Alaskan calendar was forthwith summarily altered to agree with that of the United States. Hence, although this portion of the continent stretches out far to the west of Easter Island and other places where eastern time is reckoned, yet, to bring it into conformity with its present rulers, it has to keep a full twenty-four hours behind these places in its reckoning of days.

More curious and anomalous even than this is the case of the Philippine Islands; for, although these lie so near to the Asiatic coast, it was by Spaniards who sailed eastwards from America that they were settled. Did they revise their calendar when they crossed the magic line, and strike out a day, to keep themselves abreast of the times? No such thing: the Spanish Dons of that day were a proud and flery folk, and if their calendar did not agree with the times, then so much the worse for the times. Anyhow, the fact remains that, when they arrived at the Manila or Philippine Islands, they still reckoned by the calendar which had been taken from Spain to America, and from America by them on their voyage. They were, of course, a day in arrear; but as there were not then any important settlements of civilised nations thereabouts with whom the date could be compared, the error was not noticed; the reckoning took firm hold, and in consequence, the inhabitants of Manila keep plodding along one day behind all their immediate neighbours.

Even so far as British settlements are concerned, it is in many cases by pure accident and not by preconceived design, that their calendar is kept in accordance with the general rule. For example, the first settlers of Botany Bay—the place where for many years involuntary emigrants from this country found free quarters—went out in 1788 under orders to sail round Cape Horn westwards to their destination. Stress of weather, however,

forced them castwards round the Cape of Good Hope, and so they reached Australia with eastern date, which of course they ought to keep; whereas, if they had followed their orders and proceeded by Cape Horn, they might easily have fallen into the same error as the Philippine islanders. A few years later, a missionary expedition to the South Sea islands met with a similar accident, and so took eastern date with them, thus falling in with the recognised rule. The French, however-according to a writer in Notes and Queries in 1853-sent an expedition in the early part of this century westwards to Tahiti, who took their own date with them, and, in accordance with the emulative spirit which runs so high between Frenchmen and Englishmen, refused to conform to the calendar they found then in use on the islands, and kept their own, holding their Sabbaths and festivals the day following those of the English residents. The writer from whom we quote does not explain the ultimate result of the

By way of showing in a practical manner what a day is according to the view we set before ourselves, let us suppose it agreed that bells should be rung all over the world for the whole day on some particular anniversary—say, Christmas Day. This chime, then, would first be heard at Easter Island, and that at twenty minutes past seven by our Greenwich time in the morning of the 24th December. After the ringing had been going on there for three hours, the bells of the Sandwich Islands would join in chorus. Two hours later we should hear those of New Zealand and the Fiji Islands. Rather more than another two hours later, and Adelaide and Japan would 'salute the happy morn' with their tintinuabulations. But while all the rest of Polynesia and Australasia was thus vocal with melody, an ominous sullen silence would reign in the Philippine Islands, to which no 'Babe in Bethlehem born' would be heralded for full twenty-four hours yet. Dis-regarding these belated Spaniards, the music reaches the Asiatic continent: Bombay takes up the tale four hours after Adelaide; St Petersburg, four hours after Bombay; and our own 'Bow Bells' would peal forth two hours after St Petersburg—that is, sixteen hours and forty minutes after the first clang at Easter Island. The Azore Islands would commence their ringing last of all European bells, being a full hour and a half later than London. New York would follow five hours after us; and Denver City, on the 'Great Divide.' about two hours after New York—that is to say, just about the time when the bells of Easter Island, having rung through their twenty-four hours, would be stopping. Alaska, still farther west on the continent of America, steps forward three hours after Easter Island has finished; and finally, the Philippine islanders commence to wake the echoes when all their neighbours are sinking into silence, five hours after Alaska has begun. and about eight hours after the last note on Easter Island. It is now about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 25th with us, and as the Philippine bells have still their twenty-four hours to ring, Christmas Day, which began at twenty minutes past seven in the morning of the 24th, will not be over till four in the afternoon of the 26th.

Thus, to the various definitions of a day which we hinted at in our opening remarks, we may add

this, that, considered with reference to its first appearance on the earth and its final departure from it, a day is a period of about fifty-six hours and forty minutes.

# WYTHRED'S WHARF: A THAMES-SIDE TALE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I .- MYSTERY.

BETWEEN Thames Street and the river Thames, upon a spot on which the castle of an English monarch once stood, there stands a lofty warehouse; so lofty, that even at mid-day it throws some shadow upon the broad wharf below, where steamboats and lighters and other craft are closely moored. It is a busy scene; for upon that 'silent highway,' where formerly the gilded barges of royalty glided to and fro with cargoes of dames and courtiers, black barges now pass in slow procession, led by asthmatic tugs of the most demo-oratic appearance. Here laughter seldom greets the ear; the hoarse shouts are heard of bargees and lightermen, and the constant trundling of iron trucks loaded with boxes, sacks, or bales; but above all other noise sounds the rattling chainwork of huge cranes when the goods are lifted into the air and swallowed up at some wide aperture upon one of the numerous floors of the warehouse-a warehouse which would seem to boast of unlimited accommodation; for the unloading from the lighters and the lifting of merchandise into one storeroom or another go on day after day from dawn until dusk.

Upon the first floor of this warehouse, looking out upon the river, is Mr Lintock's office. Mr Lintock is the proprietor. Wythred's wharf and warehouse have been in the family for generations. Few richer men are to be found than John Lintock in the city of London; and yet, as he sat late one afternoon at his desk, this princely wharf-owner had a discontented, troubled look. His forehead was deeply wrinkled, and the expression in his eyes was that of a man who was constantly haunted by some distressful thought. A knock at his office door, for no obvious reason, startled him. It was growing dusky on the river, and the men were beginning to disperse for the night. It was duskier still in the wharf-owner's room.

'Who's that?' Mr Lintock, half-rising from his chair, shaded his eyes with his hand.—' Ducket? Ah, that's right.—Well, Ducket,' said he, when the man had closed the door. 'what is it?'

the man had closed the door, 'what is it?'
Looking round the sombre room, Ducket said:
'Shall I light your lamp, sir?'

'Shall I light your lamp, sir?'
'No, Ducket. I shall not need it to-night. I am going home.—Have you anything to say?'
Ducket was Mr. Lintock's foremen. He was

Ducket was Mr Lintock's foreman. He was a broad-shouldered man, with large limbs and a great honest face. His figure was angular—a gaunt form, aggravated in its stoop by constantly bending to lift heavy weights. He had the keen, searching eyes of one long accustomed to the supervision of a hive of workmen.

supervision of a hive of workmen.

'You wished me to tell you, sir, when I saw Clogstoun again.'

'Well?' said Mr Lintock, noticing some hesita-

"I have seen him."

'About the wharf?'

'No; he has given up coming here. He took the hint I gave him last time, and has kept away; though I never thought that he would.

'Where, then,' said Mr Lintock, 'did you see

'On London Bridge. He was lounging there, sir—leaning over the parapet. It was getting dark, as it might be now; and I saw him look at the warehouse and then down into the river, as if he had half a mind to drown himself. a-thinking, sir,' added Ducket, 'that he's getting a bit daft.

The wharf-owner answered thoughtfully: 'A

danger to himself.'

'And to others, sir,' said the foreman signifi-cantly. 'He's plotting. A man like Clogstoun would stick at nothing.

'What do you mean, Ducket, by that?'

Ducket twisted his cap in his hand and glanced out of the window upon the darkening river. 'Plotting revenge,' said he.

Eh?

'Plotting revenge,' repeated Ducket, with a quick look at his master. 'Why, these brokendown, drunken chaps like Clogstoun, sir, have nothing to lose—they set no value on life.'

'Do you mean their own?'

'Ay, sir; neither their own nor other people's. You'll excuse me, sir; but if you had seen his face' The foreman stopped abruptly. Something in Mr Lintock's face alarmed him: a keen stab could scarcely have produced a more sudden change. But the startled expression passed before

he could even inquire if his master was ill.
'Ducket,' said Mr Lintock, rising from his chair, 'if Clogstoun ever comes to the wharf, either by Thames Street or the river, you have my leave to hand him over to the police. We must run no risks in a place like this.—I am glad to see, added the wharf-owner approvingly, 'that you are alive to the fact that the man is a dan-

gerous character.

As he drove that evening towards London Bridge Station through the lamplit streets, Mr Lintock peered restlessly out of the carriage window; and in the large thoroughfares where men with uncouth, dissipated faces laughed and talked at half-open tavern doors, he looked about him with the horror of one who dreaded to recognise some repulsive face among them. It was not until the wharf-owner had passed into the crowded station that he seemed to throw off in some degree this strange curiosity in his unfortunate fellow-men.

Mr Lintock lived at Greenwich, and the train was on the point of starting. As he stepped into an unoccupied compartment and the porter was closing the door, a young man came up out of breath and stepped in after him. By the dim lamp overhead they recognised each other as friends, and a warm greeting took place between

'Why, Overbeck,' said the wharf-owner, 'what takes you to Greenwich?'

'I was coming down to pay you a visit.'
'To dine with us?—I am delighted to hear

A matter of business between Mr Lintock and Percy Overbeck had originally brought them together. Overbeck had taken part of a house

in Trinity Square as junior partner in a Hamburg firm, and often had occasion to land goods at Wythred's wharf. The wharf-owner, in his younger days, had known Overbeck's parents; and he had welcomed to a place at his hearth this son of his old friends, as soon as he presented his 'letter of recommendation;' and so it came to pass that the young Hamburg merchant quickly learnt to realise that Mr Lintock had a fascinating daughter. Nor did he despair of some day

winning Bertha Lintock's hand.

The train was in rapid motion. The two friends, seated opposite to each other, were chatting pleasantly, when a startling change came over Mr Lintock's face. The expression was that of abject terror. With his eyes fixed as though he were fascinated-fixed upon the further window of the carriage-the wharf-owner sat pale and speechless. Overbeck could not withdraw his gaze; and so completely did Mr Lintock's altered face and attitude impress him, that for the moment he imagined something supernatural had appeared to him. Turning his head to follow the direction of the wharf-owner's eyes, Overbeck was surprised to see no phantom—nothing visible beyond the window but black night. Overbeck placed his hand upon Mr Lintock's

arm. 'Are we in danger? You stare as though you anticipated something terrible. If there is

The wharf-owner raised his right hand to silence his companion, at the same time covering his eyes with his other, as if to shut out some repulsive sight. 'There is no danger'—he spoke in a strange agitated voice—'no danger now. It

This answer, in Overbeck's excited state of mind, did not satisfy him. 'There was danger, then? If it was real, and not mere fancy'—
'It was real. It's lucky we met to-night, Your presence has saved my life.'

'In what possible way?'

'Do not question me now,' said Mr Lintock with great earnestness. 'I saw, as distinctly as I see you at this moment, a face at that further window —and he pointed towards it as he spoke -'a face that has haunted me for more than a year past.

Overbeck sprang up to go to the carriage door; but the wharf-owner placed a restraining hand upon his shoulder. 'Don't stir! The face has

gone. It would be madness'-

The engine shricked, and the carriages began to slacken pace. In another minute the train had come to a standstill in Greenwich Station.

### THE STARLING.

THE starling is one of our most interesting birds, a bright, active, and exceedingly handsome little fellow. His well-known powers of mimicry are admirable and amusing. He is also an inoffensive bird; nay, more—he is very useful. His principal food consists of worms, insects, and larve of all sorts, chiefly the last-named; and the vast quantities of grub he consumes both on his own account and on that of his brood should insure for him protection and encouragement. Unlike the blackbird and thrush, he does not seem to attack fruit of any kind; at least we have never observed that he does, and gardeners have, therefore, no cause to quarrel with him. Nor is he in the least injurious to grain. It is an open question whether the rook, to which the starling is nearly allied, is entitled to be regarded as not, on the whole, more hurtful than helpful to the farmer. That he destroys vast quantities of grub is certain; and in this respect it is clear he is a good friend of the farmer, although the benefit is not very apparent, nor can it well be estimated in pounds, shillings, and pence. But, on the other hand, he often proves very destructive to the potato crop in all its stages and to newly thinned fields of turnips. On the latter, the rooks will sometimes descend in a flock, and in an hour or two of a morning pull up thousands of young plants, merely, as would appear, on the chance of finding a worm or grub at the roots, for the turnip plants are not eaten by them. But no such charges as these can be brought against the starling.

We are aware that some persons have attempted to blacken his character by affirming that he destroys great numbers of the eggs of smaller birds, especially those of the lark; and a year or so ago, there were those who maintained that starlings if allowed to multiply would very soon extirpate the larks. We do not deny that master starling sometimes appropriates a few eggs of smaller birds, to which he has no legitimate claim. But eggs are not his proper or usual food, and at that season of the year when the small birds are incubating there is abundance of his usual fare to be had, so that he has no need to seek a meal by robbery of the sort charged. The presumption is, therefore, against what we must call the libel. But more than this; we think it is sufficient to rebut the charge of his maligners to state the fact that in the Orkney and Shetland Islands, with which we are intimately acquainted, starlings, larks, mountain linnets, and many other species of small birds, are exceedingly numerous. The lark and the mountain linnet build their nests on the ground in the most open and accessible places, and if the starling were a robber of their nests, there would not be such immense numbers of these charming songsters in those islands. Go where one may in spring and those islands. Go where one may in spring and summer, he never but hears the inexpressibly sweet songs of half a dozen of these 'ethereal minstrels;' and the clouds of linnets which congregate together after the breeding season and fill the air with their joyous melody, prove plainly enough that they do not suffer much, if at all, from starling persecution and depredation.

Until within the last twenty or thirty years, the starling was a comparatively rare bird in the the staring was a comparatively rare bird in the inland districts of Scotland; but of late, from what cause is not clear, the bird has been increasing rapidly. He is not often seen during winter in such localities, for at that season he can get but little of his proper food; but considerable numbers now come inland as the breeding season approaches, and remain until the scarcity of provisions compels them to seek the milder districts of the sea-coast, where they can always pick up

a living.
Our house is situated about twenty miles inland
Our house is situated about twenty miles inland

in watching the proceedings of a pair of starlings which come here every year to bring out their young. We do not know for certain whether it is the same identical pair. Sometimes, from the repetition of their little ways and tricks of action, we think so; at other times, we are doubtful. But what is curious is, that there is but one pair about the premises, and they always take up the same safe and comfortable quarters. There is a hole in the wood under the eaves of the projecting roof of the house just large enough to allow ingress and egress. Somewhere inside, but close to this hole, the nest was originally built, and continues to be built, or rather, we should suppose, repaired, every year, when the same routine and formalities are gone through. On a fine day about the end of January, one bird We hear from above, his cheerful but not melodious notes, the exact counterpart of the pipe of the golden plover, the whistle of the curlew, or the scream of the seagull; and looking up, see our old starling friend perched on the top of a chimney-can, prospecting. He remains one or two days, and then disappears. In a fortnight or three weeks, according as the weather may happen to be good or bad, he weather may happen to be good or bad, he returns—this time, with a mate. This visit commonly lasts for three or four days; and the pair carefully inspect their old quarters and again take their departure. Not till further on in spring do they come and commence the important business of the season.

Most of the arrangements and preparation of the nest seem to be made in the early morning. During incubation, they are exceedingly quiet, and are seldom seen abroad. But as soon as the young birds are hatched, the life of the parent birds becomes one of ceaseless and evidently delightful activity. From 'early morn to dewy eve' they are busy catering for the eve they are busy catering for their young, and the quantity of food that is consumed is something to marvel at. Both birds are equally active; alternately they come and go, and exactly the same forms are gone through. Bearing a writhing worm or grub in its bill, one of the parents—there is scarcely any perceptible difference in the plumage of the sexes—alights on the corner of the roof, and intimates to the eagerly expectant brood, in loud, husky, but decidedly cheerful and encouraging screeches, that it is at hand with sayoury food such as they it is at hand with savoury food such as they love; and the intimation is received with a chorus of clamorous welcome from the throats of the hungry young ones. A glance over the eaves, a leap downwards, a flash and little flutter of the wings, and she disappears into the hole, almost immediately emerging again and flying off on a new quest. By this time the other parent bird has arrived with a contribution. And so, back-wards and forwards alternately all day and every day, on parental cares intent, the pair continue their labours until the young birds are fully fledged—ready for flight, and to start life on their own account. We do not know when or how the grand essay is first made, for we have never been fortunate enough to witness it. We cannot say what arguments, persuasions, or gentle force may be used—or if the young birds of their own free-will go forth into the world when they feel competent for an independent career. But evifrom the shores of the Firth of Forth, and for the competent for an independent career. But evilast twetve years we have been greatly interested dently they take their final farewell of their snug

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quarters early in the morning before the human inhabitants of the house are astir. never seen any of the young birds after they have taken wing; they disappear from the neighbourhood with the parent birds; and then for a little while there is a cessation of activity on the part of the latter; or, more probably, they are teaching and helping their young ones to make a living for themselves. But in a week or two, our old friends are back again, and set about the work of rearing another family—for they bring out two broads in the year—and the same proceedings are gone through. With the departure of this second brood—rather early in autumn—the parent birds disappear for the season, and we see no more of them until the end of the following January.

This has been the routine of the last twelve years; and it seems strange that none of the young birds return to the place, or at least neighbourhood, where they were hatched, as is the case with so many other species of birds. But certain it is there is not another pair near the house, although there is abundance of excellent accommodation for any number of them, and never more than our two old friends are seen on that most favourite of all perches, in the estimation of starlings, the chimney top.

## DOWN WITH THE DIVER.

'HAVE I been at it long, did you say, sir ?-Well, a matter of fifteen years or so, and that ought to give a man a bit of experience.—Yes; I like the life—there's plenty of variety; the pro-fession ain't overcrowded; and then you see, sir, you're quite your own master, once you're down under water, and can just get on with your work comfortable, with no boss coming prying around to see how you be getting on-not that he could see much if he did come-

'Not see, you say! Ha, ha! I see you've been reading one of them fancy tales in which a diver is supposed to tell how he has gone into the saloon of some sunk ship and found it full of corpses of drowned folk, all as if they were making a great rush for the deck; and how they stare at him with their awful eyes, and all look as though they were shricking at him. And he feels awful himself down there with more than twenty fathom of water atop of him. All my eye, sir! You get down, you'll find it's a precious little daylight as is there-it's more like the fogs as you get in London. So you can tell the gentlemen that write these yarns as they sit in their offices, if they want to tell how it looks below, they can look out of their windows some November afternoon.

'Then, bless you, the depth to which the storydivers get is amazing, wonderful, and I may say appalling. There are divers who say they have worked comfortably at seventeen and eighteen fathom; but I've never met one of them. Mind, I don't say it can't be done—only, ten to twelve is enough for me, that's all.—O yes; I know that some one has invented a dress and gear for thirty fathom, and a lamp with electricity in it;

but I've never seen either one or t'other. And I've heard tell that some makers have got telephones rigged to their helmets and spliced alongside the air-tube, so as the diver can sing out what he wants up aloft; and very convenient they'll be, and a deal safer than signals. Now, when I want less air, I give a pull on the tube; and when I need more pumping, I pull four times. Likewise, I pull once on the line which is round my waist, if I am all right; and four

times whem I'm coming up.
'Ay, ay; some of us have queer goes at times and no mistake.—You'd like to hear one or two?

Very well, sir; here goes, then.'

And my friend Rose, who was at once skipper as well as diver, having pulled vigorously for a few moments at his pet brier and got it well alight, seated himself on the weather bulwarks of the Albatross, as that smart cutter lifted gently to the send of the tide, which was swirling past the white cliffs of Flamborough, and sobbing eeriely in their weird caverns and crannies, and, to the musical piping of an August breeze in

the rigging, began.

'See Filey Brig thereaway on the port quarter, where a line of white surf is breaking?—Well, there ain't a more uncharitable place on this coast in real surly weather. It's maybe ten years and more since an Italian schooner struck on the end one wild winter evening and drowned her hands, all except one young fellow; and he told how, when she rolled over, he'd seen the faces of the skipper and his wife and baby at the battened-down skylight. These Italians ain't like us-they have to have no Board o' Trade certificates; and so the skipper needn't know nothing about seamanship nor navigation. This poor chap was one of that sort. He was the son of a rich shipowner out there, and was sailing the schooner, like, for fun. Well, his father wanted the corpses very particular—something about some property, we heard tell; and he wrote to my gov'nor to know as if he'd take the job. We weren't particular about it, for it was winter and baddish weather; and a four months' wreak in a strong tidewey and desigle. months' wreck in a strong tideway, and deepish water. However, to oblige the poor old man, we agree to try. So much pay for trying, and so much more for each body. Well, we got as close on to the spot as we could reckon; and in a day or two a smooth comes, and down I go, and see close aside me the identical schooner lying nearly on an even keel. I feel my way aft, and find the cabin skylight, and soon knock it right off, when up shoot the corpses like bladders through the water; and the hands aloft got them alongside and into two coffins as we'd taken on chance. It was not a pleasant sight.

Working in a tideway is tedious work, and I've seen when I've been down in the Humber, I've had to hold on with my left hand whilst I've worked with t'other, because the stream took me clean off my legs. Speaking of Humber reminds me of a queer sight I saw there a year or so back. A wheat-ship had gone down; but all hands were saved excepting the skipper's wife and baby, as had somehow got lost sight of. My mate was down getting off the hatches, so as to get at the cargo. Suddenly, he signals as he is coming up, and we begin to hanl in, and I go to the side to help him over, and there see the little drowned bairn coming up slowly, just for all the world as if it were lying asleep in the water, for Tom was holding it up over his head, and I could not see aught of him till his hand came up. The father was aboard of us, and took and kissed that bit of a baby like mad; but we never found the woman—she likely went out to sea wi' the ebb.

My poor mate was himself killed not three days after at that very wreck. You see, sir, as we move about, the air-tube and line follow us, and we have to be careful always to come back the same road as we go, because, you see, if you chance to pass anything on the way, such as a stanchion, or go round a mast or under a companion-ladder and come back t'other side of it, the tube and line kink round it and bring you up all standing, and you have to go back and follow your tube the way you come. Sometimes, if you have been down a goodish while and moving about a lot, you get mixed up, and forget your bearings, and are in a pretty fix. Why, once I remember I was over an hour following my tube like a puzzle before I could find my way up out of the engine-room in which I was working. If it happen that a man can't noways free himself and it's all touch-and-go with him, if he's only got a clear way above him he has one last chance—and a desperate one it is. He knocks off his chest and back weights, shuts the escape-valves which let out the used-up air in his helmet, gets himself as full of air as ever he can, then cuts the tube above him, when, if he has luck, he tears clear and shoots up through the water. Of course, it's a risky chance; and to prevent too quick a rush up, you have to fasten your waist-line to somewhere below, and hold on to it going up. Well, Tom got fouled somehow, and decided upon cutting his tube, so he signals for more air; and away the pumps go, till suddenly there is a rush of bubbles through the water, and the same instant we feel a blow under this very cutter's counter. "Goodness me, under this very cutter's counter. "Goodness me, that's Tom!" I cried. We got hold of him as quick as lightning, and had him on deek and his helmet off in no time; but he was as dead as a herring. An hour or two afterwards, a great blue line showed all round his chest and shoulders just where the helmet sits; and the doctor said he must have hit full tilt with his head, and the blow drove the helmet with such force as it crushed all his lungs and things in his chest. He had forgotten to fix his waist-rope, poor chap, and so could not stop his way shooting up.

'No, sir; I've never had to cut my tube. I've always managed to loose myself somehow, though once I got caught, and thought it was all up a tree with me; though by the same token it was all down a well. It happened at Bradford, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. There was some row on about water-supplies. I forget now the rights on it; but the owners of a well and spring had an idea that their water was being drawn off by some one else, so I was sent for to go and see. We got the pumps rigged; and I got dressed and went down the well, which was an old one, with a tunnel leading from the bottom of it, which I had to examine. It was about a yard high, and of course pitch-dark, and I had to creep on hands and knees; but in I get, and

crawl on for maybe twelve yards, when suddenly I feel a great jerk on my tube. "Hulle, what's up?" thinks I, and I gets hold of the line to signal as how I am all right, and they can keep on paying-out, when, to my amazement, the line is quite taut, and I cannot pull it an inch. Then I begin to feel queerish, and crawl back to the well-shaft; but I haven't got above five yards, when I run right up against something; and putting out my hand, I turn all sick in a minute, and think I'm a dead man, for a great heap of bricks and rubbish is filling up the tunnel, which has fallen from the roof. I tell you, it often makes me shudder when I think of it now even.

'Knowing I was caught like a rat in a drain, was awful, and I lay there too stupid to do anything. Luckily, the tube was uninjured, and the air came down all right to me; but I could not signal nor nothing, and I should lie there till I got stupid and suffocated; and thinking of that, roused me to make a big try for escape. Carefully I set to, and began to remove brick after brick; but it was awful work, for I had to push each one past me, and my heart was in my mouth the whole time, lest the movement of my arms and legs in the water should wash more of the old lining down, and bring the whole roof above on to me; and I had to mind, too, that I didn't let any of the rubbish that was down cave in and crush the air-tube. Often I felt so bad that I was for giving in; but somehow I always was brought up by thinking of my sweetheart, for I was courting them, and I thought as how I'd like to see her bonnie face again. So I goes at it; and I guess I prayed pretty hard as I'd get out alive. Well, I get at last the hole pretty clear, and after resting a bit, crawl carefully on, expecting every minute a fall of earth to pin me and crush the breath out of my body. But I reach the end at last, and scramble out into the well; and I was that weak and trembling, that it was some time before I could go up the ladder; and then I lay on the ground, when they got the helmet off, afore I could speak.—No more of that well for me, sir, though they offered me something very handsome to go down again.

'I had another nasty half-hour once in the West Indies, where we were at a wreck. She was a large steamer, that had struck on a reef and then slipped off into deep water, taking down the mails and a valuable cargo with her, though, luckily, passengers and hands were all saved. There were some papers as were particularly wanted, and I was in the chart-room under the bridge looking for them, when suddenly as I turned I saw the wicked snout of a big shark close to me. Nice fix for any one with delicate sort of nerves to be in, pinned up in a corner of a little square room and a big brute between you and the door—eh, sir! I went creepy all over, I can tell you; but I kept still, and so did he, merely working a fin lazily, like a screw steamer holding on against a tide. I got my knife, which we carry screwed in our belt, loose, and made up my mind I'd make a fight for it, if my gentleman began any little game. So there we were.—Sharks as a rule will keep clear of a diver; they don't seem to like his looks, and a helmet don't make a man

look pleasing. The risk is, they may bite the tube clean through, and that's a settler for the man.—At last, I stare him out of countenance, I suppose; leastways, he slews himself round, and I see him drift towards the far side; and so I begin to sidle for the door. As soon as I begin to move, he gets uneasy—maybe my tube touched him, or the air-bubbles frightened him; anyhow, he makes a rush for the door, and I respectfully make way for the flourishes of his tail; but when he was off, I was off up too, sharp.

up too, sharp.

'Well, I could be spinning yarns all day; but the tide is about dead-low now; so, if you like to don the gear, we'll put you over the side, and you can see how it feels under water, and get an idea how you'd like to be a diver—"A-walking alone in the depths of the sea," as I once heard a gentleman sing at a penny reading.

—Here, Jack, bear a hand!'

Jack, the assistant, put his head out of the forecastle scuttle, followed by the rest of his stalwart person, and coming aft, proceeded to help my friend the diver to dress me. Taking off my canvas shoes, I drew on a pair of long woollen stockings which came up high above the knees; and then, having had my wrists generously anointed with soft soap, I stepped into the dress proper, which is a huge combination sort of garment made of india-rubber, terminating in long leg-pieces like fishing-stockings, and fastening close round the neck, and ending at the wrists in rubber cuffs, which are so tight as to thoroughly exclude the water, and are the cause of the anointing with soft soap.

'Boots next!'
Great brogues fastened by straps and buckles, and having thick leaden soles, are brought, and filled with water, to enable them to be slipped on over the rubber-clad feet.

"Not exactly dencing-pumps," quoth Jack as he fastens them.

On the chest and round the shoulders are a row of copper studs, and to these an oval collar of copper is securely bolted by nuts tightened by a formidable-looking key.

'Now for the helmet, mate.'

Jack carefully lifts the copper head-piece, which has a round window of thick plate-glass on each side, and a front-plate which is open, and placing it on the collar, screws it round and round down to it. The air-tube is attached to the back-part, and there is a valve under the right ear, to let out the used-up air; and a second one just below the throat. A slab of lead is hung over the shoulders, and attached to the chest like a small curass—a similar one forming a back-piece—a thin rope is fastened round the waist, and threaded through an eye on the helmet, and then I am ready for the mouthpiece.

'You'll feel a bit choky, maybe, when you get screwed up, but you'll soon get used to breathing the air,' says Rose encouragingly, as he fixes the front-plate of glass and screws it round.

It is a most curious sensation being thus completely cut off from the outer air—and even world, it seems—and one's voice sounds uncanny in the great hollow metal chamber in which the head is encased. The air whistles along the tube, but brings none of the unpleasant effects of choking,

or even gasping, and so I am ready to go down.

Rose, the diver, looks in at the face-plate, sees that all is right, and asks: 'Are you ready?'

I nod my head; and then repeating the signals: 'One pull on the rope, all right—four pulls, haul up; one tug at the tube, less air—four, more air'-he helps me over the side of the Albatross: and getting my feet on the rope-ladder, down I go. As my head goes under water, there is a slight buzzing in the ears, but it ceases before the bottom is felt. A line is fixed to the ladder, so there is no difficulty in finding it again; and it is quite safe to wander away, the only difficulty being to keep my feet on the ground, for the air which fills the helmet and inflates the whole suit more or less, makes it hard to even walk on tiptoe, in spite of the weight of the dress, which is a little short of two hundredweight altogether. All round, the light gleams yellow, and everything is magnified by the water and thick glass, and a curious waving motion is apparent; whilst the air rumbles incessantly like surf on a lee-shore, and the stroke of the pumps resounds with regular monotony. Whatever other sensations a diver may experience, there is emphatically a feeling of utter loneliness; such as I once experienced when left at the bottom of a fall some twenty feet deep in a cavern up on Ingleborough, with wet candles and a broken lamp, for full fifteen minutes, whilst my com-panion took our one light with him, and returned to daylight for a rope and more candles, leaving me in total darkness, with the roar and spray of an unseen cascade filling the gloomy chamber.

'Unless you be an officer in one of the swell cavalry regiments, sir, I doubt if you've been rigged up in as expensive a suit as this,' said Rose as the helmet was unshipped. 'It cost one hundred and sixty pounds—the whole thing, that is; and when you were in it, you beat a Chinaman all to fits, for you'd a pigtail of an air-tube one hundred and twenty fathom long.

'Pay?—Yes; it's good; but you see it had need be for the right they's reduced the for the right they's reduced the said they are the said they are the said they are the are they are they are they are they are they are they are the are the are they are the

'Pay?—Yes; it's good; but you see it had need be, for the risk, there's no denying, is big. Sometimes we make a good haul, if we have a special job and get special terms. Now, there's an old mate of mine just retired on twenty thousand pounds he's made of one venture. He and another diver "spec'd" on going down in deep water to a steamer as had a quantity of gold on board, for half what they raised; and they managed ninety thousand old or so. Of course, these were extraordinary terms, and they had rare luck, and I never expect such. But anyhow, I like the life, and it likes me, and so I am very well satisfied to go on for long enough as I am.—And I'll tell you what, sir, if you take a fancy for the work, and would like to go in for the profession—yes, as I was saying, if you've a mind, I wouldn't say "no" to taking you 'prentice, and I think I could turn you out a first-rate diver'

But as the Volsung—586 Royal C slips merrily away through t<sup>1</sup> which send their little kisses, polished deck as they scatter before the sharp stem, her skup fresh bracing breeze steals past waters towards the sunlight cas the waying corn-fields atop to far the distant Yorkshire wolds-that 'a life on the ocean wave' is to be preferred to one beneath it,

In the caverns deep of the ocean cold The diver is seeking a treasure of gold, Risking his life for the spoil of a wreck, Taking rich gens from the dead on her deck; For fearful such sights to the diver must be, Walking alone in the depths of the sea!

## CRUELTIES TO PIT-HORSES.

A CORRESPONDENT, Mr W. Morgans, Bristol and Westminster, writing to the Colliery Guardian for 1st July, makes an appeal regarding horses that work underground, or, as they are termed, Pithorses.

He says that many proprietors and managers of collieries take pains to protect horses from illtreatment in the mines; but there can be no doubt that in other and numerous instances, cruelties to horses go almost unchecked. One common form of ill-treatment is working horses with sores fretted by the harness. Sometimes the cause is misfitting or bad harness, and sometimes neglect of washing parts where the hair has clotted by sweat and where the harness presses in work. Much could be done to avoid all this by better supervision of the stabling arrangements and by keeping spare collars, that one may be drying whilst the other is in use.

Another evil he points out as arising from bad grading of the roads, whereby, in running down steep places, the horse may come to grief in the dark passage, and get caught and jammed by the upset wagons. Colliery officials could, he says, sometimes mitigate this evil, and save expense in the longrun, as I have proved by experience, by easing steep gradients, and checking the bad practice, often seen, of driving roads too steep, especially in getting through faults.

'Special mention,' he continues, 'should be

made of gross negligence occasionally exhibited underground in the supply of drinking-water to horses, an evil which is carried in certain cases to distressing lengths, the doctrine being that horses sweat less when kept short of water. In colliery-work, horses should usually be allowed extra supplies of tepid water; instead of which, an utterly inadequate supply is by no means uncommon, particularly if the water is brought down the pit, and some one can save himself trouble by stinting its use. The most abominable cases are perhaps to be found amongst those animals which are used in remote workings, a mile or two from the pit and from the regular stables and water-cisterns. When the day's work is done, these horses should be taken back to the stables—a duty which is sometimes shamefully neglected. It is easy to send corn and hay in the ordinary wagons to the remote places where the horses are detained for work; but as for drinking-water-alas! the special means for conveying it are in some cases so ill-contrived, or so neglected or forgotten, that the poor brutes get scarcely a sip of it where they are at work. Only about a year ago, a case came to my knowledge where several horses suffered so acutely from thirst as to rush towards the miners when drinking tea out of their caus wh craving for the liquid they could hear bubbling highly the men's mouths! Some of those horses

were well known to have died from sheer thirst and exhaustion from overwork; and in their extremity, were known to seize the men's teacans between their teeth, in a vain desire to get at the liquid inside! I forbear mentioning cases of vile teasing, striking, and kicking of pit-horses, and of working them in unfit states. It would only harrow and sicken the feelings. Yet the wrongdoers are hardly ever brought to justice.

'The officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have no legal power to enter the mine-a defect in the law I, for one, as a mining engineer, should like to see remedied, and I believe owners and managers generally would approve of the change. Their responsibility for the protection of human life leaves colliery officials less opportunity than many of them would like for care of the horses-of which as many as fifty to one hundred may be in a single mine—and it would strengthen managers' hands in checking brutality if they could warn those in charge of horses that acts of cruelty might be detected at any time by the visit of an officer whose duty would be to prosecute in such cases. I do not make any charge against colliers as a class. I am satisfied that with their known brave and generous instincts, they are opposed to cruelty, and they often condemn it when practised. . . . I trust that all who read this will increase their exertions to protect those pit-horses which are cursed by being in bad keeping or in bad hands, and that steps may be taken to enlist public interest, in order that officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals may have the same right to enter a mine as to enter a cattle-market.'

#### WHERE AND WHEN.

WHERE the unsheathing needles of the larch Weigh, crimson-coned, the long, supporting spray, And mingle to complete the fragrant arch, With lowly lilac and the snow of may, A twain had trysted, and the bending boughs Stirred with the echo of a lover's vows!

When round the jewelled gossamer the haze Of morning quivers on the upland wold, Till the young corn, beneath the fervent rays Of the noon sunlight, brightens into gold-Day-dreaming of her absent love, a maid Seeks the green twilight of the forest glade.

When the ripe weight of leaning sheaves is borne In the last wagon, from the stubbly field, And but the small red berry of the thorn Reminds the wanderer of the harvest yield, A listener at even, hears the fleet, Oft-prayed-for coho of returning feet.

When the world hushes in enfolding snow, And icicles, depending from the caves, Weep in the wintry light; while Frost below His fairy fancies o'er the window weaves. Twain linking life and love—'Till death us part,' Know but the warm midsummer of the heart C. A. DAWSON.

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## A CHAT ABOUT AMBASSADORS.

DIPLOMACY as carried on by the British government may be said to consist of three great departments. There is first the diplomacy intrusted to ambassadors; second, the diplomacy carried on by envoys extraordinary; and third, the diplomacy under the control of the charge d'affaires, who can transact business with a foreign minister only. The British government has embassies in Paris, Constantinople, Vienna, St Petersburg, and Berlin; of envoys or plenipotentiaries extraordinary it has twenty-three; and three of charge d'affaires. The constitution of the first of these departments implicitly includes the second and third.

The duties of an ambassador are not trivial, for he is abroad not only as the representative of his sovereign, but also as the agent of his government at home. In strict truth, the ambassador has to play the double part of master and servant: on the one hand, the splendour of the Crown whence his authority has emanated must be preserved; and on the other, he has to report everything that shall help his countrymen to legislate for the best interests of their empire abroad.

The practice of sending embassies-proper dates from the fifteenth century. It is true that the Romans had their embassies and spies long before the above date; but the embassies of the ancients must not be confounded with those of more modern times. A Roman embassy was but a makeshift, either for the purpose of concluding a hasty treaty or for demanding hostages. Therefore, it will be quite evident to any one, with even the slightest knowledge of what a British embassy is, that Roman and British embassies differ entirely from each other. All British embassies sent out between the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries made their exit in a most imposing style; and even until the year 1840, special warships were provided for their removal.

Every ambassador going abroad requires letters minister; this is not the custom in Britain, or credentials from his sovereign; and these letters because at every audience there must at least be must be presented to the king or ruler at whose one member of the cabinet to represent the

court the envoy is to reside. The contents of the letters are purely formal, and generally end with the assurance that whatever the ambassador does in the sovereign's name, the sovereign shall stand by it.

The relative position of ambassadors has been the subject of many disputes; the spirit of rivalry has always been very keen-so keen, that it has even spread to the courts represented. When an ambassador arrives from his country, it is the duty of the court at which he is to reside to see to his comfort in the way of providing coaches and other minor matters. The ambassador has many privileges, and one of these is the liberty of standing covered in the presence of royalty. In the past, it was customary for the ambassador of the first power to stand on the sovereign's right hand. Sir Henry Vane, the representative of the English Queen, was placed in this position by the Doge at the Council of Ten in the city of Venice. The knotty problem regarding position is now settled according to the date of the ambassador's arrival. The custom of making formal speeches to the court and by the court is also done away with, although in the courts of Vienna and Berlin there is still a survival of the ancient mode of procedure. As regards formality and show, no court in the world can rival that of Japan; there everything is done in the grandest style.

It is in the power of a sovereign to refuse an audience to an ambassador who may not be a favourite; but such instances are rare, because it is generally well known before the ambassador sets out whether he will be pleasing or otherwise. While at court, the ambassador ranks next to princes of the blood; and according to Her Majesty's rule in St James's, plenipotentiaries follow dukes, but in all cases precede marquises. On the continent of Europe, audiences can be obtained by ambassadors from the sovereign without the attendance of any government official or minister; this is not the custom in Britain, because at every audience there must at least be one member of the eathirst to represent the

government in power. George IV. liked these private audiences, and this explains the great influence wielded over the king by such men as Prince Lieven and Estartaliz. Canning was continually complaining of the deeds of these meddle-some envoys, and generally summed up his complaints with the quaint remark, 'His father [George III.] would not have done that.'

The person of an ambassador is considered inviolable. This law prevailed in the ancient world; because it was for a breach of the 'international agreement' that Alexander the Great laid the city of Tyre in ruins. And nothing was better fitted to rouse the ire of Roman patricians than an insult done against the person of their legatus or ambassador. In modern times, there have been instances of this 'inviolable' law being disregarded; thus, Dr Donislaus was murdered at the Hague in 1649; and in our day we have seen the natives of Cabul storming the British Residency in that city and slaying Cavagnari (the Queen's deputy) and most of his Such occurrences mark the time as associates. a period when passion and blind fury are the guides of reason. Further, to intercept an ambassador going through the territory of a third party is a great and culpable offence. The Sultan had no scruples in treating the envoys of his enemies with the greatest severity; for whenever war broke out, the ambassadors were placed in a prison called the Seven Towers, and kept there until all hostilities ceased. The Turkish government continued this practice up to the year 1827.

During the reign of George III., the British ambassador in the person of Lord Whitworth was insulted by Bonaparte, at that time First Consul of France. Lord Granville, from his place in the House of Lords, had declared that France by her warlike preparations was artfully at war with Britain, and demanded an explanation of Bonaparte's conduct. Whitworth at the time was the British envoy. When the representative of Britain was announced, Napoleon, who had been frolicking with his nephew, entered the audience chamber, and thus accosted Whitworth: 'And so you are determined to go to war.'

'No,' replied his lordship; 'we are too sensible of the advantages of peace.'
'We have already,' continued the First Consul,

'We have already,' continued the First Consul, 'been at war for fifteen years, and it seems you wish to fight for fifteen years more; and you are forcing me to it.'—Then turning to the other ambassadors who were standing near, Bonaparte exclaimed: 'The English wish for war; but if they are the first to draw the sword, I shall be the last to sheathe it. They do not respect my treaties. In future, they must be covered with black crape.' Then resuming his conversation with Lord Whitworth, in an angry and insulting tone, he said: 'If you wish to fight, I will fight also. You may kill France, but never intimidate her.' In his excitement, Bonaparte threw himself into a threatening attitude, and even raised his cane, while Lord Whitworth laid his hand upon his sword.

This insult to Britain in the person of its envoy produced a profound sensation throughout Europe, and it was also one of the 'provocative' causes that led up to Waterloo.

But the British themselves have not always respected the rights of ambassadors, for during the regime of Cromwell the brother (Don Pantaleon Sa) of the Portuguese envoy was put to death. Don Pantaleon was a reckless fellow, and while in the Exchange, London, with about thirty associates, he started an altercation with the bystanders, which terminated in a free fight, in which one man was killed. The offenders took refuge in the house of the Portuguese ambassador, and this latter individual, according to his rights, refused to give them up, and wished that Cromwell might be made aware of the circumstances When Cromwell heard of the matter, of the case. he gave the envoy two alternatives—either to deliver up the offenders, or be delivered himself and all his company into the hands of the mob. The former was preferred. Pantaleon was arraigned, but refused to plead. An instrument of torture, however, soon changed his mind: and a verdict of guilty was returned against Pantaleon and three of his friends. Many plans were tried to persuade Cromwell to grant a reprieve, but he was inexorable, saying: 'Blood has been spilt, and justice must be satisfied.'
And the only concession he would grant was that Pantaleon, in consequence of his nobility, might be beheaded, instead of suffering the ignominious death of hanging.

Ambassadors are also exempted from the law of the country in which they are sojourning. The spot on which their houses are built becomes their territory, which fact is made known to all by the hoisting of the embassy's flag. This is not all, for no servant or other member of the ambassador's train can be arrested without their chief's consent. And the only redress obtainable by an insulted person is to appeal to the ambassador, and failing his approval, to carry the matter further, and lay it before the court which has sent out the embassy.

In the reign of Queen Anne, an ambassadorial quarrel occurred between England and Peter the Great, whose ambassador had been taken out of his coach in London and arrested for debt. Peter demanded that the sheriff of Middlesex and all others concerned should be punished with instant death; but Queen Anne directed her secretary to inform this autocrat that 'she could inflict no punishment upon the meanest of her subjects unless it was warranted by the law of the land;' and politely added, 'that she was persuaded he would not insist on impossibilities.' To appease, however, the clamour of the other ambassadors, who made common cause in the matter, a bill was passed through parliament to prevent such occurrences for the future, and with this the Czar had to be satisfied.

The embassy is entirely free of all imperial taxes, and can also get goods from abroad free of duty. With regard to local taxes, the ambassador, if he chooses, can refuse to pay such. In the matter of postage, the ambassador is on a footing of equality with all men; still, he can despatch free of charge his own couriers bearing his reports and other missives. These messengers are also looked upon as inviolable. In the days when travelling was done for the most part by means of the stagecoach, ambassadors had a prior claim to all post-horses.

The different forms of religion were at one

time a great source of annoyance to ambassadors; but nowadays, whatever may be the religion of the people amongst whom the envoy is residing, he has the right to worship in the manner most suitable to the dictates of his own conscience; hence, in the land of his sojourn he can build and retain his private chapel.

Such are some of the duties and rights of the men carrying on the diplomatic relations of this and other countries. In the course of historical events, we know that Britain has sent to other countries many eminent ambassadors, and has also had as eminent sent to her by other European nations. Two of the latter we desire to mention. The first is Prince Eugene, the devoted ally of Britain during the long war of the Spanish Succession. On January 5, 1712, he landed at Greenwich, and proceeded to London, where he was greeted by the populace with the greatest enthusiasm. Queen Anne received her illustrious visitor with all the marks of respect due to his rank and mission; but Her Majesty was a very rigid observer of court etiquette, whilst her distinguished guest was more of a warrior than a courtier; consequently, though he received in public every mark of royal favour, the queen did not fail to let it be known in her own select circle that he was no welcome visitant at her court. Yet her dislike seems to have had no other foundation than the fashion of the Prince's wig. It was etiquette for gentlemen to appear before Her Majesty in full-bottomed wigs; and the Prince excited the royal lady's chagrin by appearing in a tie wig. The courtiers joined in Her Majesty's capricious disdain. But Eugene showed his contempt for these triflers and their petty formalities by satirically observing that, never having had a periwig of his own, he had ineffectually attempted to borrow one amongst his footmen and valets.

In the reign of George IV. another eminent ambassador, Marshal Soult, came to England. He also appeared at the coronation of the present Queen. At that time he stood on the left side of the throne; and right opposite him was Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington. The two soldiers had been opposed to each other on many a well-fought field; and he is a strange man who can picture the two heroes linked with all the heroism of the Peninsular War without feeling touched with the thought that at times humanity can become one in spirit, for universal history, in reviewing the lives of Wellington and Soult, declares 'never was there a nobler victor or a nobler vanquished hero.'

# RICHARD CABLE,

CHAPTER XL.—THE FIRST SHELF.

MISS OTTERBOURNE lived in a handsome old square Queen Anne mansion near Bath. It was built of Bath stone, with rusticated quoins to the angles, with pillars to the grand entrance. A stiff, stately house, with large park-like grounds and beautiful terraced gardens. The house—Bewdley Manor—was about four miles from the station; and when Josephine arrived, a private omnibus was in waiting to receive her and her boxes. The coachman

was in half-livery, the boy out of it. They had come to fetch a servant, so they wore as little of the badge of servitude as might be, just as the officers of Her Majesty throw off their uniform the moment they are off parade.

'Be you the young lady as is coming to our place?' asked the boy, addressing Josephine.

'If you will explain to me what your place is,' answered Josephine, 'I may perhaps be able to answer your question.'

'Miss Otterbourne is our old lady,' said the boy.

- 'You take a hold of that end of the box, and we'll give it a hoist and heave it up on the roof.

Looky' here; stand on the axle, and you'll get it up.'

'Î will call the porter to help you,' observed Josephine coldly.

'As you like, young woman; but mind you-you tip him if he comes and helps.'

Josephine considered a moment; then, without summoning the porter, stepped on the axle, and assisted in lifting her box upon the roof of the omnibus. If she tipped the porter, it would be with Richard's money. She had come to Bewdley to be a servant; she must begin to work at once.

When she sat by herself in the conveyance with her small parcels, she began to realise for the first time the complete change in her circumstances. In the train, she had thought of her father, of Hanford, of Aunt Judith, of the Sellwoods, with a tenderness and melting of the heart which ever and anon filled her eyes. She had spent a happy youth at dear Hanford, following her own whims, going out in her boat as she liked, playing on her piano when she liked, amusing herself in the garden or in the house undirected, uncontrolled by any one. Now, she was about to pass into a position where she would not be able to call her time her own, where she might follow her own desires in nothing. At Hanford, she had been surrounded with friendsthe kind, good Sellwoods; Lady Brentwood; old Sir John; her affectionate but stupid aunt. Every one knew her there. Now, she was entering the If she were about to society of total strangers. associate with strangers of her own station, it would have been less disquieting; but she was plunging into a social stratum which was to her as strange as the persons composing it, who were about to become her daily companions.

It was already evening and dusk as she entered the private omnibus at the station; and she was tired with her journey by train, and with the strain on her mind through which she had passed. Through the square windows of the carriage she saw dimly the meadows, the high hedges, the trees, the cottages, where the lamps were being lighted. She heard the coachman and the boy salute and cast jokes at passing labourers. She saw and heard all, and without taking notice of anything. What she saw and heard mixed with what passed in her head, and formed a conglo-

merate of conflicting and new experiences and ideas, that left her bewildered and frightened. Presently, the coachman shouted and drew up; then, through the windows, Josephine saw a lodge, and a girl came out and threw apart the iron gates into a park. In another moment the carriage passed through, and the wheels rolled over the smooth drive to the house. Josephine saw that the grounds were extensive, wide lawns over which white mist was settling, out of which rose grand clumps of beech and elm, and here and there a solitary cedar. Then the omnibus turned out of the main drive, and in another moment was rattling over the pavement of the court behind the house. The carriage stopped. The boy came to the door and opened it.

'Here you are, miss,' he said. 'Step up on the

axle and help me down with your box; unless you'd like to get on the roof yourself and pass it down to me.

'I am afraid I shall not be strong enough to support it. Cannot a groom or some other man help?

'Oh, I don't know. I reckon if you want anything done here, you must do it yourself. Every one here is so frightfully engaged over his own work, and it is no one's place to help another.' However, the boy condescended to shout, and a footman came to the kitchen door. 'The young lady wants to be helped with her box,' said the boy; whereupon the footman came leisurely across the yard and took a good survey of Josephine,

especially of her face.

'Come,' said he graciously, 'as you're so good-looking, I don't mind helping you. A little wanting in style, p'raps.—I am Mr Polkinghorn, and you are Miss—Miss'—

'Chile is now ame,' answered Tecephine courtly.

'Cable is my name,' answered Josephine curtly. 'No particular objection to alter it, I s'pose?' said the footman, who laughed at his joke. But it takes two to effect that—don't it, miss?' And he laughed again.—'You'll excuse my sportiveness miss' said he taking the laughed again. ness, miss,' said he, taking the box on his shoulder

as the boy let it down from the roof of the carriage; 'I'm generally considered a wit.'

When the box was on the ground, he dusted his shoulders and arms, and asked: 'And pray, what sort of people were you with last? Any style about 'em? People of rank and position and fortune?

'This is my first place,' answered Josephine. 'You don't mean to say so! How on earth did our old woman come to take you, miss?-Oh, I remember-you was recommended by the Sellwoods. I knew them-not exactly intimately, but off and on; they come here to stay with our party. You see, they are relatives; and the cap'n will inherit our little place after the old bird

hops.' 'Hops?' repeated Josephine, not understanding

'Kicks? I don't understand.'

'Hops the twig, kicks the bucket.-How dull you are! I fear your education has been neglected. I observe there is something countrified and gawky about you.—Don't be measy; we'll put you to rights soon.—Now, my dear, take this handle, and Charley shall hold the other, and we'll soon have the box into the kitchen.—You'll excuse me lending a hand—a weight on the

muscles of my arm makes them shake, and I have to be very particular that they are not unsteady. I have to carry the glass and plate, and the candles. I wouldn't spill the wax on the carpet not for worlds.—So you know old Sellwood, do you? A worthy old chap. Pity he's a parson; he ought to be Squire. I know his elder brother, and don't think much of him. There's not the true ring about him that I like to find in the British aristocracy. The grand old English gentleman—you know the song. The young man will inherit this property, you know -it's a tidy estate. One can live on it without any of your dirty, sneaking, underhand pinching.—Look here, pretty! Don't encourage no ing.—Look here, pretty! familiarities on the part of Mr Vickary, the butler. He and I differ in politics. He's an out-and-out Radical, and it is asserted he has got a wife stowed away somewhere.-You can always fall back on me, if he makes advances. My name is Mr Polkinghorn. There is a village in the west of England that takes its name from our family.—Cable is your name, is it? Rather clumsy work tying a true-lover's knot in a cable.

—You'll excuse my fun, dear; I'm always considered a wag.'

Josephine's face was dark with indignation and with heat, when she reached the kitchen. Mr Polkinghorn had made her carry one side of the box, whilst he walked behind advising steadiness, as she and the stable-boy ascended the steps to the kitchen carrying the box.

At the door, Mr Polkinghorn gave Josephine an aside: 'Mind you give yourself no airs, miss. Airs ain't tolerated in our little place. It's the one thing we can't swallow. Airs are, so to speak, fatal.'

He stepped nimbly over the box into the middle of the kitchen, and addressed a portly woman there, wearing an apron, and a flaming red face: 'Mrs Purvis, allow me to introduce Miss Cable to you-a young lady introduced to us by our mutual friends the Sellwoods. She solicits your kind patronage.—This, Miss Cable, is our artist, Mrs Purvis; aside, behind his hand, 'Cook.'

Then to a maid-servant: 'Miss Woods, permit me-Miss Cable, Miss Woods.-Where is Miss Raffles ?-Oh, attending to duties up-stairs; very well.—Sorry not to be able to introduce you to Miss Raffles. She is drawing the blinds, I presume.—But here is our sprightly Miss Wagstaff, a host in herself.—Miss Wagstaff, Miss Cable; Miss Cable, Miss Wagstaff. Then, aside, 'Scullery-maid.'

'What is the meaning of this?' asked Mrs Purvis, without noticing Josephine. 'Is my kitchen a back hall, is it a lumber-room?—What have you dared for to bring a box in here for, and—preserve us, a cage with a bird in it? Is this an aviary and a zoological garden?—Take is this an aviary and a zoological garden?—Take 'em all away at once. Mr Polkinghorn, Charley, what do you mean? Take 'em away instantly into the back hall. I'm not going to have my kitchen made into a rummage, not for any Cables or Tables or what you may call 'em.'

'It's the curry,' whispered Mr Polkinghorn to Josephine. 'When there's anything for dinner requiring expense on chilling a partition of the control of the con

requiring cayenne, or chilli, or anything spicy and hot—it gets into her temper. She'll be right enough when she's slept it off.—Come along. I'll

show you the way with the box into the back hall. -Charley! help the lady.—Miss Woods, is it asking too much of you that you should step up to Mrs Grundy and inform her of the arrival of the lady recommended to us by the Sellwoods?

Then aside, 'Housekeeper, Grundy is.'
'Hulloa!' exclaimed the butler, stepping in a man with white head, red blotched face, and yellow, watery eyes—a man with a sour and dogged look. Our new arrival.—Humph! Had a long journey. You shall have a glass of cherry

brandy with your supper.'
'He approves of you,' whispered Mr Polkinghorn, 'or he would not have offered cherry brandy.—Beware! He don't offer mistress's cherry brandy to every one. Miss Rafiles has never wetted her lips to it, I believe. Mr Vickary doesn't like her. Her nose is badly shaped.

Josephine was taken to the housekeeper's room. Mrs Grundy gave orders for her box to be taken up-stairs and who was to do it. Without orders, no one did anything; and with orders,

did extra work grumbling.

Josephine was shown her room by the second housemaid, Jane. She was not to have a room to herself; she must share that of Jane—that is, of Miss Raffles. The room was at the top of the house; it was lighted through a small window, concealed from sight without by a stone parapet. The window therefore looked upon a blank wall three feet off. Not a ray of sun could penetrate the room; all the light it received was reflected from this parapet, that was covered with mildew and lichen. In Queen Anne's time, mansions were erected with strict adherence to proportion; and if servants' rooms were needed, they were crowded into the roof and hidden from sight. The tall windows belonged to staterooms and the dwelling-rooms of the gentry. Those who ministered to their wants were stowed away in out-of-the-way corners, lighted through passages, from staircases, by panes of glass let into the

roof. Anything was good enough for them.
'You see,' said Miss Raffles, 'the window is nailed up. That's Mrs Grundy's doings. The servants' windows all look out on the leads, the gutter that runs round the parapet, and they could get in and out and run round and pay each other visits just as they liked-and there was some goings-on, I can tell you. So Mrs Grundy had the carpenter up, and he screwed up all the windows that they don't open any more.—Lor bless you, it don't matter so far as air goes; we are at the top of the house, and

that ought to be the airiest.

Josephine seated herself on her bed and leaned her head in her hand. This was the hardest trial of all-not to have a room to herself. If she could have been given the smallest garret chamber, in which she could at times be alone, it would have been endurable; but she felt that this was more than she could bear, to have no

privacy day or night. 'I hope,' said Miss Raffles, 'you'll get on with our mistress. She ain't bad if you get the right side of her.—But mind you, keep on terms with Mr Vickary, the butler; he well nigh rules the mistress. She thinks him the most dutiful and faithful and excellent man. She takes his advice

it ain't long that servant remains in the house. -I don't think much of Mr Vickary myself. They say he has had two or three wives, and has them still stowed away in different parts of the country unbeknown to each other. Vickary is that deep in the mistress's confidence that she lets him manage her money matters for her—leastways, in household expenses.—Hark! There's the bell ringing for us. Mrs Grundy has a wire to the top of the house, and calls us, if we go up just now and then to lie down and read a novel. She thinks now we've been too long; or perhaps the mistress wants to see you. We won't go down at once. Let them wait. You haven't unpacked your box yet, nor I seen what you have got. I say, have you a photograph of your young man?—Drat it! there's the bell again. I suppose it is missus, so we must go down; or—I say—if you give me your

key, I will unpack your box for you.

Josephine went slowly down-stairs without answering the loquacious Jane. Her heart sank within her. Would she be able to endure this association with chattering, empty-headed house-maids, conceited and pert footmen, and a tyran-nous, unprincipled butler? Mrs Grundy struck her as a formal, dull woman, whose chief ambition was to stand well with her mistress and retain her place. If Mr Vickary lorded it in the house, Mrs Grundy would shut one eye to his mis-

deeds.

Josephine had taken off her wedding ring when she left Hanford. She carried it hung round her neck by a small silk ribbon. It would not do for her to wear it. The sight of the ring would provoke questions which it would be difficult for her to answer.

The housekeeper was at the foot of the backstairs. 'Miss Ofterbourne desires to see the new lady's-maid.-You have no need to wear a cap. lady's-maid is not required to have one.

Follow me, Miss Cable.'

Mrs Grundy led Josephine out through a sidedoor upon the main staircase. The back-stairs were exceedingly tortuous and steep, so tortuous and steep that it was difficult to descend them quickly without a fall. The grand staircase occupied a well in the middle of the house; the flight was broad, the steps deep, the rise slight. The steps were carpeted with rich pile purple and crimson and maroon.

Miss Otterbourne sat in the great drawingroom, a lofty and very stately room, that at first glance reminded Josephine of the parlour at Brentwood. It had in the centre a glass chandelier, encased in yellow gauze, and looked like a gigantic silkworm's cocoon suspended from the ceiling. Large and handsome oil-paintings covered the walls. The furniture was gilt; curtains and chairs and sofa-covers were of crimson satin.

At the end of the room was a fireplace with a wood-fire burning cheerfully in it; and near the fire, at a small table, on which was a lamp, sat a very little lady, with white hair done into barrel-curls about her brow; dressed in slate-gray rich silk, and wearing a handsome shawl over her shoulders.

'Grundy,' said Miss Otterbourne, 'may I trouble you to ring the bell for William? I want on everything; and if he don't like a servant, another log putting on the fire, and the pieces of half-burnt wood heaping together with the tongs?

'Certainly, miss,' answered the housekeeper,

and rang the bell. 'Oh,' said Miss Otterbourne, 'is this the young person recommended to me by my sister?' She put on her glasses and looked at Josephine. The room was so vast, the light from the lamp so slight, that she could not see much of Josephine. 'Oh-you look rather young and inexperienced. But of course my sister—that is, Mrs Sellwood—knows. I rely on her. I hope you will conduct yourself satisfactorily.—Oh, William, another log, I believe there are some still in the wood-basket.—Mrs Grundy, you will see that this young person has refreshment. She need not enter on her duties till to-morrow. She is probably tired with her journey from Hanford. I have never been to Hanford myself. I do not care to leave Bewdley, as the vibration of a railway upsets me. - Dear me! Grundy, will you touch the bell again? I want to tell William to make quite sure the fire is out before he goes to bed. I suppose, Grundy, the horses can hardly be taken out so as to give me a drive to-morrow? they have been to the station to-day for this young person.—That will do, Grundy.—I hope you will conduct yourself well, Cable. servants are tried and trusty. You can always refer in all matters to Mrs Grundy or to Mr

Vickary; they know my tastes and opinions.'
When the housekeeper left the room with Josephine, she signed to her to attend her in the little parlour which she occupied herself.

You may sit here,' she said graciously, 'for a while. I will talk to you, and you can listen. I will tell you what you have to do.—Miss Otterbourne is a very kind mistress, if you conduct yourself properly; that is, if you satisfy Mr Vickary and me. Miss Otterbourne has the greatest regard for my opinion and for Mr Vickary's. Now, mind, you never complain to me of anything Mr Vickary says or does; nor of anything that goes on in the kitchen, about broken meat or so on; nor about the dairy. The dairymaid manages that, and it is no concern of yours. You are lady's-maid, and it is no concern of yours what goes on outside your department. All that is my affair and Mr Vickary's. Live and let live, say I.—Now, mind, you don't try to disturb the mistress's confidence in Mr Vickary or me; for if you do, it will be so much the worse for you. You will very likely have to leave without a character.'

Josephine's head was sinking on her bosom; a feeling as if she had been struck on the head and stunned, deprived her of the power of speech.

'A lady's maid,' pursued Mrs Grundy, has a place so near her mistress's ear, that she can make herself very unpleasant, or the reverse, to her fellow-servants.—Now, please to remember that all will go pleasant if you don't say anything but good to the mistress about Mr Vickary and me. If, however, you attempt any insinuating and countermining, it will be yourself as will suffer. You understand that?'

'May I have a postcard, Mrs Grundy?'

Certainly, if you have a hapenny to pay for What do you went it for?

it. What do you want it for?'
'I promised to send a line to—to Mrs Sellwood,
when I reached this place.'

The housekeeper produced the card, and indicated ink and a pen.

Then Josephine took the pen, dipped it, wrote the address dreamily, turned the card, and on the other side inscribed these words only:

'Yes-winkles, cockles, oysters.'-J. C.

#### OTTO OF ROSES.

Rose oil, or attar, ottar, or—more commonly—otto of roses, is one of the most exquisite of perfumes, and, if obtained in its pure, unadulterated state, certainly one of the best, and withal one of the most expensive essences furnished by nature. At the present time, the market value of the finest rose oil is about nineteen pounds sterling per pound, this being the wholesale price. Although greatly appreciated, especially by the fair sex, comparatively little is popularly known regarding its origin and the conditions under which it is obtained.

Otto of roses is prepared in the East, especially in India; but it is also largely manufactured in Europe. Some rose oil is extracted in Southern France; the principal place of origin, however, is South Bulgaria. When crossing the Balkan Mountains southwards by the only road practicable for vehicles, the well-known Schipka Pass, of evil notoriety since the last Russo-Turkish war (1877-78), on account of the fearful loss of life which its defence entailed, the traveller sees opening out before him the beautiful valley of Kasanlik, bountifully provided by nature, in which the Bulgarian rose oil is prepared. culture of the rose of South Bulgaria-or, as it is now known, Eastern Roumelia-extends over nearly one hundred and fifty towns and villages, distributed in a circumference of from five to six days' journey, and the centre of which is the town of Kasanlik, other important towns being Karlova, Tschirpan, Stara-Sagora; but the valley of Kasanlik proper supplies most of the rose oil obtained, and certainly the best descriptions of this precious essence.

The species of rose mostly cultivated in Bulgaria, and used for the manufacture of rose oil, is that known as Rosa moschata—as a rule, of light pink colour, rarely white, and not very full in The rose oil found in the European market mostly comes from Southern Bulgaria; the oil produced in the East, and in India especially, being used in the land of its origin. The oil derived from Rosa provincialis in Southern France is also of exceptional quality, but not only much dearer than the Bulgarian product, but obtained in such small quantities that the whole of it does not cover the wants of the districts where it is manufactured. It should be mentioned that efforts have been made in some parts of Germany to produce the oil; but the success attending them cannot be called very brilliant, for it was found that at least two thousand pounds-weight of roseleaves, but more frequently double that quantity. were required to manufacture one pound of otto

The rose used in the production of Bulgarian rose oil is in bloom during May and June. It succeeds best on sunny hillsides, covered with a sufficient layer of medium loamy soil. The rose-bushes when fully grown reach a height of six feet, and are planted in rows a foot and a half apart at intervals of three feet. They must be carefully attended to from autumn to the time of the harvest. As a rule, rose oil obtained from villages more highly situated possesses a higher freezing-point and a more intense but at the same time more pronounced smell; whilst the product of the lowlands has a lower freezing-point and a milder, finer aroma, and is consequently preferred. These several properties of rose oils must consequently be blended, in order to obtain a quality possessing the fine aroma and other properties inherent in a perfect oil. Great experience is therefore needed in manipulating the article, and this knowledge is all the more requisite when large quantities of rose oil are required. An important factor in the success of the rose-oil harvest is the weather prevailing during distilla-tion, always supposing that the rosebuds have not previously been injured by frosts, lengthened dry weather, or from other causes. If these facts are borne in mind, it is apparent that it is impossible to fix the price of rose oil before or during the time of distillation. That can only be settled after the harvest is completed, mostly during July, and is arranged between the producer and the exporter, after weeks of negotiation. Rose oil thrown into the market before that time is oil from previous years, generally of less value, which it is thus sought to get out of hand before the season's arrivals.

Cool and rainy weather is the best time for distillation, as it prevents rapid blooming, and thus extends the time of harvest, and enables the producer to gather his roses gradually, at the same time that it increases the bulk of the harvest. The state of the weather during the process of distillation is of great importance, the yield varying from one metikal of oil from eight okas of rose-leaves to one metikal of oil from eighteen okas; \* in other words, to obtain five grammes of otto of roses, between ten and twentythree kilogrammes of rose-leaves are required. In the most favourable case, therefore, two thousand pounds of rose-leaves are needed to distil one pound of otto of roses; in the most unfavourable instance, four thousand six hundred pounds of leaves are wanted to make one pound of the essence. It will be easily understood that, in order to obtain such large weights of the light leaves of the rose, large tracts must be under rose cultivation. At the same time, a great number of distilling apparatus must be employed and suitably distributed. The flowers ought all to be collected, if possible, before sunrise, so as to retain the ethereal oil, which otherwise quickly evaporates if the sun's rays become too powerful. There have been schemes for erecting manufac-tories of rose oil in Bulgaria; but from what has been stated, the folly of such attempts is

apparent. As a matter of fact, there is not a single establishment of such a nature in the whole of Southern Bulgaria, the question of expense, long distances, and insufficient means of communication, and consequent loss of aroma by transport, all operating against the erection of rose-oil 'factories'. The peasants gather the roses themselves, produce the oil as a kind of domestic industry, and sell the finished product after the harvest. Some exporters pretend that they rent the best rose-fields from the owners, so as to secure a connection; but this is not true. What does happen is this, that respectable dealers in rose oil make advances to peasants upon whose honesty they can depend; and thus they are sometimes able to secure the finest descriptions of the essence; for, as in most industries, there is a deal of adulteration going on in the manufacture of otto of roses. Honest producers erect their distilling apparatus in the open fields; but there are many who distil geranium oil over roses in carefully secluded distilleries, for purposes of adulteration. Of course such men are avoided by respectable merchants; but still the fact remains that much adulterated oil gets into the market. Oil or otto of geranium, also called idris oil (from the Turkish idrischéjah), is produced in India, especially in Surat, by distillation of andropogon grasses with water. The scent of the several products of distillation varies according as more or less of the herbage of other plants is introduced during distillation, no care being taken to pick them out before distilling. Although the government of Eastern Roumelia, as a measure of protection, exacts a heavy duty, amounting to two hundred per cent. of the value, upon the introduction of geranium oil into the rose districts, a great deal is smuggled in, those dealers who have the greatest interest in pro-moting adulteration being the chief offenders. It is a pity that the government does not devise more energetic measures against the importation of geranium oil; but to a great extent the mischief may be, and is, counteracted by the policy of respectable merchants of buying rose oil only of producers upon whose honesty they can

thoroughly rely.

During Turkish rule, there was, besides the tithe levied, an export duty of eight per cent. advalorem upon otto of roses; but this has gradually been decreased to one per cent., whilst the tithe has not been exacted for the last two years, its place being taken by a ground-rent adjusted according to yield. The average annual yield of the Bulgarian rose-oil harvest may be taken at between three thousand two hundred and three thousand five hundred pounds. During good years, such as 1879 and 1885, it rose to over five thousand pounds. In bad seasons, owing to frost, hail, or a long spell of hot weather and drought, such as the year 1882, the production scarcely reaches sixteen hundred pounds. An exceptionally favourable year was 1866, when about six thousand pounds of otto of roses was produced. The prosperity of a South Bulgarian village or town is frequently estimated by the pounds of rose oil is taken from the places of production, where it is acquired by the exporters, in round flat copper bottles, tinned over and most carefully soldered up, so-called 'estagnons,' in sizes holding

<sup>\*</sup> The metikal is a gold or pearl weight equal to about 4.5 grammes; the oka, a liquid measure, equal in Moldavia to 1.52 litre, in Wallachia 1.28 litre.

from one to six kilogrammes of the oil. It is still taken on the back of horses or mules over Adrianople to Constantinople, whence it reaches the European market.

#### WYTHRED'S WHARF: A THAMES-SIDE TATE.

CHAPTER II .- THE WHARF-OWNER'S STORY.

MR LINTOCK's house, an old mansion in the neighbourhood of Greenwich Park, was surrounded by a high garden wall. The great iron gate leading into a large courtyard might have been the entrance to a prison; and its gloomy aspect filled Percy Overbeck's mind with vague fears. But when the front door was thrown open, and he stepped with the wharf-owner into a broad, welllighted hall, all sense of dread was instantly disngited had, all sense of dread was instantly dismissed, for at the foot of the oaken staircase stood Bertha Lintock. She was a tall, graceful girl of nineteen; and she always looked her best, in Percy's opinion, at these moments of greeting with her father; not that her dark eyes were wanting in their eloquent expression of But she simply said, in a charming tone of well-feigned surprise: 'Mr Overbeck?' How very kind this is!' as she took his profered hand. welcome when they met his.

Overbeck could not fail to notice, from Bertha's anxious glance at her father's face, that she anxious giance at her fathers face, that she guessed something had recently upset him. Was it possible that the girl had any suspicion that such a trouble as this, which he had accident-ally discovered, weighed upon her father's mind? Bertha's first words, when they were alone in the drawing-room before dinner, 'Have you remarked the change in my father? To-night he does not seem the same man,' convinced Overbeck that she had been teld nothing.

had been told nothing.

'He is greatly changed,' replied the young man.
'I am much concerned, Miss Lintock, about him.

'Can anything be done?'

'I sincerely hope that your father will talk to me about himself this evening.—I shall draw him he added laughingly, to reassure her, 'over our eigar.'

Bertha's eyes expressed her sense of gratitude. During dinner, Mr Lintock was deeply abstracted; in fact, he left Bertha to do all the talking; so she and Percy conversed together to their hearts' content.

As soon as dinner was over, Bertha rose to leave the two men to their wine. While Overbeck stood holding open the door, the girl gave him one of those appealing looks as she passed out which he remembered long after.

'Now that we are alone,' said Mr Lintock, 'will

you give me your attention for a few minutes? want to tell you of the face that haunts me. I have intended for some time speaking to you. The incident in the train to-night has decided

Overbeck having drawn forward an armchair, lit a cigar, and looked attentively at Mr Lintock

'I am deeply interested,' said he.

After a moment's pause, the wharf-owner asked : 'Do you remember, Overbeck, an individual named Clogstonn?' Overbeck shook his head.

'He was a workman at the wharf. I dismissed him for insobriety.

'A dark person,' said Overbeck doubtfully,

'with black hungry eyes?'
'That's the man,' was Mr Lintock's answer, 'as
you describe him! That's the man whose face I saw at the carriage window to-night.'

Overbeck looked searchingly at the wharf-owner. 'Not really? You mean his ghost.'

I mean the man's face. I have no belief in disembodied spirits.'

'But,' said Overbeck, 'unless the man is

dead'-

'He is not dead. He threatens me: he has threatened me for months. I see his face everywhere, said Mr Lintock, glancing round the room with that haunted look again—'everywhere, and always threatening.' For a moment the wharfowner placed his hand across his eyes, as he had done in the railway carriage; but quickly recovering himself, he said: 'Clogstoun had often been employed on the wharf, and as often discharged, owing to his drunken and quarrelsome habits. He insulted every one whom he came across, when excited by drink, until it was thought that he must be out of his mind. When at last I refused must be out of his minu. When a state that to listen to his appeal to be given another chance, he muttered: "You shan't ruin me for nothing, he muttered heter think it over." I Mr Lintock; you had better think it over." I did not like his look then: there was something strange in his eyes—a look that seemed to me to contain a touch of insanity. A few days afterwards he accosted me in Thames Street; and there he loaded me with insult, and vowed that he would not rest until he had taken my life.

Overbeck started up with an angry exclamation on his lips: 'The man is mad!'
'I treated this threat, at first, as the silly utterance of a drunkard,' continued Mr Lintock. 'It gave me at the moment no real uneasiness. But as time went by, his conduct began to alarm me. He again accosted me, and became more insolent. I warned him that I should be forced, if he did not cease to annoy me, to take the matter before a magistrate.

'Ah!' said Overbeck excitedly, 'you did right.'
'But that has had no effect. He still dogs my footsteps if I venture out after dark. I see his eyes fixed upon me at every corner. And unless something is done to put a stop to it, said the wharf-owner, 'I shall fall ill. My duties at the

warehouse are a sufficient wear and tear, without Clogstour's wretched, drunken face threatening

me night and day!'

Overbeck was pacing up and down the room. He could not rest with the thought of Mr Lintock harassed and insulted at every turn. Does any one know, except ourselves,' said he, 'about this

The wharf-owner reflected a moment. 'Ducket, I think, suspects something: no one else.'

'Not even your daughter?'
'I have never,' said Mr Lintock, somewhat evasively, 'spoken to her on the subject.'

After a moment's pause, Overbeck asked: 'Can

you give me Clogstoun's address?'

The wharf-owner looked up in surprise. 'It never occurred to me, Overbeck, that he had any. In what hole or corner in London would he lodge? His appearance was no better, when I saw him last, than that of a vagabond or tramp?

'He must be known to the police.'

'So I hope, for he has fallen very low. He was seen by Ducket last on London Bridge contemplating, I should think from the account he gave me, suicide or something worse. For is there a crime, added the wharf-owner, that one so profligate would not commit? The very thought makes me shudder! If you had seen the man's face to-night, the dread would have laid hold of you—as it has of me—that my life is in danger.' He spoke in a very earnest tone. But there was no trace of agitation in his manner now. His words, 'My life is in danger,' seemed to express the conviction of a sound-minded man capable of mature reflection.

'You are seriously of opinion, Mr Lintock, that the face at the carriage window was real, and

not imaginary?'
Mr Lintock, with a thoughtful look bent upon the ground, replied: 'That is a question to which I wish, Overbeck, I could give you a satisfactory answer. Is it real? The face, as I tell you, threatens me so momentarily—so unexpectedly: it seems real—only too real.' Then he suddenly added with a searching glance: 'You do not think my brain affected? Well, well; it's not surprising if you do. I have enough worry at the wharf, sometimes, without this one, to drive me crazy.'

Overbeck promised to take the matter earnestly in hand; and after some further conversation on the subject, of a reassuring nature, Mr Lintock proposed that they should go and join Bertha in

the drawing-room.

She was at the piano. But she rose when they came in, and gave them tea, and paid some little delicate attentions to her father, as a devoted daughter alone knows how. Then she returned to the piano and began to play a sonata that seemed like an accompaniment to her dreamy thoughts.

Presently, Percy Overbeck went softly to a chair beside her, for the wharf-owner had fallen

'He has spoken to you,' said the girl, still accompanying her dream. 'Has he not?' Her face was troubled, and tears stood in her eyes.

We have talked the matter over. He has told me everything. Do not be distressed: there is really no need. Have confidence in me. Will you—as an old friend?

There was little occasion to have asked this. Bertha's face, though troubled, had not lost its trustfulness. 'Why should you doubt that?' was the girl's reassuring reply. 'For weeks past I have wished that my father would speak to you. I knew that something disturbed him. But he is so considerate! He has done his best to hide it from me, fearing to give me the least

'It is about a discharged workman-it is best that you should know-a fellow who threatens your father. The affair has unnerved him; but

I hope to put matters right. You are not frightened?

'No; not now,' said Bertha in a low voice—
not now, that you are lifting half the burden off our shoulders. How good it is of you!'

She was irresistible Ovoshale opening.

She was irresistible. Overbeck answered earnestly: 'There is no burden that I would not bear, Bertha, for your sake.'

For me?

'Yes, Bertha. I—I love you.

There was a flutter of the dark eyelashes, but the girl did not raise her eyes. The accompaniment to her dream was almost inaudible now. Was the reality—the conviction of her love for

Percy Overbeck dawning upon her?
The sonata was finished; and Mr Lintock awoke out of his nap. It was time for Overbeck to bid his friends good-night, for he intended to return by train to London. He caught a sweet timid glance from Bertha as he took his

leave.

When the train was approaching London Bridge and the glow of lamplight in wide and narrow thoroughfares threw a red reflection over the great city—Overbeck thought of the countless mysteries that lay hidden, in dark courts and alleys, in the midst of all this glare. Was this face which haunted Mr Lintock's life, thought he, in one among those shadowy by-ways?

#### CHAPTER III .- THE THREATENING FACE.

Percy Overbeck's visit to Greenwich had effected a noticeable improvement in the wharf-owner's state of mind. The haunted look left him; his expression was altogether less careworn, and it would almost seem as if those strange forebodings which had lately perturbed his brain troubled him no longer. His interest in the business of the wharf returned, and Ducket found him one evening working in grim earnest at his

'Well, Ducket,' said Mr Lintock as the foreman came in, lantern in hand, to light his lamp, 'who

is on duty to-night?'

'I'm on duty, sir, until twelve o'clock.'

'Not alone?

'Why, yes. The fact is, sir, I'd a special object in relieving the night-watchman.'

The wharf-owner's glance expressed surprise. 'What object could you possibly have?'

Ducket, still occupied with Mr Lintock's lamp, answered without raising his eyes: 'I'm expecting Mr Overbeck.

'At what hour?'

Ducket handed the wharf-owner a slip of paper. A single line, which he recognised as Percy Overbeck's writing, ran as follows: 'Ten P.M. Wait at wharf.—P. O.'

Mr Lintock's face while reading this underwent a change; but recovering himself quickly, he said: 'Do you know why Mr Overbeck is coming

here to-night?'

The lamp was now lighted; and Ducket, while placing it upon the wharf-owner's desk and adjusting the shade, replied: 'It's about Clogstoun. So I naturally suppose; for there ain't anything else that I can think of would bring him here at that time o' night. The note, just as you see it, was given to me this afternoon.
'Who brought it?'

'One of Mr Overbeck's clerks.'

The wharf-owner looked thoughtful. 'I have plenty to keep me busy till ten o'clock,' said he, throwing a glance over the papers before him.
'Mr Overbeck is coming, depend upon it, about Clogstoun. I shall wait and see him.' Then taking up his pen, he added: 'You'll be within hearing, Ducket, in case I want you?'

'You've only to touch your bell, sir; I shall be sure to hear.'

It was the first time for many weeks that the wharf-owner had worked alone in the countinghouse after dark; and it was not surprising that the dead silence and solitude, when he occasionally stopped and looked up from his desk, should remind him of the threatening face of Clogstoun. He had dismissed the clerks, for he had no need of assistance; every detail referring to the wharf was entered in the books upon the shelves around him. Still this dead silence and solitude seemed each moment more oppressive. Mr Lintock looked at his watch. It was past nine. What could Ducket, he wondered, be doing so noiselessly down-stairs? It was strange that he had neither heard the sound of his footstep nor of his voice. The wharf-owner thought: 'If Ducket would only sing or move about the warehouse, the sense of loneliness and dread which is creeping over me would be removed. Shall I touch the bell?

He tried manfully to dismiss this feeling and to find absorption in the work before him; but there now arose in his mind, more vividly than it had ever done, this haunting face. He imagined the figure of Clogstoun, as Ducket had described it, leaning over the parapet on London Bridge. Was the man there to-night? The wharf-owner could not resist the temptation to stretch out his hand and draw back the curtain from his window and look out upon the dark river. The lights flickered on London Bridge; but they were dim—too dim to have enabled Mr Lintock to distinguish one figure from another. Yet he fancied that, dark as it was, he could discern a shadowy form standing near the centre of the bridge, and that the form resembled that of the man with whose face he was so painfully haunted. He dropped the curtain with an angry gesture. 'What if Clogstoun is there?' he exclaimed aloud.

But the wharf-owner's hand trembled now; he could not write. The black horrors which he had resolutely overcome began again to crowd his brain like imps of darkness; the more he tried to chase them from him, the more they swarmed. His imagination awakened into terror at last. A firm conviction took hold upon him: it was like a nightmare which no strength of will could drive from his brain: Clogstoun was staring at him through the glass partition in the clerks' office like a cat watching its prese!

clerks office like a cat watching its prey!

Mr Lintock sprang to his feet. At this moment
the great gate-bell in the courtyard of the warehouse began to ring.

## HEALTHY HOMES.

#### BY A SURVEYOR.

The study of health is now elevated to the position of a science, and everything tending to promote good health in individuals or communities is welcomed. Since the study of sanitation commenced in real earnest, some years since, the most conclusive proofs of the benefits following the adoption of suggestions of the early sanitarians are the decrease of certain diseases, and the consequent diminution of the death-rate.

Laws have been passed placing large powers in the hands of local and parochial Boards, by which vast improvements have been made, and immense sums of money spent in such works as the sewering of towns, laying down systems of water-supply, and the clearing away of wells in urban places. Hospitals also have been erected, both general and special, and everything that skill and science can devise is now devoted to the battle with disease and dirt. Nothing is more costly to the individual or the State than disease, and whatever may be said or done in the interests of the health of the nation or town should receive the hearty support of all.

Among the great middle class, much can be done to promote the health of the family and the community by the exercise of a little wisdom and good sense. With that end in view, the following hints are given as being suitable for the information of those who are about taking or buying a house, or building one for themselves or others.

In selecting a house, or the site for a new one, remember that where the sun will shine on the house for some hours a day, one element of good is secured, especially if the sunshine enters at the windows of the living-rooms, or rooms most used during the daytime. After the aspect has been found to be suitable, and that a plentiful supply of sun and air is insured, attention should be given to the general position and construction of the house. If the ground is at all porous, a layer of concrete not less than six inches thick, and composed of cement or lime and broken bricks or gravel, should be spread over the whole of the ground covered by the building. This will prevent the passage of ground-air up through the floors. Air will travel through the ground for some distance, and, as it invariably becomes contaminated by taking up carbonic acid gas in its passage, is not suitable for inhaling. house acts as a sucker on the ground; and if, unfortunately, the site is one on 'made' groundthat is, composed of all the refuse of a townthe ground-air becomes the medium of disease. No houses should be built without a well-ventilated air-space between the earth and the groundfloor, especially if the layer of concrete on the surface be omitted. The walls should be built of good hard-burnt bricks or non-porous stone set in lime or cement mortar. Common under-burnt bricks or porous stones hold moisture, which evaporates with a rise in the temperature, and so chills the air in the house. If the bricks or stones of the walls are suspected of holding moisture, the whole of the external surfaces should be covered with cement, or tiled or slated above. The foundations of the walls should rest on thick beds of concrete bedded in the earth; and to prevent the ground-damp rising up the walls, a damp-proof course of slates in cement or a bed of asphalt should be laid in the full thickness or width of the wall just above the

ground-line. Dryness in this climate is so essential to health, that any building which in its floors walls or roof, sins by admitting moisture, should be rejected as a place of residence by those who value their health. In tropical climates, buildings are constructed to keep out the heat; but here, we build to retain the heat and keep out the cold.

The roof of a house is sometimes a most troublesome feature. Usually, the trouble is caused by some scampish action of the speculator who built the premises, and by the saving of a few pounds to himself, causes the expenditure of money and trouble to rectify his neglect. All roofs should be formed with slopes to a good pitch, not less than thirty degrees for slates, or forty degrees for tiles. It is no unusual thing to find speculators' houses with slopes as low as twenty degrees on the roofs. The joints between the tiles or slates and the parapet walls and chimney-stacks should be covered with lead or zinc tucked into the joints of the brickwork, or into grooves cut in the stone. The ordinary builder's style is to cover the joint with a fillet of cement, and for out-buildings this may do, but never for dwelling-houses. The iron gutters at the eaves of the roof should be cleaned out once a year, as also the lead or zinc central gutters. All sorts of disagreeable things collect in these gutters, and if not carried by the rain down the pipes into the drains, stick in the sooty mud, and cause obstructions and overflows. The pipes from the eaves to the drains should be of metal, iron, or lead, and quite disconnected from the drains by discharging the water over a trapped gully at the end of the drainpipe. Rainpipes connected immediately with the drains are really vents for sewer-air, and occasionally puffs of this deleterious gas may find its way in at attic windows, if the old-fashioned method of connecting the rainpipe with the drains is in

After having examined the shell of the house, the plan deserves consideration, and here but little advice can be tendered, as individual peculiarities demand peculiarities of plan in a residence. The kitchen offices should be pleasantly placed, and not, as in so many old houses in towns, buried away in a basement. Condemn once and for all any house having rooms for living in below the level of the outside ground, especially if the soil be clay; nothing but ill health and depressed spirits can result from the use of rooms so situated. See that the air has free passage through the house, and that the staircase and passages are well lighted; and while noticing the light on the staircase, see that there are flat landings, instead of what are technically known as 'winders,' where the stairs turn. Each room should have good-sized windows, fitted with sashes which run up and down, in preference to casements, which are hung on hinges. With sash-windows, a better control of the admission of air can be maintained, provided both the sashes are hung. Sometimes the top sash is fixed, especially in old houses. This should be altered, as if only the lower sash is hung, a stagnant body of air will hang about the upper part of the room and cause many of the house, and frequently in the roof, should a headache. Under ordinary conditions, the be either of iron or slate, and of these, iron

wood-sashes fit so badly that a plentiful supply of fresh air is admitted; but if the air is found vitiated in a room, a simple means of admitting more air without draught can be managed by substituting, for the narrow bead nailed on the top of the wood-sill of the window-frame, a piece of deal about three and a half inches deep; by this means the lower sash can be raised three inches without causing an opening at the bottom, as would be the case if the ordinary narrow bead were on the sill. This causes an opening at the point where the upper and lower sashes meet, and so a current of air is admitted, and by entering at the meeting-rails—as they are called —gets deflected up towards the ceiling, instead of pouring in, in a horizontal direction.

Ground-draughts are frequently caused by the bad fitting of the floor-boards. Notice whether the joints between the boards are wide or narrow, and that the skirting fits tightly down on to the floor. Many colds may be prevented by having the joints between the floor-boards filled in with

narrow slips of wood or putty. If the walls of the rooms are papered, determine if possible whether the colours on the papers are arsenical. If you doubt them, have the paper varnished, or, better still, strip it all off. Remember that green is not the only colour in which arsenic is used, but that in others, such as pearly gray, it forms with some makers a large element. In ordering papers for repapering, ask for non-arsenical coloured papers, and receive a guarantee with them that they are such. The air we breathe should be as free from contaminating matter as possible, and by having non-arsenical paper on the walls, one great source of contamination is avoided.

Another and very insidious contaminater of the air in rooms is the ordinary gas-fitting, whether chandelier or bracket. Chandeliers which slide up or down are the greatest sinners, for the packing which is supposed to keep the telescope air-tight, is, after some years' wear and tear, often found very defective, and allows the gas to escape and mix with the air of the room. Ascertain whether the pipes conveying the gas from the meter are composition or iron; in old houses, composition tubes are the rule, and these have been found at times eaten away in places by rats or mice. Iron tubes are the best, but with these it is necessary to see that the joints are well stopped with red-lead and painted. Another source of danger is sometimes found where an old gasfitting has been removed and the tube simply stopped with a plug of wood. This invariably means leakage. Remove the plug, and put a metal cap screwed on with red-lead in the thread, and so prevent risk.

The means of storing water and the supply to the various parts of the house will require very careful examination, as upon the purity of the water will depend the health of the family. When the water is received from a Water Company, the quality is usually sufficiently good for drinking purposes, and it is the duty of the householder to see that it does not take up deleterious matter after leaving the main pipe of the Company. The storage tank or cistern, which as a rule is placed at the highest point is the better, as a slate cistern is more liable to leakage. Cisterns made of wood and lined with lead or zinc are not good, and if the water stands in them for any considerable period, must take some of the metal in a soluble form. All cisterns require cleaning at stated periods, and if lined with zinc or lead, care must be taken not to scrub off the surface of the metal. Where the cistern is in the roof or in a large open space, a cover is necessary, to prevent dust or other impurities from finding a resting-place in it. The service-pipe for the house is taken from the bottom of the cistern, and it will be advisable to trace this and its branches down the house, to discover whether any damp patches on the walls or ceilings are caused by leaky

The water supplying the water-closets should never be drawn direct from the cistern to the pan, but should be delivered into a smaller cistern in the water-closet, holding about two gallons, and this should discharge the whole of the water in it every time the handle is raised. A good siphon form is the best. The taps over the sinks should be of the screw-down kind, as, although they are a little more troublesome to use, there is less chance of wasting and less liability of leakage. It is a good plan to put a stop-valve on the service-pipe from the cistern, to shut off the water in case of leakage in any of the branch pipes or fittings. The wastepipes from the scullery and other sinks should not enter the drains, as, if they do, sewer-air is sure to find its way into the houses; but they should be cut off just outside the wall, and bent to discharge over a gully fixed in the paying, and up to which the drainpipe is laid. If a puff of sewer-air is driven up the pipe connected with the gully, it will harmlessly die away in the open air, instead of finding its way into the house through the wastepipe. The wastepipe from the bath should be treated in a similar manner, by being cut off from the drains, and a copper or brass flap should be fixed on the exposed end of the pipe, to prevent draughts or insects finding their

way up. The water-closets require very careful examiration, and especially their connection with the drains, which is not always visible. The apparatus should be one with few, if any, moving parts except the handle and wires for working the water-supply. The pans known as wash-out or further than the state of the st flush-out are very good, their worst fault being a tendency to retain substances, instead of allowing all to be cleared out with one discharge of the small cistern. The soilpipe should be fixed on the outside face of the wall, and not inside the house, especially if it is of iron; a mere pin-hole in the iron will allow the foul air to escape; and the joints, if not properly cemented, will also provide an escape for foul air. The soilpipe is connected at the end with the stoneware drain, and the junction should be so made that the change of direction from the vertical to the horizontal is easy, and not a sharp angle, where deposits may accumulate. The upper end of the pipe should be above the caves-level of the roof, and either left open or finished with a fixed ventilating cowl. A simple cross or T piece of pipe is quite sufficient for the purpose, with copper

wires fitted in the open ends, to prevent birds building their nests in the pipe. Sometimes the water-closet and bathroom are one apartment, and provided the water-closet is a good one, and the soilpipe properly ventilated, the arrangement is not a particularly evil one. But the wastepipe from the bath must not be allowed to enter the soilpipe, nor must it be connected with the drain, but should be carried down the outside wall to a gully, over which it should discharge. Every water-closet should be fitted with a window or skylight communicating with the outside air, and the window or skylight should always be kept open a few inches. The simplest bath fittings are the best, and should always include a tap for hot water. The screwdown kind are less liable to leakage.

The drains which lead the water and refuse.

The drains which lead the water and refusematters from the waste and soil pipes to the main sewers require to be examined, as far as their buried state admits, with great care, as upon the efficiency of the drainage system the health of the household will to a great extent depend. These drains being hidden away underground, are not, as a rule, put together with the care and accuracy which their importance demands. Any labourer on a building is, in the opinion of the speculating builder, competent to lay drains; and to this individual's—and his employer's-skill or want of skill may be attributed much of the disease generated through breathing sewer-air. A drain requires as much care and forethought in its construction as any other piece of workmanship. The pipes should be laid in as straight lines as possible; and where bends or changes of direction are necessary, they should be easy and of long radius, formed with bent pipes, and not made up with straight lengths. Where the pipes pass under the house, they should be laid in a bed of concrete, and the joints well cemented on the outside. The fall of the well cemented on the outside. The fall of the pipes from the highest point to the sewer should be gradual and even throughout. A fall of from two to three inches in ten feet is the general rule for ordinary house-drains, and will be found ample if the pipes are properly laid. The diameter of the pipes used is usually much too large, six-inch pipes being used where four-inch would do all the work. A drain to be well flushed should run half full at least, and this cannot be attained if the pipes are too large.

All junctions of drainpipes should be made with proper junction-pipes, and not by simply cutting a hole in the side of the pipe for the entrance of the branch. At some point on the drain near its entrance to the sewer, a stoneware siphon trap should be fixed, for the stoneware siphon trap should be fixed, for the purpose of keeping the sewer-air back from the house-drains; from the top of this trap, a ventilating pipe should be carried to the nearest wall, and continued up to above the level of the eaves of the roof, so that any foul air which gets driven through the trap may find its way up above the roof-level, and so out of harm's way. Always learn from the builder of the house, or some person possessing the knowledge, the course and position of the drains, and where they are connected with the sewer. The information will be worth having; and if a rough mation will be worth having; and if a rough plan is made up from the information, and kept handy for reference, a bad smell will soon be

traced out and stopped. If an unpleasant smell is perceived, never rest until the cause is discovered. Do not risk the chance of an attack of diphtheria or typhoid, by allowing the evil to exist. Attack it at once; hunt it to its source, and provide a proper remedy. Do not run away with the common idea that sanitarians exaggerate evils, and that, because our forefathers were content to live under certain conditions, we should follow in their footsteps. Times are changed; new conditions have produced new evils; and it is the manifest duty, as it should be the pleasure of the parent of to-day to provide as healthy a home for his family as his pecuniary means and position in life will allow.

#### A NIGHT-HALT.

I DON'T think that contributors to this Journal realise how widely spread an audience they are addressing. Copies of the great English periodicals turn up in every corner of the world, often remote from civilisation, and unable to account for themselves, but not the less welcome to their discoverers. So, when, on an abandoned campground in the Great Lone Land, I found a torn damp leaf from Chambers's Journal, and at the foot of one page a notice to contributors that was in its manner kindly, I had courage to think that perhaps the great audience might like to know what manner of camp it was, and that travellers in distant lands and on remote oceans would be interested.

The Canadian North-west is not peopled with very savage races, nor is it wholly unexplored, like some parts of the empire; there are villages every two hundred miles or so, and trails between them good or bad according to season. There are wide tracts where the houses are in sight of each other; and all over the plains the survey-marks and buffalo bones lie together. Sometimes the trail for many days' march is over plains level as the sea, or rolling land verdureless and stony; sometimes the country is like a stormy ocean, with all the hollows planted with scrubby bushes, or filled with stagnant water, with meagre reeds and alkaline deposits. Large areas are covered with hills; but rarely, and as a great treat, one encounters running-water in a deep ravine. English readers will hardly realise the beauty of running-water in a land where good springs are as scarce as opera-houses.

A stream called Eagle Creek has cut a ravine some two hundred feet deep in a stony plain near the North Saskatchewan, and carved the banks into a medley of grotesque and isolated mounds, strewn with boulders, and nearly void of grass, whose steep and eccentric shapes give the view from the bottom a most singular and impressive contour. The stream itself has evaporated, and left one or two miry ponds, whose stagnant waters feed the few and small shrubs that adorn the bottom; and beside them is a space of half an acre of pleasant grass, with many round patches in it, traces of fires beside which passengers on that lonely way have been wont to rest. How wagons get down the trail to the bottom is marvellous.

The sun has set behind the hills towards the orange, and the wind wakes up, and the soft

north-west; the wind is sinking; the foxes are running about, and a crane stands in the untroubled water and looks melancholy. A cloud of dust behind the hills to the east, and the distant tramp of horses, announce that the valley will presently be disturbed; and immediately, a mounted man in a bright cavalry uniform rides to the edge of the hills, and stands out against the sky a beautiful silhouette, motionless as a statue. Then two and two, come twenty mounted men, each with a rifle poised on the horn of his Mexican saddle, and many a glittering point of brass and steel about his harness. At the word of command they dismount, and advance, leading their horses down the slope; and we see behind them five wagons, each carrying two men, and a rearguard of two, who linger behind a bit before they dismount and follow the groaning transport. They are coming nearer now—young, bronzed, and sturdy, their equipment suited to the prairie, but very strange to those who live in cities. One or two wear cavalry breeches, with broad yellow stripes down the sides; but most of them are dressed in dark canvas adorned with brass buttons; and there is a large variety of slouch-hats and western shirts and old red jackets, according to the pleasure of the wearers. All wear riding-boots, spurs, cartridge belts heavily mounted, and big revolvers, with lanyards buckled to the butts and passing over one shoulder.

When they reach the level land at the bottom of the ravine, the mounted men form up in line, and the wagons draw up behind them forty feet apart; a rope is stretched along the line of wagons; and leaving the saddles on the first line, the horses are attached to the rope almost as soon as the teams are unharnessed. Two or three men select a spot by the bushes, where an iron bar is quickly set on uprights five feet apart; and before the sound of the axes has ceased in the bush, three heavy camp-kettles are swinging over a roaring fire. A bell-tent is pitched for the officer in command; the horses are watered, groomed, and fed; and at a last merry order from the bugle, there is a general dash for plates and cups; and knives drawn from belts and boot-legs are ready for an astonishing slaughter of pork and hard-tack. The latter is the western name for that which is known elsewhere as ship-biscuit, and it is partaken in company with strong and hot tea around the campfire. The meal is accompanied by an uplifting of blue smoke into the clear sky, and there is a lively fire of chaff in good American and even British dialects. After a decent interval, the horses are hobbled or picketed for the night, and a guard of three men placed on picket duty until sunrise. Blankets are spread out along the saddle-line and in and under the wagons; and before the sounding of the last of three beautiful evening 'calls' has awakened the echoes of the sterile hills, conversation has flagged, and there is silence under the starlight.

The horses are pulling at the grass, roving about, and clanking their hobbles; and the man on duty stands by the fire or glides about among them; and overhead the stars are blazing in heaven, and the dim white aurora is flitting in the north. Then the stars and the aurora pale, and the north-east glows with rose and

Startling all the echoes, making the keen air tremble, waking the summer world, and losing coherence in the distant sky, reveille rings out clear and sharp, a burst of triumphant un-expected music—and the night is gone. Then to successive bugle calls, blankets are rolled, wagons loaded, the horses carefully tended, and breakfast finished; and ere the sunlight warms the ravine, the mounted party is toiling up the hillside, and the wagons are following across the narrow bottom.

Such is a night-halt of a party of Mounted Police under the pleasantest conditions, and while travelling at about forty miles a day. But there are no members of the Force of over a few months' standing who have not travelled without night-halts, or under conditions of hardship that it would be difficult for an English reader to realise. Although the statement little accords with those of emigration agents, the climate of many districts is extremely rigorous; and although this does not detract from the value of the crops, the cold is so great in December and January that even an emigration agent would not willingly travel during those months in any part of the Territories. As pioneers preparing for the ad-vance of civilisation, the Mounted Police undertake to suffer discomfort and to perform duties of unexampled difficulty, without the performance of which, the new provinces of the western plains must be, as they were before the white men came
—a howling wilderness.

#### ODD WAYS OF PUTTING THINGS.

CURIOUS ways of expressing ideas in English may be expected from foreigners, as, for instance, when the Frenchman, who paid a call in this country and was about to be introduced to a family, said: 'Ah ze ladies! Zen I vould before, if you please, vish to purify mine hands and to sweep mine

But the various nationalities of the British Isles are sometimes not a whit behind in verbal bulls and blunders, and in what may generally be described as odd ways of putting things. It is said that when Constable's aunt was dying, the good deaf old lady said: 'Anne, if I should be spared to be taken away, I hope my nephew will get the be taken away, I hope my nephew will get the doctor to open my head and see if anything can be done for my hearing?—A Paisley publican was complaining of his servant-maid that she could never be found when required. 'She'll gang oot o' the house,' said he, 'twenty times for ance she'll come in.' It must have been a relative of his who aroused her servant at four o'clock with: 'Come, Mary, get up. Here'tis Monday merning; to-morrow is Tuesday; the next day's Wednesday—half the week gone, and nothing done yet.' and nothing done yet.

Taffy often plays amusing pranks with the Queen's English. A Welsh landlord, who for some time had been annoyed by an obstreperous guest, walked across the room to him, and striking the table with his fist, shouted very volubly: You haf kick up a row all day here to-night! We

had a humorous experience of this when often visited by the neighbouring peasants, who were anxious to avail themselves of his good nature and professional skill. One applicant for relief described himself as having a great bilin in described himself as having 'a great bilin in his troat, and his heart was as if ye had it in yer hand and was squeezin' af it.' 'Plase, yer honour,' whined a barefooted woman, 'I'm in great disthress. I fell down yesterday and broke five of me ribs, an' for the blessing of God, could ye spare me a trifle?' Another patient said: 'Savin' yer honour's presence, me shtomach has gone to the wesht of me ribs.' A traveller being on the box of an Irish publicage here a reserved. being on the box of an Irish mailcoach on a very cold day, and observing the driver enveloping his neck in the voluminous folds of an ample 'comforter,' remarked: 'You seem to be taking very good care of yourself, my friend.'—'Oh, to be sure I am, sir,' answered the driver; 'what's all the world to a man when his wife's a widdy?'

Such specimens of the bull genus, however absurdly expressed, generally seem to convey the intended idea in a pithy and forcible manner, quite unlike the following, which, for concentrated inaccuracy of statement, can hardly be surpassed. This sentence occurred in an account of a burglary in an Irish newspaper: 'After a fruitless search, all the money was recovered except one pair of boots. A recent critique upon Othello had the following: 'The Moor, seizing a bolster full of rage and jealousy, smothers her.

The beggar was verbally mixed who thus accosted a passer-by: 'Sir, would you please give a little money to buy a bit of bread, for I'm so dreadfully thirsty that I don't know where I am to get a night's lodging.' The same may be sail of a country world who want to a manageric said of a country yokel who went to a menageric to examine the wild beasts. Several gentlemen expressed the opinion that the orang-outang was a lower order of the human species. Hodge did not like this idea, and striding up to the gentlemen, expressed his contempt for it in these words: 'Pooh! he's no more of the human species than I be.'—'Mamma, is that a spoiled child?' asked a little boy on seeing a negro baby for the first time. Another small boy while at play in a garden saw a black snake gliding through the grass. It was the first one he had ever seen. He became greatly excited over it, and rushed into the house crying out: 'Mamma, mamma! there's a tail out here runnin' along without nussin' on it.'

A little girl had been told by her nurse that if she did not think so much by day she would dream less at night. 'But I can't help thinking,' she said; and added pathetically: 'I cannot make

my mind sit down.'

'Could you show me the way to the cathedral?' asked a stranger. 'Turn round that corner and inquire for the glove shop; the cathedral is close by,' was the odd reply of the intelligent native thus accosted.

was not interfere with you, do we? Efery man here mind his own pizness; yes, by Jing! no.'

Pat of course is proverbial for his eloquent if rather novel and puzzling ways of putting things.

A retired army surgeon in the north of Ireland

passes for over twenty-four hours will be granted to the men unless written application is made for three days subsequent to the time the pass is wanted. Any man who applies for a pass and does not make use of it, must, before proceeding out of barracks on leave, or immediately he returns from leave, report that he wishes his pass cancelled to his pay-sergeant, else his indulgence will be stopped prior to the date of any such offence for a period of three weeks.'

There was something quaint in the programme of the Flower Show of the Society which promotes window-gardening. The flower show, says the programme, 'will take place (D.V.) by permission of the Dean.' It was a thoughtful thing to translate, for the benefit of the working classes, the words indicated by D.V., Diacono volente, by permission of the Dean, a cheerful

play upon capital letters.

An amusing announcement was issued by a corn-cutter from Liège, living at Spa: 'They extrect the corns vidout the slitest pain. Cutt nales deformed vitch spreeds in the fleisch—by a new methode vidout pain. They spokes French, Anglish, Italien, Spanitch, Portogeese, Dutch, and Garman, vid equal fluency, and rites dem.'—Over a bridge in Georgia is the following: 'Any person driving over this bridge in a pace faster than a walk, shall, if a white man, be fined five dollars, and, if a negro, receive twenty-five lashes, half the penalty to be bestowed on the informer.' In a small town near Avignon, the houses in the suburbs became flooded up to the level of the first floor. An enterprising resident distributed among his neighbours the following card: 'M. Brochet, Professor of Swimming, is prepared to give lessons at the pupil's residence.' The Professor may be said to have taken fortune at the flood.—A shop in Cheapside exhibits a card warning everybody against unscrupulous persons 'who infringe our title to deceive the public.' We are afraid the shopman does not quite say what he means, any more than the proprietor of an eating-house near the docks, on the door of which may be read the following amnouncement, conveying fearful intelligence to the gallant tars who frequent this port: 'Sailors' vital's cooked here.'

A boarding-house keeper announces in one of the newspapers that he has a cottage to let containing eight rooms and an acre of land.— A dealer in cheap shoes was equally ambiguous when he counselled in one of his advertisements: Ladies wishing these cheap shoes will do well to call soon, as they will not last long. The same may be said of the following: 'This hotel will be kept by the widow of the former landlord who died last summer on a new and improved plan.'—A circular advocating a summer resort, calls attention to numerous cosy seats in forked trees and elsewhere—some of them just large enough for two persons. A manufacturing wireworker invites the public to come and see his

invisible wire fences.

An odd way of putting things is to describe a turkey as a red-nosed chicken with a large bustle—the definition of some smart wag. Affectation is defined as petty larceny in the abstract; and a lawyer of large experience says the art of civilisation is getting your neighbour's money out of his pocket and into your own without making

yourself amenable to the law; while an editor defines a certain kind of philanthropist as a zealous person bent on doing the greatest possible good to the greatest possible number with the greatest possible amount of other people's money.

Human efforts to achieve certain aims have been likened to a dog trying to catch its tail. Just as we think we are about to succeed, away

goes the tail.

'What a recreation it is to be dying in love,' exclaimed a love-sick Hibernian. 'It sets the heart aching so delicately that there's no taking a wink of sleep for the pleasure of the pain.' A Scottish blacksmith being asked the meaning of metaphysics, replied: 'When the party wha listens disna ken what the party wha speaks disna ken what he means himsel'—that's metapheesics.'

Perhaps as odd a way of putting things as any of the foregoing examples was furnished by a little Parisian mendicant, who, following a gentleman, said: 'Monsieur, give me just a penny. I'm an orphan by birth.' The definition was

worth ten centimes to her.

#### THE METALS SODIUM AND POTASSIUM.

A NEW PROCESS OF MANUFACTURE,

THE announcement of Mr Castner's new process for the manufacture of these metals has taken the chemical and commercial worlds completely by surprise. The advantages claimed for that process were at first doubted, and many and strong were the expressions predicting its failure. Now, however, that it has become better known, it is admitted that applied chemistry has achieved another and most signal triumph. All that has been said in its favour has been fully realised, and we are now assured that the prices of sodium and potassium will in future be one shilling a pound each, instead of, as formerly, four shillings a pound for sodium, and sixty shillings for potassium. So great a diminution in the cost of production is not frequently made nowadays; and commerce and industry are sure to reap enormous advantages.

In the old process of preparing these metals from their carbonates there were great waste and great risks of explosion. These, especially in the case of potassium, made the process an expensive one. The cost for retorts alone, which were necessarily of wrought-iron, amounted to no less

than fifty per cent. of the whole.

There is no risk of explosion in the new process, so long as the materials are used in the proper propertions; the temperature required for the distillation is only eight hundred degrees centigrade, or six hundred degrees less than in the old process; attention to so many minute details is not necessary; there is hardly any waste; and as the temperature is so much lower, the retorts last a much longer time. In this process the metals are prepared from their hydrates. There is nothing exactly novel in this, for Gay-Lussac and Thénard so long ago as 1808 prepared potassium

by running a slow stream of the fused hydrate over iron turnings heated to whiteness. Their method was not successful on the large scale. Castner's differs but slightly from it; but that slight difference is the wide interval which separates success and failure. Castner found that a combination of iron and carbon acting together reduced the hydrates to the metallic state with comparative case.

He prepares his reducing agent in the following way: The mineral known as 'purple ore,' which is an oxide of iron, is heated to a temperature of five hundred degrees centigrade, and at the same time a mixture of two gases—carbonic oxide and hydrogen—is passed over it. The result is that the oxide of iron is changed into metallic iron, which remains in the state of a fine powder. This powder is then intimately mixed with melted pitch, and the mixture allowed to cool. It is next broken into lumps about the size of bricks, and these bricks are heated in large crucibles and converted into coke. This coke is found to contain a definite quantity of iron and carbon, which cannot be separated again by mechanical means. The coke is next powdered finely, and added in proper proportions to the hydrates of potash or soda, the mixture placed in a retort of cast-steel or cast-iron, and gently heated for about thirty minutes. This causes the mixture to fuse and give off large quantities of hydrogen gas. When the bulk of this gas has disappeared, the reaction proceeds with less violence; and the retort is then placed in a hotter furnace, where the temperature soon rises to about eight hundred degrees centigrade. The sodium and potassium distil over very quickly, and in about ninety minutes the operation is complete. Great care is taken that no carbonic oxide gas shall be produced during the distillation of potassium, as this gas is the cause of the formation of the explosive compound. Analysis of the gas evolved shows that this is practically possible without adopting any other precaution than that of using a quantity of the coke slightly less than the theoretical amount. The cost of retorts is estimated at twopence a pound on the yield of metal, as compared with two shillings a pound in the old process. This is an enormous saving.

The general public know very little about sodium and potassium. They have seen but little

The general public know very little about sodium and potassium. They have seen but little of them in the past, and may not see much more of them in the future, even at the reduced prices. The fact is that these metals do not possess the properties which fit them for general use. They cannot be exposed to air, nor can they be handled. Nevertheless, they are of very great value to the chemist by reason of these very drawbacks. That they will be largely used in the preparation of aluminium, magnesium, and silicon, is certain. In aluminium, we have a metal of considerable commercial value, extremely abundant, but extremely difficult of preparation. It is white like silver; it does not oxidise or tarnish in the air; it takes a die well, and is therefore useful for medals or coins; and with other metals it forms alloys of great practical importance. Owing to its high price—about fifty or sixty shillings a pound—it has not been much used in the past; but with sodium at one shilling a pound, the estimated

price of aluminium is twenty shillings a pound. On the whole, aluminium promises to be a valuable metal; but its uses will not be fully known until it can be manufactured at less cost than at present.

The demand for aluminium will be so great that the profits from the manufacture of this metal alone will yield Mr Castner a handsome return; and while it is difficult to foresee the many industries that may be affected by his invention, it may safely be said that a more valuable addition to manufacturing chemistry has not for a long time been made.

#### THE MYSTIC MUSIC OF THE SHELL.

BRIGHT crimson bars fleeked all the west
With deeper glow than molten ore;
The soothing, sober hour of rest
Crept o'er the haven on the shore.
O'er cliff and vale athwart the land
Floated the sound of evening bells,
While all along the shining strand
Glad children gathered shells.

A simple, laughing child of three
Long held one to its eager ear.
What glowing, wondrous mystery
Did it in soothing murmurs hear?
Was there recalled the dream of heaven
Which its pure spirit knew of yore,
Dut which at its birth-hour was riven,
Here to be seen no more?

A sailor's rosy boy of nine
Placed to his car the self-same shell.
What made his face so gladly shine?
What tale of wonder did it tell?
He saw fair isles in emerald seas,
And felt the fragrance of the air,
And bright song-birds on stately trees—
He sighed and wished him there.

Along the margin of the sea
A youth with shining face there came,
His soul steeped in love's mystery,
And breathing oft a dear one's name.
The shell sang to his yearning ear
That song which all the spirit fills;
And on his soul her voice fell clear
From o'er the sundering hills.

An aged man with silvery hair
Came slowly o'er the gleaming strand;
With faint smile on his face of care
He took a smooth shell in his hand.
No song for him of emerald seas
It sang, but breathed of woe and pain:
He heard sad voices in each breeze,
And sighed for youth again!

ALEXANDER LAMONT.

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# THE GLORY OF THE YEAR.

'With what a glory comes and goes the year.' The glory of early autumn, when the wealth of summer verdure has felt the rays of the vertical sun and solstitial heat, under which the leafage has become tinted with an infinite variety of glowing colours. The glory of the clustering trees in wood and thicket—the deep crimsontinted ash, and faintly yellow leaves of birch and sycamore, the deeper-hued elms, and rich purple-brown of the copper beech. The glory of the warm amber light of the sun on the billowy clouds and dim distant hills, and over the broad fields of ripening grain or golden sheaves of corn, the long swaths of bearded barley and glistening outs. The glory of ripe fruits, of purple plums and luscious damsons, juicy brown pears and ruddy apples, of clustering grapes and ripening blackberries.

The glory of the 'breathing freshness' in the morning air, and calm serene beauty of the long golden twilight, that floods 'hill and valley, lake and sea. The glory of the broad red moon, rising over the limpid, rippling river, or gently surging sea, throwing a wide track of light before. The glory of the merry, sun-kissed faces of little children on the shore, where the iodine-scented breeze has tinged their cheeks with life and health. The glory of the richly coloured flowers, the scarlet poppies, the velvet campions, the deep blue of the corncockle, the late 'pure pale marguerite,' the yellow marigolds and sturdy thistles, with their rich purple heads and prickly stems, round which twine the frail pink-veined bindweed.

The glory of deep brown pools and translucent streams, along whose banks is a lush growth of herbage, from which rise the fragrant, feathery meadow-sweet, the water-arrowhead, purple loosestrife or 'long purples,' and red hemp-agrimony. Side by side are azure-eyed forget-me-not and pungent peppermint, broad-leaved silver burdock and wild mignonette. The amber and white water-

still water-mirror on which they float surrounded by their glossy green leaves; and under the thick tufts of graceful cats'tail, or reed, and all the lovely waving grasses, lurk the shy trout, where myriads of flies and gnats are hovering and dancing in the air, and darting swifts divide the light ephemeral spoil with the low-skimming swallows.

The glory of the year seen on the wild moorland, with the rosy-purple heaths and the deli-cious fragrance of wild-thyme. On the wild roadside and uncultivated land, by the white and pink tinted blooms of the hardy yarrow, with its dark-green serrated foliage; the yellow rock-rose with its sensitive petals and glossy leaves; the blue succory in the hedgerows, the trails of deep purple nightshade and bunches of round orange berries. Amongst the late young grasses grow the fragile blue harebells—bells fit for ringing fairy music by the breath of the evening zephyrs. The pale yellow and deep amber hawk-weeds creep about the stony heaps, and brighten the dry pastures, adding to the glory of the year, when Ceres and Pomona unite to show the maturity of natural production, and the beneficent fruitfulness and affluence of the earth.

The warm radiant sun lifts the moisture from the earth; and in the early morning hours is seen the glory of millions of sparkling dewdrops upon hundreds of acres of frail silky cobwebs, stretching along every fence and hedgerow, and festooning every flower and tree, lending a softer, fairer glow to the masses of autumn foliagecobwebs of such fineness as to be almost unseen and intangible, light enough to float in the air; yet a few steps forward and they strike across the face, and before you are aware, every vestige is gone-where? Who can tell? Two or three misty mornings come in succession, and the clouds begin to gather from afar, rising under the blue illimitable sky in soft shiny, billowy masses; anon towering high in the noonday sun, and being drawn insensibly eastward by some motivelilies reflect their rose-shaped blossoms in the power unfelt, unseen, and almost disappearing

from view, to rise again, later in the evening, in thunderous masses, dun, purple, and copper coloured, with intense bright orange-tipped edges, behind which shoot long straight rays of light from the glory of the setting sun, which fades and deepens as the twilight shadows creep over the sky. The air is still and breathless; the doors and windows stand wide open, letting in the scent of late flowering mignonette. Now and then, a fitful gust of wind soughs through the trees and scatters the leaves on the darkening air.

> The light is fading down the sky, The shadows grow and multiply-I hear the thrushes' song.

Perched on the highest tree, this shrill-voiced 'storm-cock' foretells the coming storm. As the big red disc of the full moon rises over the far stretching hills, broad gleams of summer lightning rise from behind those dark billows of dun-coloured clouds, streaming vividly in all directions from right to left, darting along the cloudy horizon in all shades of light-faint yellow, rosy red, intense steely blue, and lurid crimson, leaping from point to point in a wild weird dance of instantaneous brilliancy. Then the eyes grow weary of watching, and the first hours of the night are passed in a deep dreamless sleep, to be suddenly awoke from unconsciousness of being to intense consciousness of listening, though with still closed eyelids. What is it? A long, low, heavy sound reverberates in the distance, another and another, then a pause. In the dense gathering darkness of a coming storm, the vivid flashes of lightning seem very different from what they were three or four hours ago; nearer and nearer rolls the thunder; then a startling, rattling crash follows, and a sudden gust of wind dashes the leaves and big sharp drops of rain against the window; then, with a heavier crash, the clouds open and comes the welcome rain, softly falling for a few minutes, ending with a drenching downpour; and the subtle scent of refreshed herbage reaches the senses. The storm dies away in the distance; and the clouds break and disperse; the waning moon shines fitfully and with a watery light, in the coming early dawn.

The following morning is full of blithe gladness and soft scents; trees and flowers are refreshed; the mountain ash tosses its clusters of red berries in the sunshine; the corncrake is heard here and there in the clear morning air; and the plaintive song of the finches and musical roulade of the robin come from the shrubs and low bushes near the house.

Soon the glory of the year, the

Season of mist and mellow fruitfulness, Close hosom-friend of the maturing sun,

will be over; even the latest flowers will have faded, and given place to the seed capsules, that in due time will swell and ripen and replenish the earth—in their turn to bring forth the glory of the fair springtide.

rest on the dun-coloured clouds, yet still we can say:

Ah, what a glory doth the world put on For him who with a fervent heart goes forth Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks On duties well performed and days well spent.

### RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XLI. -- SEVEN RED WINDOWS.

A curious sight it was to see Cable breaking stones on an early summer day, with his children about him, sitting on the heap, playing in the road, crouching into the hedge, and at noon clustering round him whilst he divided among them the cold potato-pasty that constituted the family dinner. But it was on Saturday only that this little conclave assembled, when there was no school. On all other days the elder children were learning their letters and the art of sewing in the National School. The winter had passed hardly for Richard Cable, and for his mother, who had become infirm with age and trouble. She did not complain; but her face was paler and more sharp in feature, her movements were less rapid, her hair had become grayer. A tree ill bears transplantation, and Bessie had been uprooted from a comfortable home, from associations sad, painful, and yet cherished as associations, and carried away to a strange corner of Britain, where she was subjected to hardships to which she was unaccustomed. The work Richard got was not such as to bring in much pay, and it was not work for an able-bodied man. Sometimes he sat on the side of the road against the hedge and broke stones with a long hammer; at others he hobbled about the road scraping it and cleaning the water-runlets. He got very wet over his work, and then rheumatism made itself felt in his weak thigh.

One consideration troubled Richard Cable night and day, and the trouble grew as the children How could the cottage be made to oldened. accommodate them all when they were grown up? How could his scanty earnings be made to sustain the whole family when the children were young women and exacted more of him? Would he be constrained to send his daughters into service? The notion galled him. He racked his brains to discover what situations would be suitable for them, and how they could be guarded from harm when in them, away from their grandmother's watchful eye and his protecting arm. He could not endure the thought of his darlings separated from himself and from one another, dispersed among farmhouses, surrounded by coarse associates, hearing loose talk, seeing unbecoming He dreamed of his Mary or his Martha sights. or Effic in such associations, and woke, flinging his arms about, crying out, leaping from his bed to throttle those who thus offended his little

As he sat breaking stones, sometimes the mica in the stones glittered in the sun; he wondered whether he should chance on a nugget of gold or a thread of silver, and so make his fortune. But such an idea, when it rose, embittered him the more. No; there was no chance of his find-As the days creep on and shorten, the golden ing gold thus; for that, he must go to California, glory fades from the twilight, and deeper shadows and that he could not do, because he might not leave his helpless children. Silver! If he lit on a vein, what would it profit him? Others would enter in and quarry the precious metal; the mining captain, the men, the lord of the manor, the shareholders, would reap the silver; not a coin minted out of it would come to his pocket who discovered the lode.

All at once Richard Cable left the parish church of St Kerian and attended the Wesleyan meeting-house. What was his reason? no other than this: The rector had a large family, growing up; they sat in a pew near the beautiful old carved and gilt oak screen; and Cable could not endure to see them there on Sunday, and to listen to the voice of a pastor who was able to retain his eldest daughter, aged twenty-three, in the parsonage; also his second, aged twenty; and his third, aged eighteen. Why should the rector be thus privileged, and he himself be without the means of making a home for his children when they were grown up? The ways of Providence were not equal. He gave up going to chapel after a few months, because he was at war with Providence, after which the chapel was named. He beat the stones to pieces with a vindictive hate, as though he were breaking up the social order and reducing all men to one size and ruggedness. The farmer who was principal shareholder and mainstay of Providence Chapel had built himself a new house. Why should he be capable of adding three new rooms to his dwelling, and he, Dicky Cable, be unable to enlarge his cob cottage without encroaching on his garden?

Then his mind turned back to Hanford. He thought of the Hall that might have been his, had Gabriel Gotham behaved rightly to his mother. He knew that house well now, and he took a grim pleasure in considering how he would have dis-posed of the rooms for the accommodation of his The little Rose Room, that would dear ones. have done for the twins; and Mary, sweet Mary, should have had the Blue Room looking out on the terrace, with the window over the door. The Yellow Room would have gone to his mother and baby Bessie. Lettice and Susie could have revelled in the Lavender Room, so called because it always smelt of lavender. How happy the children would have been there! How sweet would have been the sound of their voices as they played among the bushes of laburnum and syringa! The idea was enticing; but Richard never for a moment regretted having refused the offer made him.

His brief life in the Hall had left an indelible mark on him other than that which has been mentioned. In spite of himself, he had been forced to contrast the habits of the cultured with those of the class to which he belonged; and his clear good sense showed him that there were vulgarities and roughnesses that might be sloughed away with advantage; that there were merits as well as demerits in civilisation. Involuntarily, his mind was caught by these points, and hung on them, and he began to correct in himself little uncouthnesses, and to insist on attention to these matters in his children. In Bessie Cable there had ever been a refinement and grace of manner above her position, due to her early association with Gabriel and the rest of the Gotham family; but Richard had not regarded this or sought to acquire it. Now he appreciated it, and was pain- right and two above, also two on the left and

fully anxious that his children should acquire it. fully anxious that his children and difficulty; they Indeed, with them there was no difficulty; they had instinctive delicacy and refinement. They had instinctive delicacy and refinement. They had the look of little ladies, with their transparent skins, fine bones, and graceful shapes.

'You're swelling out of your clothes,' said Farmer Tregurtha one day as he came on Richard sitting on the bench at his cottage door, looking at his children.

'What do you mean?' asked Cable.
'So proud,' answered Tregurtha, laughing—proud wi' contemplating them seven little mites.

'And I've a cause,' said Richard, holding up his head.

He could not get over his difficulty about housing the little girls as they grew older. He could not raise the roof and add a story, as the clay walls would not bear the superstructure; and to add to the cottage laterally was to rob

his garden. One night, after Cable had been fuming in mind over this trouble all day, he had a remarkable dream. From his bedroom he could look through a tiny window away to a green sloping hillside, which had its head clothed with dense oak coppice. He had often looked out at this hill and thought nothing of the prospect. This night, however, he dreamed that, as he lay in bed, he was gazing through the window; and although it was night, he saw the whole of that slope and the wood, and the granite tors and the moor clothed in heather and gorse behind it, bathed in glorious sunlight. But what was new and remarkable in the landscape was that, on the slope, where now lay a grass field, standing with its back to the coppice stood Hanford Hall. There was no mistaking the house, with its white walls, and windows painted Indianred, and the great door opening on to the terrace. There it stood, with its flight of stone steps down the slope in three stages. Moreover, he saw himself standing in the doorway, and one of his children's heads peeping out of each window. There was Mary looking from the Blue Room, and Effic from the Rose Room, and Susie from the Lavender; Room, and Martha from the Yellow Room. Only he could not make out whether little Bessie were there, and from which window her dear innocent little face, with its look of pain ever on it, was visible. The house had an air of comfort about it, and a freshness, such as Hanford Hall lacked. It had lawn and flower-garden before it, and gravelled walks; and a summer-house where at Hanford stood the windstrew, a summer-house with a conical roof and a gilt ball at the top. This was the only completely novel feature in the scene. He knew the St Kerian landscape. He knew the front of the house at Hanford, and of course his children's faces were familiar to him. Why, then, was a perfectly new feature introduced, and how was it that such a jumble of disconnected objects and scenery should occur to him?

When Richard awoke, the dream had made such an impression on his mind that he was unable to shake it off. Only one point puzzled him-the arrangement of the windows. were they set in front of the house so that there should be seven windows? If he had two on the two above, and one over the door, that would make nine. If he had four on one side and two on the other, and one above the door, that indeed would be seven; but the house would be lopsided. He tried to recall how the windows were at Hanford, and was unable to recollect. All day he puzzled over the problem. As he went

through the village, he met the mason.
'Mr Spry,' said he, 'how could I build a house on Summerleaze with seven red windows in the

front and a door?'

'Summerleaze!' exclaimed the mason. 'Why, sure, that belongs to Farmer Tregurtha. You're surely not a-going to build there?

Never mind about that,' said Cable hastily. 'All I ask is, how can I have seven red windows

in the front of a house, with a door to go in at?'
'You about to build!' exclaimed Spry. 'Wonders will never cease! Where is the money to come from? Show me that, and I'll consider the question how to build with it.'

'I want to know how there could be seven red windows in the front of a house, as well as a door, and the front of the house not look crooked

and queer?'

'What be the good of puzzling over that, when the land ain't yourn, nor the money itself to build with. Then he pushed on his way, and

left Cable unanswered.

That same day Cable was seated by the roadside. He had broken his pasty into eight pieces; but little Lettice had cried for more, and he had given her his portion, contenting himself with the crumbs. He was hungry and irritable, teased with his dream, and angry at the mason for the contemptuous way in which he had left him with his problem unsolved. All at once he heard a voice above him, and looking up, saw Farmer Tregurtha standing in his field behind the hedge, gazing down on him and on the little shining heads on which the sun was blazing.

'Hulloh! Dick,' shouted the farmer, 'what's the meaning of this I hear? Spry has been talking all over the village that you are about to buy my land of me whether I want to sell or no. I did not know you were flush of money and wished to extend your acres!' Tregurtha had dined; he was in a jovial mood. Cable was empty,

and an empty stomach makes a bitter soul.
'I'll telly what, said the farmer; 'your little ones will come to a workhouse sooner than to a

mansion on Summerleaze.'

Then Cable began to tremble. With difficulty he rose to his feet, and looked hard at the face of Tregurtha—a red, good-natured, rough face. He looked beyond, and saw the green meadow that reached up to the oak coppice, and beyond the coppies rose the heathy moor to the granite tors. Then his eyes fell, and he saw his seven little girls looking up at him, wondering, not understanding what was going on—six pair of blue eyes, only those of Bessie brown like her mother's. Spots of red came on his temples, and sparks danced in his eyes.

'Come, Dicky,' said Tregurtha, 'shall we deal?'

And the farmer guffawed.

Then Cable turned deadly white. The laugh stung him. It was insulting, though not intended

'Come, Dicky, you shall have it for one hundred and fifty pounds.

'How long will you wait?'

'Ten, twenty, forty years-till Doomsday, when you are like to have the money.' Again Tregurtha laughed.

Then Cable set his teeth, and hardly knowing what he said, he held out his empty hand towards Tregurtha, and cried: 'Wait, wait! I will buy your land; and there, against you wood, my house shall stand, grander than any in St Kerian, bigger than the parsonage, plastered white, and roofed with slate, and with seven red windows in the front, one for each of my little girls to look

'All right,' answered Tregurtha. 'May I live to see it-when the world is turned topsy-turvy.'

Then he went away.

Cable reseated himself at the stone-heap. He was still trembling. He was in no mood now to speak with his children. 'Run home,' he said to them .- 'Mary, take them away; I must return to

my work.

Then Mary held out her hand to Bessie, who could just toddle, and Effie held Bessie by the other hand. Martha took the hand of Effic that was disengaged, and Lettice the free hand of Martha, and Jane that of Susie; and so the seven little creatures walked away, casting seven little shadows on the white road; and Richard Cable looked after them, and when they had turned a corner, covered his face and wept like a woman. When he came home in the evening, he was whistling a tune, to let the little ones suppose that he was in good spirits. He turned out a caldron of boiled turnips and Essex dough-nuts into seven little soup-plates, and seven little stools were set at the table. Cable sat by the fire with his dish on his knees and a spoon in his hand, eating a mouthful, and then watching the children; but all the while his mind was on the house with seven red windows.

When they had finished their supper, Mrs Cable undressed and washed the children; and Richard took them one after the other on his knee and combed their hair and kissed their cherry lips, and made them all kneel together round him and fold their hands and close their eyes and say 'Our Father.' But his heart was not with them when they prayed; it was scaled. When they had finished 'Amen,' he carried each in his arms, clinging to his neck, and put them one by one to bed. Little Bessie would not go to sleep that night unless he sat by her and let her hold his hand. He submitted, and watched the closing

eyes of the child.

When all the seven were breathing softly in sleep, Cable mended some shoes and knitted some stockings, and carpentered at a broken stool. Then he went up to his bedroom. The moon was shining through the window. He opened it, and leaning on the sill, looked ont. moon floated like a silver bowl on the indigo-blue heaven-sea. Here was the very bowl in which St Kerian had rowed to the earthly Paradise: there, dusky, in it was discernible the form of the rowing saint. Below, lay the village, bathed in pearly light. The granite church tower with its pinnacles turned outwards, glittered against the bank of black yews between it and the parsonage. The only other light was that from the forge, red, palpitating. Why was the smith working so late? Ah! he could earn money, a good deal of money,

by hammering and turning his iron after usual hours, but much was not to be got out of breaking

stones for the road.

Richard Cable wiped the perspiration from his row. A great struggle was going on in his brow. breast. There was money, abundance of money to be had for the asking, money that, he was told was now lying idle and accumulating. Should he put out his hand and accept some of it? He would not be obliged to communicate with Josephine, only with the Hanford lawyer. What was before him if he remained at St Kerian? Only privations and cares, the parting with his children. His soul was full of sores; and this day a rough hand had brushed over the quivering nerves, and brought the sweat of agony to his brow, and the tears of humiliation over his cheeks. But for all that, he could not resolve to touch the money offered him. It would be a condoning of the wrongs offered by Gabriel Gotham to his mother, and of those offered him by Josephine.
'It must be somehow, but not that way,' he

said. 'I will have the house, like Hanford Hall, of my own building, with the seven red windows, as in my dream. I will think of nothing now but how I may come at it.

#### CHAPTER XLII. -- A GOLDEN PLUM.

Nothing is more simple. Fortune sits on a cloud and lets down golden plums suspended by a hair into this nether world of ours. Those of us who are wide awake and on the lookout for plums, the moment we see the golden drop descend, dash past our neighbours, kick their shins to make them step aside, tread them down if they obstruct our course, jostle them apart; and before they have pulled their hands out of their pockets and rubbed their eyes or their bruised shins, and have asked all round, Where is the plum? we have it in our mouths, have sucked it, and spit the stone out at their feet.

No sooner is one golden plum snatched and carried off, than Fortune, with a good-humoured smile, attaches another to her thread, and lets it down through the clear air into our midst. What a busy, swarming world ours is, and all the millions that run about are looking for the plums in the wrong places! It is said that the safest place in a thunderstorm is the spot where lightning has already fallen, because it is ten thousand chances to one against the electric bolt descending in the same place again. With Fortune's plums we may be sure that the unlikeliest corner in which to come across one is that where a plum has already been let down. No man when he fishes whips the stream precisely where he whipped last. But this is what few consider. The moment one of us has caught and bolted a plum, there is a rush to the spot, and even a scramble for the stone we have thrown awayand see! all the while behind the backs of the scramblers a golden fruit is dangling, and Fortune slinkes her sides with laughter to observe the swarm tossing and heading at the sucked stone, whilst a single knowing one quietly comes up and takes her newly offered plum. The eyes of all the rest are turned in the opposite direction till the opportunity is lost.

Richard Cable caught sight of and got hold of one of Fortune's golden plums; not, indeed, a very large one, but one large enough to satisfy his requirements. It came about in the simplest way, and it came about also in the way least expected. 'Hullooh!'

Whilst Cable was breaking stones on the roadside, Jacob Corye stood before him. He had not seen the host of the Magpie since he had left his roof, nearly a year ago. Since his departure, Richard had occasionally spoken to his mother about Corye, and had told her that the sufferings he had undergone from the weariful talk of the landlord had almost equalled those he endured from his injured thigh. Now that he heard the saw-like voice of Jacob, he looked up and answered ungraciously. He was illpleased to renew acquaintance with the man, and be subjected again to his tedious prosing about the rearing and raising and fattening of young stock. Yet that moment was a critical one; on it hung Richard's fortune. Jacob himself had caught a glimpse of the golden plum, and with rare generosity, or rather, with by no means singular stupidity, was about to put it into Richard Cable's mouth, and Richard was like a child offered a rare fruit, that bites cautiously, and turns the piece about in the mouth, considering its flavour, and then, at once, having satisfied itself that the quality is excellent, takes the

plum at a gulp.
'Hullooh!' said Jacob Corye, standing before Richard, with his hands in his pockets and his legs wide apart, with a pipe in his mouth, and speaking with difficulty and indistinctly because of the pipe, which he was too lazy to remove. 'How be you a getting on in the world, ch? I needn't ask that, cap'n, when I seez you come down to stone-knacking for a living.'

'If you see that, why do you ask?' inquired Cable irritably.

Jacob continued, imperturbably: 'I reckon you're a bit disappointed with your house. The garden ain't much for the raising and fattening of seven little maids.

Richard did not answer. He frowned and

continued hammering.

'I reckon you're pretty well on wi' the stone-breaking,' said Corye. 'What'll you be on to next?'

'Whatever turns up,' replied Cable curtly.
'That's just it,' the host of the Magpic said; 'and I've come here to look you up and make you an offer. I've been a-troubling and a-worrit-ing my head ever since I came to think at all, about the rearing and the raising of young stock, and how to get rid of the regraders' profits. I don't mean to get rid of 'em either; I mean to get the profits for myself and do without the regraders. Well, cap'n, I've figured it out on a bit o' paper. I couldn't get my ideas into order no other way. Doy' look here. There's manganese in St Kerian, ain't there?"

'Yes,' answered Cable. 'You can see that for

yourself.'

'So I have. I seed the washing-floors, and the water running red as riddam [ferruginous water] away from them. There be three or four washing-floors, ain't there?'

the opportunity is lost.

In this chapter I am going to relate how I am not.

'Oh, I've nothing to do wi' manganese,' continued Jacob, 'more than this-that my meaning is, just as the manganese has to be washed in this tank, and then in thicky [that one], and every time it is washed you get rid of the rummage and get more o' the metal, so is it with ideas. I've got an idea or two in my head, and I've been a stirring and a scouring of it over and over for years; but I can't get rid of the rummage; there must be another floor on which to give it a second wash before we get at the pure metal. So my meaning is, I want you to take into consideration what I've a-said about the raising and rearing and fattening of young stock, and give it a second wash in your brain; and then, I reckon, something'll come of it. It be them blessed regraders as has to be got rid of-washed out of the cattle, so to speak."

'Go on,' said Richard. He knew his manthat there would be no getting rid of him till he had talked himself out.

'Doy' look here,' continued Jacob, leisurely taking one hand out of his pocket, tapping the ashes from his pipe, replacing his pipe between his lips, in the corner of his mouth, and then his hand in his pocket. 'When one of the quarriers or masons goes on to the tors after granite, it ain't every piece as will serve his purpose. He may spend a day over what seems a fitty [fitting] piece; and then may discover, when he's half cut it, that it's beddy [liable to split], or so full of horseteeth [spar] that he can make nothing out of it, and all his labour is thrown away. Now, I want you to lay hold of my idea and turn it out with a crowbar from where it lies in the bog—that is, my head—and split it up and see whether it is beddy or horsetoothy, or whether there's good stuff in it for use. I can't do it myself; I've not had the education. I can show you a score of ideas bogged in my brains; but I can't tell you whether they're workable and shapeable. Now, I ax you to do that; and I'll send you a kilderkin of Magnie ale for your trouble, if you can find what is useable in my ideas; and, for a beginning, the rearing and the raising and the fattening of young

'I should have supposed that was the only

idea in the bog you call your intellect.'
'There, you're wrong, said Corye, by no means affronted. 'It is the most re-markable and conspicuous idea, that's all. My mind is like Carnvean Moor. If you go over it, you see the Long Man, a great old ancient stone about twenty feet high, standing upright, that they tell was an idol in the times of the Romans. When you go over the moor, you can see naught but the Long Man; but doy suppose there be no more granite there than thicky great stone? If it were took away, you'd find scores on scores of pieces lying about, more than half covered wi' peat and furze and heather.

Go on, then, with your Long Man.'

'I'm a-going along as quick as I can; but I can't go faster.

Jacob smoked leisurely for some minutes, contemplating Cable, who worked on without regard-

the miller's donkey; when the boys get a sack of flour over the donkey's back, the donkey goes at a walk and cautiously. What doy' mean by hollering "Go on!" to him then? He can't gallop his donkey, because of the sack of flour across it. So is it with me. I must go along quietly and cautiously, at a footpace, because I've got this idea over the back of my intellect; if there were none there, I'd go on at a gallop.'

'Then go on at your own pace,' said Cable, 'and

don't zigzag.

Richard sat breaking the stones and listening at first inattentively to the prosing of the host of the Magpie; but little by little his interest was aroused, and when it was, then he forgot his work. The breaking of the stones became less vigorous, till at last Richard sat looking dreamily before him with the haft of the hammer in his hands and the head resting on a stone. He no more raised the hammer over the stones that day, but hobbled home in a brown-study. The thoughts of Jacob Corye, when washed on the floor of his brain, proved to be sterling metal; or, to take another of the landlord's similes, the Long Man of his boggy mind when chipped by Cable's tool proved to be sound stone.

I need not give my readers the turbid talk of Jacob for them to wash, but will let them have the scheme of the innkeeper after it had been

sifted and arranged by Cable.

St Kerian lies eleven miles from Launceston, which is its nearest town. Thither the farmers have to drive their bullocks and sheep for sale. It is even worse for those near the coast; they have to send them some fifteen or twenty miles. At Launceston market the cattle are sold to jobbers, who drive them along the great highroad called Old Street-ancient, no doubt, Roman times—to Exeter, a distance of thirtyeight or forty miles, where they are resold to dealers from Somersetshire, Gloucestershire, and even Berkshire. Of late years the South-Western line has run to Plymouth by Exeter and Okehampton, so that cattle have been trucked at Lydford, Bridestowe, or Okehampton. Quite recently, in 1886, the South-Western has carried a line into Launceston; but at the time of which I write, the line had not come nearer than Exeter, thirty-eight miles from Launceston, and fifty from St Kerian, and some sixty from the coast.

Now, Jacob Corye had picked up scraps of information from the coastguard, some of whom came from Gloucestershire and Somersetshire. From them he learned that the farming done there was dairy-farming. Butter and cheese were made and sold at Bath, Bristol, and in London. The land was good, the pastures rich; no stock was raised there—it did not pay to raise stock, or it did not pay so well as dairy-farming. Along the north coast of Cornwall the land was poor, and exposed to the western sea-gales. Only in the bottoms of the valleys was good pasture and rich alluvial soil. There was a great deal of white clay about, lying in bars from east to west on the hillsides, sometimes filling the valley bottoms; and where that was, nothing would grow but scant grass and rushes, and sheep put on it were certain to rot. This land did well enough for young ing him.

It's all very well saying Go on, when one stock, and was worth from five to ten shillings has an idea, but it ain't possible. If I hadn't an acre; but it was fit for nothing else. Corye an idea, I could gallop. It is just the same with at Launceston, the jobbers who drove them to Okehampton or to Exeter and resold them, made a tidy profit; so did the dealers who bought them at Okehampton or Exeter and trucked them on into Somerset, or Gloucester, or Berks. There were at least two profits made out of the bullocks and heifers before they reached their ultimate destination.

Then, again, the dairy-farmers, after their cows had calved, wanted to get rid of the calves; it did not pay them to rear them on their dairy-land. On the other hand, the North Cornish farmers could not get calves enough to rear on their poor land. When it came to fattening the young stock, they could not do it; they had not good pasturage for that; therefore, they were forced to sell, and sell cheap. In precisely the same manner, the farmers in the dairy counties sold their calves cheap. The bullocks they did not want at all, and the heifers they wanted after they were grown into cows, but not before. So sometimes calves from Somerset travelled down into Cornwall, and travelled back again, after a lapse of a couple of years, into Somerset; and as they went down, they passed through two or three dealers hands, leaving coin in their several palms; and as they went up, they passed through the same hands, and again left coin in their several palms;

Now Corye saw this confusedly. He had tried his utmost to clear the matter by using a stump of a pencil and a bit of paper, but had only succeeded in further bewildering himself. Cable saw his way at once. There flashed on his eyes the gold of the plum, and he put out his hand for it. He did not take long to consider. He at once offered Corye to drive his stock to Exeter, to truck them there, and go up country with them, and dispose of them in Somersetshire or Gloucestershire. By this means he would save the profits of at least two intermediaries. He proposed that one of these profits should go to Corye, the other to himself. Jacob Corye was to provide him with a cob on which to ride, and was to advance him a small sum sufficient for the maintenance of his children during his absence. Whatever Corye advanced to him, he was to deduct from Cable's share of the profits on his return. The scheme was so simple and practicable that the host of the Magpie closed with the offer at once. It was a relief to him to find that his ideas were being put into practical shape. This pleased him more than the prospect

'You see,' said he, shaking hands again and again with Cable, 'I've ideas, but they're bogged.'
'Do more,' said Richard, 'than send your own stock; buy of your neighbours, that I may have a large drove. The larger the drove, so long as it is manageable, the more the money that will come in.'

of making money.

'Doy' look here,' said Jacob. 'I'm a liberal man wi' them as deals liberal wi' me. I'll keep all your little maids on Maypie ale as long as you're away, and no charge. I said a kilderkin, I say two.'

'Thank you,' answered Richard. 'The little girls drink only water and milk.'

Cable finished the work he had to do for the mother to them, though she was only fourteen waywardens on the road; he said nothing to any one in St Kerian except his mother about his her twinkling eyes, and that dimple in her ever

projected journey; but he went over to the Maypie once, before starting, to concert plans, and see a coastguardman who came out of Somersetshire, and who, Corye thought, might be of use to him. The man was anxious to send a message home, and with the message some Cornish crystals set in bog-oak as a brooch for his sister, who kept an inn near Bath; also some specimens of peacock copper, and spar with tin ore in it, and mundic. These samples of the riches of Cornwall would interest the Somersetshire folk of his native village of Bewdley. Cable took the names of some of the farmers about the place, and promised to lodge at the inn and give the specimens and the brooch.

'My sister,' said the coastguardman, 'has a lot o' little childer; but I haven't seen none but the eldest, whom she calls Mary.'

'Her eldest—Mary!' exclaimed Richard. 'I'm certain to put up with her. What is her inn?'
'The Otterbourne Arms. It belongs to an old lady who is Sanipage of the alleges to an old

lady who is Squiress of the place, called Otter-bourne.'

Richard received his instructions from Jacob; they were confused and unintelligible. He almost offended him and brought the agreement to a condition of rupture by declining Magnie beer.

'I've a notion of taking the pledge,' he said.
'More's the reason you should take a drop now, afore you does,' argued Corye.

The night before his departure, Richard Cable could not sleep. He saw that the golden plum was let down within his reach, and he had his hand on it. There remained to him only to bite into the rich fruit. But in this case, as in all other in this world, every good thing brings with it something bad—there is no gain without loss. If he were about to rise from want to plenty, he must consent to be much parted from his children. What this meant to him, few can understand. We all have our interests, our friends, our studies, and although we love our children, they do not engross our whole thoughts, occupy our hearts to the exclusion of everything else. With Richard Cable it was otherwise. He had no friends, no acquaintances, no pursuits, no interests apart from his children. He lived for nothing else, he thought of nothing else, except only his mother. The wrench to him was almost unendurable. He had given up the thought of going to sea after his accident, because he could not bear to be parted from them; and now he only left them because he had resolved to make his dream come true, and in no other way that he could see was that dream to be realised.

Richard kept a little lamp alight all night before he left home, because he left his bed every hour to look at one after another of the seven little sleeping heads, and to wonder which he could best spare, should it please that Providence, which so ill-used him, to take one away whilst he was absent. He found that he could not part with dearest Mary, so thoughtful and forbearing with others, so full of love and kindness to the youngest ones—so like a little mother to them, though she was only fourteen years old; nor with Effie, so sprightly, with her twinkling eyes, and that dimple in her ever

laughing cheek; nor with Jane, who clung to Effic, being her twin-sister, and who must go if Effie went; nor with Martha, who had such endearing, coaxing ways; nor with Lettice, with a voice like a lark, so shrill, yet withal so clear and sweet; nor with Susie the pickle, who already knew her letters, and could say BA— Ba, and one and two makes three; no-she said BA spells sheep, and one and two makes four; no, not with Bessie the baby, Bessie, whom, after all, it would be best that God should take.-No, no, no-ten thousand times, no !

### A TRIP TO BRITTANY.

ONE breezy afternoon in the month of August we glide into the harbour at Honfleur. As we have an hour or more to spare before the train leaves for Lisieux, we send our luggage on by omnibus to the station and saunter after it on foot, lingering on the drawbridge to look at the fishing-smacks and other craft lying alongside the quay. The journey by rail to Lisieux is through wooded valleys, brightened by a curving trout-stream; and we only lose sight of this glittering rivulet when, on nearing our destination, we plunge into a long tunnel under the hills. It is growing dusk when we reach Lisieux, so we postpone our visit to the old streets, and still older cathedral, until the morrow. There is something peculiarly attractive about many of the houses with their irregular gables and overhanging upper floors; but here and there, especially in La Rue aux Fèves, the quaint carvings on doors, windows, and walls are half hidden by the articles displayed for sale. From an artistic knocker are suspended several pairs of boots; and against the carved window-frames or oaken panels hangs a gay assortment of Breton costumes. In a corner of La Place Thiers is the cathedral; it is wedged in between a monastery and a row of modern houses. The exterior, with its two irregular towers, over a superbly arched doorway, carries upon its weather-beaten front some signs of revolution; the steps are worn with the tread of pious feet; but the gargoyles under the roof are sadly defaced by the missiles flung by impious hands at their stony features.

By railroad to Caen; the country is flat pastureland, relieved in the background by wooded hills. In every direction one sees some solitary poplar of imposing size and beauty, but often detracting from the charm of the distant undulating landscape. The town of Caen possesses a lion's share of architectural fame. Standing on a commanding height to the north-east of the town-where William the Conqueror built a castle during the middle of the eleventh century-many a handsome church tower or steeple rises above the roofs of the houses of this historic city. The castle has long ago disappeared; but the small chapel of St George and a Norman hall still remain as notable landmarks of the Conqueror's time. The old ramparts have been repaired, and a comparatively modern structure, reached by crossing a drawbridge, now forms a barrack there. In front of this drawbridge, guarding these memorable precinets, a sentry paces up and down. It is at Caen that the Conqueror's bones have found a resting-place in the Abbaye aux Hommes. This church was erected by William; it is one of the

finest Romanesque buildings in France. The two western towers are models of Gothic architecture. The interior of the church is characteristic of the early Norman period; on each side of the aisle one looks down an avenue of Gothic arches with a framework of Roman arches to enhance the effect. In the centre of the chancel is a gray stone slab, marking the spot where the Conqueror's bones repose. It is not many miles from Caen to Falaise, the place of his birth. Here we spend a whole day.

The castle of Falaise is an ideal stronghold, the appropriate home of so great a conqueror. It is reached by passing through the principal street of the old town of Falaise and then mounting a hill to the right, where there is a handsome equestrian statue of William surrounded by his six Dukes of Normandy. Passing over a bridge, one finds one's-self at once on the ancient ramparts—the ramparts built before the Conqueror was born. A mere ruin of the old castle is standing; but the room, or, more strictly speaking, the bare walls of the room in which William first saw the dawn, is shown by the custodian with a well-feigned credulity in historical events. He is an antique man, with a long white beard, who taps the walls and mutters 'Old, old!' in a pathetic voice while leading the way to Talbot's Tower, a tower built on one side of the castle in the fifteenth century. By mounting this tower, a fine view is gained of the ramparts and of the surrounding scenery. A small stream flows through the valley immediately below, watering, as it has done for centuries past, the deep moat around the castle. Glancing at our custodian as we descend the winding steps, we wonder, as he tells us that he is a native of Falaise, whether any of the Conqueror's blood flows in his veins. But he soon diverts our attention from himself by stepping into a recess on the staircase and pointing out a well, into which he drops a stone, in order to sound, for our edification, its extraordinary depth; and then he speaks in a confidential tone of a subterranean passage from the castle into the town of Falaise, and carries us back into a period of chivalry and romance.

Nor do we fail, while making Caen our headquarters, to pay a visit to Bayeux. A walk from the station of half a mile, through a winding avenue of lime-trees, with green meadows on each side, brings us to the town. There is no need to ask our way to the cathedral, for, rising high above the houses, we descry its three lofty towers, the finest being the one over the western entrance with pointed and round arches, alternating in the different stories. This Roman-Gothic struc-ture dates from the twelfth century. The interior is of great architectural beauty. The clerestory is exceptionally high, and through its rows of Gothic windows there descends into the nave a flood of glorious sunlight. Walking under the Norman arches in the side-aisles—arches sur-mounted by a trefeiled arcade—one gains an inspiring glimpse of the chancel beyond in a subdued light that enters slantingly through the lancet windows. Here and there about the town

our attention. As it is an inn-spoken of as the manor-house at Bayeux in the fifteenth century we enter sans cérémonie and order déjeuner. room into which we are shown, with its heavy beams overhead and its irregular walls, interests us deeply; so we ask the landlord, after 'regulating our bill, to show us over the old man-sion. With an expression of mystery overspreading his Norman features, he invites us to step up-stairs. We follow him up a winding stone staircase, worn by five centuries of footsteps. He points out the fine carvings on the oak panellings of the doors and walls and cheminées of the rooms through which we pass; and the look of mystery, always increasing, culminates when he lights a lantern, in his own room and in broad daylight, and indicates a certain cupboard door. This cupboard upon being opened reveals no mystery: it is an empty cupboard-the depth of a thick wall. The mystery lies beyond. Stepping before us, the landlord gives the panelling at the back of the cupboard a strong push, and it moves inward on rusty hinges, discovering a dark passage with a flight of stone steps winding downwards into a dungeon as deep and ill-ventilated as a well. Over this weird retreat the landlord holds his lantern and whispers: 'Les oubliettes!'

Returning through the town, decked with flags and banners-for it is a fête-day at Bayeux-we look in at the famous library—famous as containing a remarkable page out of English history, rather than on account of its antique volumes. The Bayeux tapestry—quaintly illustrating the Norman Conquest—records the spirit of enthusiasm which existed in the hearts of Queen Matilda and the ladies of her court when they undertook

the execution of this work.

It is evening—the evening after our visit to Bayeux—and we are seated beside the driver of a crowded diligence. We arrive at the summit of a steep hill—a magnificent plateau, upon which is situated the town of Avranches. There are miles of wooded valleys on all sides. Towards the west, between a silvan landscape and the sea, we observe a wide expanse of briny sand, through which a river flows and brilliantly reflects some lingering rays of sunset. Beyond, between the sunset and these sands, which the tide has left high and dry, is Mont St Michel. This conic rock, with an old fishing-town at its base, with monastery church and castle above, rises out of the Atlantic. The road from Avranches to Mont St Michel makes a gradual descent towards the sea. Along a broad causeway, with a desert of sand on both sides, we arrive at the outer walls of the fortress. The entrance into the town is gained by passing through three gateways; the third still retains its portcullis, but the arms overhead-doubtless the arms of the monasteryare almost effaced. The town consists of one short and narrow street, with irregular and picturesque old houses on each side. Then com-mence the six hundred steps. We stop to take breath half-way, at the arched gateway leading to the monastery, with its magnificent Salle des Chevaliers below the cloisters, and its singular crypt, literally paved with the dust of dead monks. The ascent from this point to the terrace is by broad stone stairs between antique walls of granite, with many a Roman archway nomy of St Briene and its industrious people, we overhead. We reach the terrace and look out lose no time in travelling on to Quimper, for it is

upon the wide area of sand, for it is still low tide. But the sea comes quickly in over this flat surface; and not two hours elapse, after the first indication of the recurrent tide, before the waves are leaping noisily against the rock,

and every sign of sand has disappeared. So full of romantic interest is every nook and corner of Mont St Michel, from the rocky beach at its base to the ramparts above, that it is with strong reluctance we leave for St Malo en route for Dinan. The morning is cool and cloudy when we steam out of the harbour at St Malo and steer cautiously round the rocks with which this coast simply bristles. Among these rocks-upon which one sometimes observes a ruined fort, that time and tide have compelled to capitulate unconditionally—the tall lighthouse is most conspicuous, seemingly indicating the danger to navigators even in broad daylight. The numerous sailing-boats, gliding in and out behind the rocks, fill the bay with all the animation of a gala-day. This scene is suddenly blotted out when we enter the Rance, that beautiful little river which flows on its tor-tuous way from Dinan. It is like a miniature Rhine, with wooded and rock-bound hills on both sides. The old town of Dinan, which we reach in less than two hours, is on a slope overlooking the valley. Strolling through the shady boulevards on the heights, which represent the line of ancient fortifications, the scene below is bathed in sunshine, for the lowering clouds which covered the sky at daybreak have disappeared. Later in the day we walk to the village of Lehon, about a mile from the town, ensconced in a wooded dell. From the ruins of the ancient eastle, which we reach by climbing a steep hill, we cast our eyes over the hamlet upon an extensive woodland scene. On the other side of Dinan there is a grand old ruin of the Chateau de la Guaraye. We drive to this romantic spot through an avenue of young oaks. Alighting at a little wooden gate, which a rustic holds expectantly open, we presently find ourselves in an overgrown fruit-garden of large dimensions. In this garden stand the mouldering walls of the chateau, the weird abode of bats and phantoms. The architectural beauty of these ruins is but faintly expressed, for here the ivy climbs in such profusion that the delicately carved stonework that ornaments the windows

and doorways is almost hidden from view. On our way to Quimper, vid Brest, we break our journey at St Brieuc. The market-place is swarming with Breton paysannes in their spotless white caps of all shapes and sizes. We edge our way through this busy crowd towards the cathedral, where the patron saint and founder was buried; but so many centuries have passed since St Brieuc died, that even the pilgrims have at last ceased to visit his tomb. The town is some fourteen hundred years old, for it dates from somewhere in the fifth century. We were not surprised to come across several antique houses with quaintly carved wooden heads upon the outer walls. A diminutive lantern above a doorway—a lantern that looked old enough to have lit up the saintly face of Brieuc himself as he went by-excited our curiosity as we passed through the Rue St Jacques. Although deeply impressed with the odd physioghere we have resolved to establish our headquarters for a week or more, and project excursions to various points of interest along the coast.

To the fishing village of Donarnenez and its sheltered bay we journey first. Here the peasants, even more busy than at St Brieuc, were clattering through the stony streets in their wooden shoes, as we strolled down to the sandy beach beyond the town. It is a sultry, cloudless Crossing the bay in a little ferryafternoon. boat, with the boatman's boy in the stern 'screwing' madly at an oar, we land in the 'crystal isle, as it is called. Wandering through a shady avenue that leads towards the lighthouse, we search a sequestered spot, on the outer shore of the island, for an invigorating swim. We find the very place under the low cliff, and plunge into the cool, transparent waters, where the waves are gently breaking against the rocks out in the 'open,' and creating frothy patches in the blue expanse of sea.

On the morrow, at an early hour, we start on our way to the Pointe du Raz. From Audierne, which we reach by courrier, the country is flat, though the monotony is broken by an occasional glimpse of the sea. But we would have journeyed through a desert without complaining, for the fine sight which we now gain of the famous Pointe, the wildest promontory on the coast of France. The weather here, as our weather-beaten guide informs us, is nearly always boisterous. It is, by good luck, fairly calm today, so we clamber over the rocks and look down with a certain sense of awe into the Trou du Diable. The tide is coming in over the huge boulders and descending into this great gap with a sound like the firing of cannon. There is something about this scene that almost awakens a feeling of terror, even by daylight, when only a light wind is blowing. Who, then, could adea light wind is blowing. Who, then, could adequately describe this picture of ruin and riot upon a night of tempest and shipwreck? The guide calls our attention, sailor-like, to the black hulk of a large vessel, which, wedged in tightly between the rocks, was lost in the last grando tempéte! Le Moine—a rock strangely resembling a gigantic monk lying on his back with the cowl drawn over his face—is only one among the many odd fancies which the scene awakens. The Caves d'enfer are close alongside, in the Baie des Trépassés; and this stony friar seems to be floating that way with the incoming tide.

Quartered next at Vannes, a town of medieval streets, into which one enters by picturesque old gateways, we explore places of historic interest in the immediate neighbourhood, not omitting to make a pilgrimage to the ruined abbey of St Gildas, along the peninsula of Rhuys, nor to climb the famous Celtic mount, La Butte de Tumiac. But no pilgrimage can surpass the one to Carnas, where the country is thickly strewed with druidical ruins. We sail among the islands, in the archipelago of Morbihan, to Carnac, and from there we drive to Auray. At Rumesto, about half a mile along the road, we stop at a small flight of steps by the wayside, and crossing a field, come upon a massive stone,

'memory' of prehistoric man? Upon this road, in an opposite field, there are other dolmens closely resembling this one, with hieroglyphics upon the stones-writings which no antiquary has yet satisfactorily deciphered. At Ménec, hard by, the large heath, with the gerse in full bloom, is thickly covered with 'menhirs.' They look like huge, dilapidated tombstones. The appearance of this great heath suggests a ruined appearance of this great heath suggests a ruined appearance. cemetery. Passing by Kermario, where there are dolmens resembling those at Stonehenge, we wander down to the sandy beach near Carnac, and bathe in the Baie de Quiberon. dejeuner at an old inn, we climb to the top of Mont St Michel, a celebrated tumulus. Looking down from this, the only elevated spot in the district, we see some landmark of the Druids on every side. Returning to Vannes that afternoon through the archipelago, the waters reflect a deep blue from the summer sky; and as we glide along in our steam-launch, we often pass some ideal fishing-town, its tranquil bay dotted with many a white sail; and on an eminence beyond, some Roman tower or Gothic steeple stands out in relief, with thickly wooded hills rising up behind. Reluctantly we leave Vannes, staying but a few hours at Nantes, for a visit to St Nazaire, before taking train for Paris.

## WYTHRED'S WHARF: A THAMES-SIDE TALE.

CONCLUSION .- WITH THE TIDE.

AFTER lighting Mr Lintock's lamp, Ducket had descended to the basement, on a level with the wharf. It was a huge storeroom; its area represented the dimensions of the entire warehouse; and although there were piles of merchandise heaped up on all sides of the iron pillars which supported the floor above, its great size was still apparent, for there were avenues in every direction between these goodly piles wide enough for the trucks to run to and fro. Near the river entrance to this storeroom stood a wooden shed; it had a door facing the main avenue, and a small window on each side. On the door was written, 'Superintendent's Office.' Ducket raised the latch and stepped in. There was a desk under one of the windows, and under the other stood a stove with a funnel disappearing through a hole in the woodwork. The foreman drew up a chair in front of this stove, and having taken a look at the fire and fed it with charcoal, he began to appease his appetite out of a basin and a blackened tin can with a cork in it which stood on the hob. He ate his supper with apparent relish; but the mixture in the can did not seem to his taste; he rejected it with a grimace after the first draught. 'I'd rather drink a pint of senna,' declared Ducket, driving the cork home emphatically with the palm of his hand, 'than another drop of such stuff.' He lit his pipe with an air of resignation, leaned back in his chair, and stared perplexedly at the tin can. Had any one, he wondered, been playing him a trick? He was beginning to get sleepy—so sleepy, that when he looked round him at the walls of the shed, they appeared to expand supported by other large stones standing upright, and his head to grow proportionately larger. It is this dolmen a runed sepulchre raised to the was a maddening sensation. By an effort he

roused himself, stood upright, and tried his utmost to throw off this drowsiness. He was conscious of his responsible position; he was the sole watchman in the warehouse. If any catastrophe were to occur, no matter how it was brought about, he felt that the blame would fall upon his shoulders.

Ducket knocked the ashes out of his pipe, took up his lantern, and went outside the shed. He began to pace resolutely up and down the centre avenue between pyramids of sacks and bales. It was a painful struggle; but it lasted only a short time. No matter which way the foreman turned, whether to the right or to the left, he was always becoming more and more impressed with the fact that uncertainty lay beyond. soon ended by the lantern dropping from Ducket's hand and going out; and then he sank upon the ground with his head resting upon a hard bale.

Was he dreaming? It seemed to Ducket, as in a dream, that some one glided past him like a ghost and that a light was flashed before his eyes; and then a long interval of darkness and confused fancies followed, until he gradually awoke -awoke with a start-strongly convinced that he had been roused by the clang of the warehouse bell. Could it be Mr Overbeck at the gate already? It was surely not yet ten o'clock! The foreman scrambled to his feet, and groped along the dark avenue of goods towards the superintendent's office; for he could find his way about the warehouse without a gleam of light. As he went along with outstretched hands he experienced a dull singing in the ears. Was it the gate-bell still vibrating in his bewildered brain?

Ducket found the stove-fire still though low. He took down a lantern from the wall, and lighting it, glanced anxiously at the clock. 'Half-past ten,' exclaimed the foreman; why'-

It was the warehouse bell. It was no dream now; it sounded like an alarm, it was so incessant. Still half-dazed with the oppressing effect of his unnatural sleep, Ducket hurried across the yard, and unlocking the side-door leading into Thames Street, found himself face to face with Percy Overbeck.

'Why are you so dilatory,' said Overbeck, with an air of suppressed impatience, 'in answering the bell ?

'I only heard it, sir, a minute ago.'
'How's that? I have been ringing at short intervals for nearly half an hour. Is anything wrong?

Ducket, looking puzzled at Overbeck's excited face, answered: 'I very much suspect that'— What?

'That I've been drugged. That's why I couldn't come. I fell asleep; the noise of the bell awoke me.

The excited expression in Overbeck's face increased. 'Are you here alone?'

'I'm the only one on duty; but I'm not alone in the warehouse,' said the foreman; 'Mr Lintock is here.

Overbeck hurriedly demanded: 'Where?' In his office up-stairs. I left him there busy writing at his desk.

'Some hours ago—before I became drowsy.'

'When?'

'Hours ago?-Show the way as quick as you can to Mr Lintock's room.'

Ducket, still more perplexed at Overbeck's manner, hastened up-stairs without a word. He was seized with a dreadful sense of apprehension; and on opening Mr Lintock's door, he uttered a suppressed cry. The wharf-owner's room was empty; but the lamp upon his desk was burning, and the light thrown upon his papers showed them in disorder. An inkstand had been upset upon the table, and the ink was trickling down into a pool upon the floor.

Overbeck, stepping forward, took a quick glance round him. Then he looked keenly at Ducket. 'Clogstoun has been here. He and Mr Lintock have met.

The foreman's face expressed a look of horror. 'Now, Ducket,' said Percy Overbeck, placing his hand upon the foreman's shoulder, 'nerve yourself. Let us search the warehouse.'

The warehouse was explored from roof to basement. The foreman, who had known every turning among the dark lanes of merchandise since boyhood, took the lead, flashing his lantern into every nook and corner. On each floor they called on Mr Lintock loudly by name; but only an echo of their voices reached them. They stood once more within the wharf-owner's room.

'Ducket,' said Overbeck, 'cast your eyes carefully round. Is anything missing?'
The light from the foreman's lantern moved over the floor and then slowly round the walls. Suddenly it stopped behind Mr Lintock's chair. 'Do you see that peg, sir?'

'Yes.

'The key should be there. It's gone.' What key?

'The key, sir, to that private door;' and

Ducket pointed to a door opposite the window.
'But,' said Overbeck, 'that leads out upon the wharf. And,' he added, turning the handle, 'it's locked. What can it mean?'

'It means,' said the foreman with sudden inspiration, 'that, dead or alive, master has gone out by that door.

Without loss of time, by means of the superintendent's key, they made their way out upon the landing-stage. They looked eagerly across the dark river. The tide was lapping monotonously against the sides of the wharf; chains were rattling, boats and barges moored alongside creaked and strained at their ropes. Presently Ducket, who went flashing about with his indispensable lantern, cried out: 'There's a boat gone!'

'Ah!—Is the tide ebbing?'

'Ay, sir, ebbing fast.' Overbeck reflected a moment; then he said: Give me the lantern.' Ducket obeyed. 'Now,' added Overbeck, 'unfasten a boat, and let us row down stream. We are on the track, I hope, at last.

The foreman quickly set to work. There was a boat suited to their purpose lying outside a barge; it was soon loosened and ready for them

11 take the sculls, said Overbeck as he stepped into his place. You shall steer. You know this part of the river better than I do.—Are you ready?

'Right! With the tide, Mr Overbeck?'

'Yes, by all means; with the tide.'

And so, with Ducket grasping the rudder and Overbeck the sculls, the boat moved out into mid-stream. On they went with the ebbing tide under the black shadows of huge ships and towering warehouses until Ducket's lantern was a mere speck of gliding light in the darkness.

Bertha Lintock, although made aware in a message from her father that he should not return until late, began to grow anxious towards midnight. She paced up and down her room, and constantly listened for the sound of wheels in the carriage-drive; the unpleasant affair, of which Percy Overbeck had spoken to her reassuringly, recurred to her mind. Though trusting in Percy, she could not conquer her strong presentiment of danger; for, when a child, strangely enough, Wythred's wharf had made a deep impression upon Bertha. While walking at her father's side through the great sombre storerooms, they had reached some passagewalled with bales of merchandise-so dark and narrow that slie had shrunk back with sudden fright, and would go no farther. That was her first visit, and she had never entered the warehouse since. Presently, Bertha heard a hurried step outside the house. She ran to the window and threw it open. Overbeck stood below. 'Percy!—has anything happened?' she asked. 'Where is father?'

'He is here, Bertha-at the gate. You have no need to be alarmed.'

Bertha hastened into the hall.

Percy Overbeck met her at the door, and they went into the dining-room together. father has been again seized with that odd fancy,' Percy hastened to tell her. 'He believes that while seated in his office this evening, Clogstoun threatened him. Panic-stricken, he escaped from this phantom, or reality, down his private staircase leading to the wharf. Here, groping his way to the barges, he dropped into a boat, and setting it adrift, went out with the tide. Ducket and Ito cut a long story short-overtook the boat,

At this moment Mr Lintock slowly entered the room, leaning on Ducket's arm. His clothes were wet and bespattered with mud. Seeing his daughter, he stepped towards her, but losing strength, sank into a chair.

Bertha ran to his side and bent over him. Are you hurt, father?

'No, my dear, only exhausted. Percy and our old friend Ducket,' said he, looking up gratefully into their faces, 'have saved my life.'

The wharf-owner's nerves were badly shaken. But a few days' rest, under his daughter's thoughtful supervision, restored him to health.

Clogstoun's face never haunted Mr Lintock again; for on the day after this occurrence, the man was found at the warehouse among some bags of sea-damaged hemp-seed, breathing his last; and as a small phial was discovered at his side containing traces of a narcotic, it was conjectured that he had poured a portion of this drug into Ducket's tin can, and had himself swallowed the rest with a strong resolve to bring his wretched existence to an end.

For some time Mr Lintock avoided the subject perly 'coupled.' It will be at once easily under-of his flight from the office and from the face, stood that to prevent oscillation and to secure For some time Mr Lintock avoided the subject

It appeared, however, that at the moment when Clogstoun forced his way into the room, the wharf-owner retreated through the private door. This door he locked behind him, in order to cut off pursuit; and thus separated from the Thames Street exit by Clogstonn's presence, Mr Lintock had made his escape by water.

In after-days, when Bertha had become Overbeck's wife, they often dwelt on that midnight affair at Wythred's wharf; and it transpired how Percy, frequently on the watch for Clogstoun, having learnt something of his haunts and habits, had reason to suppose that he had found a means of getting into the warehouse. For this reason, he had appointed that meeting with Ducket, though scarcely imagining that events would take such a strange turn as they had done.

## RUNNING A TRAIN.

BY A RAILWAY SERVANT.

Among the thousands who travel by rail, there are probably very few who are cognisant of the precautions taken to prevent accidents; nor are the majority of railway travellers aware that under the present system of 'running a train,' it is almost impossible for a collision to occur except through the negligence of some of the Company's servants. In an interesting article on Signalmen lately published in a contemporary, the writer explained how the signals were worked; but he gives one a very inadequate idea of the care exercised by Railway Companies to prevent accidents and loss of life to travellers. For instance, we will take an ordinary train at its start in the morning. In the first place, at the commencement of the journey, the engine-driver and the fireman belonging to the train, after having 'signed on duty'-that is, signed the train-book in the shed-foreman's office-and being passed by the foreman as fit for work, are required to be with the engine about an hour before the time of starting the train, in order that the driver may satisfy himself that the engine is in proper working order. His first care is to see that the engine has been thoroughly cleaned, that all workingparts are free from grit; and that his previous night's statement as regards repairs, &c. to the engine, has been acted upon; and gets coal and water. He then oils all working-parts himself, and proceeds to the station to 'pick up' the carriages forming the train. Each carriage has been overhauled by the carriage-examiner, whose duty it is to see that the train is all right and fit to proceed on the journey; and where any defect is noticed, the carriage is taken off and sent to the 'shops' to be repaired.

The train is now within the jurisdiction of the station-master, who, having previously seen that the signals and signalmen in his district are in proper condition, at once proceeds to satisfy himself that the carriage-examiner has done his duty properly, and notices that the carriages are pro-

the easy and smooth running of the train, it is necessary that all the vehicles composing the train should be so tightly coupled as to insure the buffers being brought so firmly together as not to be separated by any change of gradient or by the starting of the train. It is the stationmaster's duty to observe the state of all couplings -including continuous brake couplings and cord communications-and cause any that require it to be adjusted. These couplings are also examined by the guard, who while in the station is under the orders of the station-master. After the guard has seen that the doors of the carriages are properly closed, the train is ready to start. The signal to the engine-driver to proceed must be given by the guard upon receiving intimation from the station-master that all is right. When there are two or more guards with a train, the signal to the driver must only be given by the guard nearest the engine, and then not until he has exchanged signals with the guard or guards in the rear.

On the guard rests the chief responsibility for the safe running of the train. How onerous are his duties may be seen from the following. In the first place, he must regulate the working of the train in accordance with the time-tables of the line over which he has to run. He must also see that the train does not travel on the line after sunset or in foggy weather without a red tail-lamp and two side-lamps, which he must keep properly burning throughout the journey. Every guard when travelling must keep a good look-out, and should he apprehend danger, he must at once attract the attention of the engine-driver. This he does by using the 'communication,' and also by applying his hand-brake, if he has one, sharply and releasing it suddenly. This operation—from the check it occasions—if repeated several times, is almost certain to attract the notice of the driver, to whom the necessary caution or danger-signal must be exhibited; and should the train be fitted with a continuous brake with which the guard has a connection, he must apply it until he is certain the driver is alive to the danger. Should danger be first apprehended by the driver, he immediately gives three or more short sharp whistles, which is a signal for the guard to apply the brake.

If, from any cause, it is found that the train cannot proceed at a greater speed than four miles an hour, the guard must immediately go back one thousand yards, or to the nearest signal-box, if there be one within that distance; in which case the signalman must be advised of the circumstance. Otherwise, the guard who goes back must follow the train at that distance and use the proper danger-signals, so as to stop any following train until assistance arrives or the obstruction is removed. When the train is stopped by accident or from any other cause, the guard must go back as before mentioned, and place detonators on the rails at fixed distances, and must not return to the train until recalled by the engine-driver

sounding the whistle.

Should the absence of a signal at a place where a signal is ordinarily shown, or a signal imperfectly lighted, be noticed by the guard, he must treat it as a danger-signal, and report the circumstance to the next signalman or station-master.

These rules properly carried out, and signal-

men and others doing their duty, it will be plainly evident that, although accidents will sometimes occur, the Railway Companies do their best to secure the safe working of the line.

#### A ROGUES' PICTURE-GALLERY.

IN TWO PARTS .- PART I.

In times long since past, it was customary to brand a criminal before he was released from durance vile. A mark was set upon him, so that, like his prototype, all men might know him. The custom was eventually relinquished, possibly on the ground that it savoured too much of the torture-chamber, albeit the pain inflicted could have been little in comparison with that suffered in the extraction of a tooth, a form of torture to which even the most innocent among us are occasionally subjected. But the system, cruel or not. died out, and now the clumsy searing-iron has given place to the photographic camera. man's flesh is no longer impressed with the redhot iron : but he impresses his image, all unwillingly, upon the sensitive chemical film; and from the negative so produced, his likeness can be printed and sown broadcast over the land, if necessary, at a few hours' notice. One notorious criminal was in recent years identified, and hunted down by means of the rough outline of his features which appeared in a daily newspaper.

In these days, a photographic album is to be found in every household, and it contains pietures of those whom we love and respect. the album which is owned by the police authorities is of a very different kind. Loved ones are conspicuous by their absence, for the portraits are of those who are known as the dangerous classes. Fear could not more effectually cast out love than it does in the case of these evil-doers. As the commercial man keeps his note-book for purposes of reference, so do the police keep this album for the identification of those who, having sinned once, may possibly continue in evil courses. This album is not open to public inspection, except under certain circumstances, but is kept for the private use of the police authorities. A similar collection of portraits is now made in every civilised country, and occasionally the interchange of some of these pictures is found to be very serviceable to the honest members of the community.

In the United States, this system has been more completely carried out, perhaps, than in any other country; for there it is not uncommon to arrest a suspected man, take his portrait, and if nothing is proved against him, let him go again. But, contrary to the custom prevailing elsewhere, the American collection of celebrities, or rather notorieties, has been to a certain extent made public property; that is to say, the section of it which has reference to crimes against property has recently been published.

This unique book now lies before us, and we venture to say that it forms one of the most curiously interesting, but at the same time sad compilations which it was ever our lot to peruse.

It is a handsome quarto volume of more than four hundred pages, and is of abnormal thickness; for, in addition to the letterpress, there are contained between its covers more than two hundred photographs. The title of the book is as follows:

\*Professional Criminals of America, by Thomas
Byrnes, Inspector of Police and Chief of Detectives New York City-pro bono publico.' It is published under the authority of the Board of Police, and its introduction and preface give a general account of the scope and purpose of the work. We continually have evidence that the old adage, 'Truth is stranger than fiction,' represents a patent fact. In the introduction of the volume under review, it is found necessary to point out that it is not a work of fiction, but is an absolutely true history of the criminal classes. For nearly a quarter of a century has its compiler served in the police department of the city of New York, during which time he has made official acquaintance with rascaldom in all its varied branches. His experiences, as well as his opportunities for tracing the histories of those delinquents with whom his occupation has brought him into contact, have given him material, which he has worked up with great ability in the book before us.

But, it may be asked, what is the purpose of such a book? Is it to pander to the morbid desire felt by many to peruse the details of crime? This is by no means the case. Its publication is a protective measure. Crimes against pro-perty are of such frequent occurrence, and new methods of carrying them out are being so con-stantly elaborated, that it is thought if a full and particular account of the manner in which criminals go about their nefarious schemes be exposed, likely victims will be upon their guard. Inspector Byrnes tells us that experience has shown him such an exposure is really necessary. During his three and-twenty-years connection with the police department, he has found that bankers, brokers, commercial men, and those most liable to the attentions of thieves, were strangely ignorant concerning the many and ingenious methods resorted to by rogues in quest of plunder. In this book, therefore, those methods are fully detailed, and mysterious thefts are explained. The doings of some of the most notorious robbers are set forth, and the account in each case is accompanied by a portrait of the hero of the story. These portraits, like the rest of the book, are admirably done. They are no mere woodcuts taken from photographs, but are the photographs themselves reproduced by what is known as the Collotype process. That they were obtained unwillingly is obvious for they were obtained unwillingly is obvious, for a photograph, although a silent witness, may be a speaking likeness. This unwillingness to be photographed is illustrated in the frontispiece of Inspector Byrnes' book, where a criminal is being held still by four men while his image is being secured. Modern discovery enables photographs to be taken in so rapid a manner and under such secret circumstances that now it is quite possible to get a man's portrait without his permission or even knowledge. Police authorities will no doubt avail themselves in the future of a

means which is calculated to give a far better likeness than a portrait can afford which is taken under compulsion. A few of the sitters have obviously distorted their faces, but most of them

have made up their minds to the inevitable, and have sat quiet. Some even have brushed themselves up, and have been photographed with a smile on their faces; and the inspector tells us that many show a weakness to appear to advan-tage; and that he has seen women especially whose vanity became evident directly the camera lens was turned upon them. Each portrait in the book bears a number, which corresponds with one placed against the account which is appended of the criminal's career; his name and the alias which he has adopted are also placed beneath the picture. The various branches of the 'profession' which are represented by these portraits comprise bank burglars, bank-sneak thieves (a sneak in this sense is one who is a loafer, and watches his opportunity to 'sneak' into the place for the purpose of stealing anything from an umbrella to a bag of gold), forgers, hotel and boarding-house thieves, sneak and house thieves, shoplifters and pickpockets, 'confidence-men,' receivers of stolen goods, tricks of 'sawdust-men,' and frauds in horse-sales. A brief account of the various methods pursued by these industrious but dishonest workers will be of some interest in showing how far the American criminal differs in his operations from his European confrère.

A first-class bank burglar stands as much at the head of his 'profession' as does a successful Queen's Counsel overtop his brother-lawyers. He must be possessed of several high qualities, among which may be reckoned courage, determination, fertility of resource, and mechanical skill. Some of these men have such an intimate knowledge of the mechanism of locks and safes, that no strong-box or vault can be regarded as 'burglar proof' whilst they remain at large. Their implements are sometimes made by themselves, but more frequently by a mechanic so far in league with them that he will ask no troublesome questions so long as he is well paid for the tools he makes. These tools are simple, but strong, and include steel wedges, a spirit-lamp and blowpipe which will soften and destroy the temper of metal-plates, a diamond-pointed drill which will pierce the hardest steel, and sometimes dynamite. The lastnamed has frequently been used to blow open a refractory safe, while, to cover the noise of the explosion, an accomplice has driven past the scene of action with a rumbling cart full of clanging milkcans. But sometimes the work is done in a far less violent manner, and preparations for the assault of the bank decided upon are conducted carefully for months before the actual event takes place.

A very general method is to hire some house which adjoins the bank premises, and to carry on there a legitimate trade for some time, so that the occupants may earn the character of harmless and desirable neighbours. In some cases, rooms above or cellars below the bank premises have been rented with this view, the landlord often being the head of the corporation which is ultimately to be robbed. The leader of the gang employs his time in making the acquaintance of the bank clerks, perhaps finding among them a black-sheep who may become his ally. The walls, floor, or roof of the vault is eventually broken through, and the gang of robbers disappears, laden with treasure. In other cases, the cashier who holds

the keys of the bank has been traced to his home and to his bedroom. Impressions of the keys are then made in wax, or, should the sleeping cashier be aroused, he is secured by some of the gang until the rest have time to effect the robbery. It is a curious but true circumstance that many of these bank burglars are model husbands and fathers. They will educate their children at the best schools and lead a most exemplary home-life. They evidently look upon their calling as a legitimate profession, and drop all thought of it, as other business men will do, when they reach the door of their own household.

The bank-sneak thieves occupy a lower grade the profession of knavery. They are men of in the profession of knavery. pleasing address, good education, and adopt that best of all disguises, a faultless attire. While the burglar works at night, the bank sneak conducts his operations in the full light of day, and must therefore be possessed of great presence of mind. The length to which one of these worthies will go in order to attain his ends is well illustrated by the following anecdote. The hero of the story was a bank sneak, who one morning entered the building which he had determined to rob, went behind the counter, hung up his coat, and don-ning another, coolly installed himself as a clerk at one of the desks. He was requested by one of the real clerks to leave the place, but impudently told his interrogator to mind his own business, and threatened to report him as soon as the manager or president arrived at the bank. But eventually he was made, under protest, to vacate the seat. Full of virtuous indignation, he walked with dignity out of the building; and it was not until some time afterwards that the clerk whose position he had usurped discovered that the cash was fifteen thousand dollars short. This type of robbery, thanks to increased vigilance on the part of the police, has almost ceased to exist.

With regard to forgers, we learn that their number, compared with other classes of criminals, is small, only about two dozen men being recognised as applying their talents as penmen and engravers to the fabrication of spurious documents. Photography is largely employed by them; and, by the irony of fate, the same art is now used for their identification. Their methods do not differ from those which have been detailed so often in our own courts of justice, so that we need not dwell upon them. We may, however, refer to the clever manner in which one gang of forgers made the English criminal investigation depart-ment play into their hands. This gang had pre-pared an elaborate scheme for defrauding the English banks by means of counterfeit circular notes. Shortly after they left New York by steamer en route for Britain, the scheme was discovered, and the English police were furnished by Atlantic cable with all its details. The forgers were of course ignorant of this. Their audacious leader, upon arriving in London, thought that it would be as well to make himself acquainted with the faces of the chief detectives, and in the character of an American tourist he paid them a visit. They were so taken off their guard by the pleasant manner of their visitor, that one of the officers not only told him of the impending fraud, but actually showed him the New York telegram,

not tarry long in the metropolis: he and his gang left London that night.

Hotels and fashionable boarding-houses form the happy hunting-ground of another numerous class of swindlers. The first operation of one of these daring thieves is to sean the list of arrivals in the newspapers. He then hunts down his prey with a persistency which knows no rest. A gimlet to bore a hole in the bedroom door, a crooked wire to insert in that hole with which to pull back the bolt, and a pair of nippers to seize and turn the key left in the inside of the lock, are generally the sole tools which he requires, and such implements he can easily carry in his waistcoat pocket. As many as ten rooms have thus been entered and robbed in one hotel in a single night. Another method is to doctor the locks beforehand by unscrewing them, and after enlarging the screwholes, replace them in their former position. They give no evidence of having been tampered with, but after such treatment, a firm push on the door will easily cause it to fly open. In boarding-houses, the thief soon knows which of his fellow-guests owns the most jewelry, and he generally chooses dinner-time to remain up-stairs and possess himself of it.

The American house-thief is a more vulgar kind of criminal, whose counterpart is probably found in every civilised country. He will coolly ransack a house while its occupants are away; otherwise, in the character of a pedlar, pianotuner, inspector of some kind, a book canvasser, or an insurance agent, he will gain access to the place, and will go away not empty-handed. One of these men will rejoice over the notice of a fashionable wedding, particularly if the wedding-presents are numerous. He then makes it his business to hunt down the happy pair, who are probably too much engrossed in themselves to worry much about their worldly belongings, and often manages to relieve them of their jewels and plate. These men usually work alone, but some-times there may be two or three interested in the proceedings.

The shoplifters and pickpockets do not call for special remark; but those astute persons who are termed 'confidence-men' are worthy of more notice. The British form of 'confidence-trick' we have always regarded with hopeful feelings, for it proves most conclusively that the men who practise it are so utterly devoid of inventive talent that they cannot be very dangerous. They are content to run in the same groove in which others have moved, and a clumsy and wretchedly designed groove it is. The confidence-trick has so often been exposed in the newspapers, as well as in our pages, that it is familiar to most people. But, wonderful to relate, it constantly claims fresh victims; and we may be certain that a large majority of the cases which occur never come to public light. For poverty of design and utter absence of dramatic construction, this mode of swindling stands by itself. The dramatis persona are three in number, and consist of the victim, A, usually some honest farmer, who, by the cut of his clothes and by the way he stares about him in a large city, readily proclaims his rustic origin. Enter B, who casually drops into conversation actually showed him the New York telegram, with A, and presently suggests a friendly glass at which happened to be lying on a desk. It need the nearest public-house. Here the two are joined hardly be said that the forger thus warned did by C (an accomplice of B). C tells of a rich uncle

who has lately died and left him a fortune, which he hardly knows how to spend. Rolls of notes and packets of gold are displayed in proof of his assertion. He announces his resolve to give away a lump sum of money to any man in whom he can feel implicit confidence. There is no reason why A and B should not be the happy recipients of his generosity; but, as they are comparative strangers, he must first ascertain whether he can place implicit confidence in them, and whether that confidence is mutual. In order to assure them of his unsuspecting nature, he gives his purse to B, who goes out for a stroll. B returns in a short time, and C expresses his satisfaction with this noble proof of B's honesty. C next takes B's purse out of the house for a time, and duly returns it. A is next invited to hand his purse to B or C for a like test of his honesty. The receiver, say C, once more goes out for the regulation stroll. B soon finds an excuse to leave A for a few moments. A patiently awaits the return of his quondam friends, but alas for the credit of human nature, they never come back. In America, the confidence-trick assumes far more clever forms, and it is accomplished by men of polished address, who haunt some of the best hotels. One of these men, who recently died in an American prison, is said to have gained during his career more than one million dollars by operating upon the credulity of his fellows. In one case he robbed a man of thirty thousand dollars. Meeting this man some years later, he declared his penitence, and promised activities and he set talks obtained from mised restitution, and he actually obtained from his victim a further sum of three thousand dollars!

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

#### WOLF-CHILDREN.

With reference to our recent article on the above subject (Chambers's Journal, June 25), a correspondent writes as follows: 'In connection with the stories of wolf-children, it may not be uninteresting to mention that while lately on a visit to Melbourne, the writer went with his wife and two little children (aged two and four) to see the Royal Park, where the wild animals are kept. There, among others, they came upon a cage with four large wolves, lying sleeping on the ground. They took no notice of the writer or his wife or the elder child; but the moment the younger toddled up, they sprang simultaneously to their feet and made for the corner of the cage nearest her. Not content with this, two of the largest stood on their hind-feet and pressed themselves flatly against the cage, pushing their great fore-paws through the bars towards the child, as though to get at her, and wagging their tails and barking frantically the whole time, their eyes riveted on her. As she walked away, they rushed across the cage to the other corner and repeated their antics. When the child uttered a word or two, it seemed to affect the wolves singularly, and they redoubled their efforts to get near her. The writer went again with the same party and infant, and with the same result:

'Now, the aspect of these wolves, in spite of their barking and excitement, was decidedly not fermions, but more resembling a great collie

when at play; and the writer felt convinced no harm would have happened to the child had the wolves succeeded in getting to her. Possibly, in some wolves the maternal instinct may be very strong.'

#### STEEL TUBES FROM SOLID RODS.

A curious way of making steel tubes from solid rods was communicated by Dr Siemens to a recent meeting of the Akademie der Wissenschaft. A steel tube ten centimetres long (nearly four inches), with perfectly smooth external and internal surfaces, and extremely uniform bore, and whose walls are apparently of perfectly equal thickness at all points, was prepared in this manner: Two rollers, slightly conical in shape towards their lower ends, are made to rotate in the same direction near each other; a red-hot cylinder of steel is then brought between these cylinders, and is at once seized by the rotating cones, and is driven upwards. But the mass of steel does not emerge at the top as a solid, but in the form of the hollow steel tube which Dr Siemens laid before the meeting. This striking and singular result was explained by Professor Neesen, who was present. It appears that, owing to the properties of the glowing steel, the rotating rollers seize only upon the outer layer of the steel cylinder, and force this upward, while at the same time the central parts of the cylinder remain behind. The result is thus exactly the same as is observed in the process of making glass tubes out of glass rods.

#### SUNSET.

A might, clear streak of sunset gold Tingeth each cloud, Though darkly they the sun enfold As with a shroud.

He is gone down to death a king; In state he lies; Royal the pall, his covering Of stormy skies.

From that low cloud it is they gleam

Over the sky,

The glory-shafts that, far flashed, beam
Piercing on high.

So, Mortal, from the open grave
Of dear Hope lost
The rays surge up in golden wave
O'er darkness tost.

Still thou thy heart! The hidden light
But seeks the morn,
Thy Hope fares on through veiling night
To rise new-born.

C. G.

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# THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.

GIVE my compliments, says Swift (1740), to the Clerk of the Weather, and tell him we are all shamefully in a puzzle as to what season it can be. Here we are in the month of May, and the cold like Nova Zembla, &c. Who the Clerk of the Weather may be just at the present time, or whether the same official holds sway as in the days of the great Dean, it would be hard to tell; but of our perplexed and lamentable condition just now there can be no possible doubt.

I am living in a lonely hamlet, at the top of a steep hill some three leagues away from the quiet old city of Winchester. Round about us on all sides stretch miles and miles of green shady woodland, clothing the hillside, and sloping down into the valleys, away across the golden harvest-fields and plain between us and Winton, the shining roofs of which, on a clear day, can be dimly made out on the horizon. On a summer morning at six A.M. no fairer or more picturesque a stretch of country could be found in a long day's march. For beauty and variety of colour it could hardly be matched, even now, after this long and terrible drought. Of the drought, however, which is silently burning us all up-scarcely a drop of rain since the first week in June-we cannot complain. What everybody else has to endure, we must bear without growling, though every pond for miles round us is a cake of dry mud and every brook has perished. We have had blazing summers before 1887, and in spite of many prophets of evil, have come out of them little or none the worse for the scorching. But this present season, ever since March last, in these parts has been like no other known to the oldest inhabitant. The whole affair has been a puzzle and a mystery; full of contradictions, confusion, and mistakes. April showers came in March; the cuckoo got all wrong in his dates; May came in like a lion, and went out like a lamb; for nearly nine weeks after that we had east and north-east winds of Siberian ferocity.

If the glass went up almost until it could go no higher, rain was sure to follow. If it fell to 'Change' or 'Rain,' we got whole days of dry and fine weather. Again and again the sun came out without a cloud, and yet it was far colder than when the sky was dark with clouds.

Take one single day (July 20) as a sample of what Jupiter can do in the way of puzzling us poor Hampshire folk—a day of blazing heat; the sky like brass; the air stagnant; not a leaf on the tall silver birch or the quivering poplar stirs for a moment from its unbroken rest. Overhead, masses of cloud are rushing swiftly across the blue heaven, as if before a gale of wind. But, here below, not a breath ruffles the broad expanse of leafy woodland, look where you will, far and wide.

Yesterday, the exact converse amazed us. A furious wind went raging through the trees; clouds of white dust flew before the blast in every broad road or narrow lane; every garden flower-bed was powdered; the roses fell in clusters; the wheat-field bowed her head in despair. Overhead, the sky was full of clouds; but the sharpest pair of eyes that ever looked up would utterly fail to make out the slightest motion in any one of them; and yet, all the time they were moving, and in half an hour the face of heaven would be changed.

Last night, at eight P.M., after a cloudless day of unbroken sunshine, as the sun was going down, in less than ten minutes the whole expanse of western sky became suddenly crowded with broken, twisted masses of murky cloud; fantastic wreaths of smoky vapour, with spaces of sullen light between, pierced through and through with sharp arrows of purple and black. Slowly, by degrees, the arch of heaven grew darker and darker, until it seemed as if a hurricane of wind and rain was about to sweep down over the thirsty fields. Had Dr Cumming been present, we should have heard many things of Gog and Magog, the crack of doom, and the Battle of Armageddon. But nothing, absolutely nothing

came of it, after all. Water-butts, tubs, and tanks all opened their thirsty mouths; but not a drop fell!

This very evening, almost the same pageant again came to pass. After a long day of cloudless, scorching glare, with scarcely a breath of air adioat, at seven P.M. it began to blow suddenly from the north-west fiercer and fiercer to half a gale of wind. In a few minutes the sky was black as night with masses of heavy brown vapour, all looking as if crammed with rain. This lasted for three hours, when the moon rose in splendour, the stars came out in a cloudless sky, and there was a dead calm, as sultry and oppressive as ever.

a dead calm, as sultry and oppressive as ever.

This is a great butterfly country, and in the green woodland paths and fields round about us I have in a single season captured more than forty different species, from the Royal Emperor himself down to the tiny Harvest Blue; each and all appearing at their appointed time, within a few days of their known regular date. This year, the order of things has been upset. From the 26th of December 1886 to May 1887, we never fairly got rid of our snow. In March and April, no butterflies appeared. Rarely, now and then, an old battered specimen of the small Tortoiseshell turned up in some sheltered corner of a lane or woodland path; or, still more rarely, a Yellow Sulphur. Not a single specimen of the Meadow-brown (large or small) showed itself, though in ordinary seasons to be counted by hundreds in every hedgerow. Of the lovely White Admiral, which in July usually swarms on the blossom of the bramble, not one was to be seen. Of the Hairstreaks, which I have counted by the score in many a June morning ramble, not one opened its wings to the sun until August, and even then only in twos and threes. Of Red Admirals and Emperors there was, up to August

Admirats and Empt.

12, no sign.

Six weeks ago, in every hedgerow there were millions of plants of wood-strawberry and wild raspberry; every woodland path was white with snowy blossom. Not a berry has followed the blossom, not even in a large bed in the vicarage garden. All our bees perished of cold and bitter drought before April, and a strange wild swarm took possession of the desolate hive in July!

The intense heat—seventy degrees in the thickest shade out of doors—still prevails; but there are no wasps; though armies of blue-bottles invade sun and shade, outdoor and in. Moles, which ought to be quietly burrowing under the long grass, are found creeping mournfully among the geraniums, or dead by the dusty roadside. In every meadow, cornfield, and green woodland road there are now clouds of white butterflies that ought to have appeared in April.

The very birds seem demoralised. At the vicarage gate is a rustic pillar-post, which, as we have no post-office, serves for the whole neighbourhood, and is often crammed with letters and newspapers. The box itself is about a foot high, the internal area about a foot square, the aperture about five inches by one. What does a baylidered Tomtit do but persist in building her nest inside it! There she has built two nests—one apparently being found too fatally liable to an avalanche of letters—laid seven eggs, and having finally arranged her nursery, hatched, reared, and got out of the box the whole septet

of a brood safely into the open air through that one narrow opening; though she might, as any well-behaved Tit would, have chosen from a thousand little nooks of safety in the woodland shade, and there brought up her family in comfort.

But we are all fairly at sixes and sevens down here among the lonely woods, and we appeal to the Clerk of the Weather to set matters to rights with a week or two of quiet rain; otherwise, we shall all be utterly burned up, and incinerated both in mind and body; and autumn will come upon us with a whole army of demoralised squirrels, field-mice, grasshoppers, and distracted dragon-flies, all clamouring to know what season has befallen them!

B. G. JOHNS.

WOODMANCOTE, August 1887.

#### RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XLIII .- A LOW LOT.

When the morning broke, Richard Cable did not dare to kiss the white brows or the rosy cheeks of his sleeping children; but he took little locks of their shining hair between his fingers and put his lips to them, and dropped over each alike a clear tear-drop, and then went away before the seven pairs of bright eyes opened, and the little voices began to chirp and laugh and chatter.

Richard Cable drove his herd of young cattle all the way from St Kerian to Exeter, some fifty miles. There he trucked them on the Bristol and Exeter line, and travelled with them into Somersetshire, where he disposed of them to such advantage that he was well content. But he would not return with only money in his pocket. He had a van constructed, very light, on four wheels, for his cob, and he bought as many calves, a week or ten days old, as he could convey in this you.

He made Bewdley his headquarters, and stayed at the Otterbourne Arms, where was the landlady, Mrs Stokes, the sister of the coastguardman at Pentargon. To her he remitted the spar, and the mundic, and the brooch of bog-oak with Cornish crystals in it. She was a tidy, red-cheeked woman, with many children. Among these was a Mary, the eldest, as Cable had been told there would be. He took great delight in talking to and playing with this little girl, and also in listening to the crowing and laughing, and occasional crying, of the rest of the family. They recalled to him sounds very familiar and very dear. He looked long and curiously at the little Stokes' children, and thought how vastly inferior to his own they were in every particular, in manners and in appearance. He did not allow the landlady to see that he drew comparisons between herehildren and his own—that he considered the blue of his Mary's eyes purer and deeper and truer in colour than that of the irises of her Mary—that there was richer gold and gold more abundant in the hair of his eldest daughter than crowned her first daughter. He had not the coarse pride which would suffer him to do this, and wound the good woman's vanity; but he thought it, nay, he knew it; he was as positive that all superiority in every way lay with his children and his Mary, as

that an English soldier could thrash a dozen Frenchmen.

Cable was a temperate man. He remembered that terrible night when he let little Bessie fall. He never got that experience out of his mind; consequently, he was on his guard against the temptations of a cattle-jobber's life—the sealing of every bargain with a drink. So he drank cold toast-and-water when he could, but he had taken no pledge. 'What's the good of a pledge to me?' he asked himself. 'I've only to think of Bessie's back, and if I had the best spirits in the world

before me, I would not touch it.'
'Have you any relatives this way?' asked Mrs
Stokes one Saturday evening. 'There's a young woman of your name at the Hall, a lady's-maid to

Miss Otterbourne.'

'I have no relatives,' answered Richard, 'but the seven and my mother who are under my roof at St Kerian, in Cornwall.

"Tis a curious and outlandish sort of a name too,' said Mrs Stokes. 'I mean, it ain't a name one expects to come across twice in a lifetime.

Richard shrugged his shoulders.

'Here comes Mr Polkinghorn, the footman,' said the landlady. 'He does come here at times to see if there be any one to have a talk with. He can tell you all about your namesake.'

'I am not interested about her,' answered Richard, 'I have none that belong to me save the seven and my mother, and they-I know

where they are, under my own roof.'
'Good-evening, Mr Polkinghorn; how do you find yourself?—And how is Miss Otterbourne?

'We are both of us pretty well. She's been suffering a little from nettlerash, that has made her fractious, and she has rung the bell outrageous; but she's better now, and I'm middling, thank you. Worrited with her nettlerash and the constant ringing of the bell caused by the irritation. First, it was the blinds were not drawn to her fancy; then it was she wanted a lump of coal with the wood in the grate; and then the Venetian blinds must come down, or be turned, or pulled up; and then the geranium or pelargonium on the table—I'm blessed, Mrs Stokes, if I know what is the difference between a geranium and a pelargonium—wanted water; or she desired another book from the library. It really is wonderful, Mrs Stokes—I'll have a glass of beer, thank you—how a little matter upsets a whole household. It comes of lobster mayonaise or cucumber, one or t'other, which don't agree with the old woman. If she takes either of them, and she's rearing fond of them, she gets eruptions, generally nettlerash; and when she's got eruptions, it disturbs us all, keeps the whole household capering: one has to go for the doctor, another has to get cooling fomentations, and her temper is that awful, it is a wonder we stand it. But we know her, and put it down to disorder of the system. We must bear and forbear; must we not, Mrs Stokes? so we pass over all the aggravations, as good Christians and philanthropists.'
You've not been introduced,' said the hostess.

'You don't know this gentleman, Mr Cable of

'Cornwall!' exclaimed the footman.—' You don't happen to have come across the manor and man-sions of Polkinghorn anywhere thereabouts, do you! Our family come from the west of England,

and have a lordship called after us; but I don't exactly know where it is. Still, it's traditional in the family that there is one. We've come down in life; but so have many great folks; and, sir, what are our British aristocracy now?-mushrooms, sir, creatures of to-day. Bankers and brewers and civil engineers, who were not even known, who had not lifted their heads out of the dust, when the Polkinghorns were lords of manors and drove their coach-and-four.'

Mrs Stokes produced the ale.

'I'll take a mouthful of bread and cheese with it,' said the footman, who was not now in livery. - 'So you, sir, are called Cable. We've a Cable among us.

'Do you mean among the Polkinghorns?'
'Polkinghorns, sir!' said the footman, bridling 'I do not, sir, think such a name as Cable has found its way among us, into our tree, sir. I alluded to an inmate of the Hall, sir, a lady's-maid there, who is a Rope or a Cable, or something of that sort—possibly, as she is not stout, merely a Twine.' Then, as he finished his glass of ale: Excuse my freedom, sir; I am generally accounted a wit. I once sent a trifle to Punch.

'Was it inserted?'

'I sent it, sir; that suffices. I do not myself suppose that our Cable does belong to you. There is a lack of style-a want of finish-you understand me, which proclaims inferiority. Not badlooking, either, is Miss Josephine.'

'What!' shouted Cable, springing to his feet and striking the table. 'What did you say?'

Mr Polkinghorn stared at him and backed his chair from the table. He did not like the expression on the stranger's face; he thought the man might be a lunatic; therefore, with great pressence of mind, he drew the cheese-knife from his plate and secreted it in the pocket of his short coat.

'I asked you a question,' cried Richard. 'What

did you say?'
'Merely, sir, merely that—that we have a lady's-maid attending on our old woman who is good-looking, but wanting in what I should consider—breeding. If she be a relative, I am sorry'-

'What is her name?' 'Josephine Cable.'

'How long has she been with you?'

'Since last September: She was well recom-mended; she brought excellent testimonials. Her character quite irreproachable—from some good friends of ours, the Sellwoods of Essex, a respectable family, unfortunate in having gone into the Church. I should have preferred the army for them.

'Why is she'-Cable stopped; he was trembling. He put his hand to the table to steady himself. 'I mean—who is she?'

'I do not know,' answered Mr Polkinghorn. 'She is uncommunicative; that is what I mean when I say she has not the breed of a lady. She ain't at her ease and familiar with us. She is reserved, as she might call it; awkward, as I should say. If we ask her questions, she don't answer. She's maybe trightened at finding herself in such high society; and I'm not surprised. I don't fancy she was in other than a third-class situation before—with some people in business or profession—not real aristocrats. That

does make a person feel out of her element when she rises to our walk of life. It is just the same as if you were to invite a common sailor to a dinner-party among millionaires and aristocrats-how would he feel? He'd look this way and that and be without power of speech. He wouldn't know where to put his feet and how to behave himself. It is much the same with Miss Cable. She's not been brought up to our line of life, and don't understand it, and is as miserable among us as a common sailor would be among gentlemen and ladies.

\*Did you say Miss Cable?'
'To be sure I did. I don't suppose she's a married woman. She wears no gold wedding

'And her Christian name is?'

'Josephine. But then we always call her Miss Cable, and our old woman calls her Cable.'

'She has never said a word to you of her family?

'Not a word. Better not, I suspect. I don't fancy there's anything very high about it. Judging by her manners, I should say she was-excuse my saying it-a low lot.' 'Nor whence she comes?'

Mum as a mummy—excuse the joke. I am said to be witty. Humour runs in the Polkinghorn blood.

'Nor what brought her to take service?'

'Necessity—of course. No lady would so demean herself unless forced.—Will you take a glass of ale with me?'

'With pleasure,' answered Cable ; 'and I'll ask you not to mention my name at your place-not

to the young lady you speak of?
'I understand,' said Mr Polkinghorn with a wink, and a tap of his nose with his finger. 'Poor relations are nuisances; they come a-sucking and a-sponging, and are a drag on a man who is making his way. No, sir, I'll not say a word.—May I ask if she is a relative?'

'I have not seen her. I cannot say. Does the name Josephine run in the family, as John Thomas does in that of Polkinghorn?

'We never had one baptised by that name.'
'I myself,' said the footman, 'intend to marry some day, so as to perpetuate John Thomas. I'm not sure that I may not take Miss Raffles. I won't deny that I had a tenderness towards the Cable at first; she is good-looking, has fine eyes, splendid hair; a brunette, you understand, with olive skin, and such a figure! But I could not stand the want of polish and ease which go with the true lady, and that she will never get among us.

Richard left the room abruptly. He was greatly moved, partly with surprise at finding Josephine in such a position, partly with anger at the insolence of the footman.

This latter looked after him contemptuously. Well, Mrs Stokes, he said, 'I've only come on two Cables in the course of my experience, and, dash me, if there be not a twist in them both.

Richard went forth, and did not return to the iun till late. He walked by the river. He was disturbed in mind. Mr Sellwood had told him nothing of Josephine's plan of going into service; he had not feit himself authorised to do this; and at the time he saw Cable, he doubted whether

Josephine's resolution might not be overcome. All that Cable knew was that she had surrendered the estate and left the Hall. She was proud, and would have nothing to do with a property that came to her, as she concluded, unjustly; and he was proud, he would accept no property that was offered to him by her. But that she had been so reduced in circumstances by this voluntary surrender as to oblige her to earn her bread by menial work, seemed to him impossible. Her father was a man of some fortune. It was not possible that he would consent to her leaving him for such a purpose. Yet, how else could he account for Josephine's being at Bewdley Manor in the capacity represented? There was a This could not be Josephine. Some one else was in the house who had assumed her name. He could not be satisfied till he had seen her. But he would not allow himself to be seen by her. He hobbled along the river-path, leaning on his stick, racking his brain over the questions that arose, seeking solutions which always escaped him. To whom at Hanford could he apply for information concerning the affairs and movements of his wife? There was no one but Mr Sellwood, and to him he would not write. His brother-in-law Jonas Flinders was dead, and he shrank from corresponding on the subject

with any of his old mates.

Then he suddenly burst into a bitter laugh. Was this his Josephine, this servant-girl, whom the vulgar flunky, and with him her fellow-servants, despised as not up to their level, wanting in style—a low lot? Josephine, who had scorned his lack of breeding, was herself looked down on by the ignoble tribe of parials on civilisation! It was a just judgment on her. How she must toss and writhe, what agonies of rage and humiliation she must endure in such association! 'A low lot!' shouted Cable, slashing at the bulrush-heads on the bank, and laughed savagely—'a low lot!' But then a gentler feeling came over him, a wave of his old kindliness and pity, so long suppressed or beaten back. He saw his haughty, splendid, wilful Josephine surrounded by these common-minded, swaggering, vain, unintelligent, and debased creatures-alone, cold, stern, eating out her heart rather than show her disgust and shame. If it had been misery to him to be transferred to a condition of life above him to which he was unfitted, it must be misery to her to be flung down into a sphere to her infinitely distasteful and repellent. He was a man who could hold his own, or retire with dignity. She was a girl, helpless. His heart began to flutter, and he turned his steps into the path by a wicket gate. The evening was still, the sky clear. The great trees stood against the silver-gray sky as blots. The dew was falling heavily; the grass was charged with water. He might as well have been wading in a stream as walking through it. So heavily was the dew falling, that the leaves of the trees were laden with the moisture, and bowed under the weight, and dripped as with rain. The glow-worms shone in the damp banks and among the grass under the tree trunks. The stars were twinkling in the sky, looking golden in contrast with the bluish light of the glowworns; an auroral haze hung over the set sun, fringed with a faint tinge of ruddy brown before it died into the deep gray blue of the night-sky.

He drew near to the house, and a watchdog in the back court began to bark. It had heard his steps on the gravel of the drive. Richard stepped off the carriage-way upon the turf and remained still. The dog, hearing no further noise, presently desisted from barking. Then Richard moved on through the grass till he came where he could see the front of Bewdley Manor-house. Three tall windows were lighted, one somewhat brilliantly, the next less so, the third least of all. It was clear that all three belonged to one room, perhaps a drawing-room, and that the lamp that illumined it was at one end. The window which was at the further end was half open, the blind was drawn up, and Richard could make out gilt frames to large pictures on a dark wall. stood, looking at the three windows, wondering whether a shadow would pass, and by the shadow he could tell who it was that passed. Did he desire to see Josephine again? He shrank from so doing; but he was uneasy at the thought that she was in this great house, a servant, with fellows like Polkinghorn about her. As he stood thus, looking up, he heard the notes of a piano issue from the open window. The first chords that were struck made him start and a shiver pass through his limbs. Then he heard a clear voice, rich and sweet, sing :

O wie wogt es sich schön auf der Fluth, Wenn die müde Welle im Schlummer ruht.

It was the familiar song from Obsron. Richard heard this, he put his hands to his ears to shut out the sound. and ran as hard as he could run with his faulty thigh along the road; and the dog heard his retreating steps and barked furiously. Cable heeded nothing, but ran on, with the sweat breaking out on his brow and dripping from his face, as it had dripped on that night when he ran to Brentwood Hall, and as now the dew was dripping from the leaves of the trees in the park. Only when he reached the river-bank outside the park gate, away from the sight of the house and the sound of the song, did he halt and strike his stick angrily, passionately, into the cozy soil, and cry out, half sobbingly, half savagely: 'A low lot!' A low lot!'

(To be continued.)

#### BOAT-ACCOMMODATION IN PASSENGER-SHIPS.

THE inadequacy of the boats and other lifesaving appliances provided for the use of the passengers and crews of our sea-going passengerships was demonstrated very forcibly at the loss of the Oregon. Seafarers are well aware that this evil has been growing worse pari passu with the increasing dimensions of the ships themselves, consequent on the resistless torrent of emigration towards the land of the setting sun. The keenness of foreign competition, intensified by the system of subsidies, has, however, effectually barred the way to any alleviation. The six days' passage across the Atlantic in the Umbria is a pleasure-trip in one's own yacht, when we compare it with the fifteen days discomfort so vividly depicted by Dickens. No expense is spared in providing all those articles which conspared in providing all those articles which conduce to the safety or comfort of the travelling continental ports, and if, in some quixotic spirit, public so long as the ship remains intact. If,

however, it should be deemed necessary to quit the floating palace, it would be found that not more than one-third of the passengers could be accommodated in the frail boats! Hence we may paraphrase lines in the Tempest, and say, 'Here s everything advantageous to life save means to

live when danger threatens.'

Many an officer of a steamship cleaving the dark-blue waters with her iron prow at the rate of eighteen or twenty knots an hour, has had every sense abnormally quickened as he paced the lonely bridge. Despite himself, his thoughts would revert to the awful responsibility resting upon him. Fourteen hundred passengers aroused from their warm berths at a moment's notice to face the bitter blast of a cyclonic storm, and the salt spray freezing almost ere it falls. The in-describable panie; the ugly rush for the boats; the refined women and hardy men cast headlong into the sea; the wild shricks of the drowning, as they drift away into eternity; and the final plunge of the quivering fabric into the seething abyss, with nothing in sight save the blurred outlines of a gigantic iceberg with which it has collided—all form a ghastly panorama.

The Oregon had over six hundred passengers on board; but her boats were only capable of carrying one-half of that number. It was fortunate that she managed to keep afloat for eight hours after receiving her mortal injury, that the sea was comparatively smooth, and that a passing steamer remained alongside, to which all hands were transferred in batches. We doubt whether otherwise the Cunard Company would still be able to assert that they have never lost the life of a passenger during the forty years of their corporate existence. The loss of their crack-ship served the purpose of Sydney Smith's proverbial bishop; attention was drawn to the danger which menaced passengers at sea; and Mr Mundella appointed a Departmental Committee to inquire into the supply of boats, rafts, and life-saving apparatus in British merchant-ships. In the meantime, the awful loss of life resulting from the collision between the Australian clipper Kapunda and the barque Ada Melmore had accentuated the demand for an alteration in the rules which govern the employment of life-saving gear at sea. The deductions of the Committee are excellent so far as they go. Indisputable facts have been placed on record, but very little new light has been thrown on the question at issue. We are not authoritatively informed that it is possible to provide desirable appliances, auxiliary to the boats in the davits, which shall be sufficient, in conjunction with them, to take off all hands from a sinking ship. Neither are we made any wiser as to the relative efficiency of the various plans proposed to this effect, if we except a short reference to Roper's Raft and Berthon's Collapsible Boat, both of which inventions are before the public.

The logical outcome of the inquiry would appear to be that a ship should not be allowed to carry more souls than she has room for in her boats. One would naturally shrink from recommending such a drastic reform as this. better-class British ships have to comply with far number of passengers, our argosies would either cease to run, or would be placed under the protection of some other less exacting flag. If it were possible to frame an international agreement, something might be accomplished in this direction; but there would be an inevitable rise in the cost of transit, followed by a sympathetic diminution in the number of emigrants, which might not be altogether advantageous.

The Merchant Shipping Acts of 1854 and 1856 specify the number of boats which must be The scale is founded entirely on the carried. net tonnage, or, in other words, on the actual space in a ship which is available for carrying cargo. When the Acts were drawn up, ships were smaller than now, and were principally wooden sailing packets. The net tonnage of a wooden sailing packets. The net tonnage of a sailing-ship is a fair indication of her size; but the net tonnage of a steamer is no criterion in this respect. Some Atlantic liners have boat accommodation for only ten per cent. of the total number of people on board. The Cunard Company carry double the number of boats that the law requires of them; but even in their Gallia, one of the best provided ships affoat, the boats could not find room for more than fifty-six per cent. of the passengers and crew. Steamships making excursions, and short voyages to Ireland and the continent, provide boat-accommodation for about twelve per cent. of the total number of persons on board; but even this low figure is three per cent. more than the statutory obliga-

The Cunarders Etruria and Umbria have each a gross tonnage of seven thousand seven hundred tons, and a net tonnage of three thousand three hundred tons. The Anchor liner City of Rome has a gross tonnage of eight thousand one hundred tons, and a net tonnage of three thousand five hundred tons. The enormous difference between the gross and the net tonnage is due to the allowance made for the space occupied by the crew and the engines. This disparity led the proprietors of the Suez Canal to levy dues on the gross tonnage in every instance, which seems a just method, having regard to the end in view, inasmuch as the absolute size of the ship to be handled is certainly the most important factor in narrow waters.

There are, however, grave obstacles to the substitution of the gross for the net tonnage as the basis on which to construct a hard-and-fast boat scale. We should avoid Scylla only to be dazed in Charybdis. Such a rule if strictly interpreted might press unfairly upon large ships in which the carriage of passengers is purely a secondary consideration, as the boats carried by this class of ship under the present system would probably be more than enough to satisfy all requirements. Moreover, two ships, although equal in displacement, may be very unequal in their adaptation for carrying boats either on deck or in the Any increase in the number of boats, unless accompanied by a corresponding increase in the ship's company of sailors competent to handle them, would be of no avail, but rather a delusion and a snare. It goes without saying that boats are useless unless there be able seamon and skilled officers enough to keep them from being swamped. This state of perfection is a long way off, for shipowners will tell you that,

owing to the depressed state of the shipping industry, it would be simply suicidal to incur any addition to the working expenses. The ships are much under-manned, or at least the complement is adjusted to such a nicety that the crews are insufficient to manœuvre the few boats carried at present. The Nemesis of competition sits close behind the managing director, and dogs the footsteps of the overlookers.

Seven boats is the maximum demanded by the Acts, no matter how big the ship may be, or how many souls may be on board of her. These boats must be manageable, or else they cannot be got into the water without great exertion. Steamships of over one thousand tons net must be fitted with two lifeboats; but as they may be of any make, we must not confound them with the boats built to the specifications of the Lifeboat Institution, which are too cumbrous for use in short-handed ships at sea. The boats must be in the davits, fully equipped with water and the necessary gear. Every boat ought to carry a coarse canvas bag and a can full of oil, so that, when a boat is lowered in a heavy sea, the bag may be filled with oil, and towed over that part of the boat which is exposed to the force of the sea. This simple method has, as we have over and over again assured our readers, been proved to be effectual in smoothing the tops of the angry breakers. The boats of cargo-vessels are of all sorts and conditions, and in a great number of sailing-ships it is impossible to launch a boat should a man fall overboard. It will be safer and more humane to keep the ship on her course if the weather is at all dirty, than to risk the lives of an undisciplined boat's crew. An experienced master in the *Earl of Jersey* lowered a boat to rescue an apprentice. Neither boat nor crew has since been heard of; and a bereaved army officer advertises a reward of a thousand pounds for news of his two heroic sons, whom he will never meet on this side of the grave. Some sailing-ships carry their boats stowed one within the other, the innermost being made a receptacle for all kinds of old lumber. It would take half an hour to clean out the rubbish, find the gear, and get tackles aloft for lifting the boat over the side.

Even in steamships where the boats are conveniently situated, the foremast hands are as unfamiliar with the art of rowing as a ploughboy. The best merchant seamen seldom set foot in a boat propelled by oars. On the other hand, it is quite a common experience for a life-buoy to be dropped unexpectedly from one of our troopships and a cry raised of 'Man overboard!' in order to test the rapidity with which this duty can be performed. The engines are stopped, the boat manned and lowered, the buoy picked up, the boat returned to the davits, and the ship full speed ahead again in the short interval of five minutes. It is not sufficient to station men to the boats after the manner of our merchant steamships. Practice must go hand in hand with theory, and the men should be taught to be thoroughly at home in the boats when cast off from the ship. Such practical training if made compulsory would involve detention in moderate weather; but if rigorously enforced, the smartest ships would still be to the front.

The Collapsible Boats built by the Berthon Boat

Company have the sanction of the Committee, and are excellent contrivances for use in ships where the limited deck-space does not allow of a sufficient number of the ordinary boats. Berthon boats are made of canvas, made watertight by painting with a specially prepared com-position. The canvas is stretched tightly over a wooden framework both on the outside and on the inside. The whole boat folds up very compactly, somewhat after the manner of a globular Chinese lantern, with the oars and fittings stowed snugly inside, and a cover is placed over all. The cover being stripped off, the hooks of the davit tackles are fastened into two slings, which pass under the bow and stern of the boat respectively; and when a strain is brought to bear on the tackles, the boat opens out of its own weight. Thereupon, two men jump in, insert some cross pieces, which prevent her reclosing, and she is ready for her life-saving mission. Our troopships have carried Berthon's boats for some time, and they fulfil the expectation of their designer. The form has been handed down from antiquity, and the Irish coracle is a primitive example. Five collapsed Berthon boats occupy the space of one ordinary boat. Roper's Raft forms a bridge when not in use; and when necessary, it can be disconnected and rigged as a schooner. Rafts do not commend themselves except as a last refuge. The raft of the wellknown Medusa will never be forgotten. American raft made a successful passage from New York to this country in the year 1867 in forty-three days. One of the best boat-lowering apparatus we have seen is that of Captain E. J. Evans, of Shaw, Savill's line, which is simplicity

The Committee hold very poor views with regard to the utility of any kind of boats, so that it behoves our shipbuilders to make every effort to insure that the compartments into which an iron ship is divided may be water-tight. The construction of the hull of a transatlantic steamship has reached a high degree of perfection; but it is a polite fiction to state that the partitions are sufficiently strong to withstand the pressure of the water pouring in through a chasm in her side. It is almost impossible to have water-tight compartments; and if the ship be struck at the edge of a transversal partition, we should have two compartments knocked into one, and the safety of the ship endangered. Naval architects are in favour of a longitudinal partition extending along the middle of the ship from stem to stern. This structural weakness is so familiar to captains, that the first care immediately after collision is to

shore up the partition.

The officers of a passenger steamer belonging to the large Companies are the elite of the merchant service, holding testimonials of exceptional merit. Out of the six officers of a Peninsular and Oriental steamship, four were qualified to act as masters; and the second-officer had passed the extra-master's examination; but we are not told how many of them were competent to handle an open boat in a seaway! The officers in the merchant service have one failing in common: they shave the outlying portions of the land dangerously close in all

sure to blame for this reprehensible custom; they will not brook delay, and a commander is apt to be moved by the von populi which can reach the Board-room of his Company. For a similar reason, ships keep up a higher speed in foggy weather than is prudent. On the southern edge of the Bank of Newfoundland, where the fishermen lie at anchor, it is not uncommon for a dense fog to continue throughout a whole week; and frequently the Atlantic liners make a passage across without a sight of the sun to verify their Vessels are forbidden by statute to positions. proceed recklessly in foggy weather; but the passage has to be made within a given period, and the regulations are inoperative. Blasts of the steam-whistle are deceptive in a fog, as two successive blasts will appear to proceed from quite different distances, although the signalling ship has not changed her relative position. Two White Star liners going in opposite directions lately collided in a dense fog while going ahead full speed; and the captains were censured for not slowing down, as loss of life occurred. The court was in part composed of steamboat captains, and as the law on this point is universally ignored, a study of the logbooks of these commanders would probably perplex an outsider. Unfortu-nately, icebergs and fogs are generally met with in the same latitudes, thus rendering the navigation doubly perilous.

Apart from the eagerness to shorten the passage, as displayed in cutting off corners and racing through fog, we find that passenger steamships are generally placed in perilous positions by causes from without, over which they can have no control. A good lookout may distinguish an iceberg; but it is not an easy matter to keep clear of a derelict (abandoned) ship low down in the water. These partially submerged vessels constitute a formidable source of danger to the fast steamship. The American government issue monthly charts of the North Atlantic and distribute them to shipmasters. A glance at one before us shows a score of death-traps in the shape of derelict ships floating in a small portion of the ocean adjacent to New York!

Worse than derelicts are the ships of all nations which fail to keep their side-lights burning brightly from dusk to daylight. The custom holds in many, although the oil would cost only fourpence per night. This evasion of the law is of too grave a nature to be dealt with by the infliction of a small fine. The Board of Trade officer can compel the owners to place lamps on board a ship; but when the dock-gates close behind her, the lamps are carefully stowed away below. We have seen lamps trimmed with cocoanut oil, which became solid in the wintry weather of the Channel, and absolutely refused to burn. Hence, it is necessary to take into consideration not only the quantity but also the quality of the oil used on board ship. What is more conducive to the disturbance of the mental equilibrium of a harassed officer on the bridge than a flickering light suddenly displayed by some wretched ship which lay unperceived in the darkness of the night not many yards distant!

The risks run in the North Atlantic are greater weathers, so that any exceptional surface-drift of than in any other ocean; but there has been a the ocean may place the ship high and dry on signal immunity from loss of life. If time were some hidden reef. The public are in a great meanot an important element, the passenger-ships would conform to the law in every particular. Even now, a great portion of the accidents may be traced to the undermanning and flagrant lawbreaking in sailing-ships and small steamers.

'Famous for ships, famous for horses' is as true of Great Britain as of ancient Attica; but if we are to retain our foremost position and to make ocean-travelling safe, it will be necessary to pay attention to undermanned and ill-found ships, to rigidly enforce the law with respect to side-lights, and to train our officers and men in the manœuvring of boats.

#### AN ANGLO-INDIAN MOTHER.

#### AN INDIAN SKETCH.

To the dancing, flirting, pleasure-loving portion of the male sex, she will always be a disappointment. She will never have her card filled at least a week before the ball comes off, for the good reason that she never goes to balls. She will never stand in draughty verandas with what she calls a 'wrap' across her fair shoulders, and talk inane nothings to her partner, while far into the night the weary band plays galops and valses that grow more and more out of tune. will never keep her husband waiting long weary hours while she ruins her health by turning day into night at the frequent dances she attends. No man will ever pay her compliments, though every one can see she is pretty enough to receive them. To ball-loving under-secretaries, unexceptionable aides-de-camp, spurred cavalry officers, and gallant antediluvians in the shape of wellnigh retired colonels, she will always prove a disappointment and an aggravation. A star shining on them at an unapproachable distancea scent of mountain flowers that rests on them for a moment-an unattainable good that under no circumstances could ever have been theirs, because they are aware that she and her thoughts and simple aspirations are above and beyond them.

How often I have seen her going about with her big little family, surrounded by natives of different castes and kinds. She greets me with a pleasant smile on her fair face; she stops a moment, and seems to ask me just the right question and say just the right thing; and when, having said good-bye, I pause and look back on her and her train of children and followers, I hope, when I at last make up my mind to forsake my bachelorhood, I may be blessed enough to find such a wife as she. You know that neither you nor I, nor any other man, considers her husband at all worthy of her that, from our point of view, could scarcely be; but he is a good fellow enough, and that is the best we in our generosity can say for him. She considers him a thousand times better than herself. She treats him as such a woman would treat the man she loves; though of course none of us men can understand for a single moment how she can love him.

She is an excellent housekeeper, not disdaining the lower portion of her woman's work. She

is generous and gentle with her servants, and her table is always good. But it is as a mother that she shines the most. Her children are like her, and she is like them. They obey her because they love her, and her reproof is a greater-punishment to them than any blow would be. She has never left them to servants. They have lived their Indian lives with her as their companion, and boys and girls alike have got the impress of her true woman's mind. taught them their first lessons; and under her tuition they are in different and interesting stages of Mavor's Spelling-book, from 'Ba, Bi, Bo,' to words of alarming length and hopeless pronunciation.

In the family, she is perfectly happy. Talk of balls, big dinners, pienics, and luncheon-par-ties; she has other attractions, and she does not need these to help her to pass her life. Look at her now in her happy family circle; see the peaceful untroubled smile in her sweet eyes; and as you look, remember that she will never be so happy again. There is looming for her in the distance a time which comes sooner or later to every Anglo-Indian mother, and when it comes you will see some things in her face which are strangers to it now.

As the happy years pass, she grows more thoughtful. Now and then, a wistful expression comes into her eyes. If, unheedingly, you talk of the future to her, you feel sorry you have done so the next moment, as she changes the subject suddenly and looks unlike herself. After a time, she will steal at odd moments into the children's room, and moving gently from bed to bed, will watch each sleeping face with a deep pain at her heart; while the black woman in attendance, whose child has died but yesterday, looks up with a cheerful smile and tells her 'all the babas are asleep.'

And so the very last month arrives. Grindlay & Co. have taken passages for a gentleman and lady, six children, and two native servants. The children are in raptures. They jump and clap their hands; they fling their old toys into the compound with contemptuous jeers at their battered ugliness, and ask her a hundred questions about the English toyshops, the mighty ship, the wonderful place where there are no black people, and where their innocent young minds imagine no one tells lies or steals, be-cause they are English. She packs their small wardrobes into overland boxes; she wanders in and out through the old familiar rooms, and out into the compound, where she has often seen the children play, and where, if she return ever so often to the same house, she will never see them play again. She lets her precious tears fall on the head of their small rough pony, when she gives him a carrot for the last time; and on that of an old brown and white pariah dog they have loved and cherished.

The children have very different thoughts from these. Twenty years hence they mean to come back to this very house—they tell her; and she is to have all their old pets and servants ready to receive them! She listens to these plans, which may never be realised; she looks into their small earnest faces with wistful eyes, and turns away.

We in the station see her go with a decided

feeling of regret; we feel, when she and her babies have left, a certain good will have passed away with them. We are of the earth; she will one day be of heaven, we believe. It has been pleasant to watch her life and see the simple faith that guided it. Donbtless, to know her has made us all at times feel a longing for something better. Her world is not the tinsel one of gaiety and pleasure; the light that illumines the stages on which she acts out her life comes, we feel, direct from heaven; while ours is but the garish glow of the footlights. Pure, good, and beautiful, she passes away from us; and probably not one of us may ever look on her gentle face again. Still, we cannot forget her, though she passes from our little world into another; the impress of her purity and sweetness will long remain upon our memories' page.

And so she goes. Her home is broken up; her family and she will soon be parted; that is the one appalling thought that is with her—
the last at night, the first in the morning.
Her children will grow up away from her, and in time they will ferget her. Other hands will lead their faltering footsteps; other voices will cheer or chide them. She, their mother (after two rather sad years, in which the shadow of her parting hangs on her like a funeral pall), goes back to India. Having said good-bye to them at night, she cannot brave the morrow; but stealing once more to the side of each sleeping child, gazes with an awful broken-hearted sorrow on the well-loved faces, and breathes a helpless prayer for her deserted little ones, and tears herself away. To-morrow, when they wake, she will smile on them no more.

'Not, no more; oh! do not say no more,' I hear some Anglo-Indian mother like herself exclaim. 'Some day, let her come back, and be united to her children once again. Let her forget the lost years in their young lives when she is only a far-off dream to them; when friends in England are all in all to their baby souls; and "mamma" in India is a mythical somebody the young ones have quite forgotten, and the elder remember now but dimly. When she prays her simple prayers, she knows that "He is faithful that promised," and thinks and believes that they will meet again; and so, as she passes once more across the moonlit sea back to her foreign home, hugging the fond hope of a future meeting to her gentle breast, let us say, as the ship grows a dim speck on the horizon, "Amen! and God bless her."

# WHY IS SUGAR SO LOW IN PRICE?

THE question which heads this paper seems a very simple one, yet the answer to it is difficult, and involves many remote considerations, as well as some immediate contingencies that are not pleasant to contemplate. In order that the reader may understand these, it is necessary that he should be put in possession of a few main facts in the history of the sugar-trade. These facts might be looked at in the light of economic laws; but no acquaintance with the dismal science is requisite to enable any one to take in the present position of affairs. As the matter is one of great importance, from a social as

consideration should prove both interesting and instructive.

At various times, sugar has been extracted from different substances, chief among these being the sugar-cane, grown in Demerara, British Guiana, Java, and the West India islands. Cane-sugar is made in this way. Shortly before the cane-trees begin to flower, they are cut down; and the saccharine matter being squeezed out, is sent to London, Bristol, Greenock, and other places, to be refined. This process consists mainly in removing impurities by filtering and boiling; after which the fluid is crystallised in different sizes for the market. Cane-sugar, being a tropical product, is easily grown; the refining process is simple and inexpensive; and there are no duties of any kind to be paid in connection with its manufacture.

As stated, this cane-sugar supplied our needs for a very long time, till one year (1855) there was a failure in the crop, and prices went up. In that year, a new kind of sugar, which had been in use for some little time on the continent, came into notice. It was made from beetroot, grown in Austria, Germany, and France, which countries afford the peculiar atmospheric conditions necessary for its successful culture. That saccharine matter could be got from beetroot was a chemical discovery made during last century; but it was not till the French government specially encouraged sugar-manufacture that the discovery was greatly made use of; and in its infancy, beet sugar-making had to be fostered by enactments excluding its great rival, cane-sugar. After the beetroot—not the red kind we know so well, but a long white root—has been washed and trimmed, it is cut up, and lies soaking in water till the saccharine juice exudes from it. This liquid is boiled, treated chemically, and crystallised—the process being longer and more expensive than with cane-sugar. In use, however, the new sugar proved quite as good, and people soon discovered this. It was at this point that a somewhat mysterious thing occurred; not only was Austrian beet-sugar being sold in all the continental markets, but it came plentifully into our own, and at prices very much cheaper than cane sugar. How this could be, English refiners were at a loss to understand; but the secret soon came out. It was this: In Austria and other foreign countries, sugar-refiners pay excise duties, just as whisky distillers have to do with us. Excise duty was levied on each refiner, not according to the quantity of beetroot he used, but according to the quantity of sugar he might be expected to get from it. A good refiner, however, soon discovered that, by growing better roots and by improving his machinery, he could make a great deal more from each ton of roots than the government calculated; and any sugar that he made beyond the government estimate of course went untaxed. This fact stimulated refiners still more to increase their exertions; and by-and-by the Austrian sugar-yield became too great for home use. Burdened with an excise duty, Austrian refiners found they could not send their goods to other countries to compete with our cane-sugar, which had no tax to pay. This was pointed out to the government, who, not unwilling to extend their foreign commuch as from an economic point of view, its merce, agreed to repay the duty on all sugar sent

abroad (The Sugar Bounties, by W. Smart, M.A.; Blackwood & Sons). With this arrangement the refiners were quite satisfied, as well they might, for a reason that presently emerged. Excise was calculated at so much sugar per so much bestroot; but under the new arrangement it was paid back simply on so much sugar. Now, as shown above, a great part of this sugar had paid no excise duty at all, and the money returned was simply a present to the refiner. With this uncarned money, he was able in every market to undersell cane-sugar, which got no such favour.

Cane-growers soon saw that there was something wrong, and that the demand for their produce was rapidly falling off. They took active measures to cheapen cane-sugar as much as possible; but do what they might, the foreign refiner with his bounty at his back was able to checkmate them, and still make a handsome profit himself. Begun in an underhand way, the bounty system was continued openly, because these foreign governments saw with satisfaction that by its help their sugar-trade was increasing by leaps and bounds. So rapidly did things develop, that now beet-sugar, introduced only thirty years ago, supplies this country to the extent of six hundred thousand tons annually, while canesugar only gives us four hundred thousand tons.

We are now in a position to answer the question with which this paper started: Why is sugar so cheap? It is because certain continental nations virtually raise a heavy sum yearly, and give it to their sugar-refiners, to enable them to under-sell cane-sugar growers. This sum is estimated at about one million two hundred thousand pounds a year, extracted from the pockets of foreign taxpayers for our benefit, without counting that portion of the bounty which refiners may be supposed to retain as profit, but which they will disgorge if necessary to undersell cane-sugar growers.

Having answered our initial question, it might be as well to ask ourselves, what effect this bounty system has other than the lowering of prices? On the continent, there has been a great improvement in agriculture, owing to the efforts made in the better cultivation of beetroot. Then machinery has been made more effective, labour rendered more efficient, and men employed who might otherwise have been idle. But, on the other hand, it must never be forgotten that all that beetroot sugar has gained, cane-sugar has lost. Sugar-cane is not grown in the West India islands without much expenditure of labour and capital, and only after great care in planting and draining. All this will be lost if cane-sugar goes to the wall, and already sugar estates are falling out of cultivation. Again, the sugar-trade was the means of civilising these tropical countries, and should the growing of sugar cease, civilisation may be retarded, for the natives are too indolent to shift for themselves. All these facts have been clearly established by the evidence given before several Royal Commissions, and they are serious enough. Various ramedies have been proposed, but any discussion of them in this paper would be out of place. It may be mentioned that the government are at present endeavouring to arrange an International Convention at which the matter might be discussed, and some plan adopted to put the sugar

industry on a better footing. The matter is one that concerns everybody, for every one is a consumer of sugar in some form, and the more information is spread about it, the better.

#### SOME DOGS.

AT a meeting of the British Association at Aberdeen, Sir John Lubbock read a very interesting paper on the Intelligence of Dogs, the main point of his discourse being that, in place of trying to make the dog understand us, we should endeavour to understand the dog. Sir John illustrated his lecture by an anecdote of his own dog, which, he told his hearers, was gifted with intelligence enough to choose correctly, out of seven cards denoting the different days of the week, that one which represented the actually present day. Sir John's dog, in fact, is very like our old friend the 'learned pig' of the fair in point of intelligence; but it has occurred to the writer, who has a considerable acquaintance amongst dogs, that it might be worth while to make public a few dog stories illustrative of canine intelligence, each of which, he thinks, is in no way inferior to that told by Sir John Lubbock. Without vouching for the complete truth of all the following anecdotes, the writer imagines, from his own experience of the animal, that where he has not been able to fully verify facts, there is at least no reason to doubt the bona fides of those who have related the following incidents.

The first dog of which I shall speak belonged (he is dead now) to an old friend of mine. was a fine collie, called Nero. Like some other dogs of my acquaintance, he was in the habit of going to the butcher's each morning with his master, who always gave Nero his purchases in a fish-basket, to be by him carried home. One day it occurred to the master that Nero might as well be taught to go to market by himself. So he began each morning to say the word 'Butcher' very solemnly to Nero immediately before setting out; to which word Nero gravely listened, slowly wagging his tail the while. This went on for a few weeks with clockwork regularity. Then came a wet day. Nero was given his basket as usual, with a note in it asking the butcher—who had been warned beforehand to exchange it for a pound of steak, and taken to the door. Then his master said to him 'Eutcher,' enunciating the word even more solemnly than usual. Nero looked thoughtful and hesitated. He was then motioned off in the accustomed direction. Presently he went a few steps and looked back. 'Butcher, Nero, butcher,' repeated his instructor; and eventually the dog, after two or three false starts, went off with a rather dejected appearance, and my friend went indoors to await the result. In due time Nero returned with the steak; and for a year or two afterwards went to the butcher's almost daily, always bringing back his purchases without mishap.

There used to be a large black retriever belonging to one of the sailors at Greenhithe which I knew well. This dog was always to be seen on or near the little landing-stage, and he always 'begged' to strangers. Those who understood, used to give him a penny, with which he ran off to a little shop near at hand, whence he speedily returned with a large biscuit in his

This he always brought to the donor of the penny, or else to his master, never attempting to eat it until permission was given him. This, like Nero, was a dog which might have rusty hinges, been taught much. He may be at Greenhithe and springing still, for aught I know to the contrary; but his teeth, and, it is some years since I have been there myself.

So many stories have been current during recent years of canine sagacity, that one is prepared to believe a great deal with regard to the doings and sensible proceedings of the 'friend of man.' A curious story of this kind has lately been told by the Secretary of King's College Hospital, London. He states that the porter in charge of the entrance hall was one day lately attracted by the loud barking of a dog at the door of the hospital. He found there three dogs, one very much injured and exhausted by loss of blood, and other two, who, it seems, had attracted the porter's attention by their barking, evidently friends of his, with nothing particularly the matter with them, for they ran away as soon as their object was accomplished. The injured dog had apparently cut his foot with a piece of glass, and he was traced by blood-marks to the spot where the accident happened. From this track it was clear that the animal had come by the shortest possible cut to the hospital, his two friends accompanying him to call attention to his condition.

Stories of doggie's affection are common enough; but I know of none more touching than that told by a Mrs C—, who once gave a favourite carriage dog to a friend to keep for her during her prolonged absence. The following is the brief of her story as told in the Chicago Mail. For the child of the family this dog conceived one of those preferences for which dogs, above all other animals of the brute creation, have been distinguished. He played with her, walked with her, ate by her, slept near her, followed her if she rode, and mourned inconsolably if she left home without him. It was the evil fate of this little child to contract the scarlet fever, and through all her illness the dog never left her side unless forced to do so, and then his cries were so unceasing that, for quiet's sake, he was admitted again to the sickroom. The little girl died; and her disconsolate friend laid himself at full length beside the coffin, rising now and then to lick the cold face. When the coffin was carried from the house, he followed it; and when the small mound that covered it was raised, he resumed his watch there. No entreaties could persuade him to leave it. He never tasted food again; and in the course of nature followed his little friend—it may be beyond the confines of that mysterious hereafter, where those who love are reunited.

Another dog-and-child story well worth repeating was lately told in the *Philadelphia Times*, full details being given, in case of any doubt as to the writer's veracity. Here the dog was a nearly full-grown bull-pup belonging to Mr Thomas M'Glone, who resides at 1017 Locust Street, Philadelphia. Mr M'Glone expresses himself 'willing to back him against the canine world for intelligence.' In the rear of Mr M'Glone's house is a cellar twelve feet deep. The entrance to it is covered with a rickety. The entrance to it is covered with a rickety trap-door. One day the little child of one of

and was enjoying a romp with the bull-pup, when it fell on the cellar door. The door quivered, and gradually sunk downward on its rusty hinges. The pup saw the child's peril, and springing forward, grabbed its dress between this test hand have in a line of translation. his teeth, and, bracing himself, tugged with might and main to pull the child back to terra firma. The door continued to sink, however, and the dog was not heavy enough to support the weight of the child. He seemed to realise this, but never wavered in his duty, and when the door fell with a crash, the dog and child went down together. The heavy door fell on the dog's back as he stood on the cellar floor with the child lying between his legs. The child's cries and the dog's howls attracted the attention of Mr M'Glone, who rescued them both from the pit. The child was uninjured, but the dog was considerably bruised.' 'The pup undoubtedly saved the child's life,' says Mr M'Glone, 'and his value has appreciated in my eyes about one hundred per cent.'

Yet another story from America must be told here, though this time I am unable to give equally full details. Lion was a huge Newfoundland, whose mistress lives in Boston, and who gives continual proofs of his immense sagacity. The fol-

lowing is a case in point :

One day a lady called on Lion's mistress. During her call Lion came in rather slyly, lay down on the parlour carpet, and went to sleep. The conversation ran on, and the visitor said finally: 'What a handsome Newfoundland you have!

Lion opened one eye.

'Yes,' said his mistress; 'he is a very good dog, and takes excellent care of the children.'
Lion opened the other eye and waved his tail complacently to and fro along the carpet.

'When the baby goes out he always goes with her, and I feel perfectly sure that then no harm can come to her, his mistress went on.

Lion's tail thumped up and down violently

on the carpet.

'And he is so gentle to them all, and such a playmate and companion to them, that we would not take a thousand dollars for him.'

Lion's tail now went up and down, to and fro, and round and round, with great and undisguised glee.
'But,' said his mistress, 'Lion has one serious

fault.

Total subsidence of Lion's tail, together with the appearance of an expression of great concern on his face.
'He will come in here with his dirty feet

and lie down on the carpet, when I have told him time and again that he mustn't do it.'

Here Lion arose with an air of the utmost dejection and humiliation and slunk out of the room, with his lately exuberant tail totally crest-fallen. Such is the story as told. Lion is pro-bably a dog after Sir John Lubbock's own heart.

The following story was told as 'having the merit of truth:

A gentleman in one of our suburbs owns, or did own, a fine specimen of the spaniel breed, which is very fond of children, and which, when trap-door. One day the little child of one of any little ones visit his master's house, consti-Mr M'Glone's neighbours wandered into the yard, tutes himself their companion, playmate, and

guardian. A few days ago a lady with an infant visited the gentleman, and in the course of the day the child was laid on a pillow on the floor to amuse itself for a time. The dog took his place near the little one as usual. The day was hot and the flies many, and they made the baby the target of frequent attacks. This rendered her restless. Doggie watched her for a few minutes, and then, walking close up, with his nose or paw drove away every fly as soon as it lit on the baby's face, and this so gently as not to disturb her in the least. The dog's actions attracted the attention of the mother and others, who were filled with astonishment at his sagacious kindness; but to one who has watched the dog as I have watched him, his power of observation is never surprising, however wonderful it may be, and indeed is.

The value of sheep-dogs is well known; but I believe the one whose sagacity I am now about to commemorate stands out almost alone amongst his fellows. His master is a small farmer, and the proprietor of a single cow. For him the dog acts as cowherd. Each morning the dog's dinner is tied up in paper and fastened round his neck, after which he drives the cow to pasture. He remains near the cow all day, and as nearly as possible at mid-day he always slips the collar over his head, tears open his parcel, and eats his meal with the air of one who has earned it. Then he pushes the collar on again with his paws, and resumes his guard until dusk, when he drives the cow home. This story is vouched for by several people who have witnessed the whole 'performance,' and who know the dog well.

One or two of the above anecdotes have appeared in print, being published in a London newspaper to which the present writer communicated them some time ago. For the rest, I have said that I cannot exactly vouch for their complete accuracy; for in these days, one has to be very careful in guaranteeing the truth of even the most probable occurrences. I have in my notebook several stories of canine intelligence even more wonderful than any of the foregoing; but these I refrain from giving here, inasmuch as I have not been able to prove their truth, even to my own satisfaction. But I would say in conclusion, that a considerable experience of dogs has made me disinclined to refuse evidence to many a dog story which would strike the sceptic as highly improbable, so great is my belief in the animal's sagacity. And I feel convinced that any one who makes at all a careful study of the dog cannot fail to believe in his reason equally with myself; for there are things done by dogs which can never be explained as merely the outcome of what is termed animal instinct.

#### TRINITY HOUSE DINNERS.

Amongst the muniments of the London Trinity House are some quaint entries showing how the 'Bretheren' of that corporation managed their eating and drinking arrangements in times past, and giving us an anusing insight into the economy with which these arrangements were carried out. It must not, however, be imagined from this that the Tainity House was stingy in providing for its guests; it was economical, and

that is quite another thing. Indeed, a friendly dinner or a friendly wine-drinking concluded the majority of its meetings, for whatever cause such meeting might have been held; and there is every reason to suppose that these entertainments were thoroughly enjoyed by those present. Take, for instance, the incidental allusions which Evelyn makes to them in his Diary. But at the same time we find the Master and wardens of the Trinity House generally careful to avoid anything like unnecessary lavishness in the conduct of their feasts. Thus, in 1670 it was decided that the dinner on 'Court' days should be paid for at a rate not exceeding five shillings per head, 'excepte on extraordinary occasions.' They allowed a little more when 'outsiders' were to be entertained; and for the dinner they were going to give on Trinity-Monday 1704 at 'the Rummer' in Queen Street, they sanctioned the expenditure of ten shillings per head for twenty-six persons, with a proviso, that if two 'extras' came, nothing was to be charged for them.

In dining by themselves, they would doubtless have been content with more frugal fare; and six years later, when affairs were presumably not in a very flourishing state, they took their annual dinner by themselves 'for ye good husbandry of the corporation.' Even in the money-spending days of Charles II., the 'Bretheren' had considered whether, after all, it was 'desirable' to so often invite 'courtiers' to their feasts. By 'desirable' they certainly meant, did they get a quid pro quo for the invitation? To derive some benefit from those they feted was indeed a golden rule with the corporation, as is evidenced in their overtures to a certain wealthy Mr Merrick. He had already been a benefactor to the corporation; and on Trinity-Monday 1669 they had 'endeavoured to get him to dinner;' but in this they failed. Those were honest days, when people did not scruple to commit to paper the true motives for their actions; and so we find the clerk of the Trinity House making a memorandum in the minute-book to show good Mr Merrick some other attention, as he was 'a single man,' and if the corporation pleased him, might leave them 'something more at death.'

A little later, they settled that a present of wine would appeal most to the wealthy bachelor's feelings, so they asked a friend of his to dinner, and learnt what wines 'Mr Merrick did usuallye drinke.' These, it came out, were claret and canary; and a few days later, the 'Bretheren' sent him eight dozen of the former, and four dozen of the latter. History does not record if such delicate attentions had the desired effect. Let us hope they did, and that the corporation did not experience the occasional ingratitude of human nature.

No details of the 'fare' served at these Trinity House feasts in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have been preserved; but we learn from a Council order made during the time of the Commonwealth, that 'thre dyshes of good mete, and not more,' were at that time provided for dinner on ordinary occasions; and in 1660 we also find the corporation directing that 'two barrells of strong beer' should be in readiness 'for the election of the Master.' Among those who were expected to partake of the contents

were William Prynne and Serjeant Maynard. Drinking (we do not use the word to imply intemperance) formed a very important part of the ceremonial with the Trinity House on all occasions. Even when no meal was served after a meeting, we find that the 'Bretheren refreshed themselves with a glasse of wine, and then went to Deptford Church to hear a sermon. When two of the 'Bretheren' had a little disagreement, as Captain Crispe and Captain Crane had in 1671, a day was appointed for these gentlemen to attend and drink to each other, and declare themselves reconciled. In 1665, the Court, finding the claret 'provided for the meetings not so pure or good as was expected, ordered the wardens to lay in 'a tierce or twoe of such claret as might be approved of.'

There is one entry in the corporation min-utes which suggests that 'courtiers' may have been inconvenient guests to entertain, for other reasons than the extra expense which their presence occasioned. Apparently, on accepting an invitation, they were in the habit, like the famous Mr Jingle, of ordering, if not actually what they would have for dinner, at least where they would have it; thus, we find the dinner on Trinity-Monday 1661 ordered to be kept at Stepney, if the Duke of Albemarle, when invited to it, 'did not order it in Water Lane.'

### THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Miss Gordon Cumming, the well-known traveller, and sister to the 'Lion-slayer,' has recently published some interesting particulars regarding a successful attempt to teach the blind in China to read. It is estimated that there are more than half a million of blind persons in China, and this endeavour to afford them the solace of reading is due to the benevolence of Mr W. H. Murray. Formerly a sawyer in the south of Scotland, but more recently a colporteur of the National Bible Society, Mr Murray went in that capacity to Pekin. His system consists in the employment of embossed dots, and it is strictly phonetic, that is to say, the four thousand characters used in Chinese typography have been reduced to a comparatively few combinations of dots representing certain sounds. His first pupil was a street beggar, who learnt to read in six weeks. This experiment showed that the scheme was practicable, and in a short time afterwards a Blind School was opened in Pekin. It is worthy of remark that the scholars there learn to read with far greater rapidity than their more fortunate fellows who have the use of their eyes. Surely this fact should be a plea for that remodelling of Chinese typography which must come sooner or

On account of the state of the weather during the late eclipse, comparatively few observations were made. Very much disappointment has been expressed by the observers in consequence. Large sums of money have been spent on fruit-

a certain extent independent of lowering clouds, were unsuccessful. One balloon got wet, and was too heavy to carry up the two persons in the car; and the other was met by torrents of rain,

and had speedily to descend.

Monsieur W. de Fonvielle, an experienced French aeronaut, claims that balloons can be made very serviceable to astronomical science, and indeed he was the first to advocate their use for observations. He believes that, under skilful management, observers can be safely carried above any obscuring veil of clouds; but sufficient time must be given to the necessary prepara-tions, and the balloon must be capable of carrying a large amount of ballast. It seems to be certain that photographs taken so far above the lower strata of the atmosphere would have a much better chance of success than those taken on the surface of the earth. The total eclipse of the moon which will take place in January next will afford an opportunity, of which many will doubtless take advantage, of testing the value of balloon observation.

An attempt has lately been made at Paris by MM. Jovis and Mallet to rise to a greater height in the atmosphere by means of a balloon than has ever yet been done. The aeronauts took with them a number of instruments for the purpose of making observations, and among these were a barometer designed to measure heights of upwards of thirty thousand feet, and a thermometer which would record temperatures fifty degrees below zero. A new feature was represented by the provision of bags of oxygen, for the purpose of inhalation by the aeronauts after attaining high elevations. It will be remembered that in 1862 Messrs Glaisher and Coxwell ascended from Wolverhampton for the purpose of making scientific observations from a ballom, and that they then reached the extraordinary altitude of seven miles above the earth. On this occasion, both the occupants of the car suffered very much, Mr Glaisher becoming quite insensible for a time. A similar experience seems to have been the lot of these French experimenters, one of them having fainted twice upon reaching the altitude of twenty thousand feet, the faintness being speedily mitigated after inhalation of the oxygen provided. The ascent was successful, but the height reached was far below that attained by Mr Glaisher and his companion, as already recorded.

A new kind of smokeless gunpowder has recently formed the subject of many experiments by the War Office authorities. This powder, the composition of which is a secret, is known as the Johnson-Barland, or for short, J.-B. powder. Its inventor claims that it gives greater velocity, flatter trajectory, less recoil, and less fouling than ordinary government powder. It will keep better, is safer to manufacture and to handle, and the weight is less than that of ordinary powder. Its inventor states that he will soon be able to produce a cartridge which complete shall weigh one hundred grains less than those now in use, while its performance shall be all that can be desired. In the recent experiments with the smokeless powder, t has been clearly demonstrated that several of less journeys and preparations; and even those these claims are based upon fact. There will be observers who were provided with balloons, which it was thought would render them to advisability of using smokeless powder in warfare, for, although the smoke must interfere with correct aim, it has often proved a friendly shield, under cover of which victory has been gained or

life has been saved.

Now that we have come to the end of the long drought that has afflicted more or less a large portion of the country during the past summer months, it may be as well to inquire how long a time has elapsed since a similar occurrence of such absolute drought has been recorded. Mr G. J. Symons, F.R.S., writing from an observatory at Crowborough, in Sussex, states that it is more than forty years since the late absolute drought of thirty days in this part of Sussex was equalled. Mr Symons defines an absolute drought as a period of fourteen or more days with no measurable rainfall.

In response to the appeal of the Royal Society of Victoria and the Royal Geographical Society of Australia, the Premier of Victoria has consented to place the sum of ten thousand pounds on the estimates for the purpose of Antarctic exploration. It is intended to interest shipowners in the enterprise, and masters of ships will receive special bonuses for different services in connection with it. Thus, for every hundred tuns of oil from fish caught south of a certain latitude, they will receive a sum of money. A special bonus will also be given to any master of a ship who will pass still nearer to the South Pole, and also for establishing on shore a temporary observing camp. Two ships will be required for this work, and they must be ready to start by the 15th of next October. The sum of money named above is promised on the condition that other colonies will join in this scheme, which it is hoped will give a strong impetus to Antarctic exploration.

According to recent advices, the Panama Canal scheme does not seem to be in such a flourishing position as its advocates and supporters recently endeavoured to prove. In one section of the Canal great difficulty has been experienced with the soil, which, owing to heavy rains, is constantly thrown back into the excavated channel, so that to a great extent the work already done will have to be done over again. Financially, the scheme seems also to be unsatisfactory. Up to the present time, five millions sterling have been paid as interest out of capital. It is estimated that at the present rate of progress the work will cost at least one hundred and twenty millions sterling; and the Company must earn five times the amount earned by the Suez Canal Company in order to cover their working expenses, interest,

and other charges!

A paper was lately read before the China Asiatic Society by Mr Carles, lately vice-consul in Corea, giving an interesting sketch of that comparatively unknown country. He points out in this paper that, owing to the position of Corea between China and Japan, it has frequently been invaded by both countries. As a relic of one of these invasions, which occurred in the sixteenth century, there is a large mound at Katito, underneath which are buried the ears and noses of one hundred and thirty thousand Coreans. But the country is now left alone by its neighbours, and is independent. The people are said to be very peaceful, and to treat strangers well. The women are allowed to go abroad only in the evening, when all the men decorously retire indoors. The

country is so primitive that the people have few wants. They have no trade; there is nothing to invest money in, and apparently Corea is a paradise for the lazy. The men are addicted to drink, but still more to the tobacco pipe, which is described as the curse of the country. The Corean goes about his occupation with a pipe three feet long in his mouth; and whatever the nature of the work may be, whether digging with a spade or any other employment, the man devotes one of his hands to his precious pipe, which he will not relinquish for a moment. The result is that fifteen men do about the work of three Europeans. It is stated that the natural features of the country are very beautiful, and that the people take a great pride in it.

people take a great pride in it. A correspondent of the Times points out that in the recent debate upon the shot-firing clauses of the Coal Mines Bill, the speakers seemed to be unaware that a form of cartridge can be and is now used for blasting without incurring the slightest risk, and he supports his contention by publishing a letter signed by a dozen colliery managers of North Staffordshire. This letter states that blasting by means of gunpowder has been given up in many of the mines in that district for years, that now a water cartridge fitted with an electrical firing apparatus is used, and that its adoption is daily increasing, two hundred thousand shots having been fired by this system without a single accident. With regard to cost, the new method compares favourably with the use of gunpowder and the old-fashioned fuse, and the coal so obtained is in as good a condition as under the old practice. But in addition to these advantages, there is a sense of security experienced by all engaged, from the knowledge that the water in the cartridge quenches immediately the flame caused by the explosion of each

While the unfortunate English farmer has to complain of the numerous insect pests to which agriculture is subject, and which, owing to the late drought, have been more marked than ever, one pest at least has been found this year to be in a minority. Few wasps have been seen, except in some places where they are still abundant. At Maiden-Erleigh a wasp's nest, after having been smoked with sulphur, was recently dug out from a stack of turf. This nest measured the extraordinary size of thirty inches in circumference, and contained thousands of wasps! Its discovery was opportune, for a prize had been offered for the finest wasp's nest, at the Cottage Garden Exhibition in the neighbourhood, and this nest took the

prize without any difficulty.

The Atlantic steamship Umbria has gone through an experience which, luckily, is not common. In mid-Atlantic the lookout observed a huge wave approaching the ship, and the course of the vessel was immediately altered, so that it might meet the wall of water obliquely. When the ship met the wave, it caused her to tremble from stem to stern; and the rush of hundreds of tans of water on the deck was so forcible that the thick brass rails on the bridge and the iron stanchions were twisted and broken, while the woodwork generally was crushed into splinters. Luckily, there was no loss of life; but there was a panic amongst the passengers during the critical period. It would be interesting to know

whence this abnormal wave came, and how it originated.

Dr Freire of Brazil, who has for the past seven years been trying to find a means of protection against yellow fever by inoculation, seems to have met with some success. Dr Freire works on the principle of M. Pasteur's methods-that is to say, he gets what is termed a culture liquid for the inoculation, and injects it subcutaneously. It is found that there is a mortality of about one per thousand for the inoculated, and one per cent. for those who have not been protected by the new method. In Rio de Janeiro, this year there has been no epidemic of yellow fever, a circumstance which has not occurred for the past thirtyfive years; but how far this may be due to Dr

Freire's system, it is impossible to state.

The introduction of liquid hydrocarbons for fuel on shipboard and to steam-boilers generally has recently made great headway. A series of experiments and tests are about to be made by Mr Thwaite, C.E., of Liverpool, and these experiments may possibly have great influence on the employment of liquid fuels in the future. The effects of air-supply, air and steam, and steam alone, will be considered, and the exact heat-value of different kinds of liquid fuel will be ascer-

tained with precision.

In one of the Paris theatres, some new apparatus has recently been tried for the purpose of securing safety in case of fire. The apparatus is governed by an electrical circuit, which can be closed by push-buttons in various parts of the building. The act of pressing one of these buttons would be to drop the iron curtain that divides the stage from the auditorium, and at the same time to open numerous exit doors provided in case of panic. In case no one should have the presence of mind to touch one of these buttons, the heat of the fire itself will act upon certain portions of the apparatus, so that the curtain will come down and the doors will open automatically.

A new system of bootmaking has been introduced under the name of the Ab-intra Method. This word explains the method adopted; for the nails, of special make, are, by a machine, put in from the inside of the sole, so that the heads of the nails are towards the wearer's feet. This inner sole is then placed on the last with the points of the nails upwards, and the upper part of the boot is pulled over them and made fast with a special form of tool. The sole proper is then placed over the points, and is hammered down, the nails being then bent over upon the outside of the sole. It is said that the three portions of the boot are in this manner so closely united that it requires special appliances to separate them, the secret of this great amount of cohesion being in the form of nail employed. It is said that there is a great saving of time in this process.

Some months ago there was a panic in London regarding a case of wholesale poisoning by means of ice-creams, and if we remember rightly, the danger was traced to the impure water employed in making the ice. It has just been pointed out by an American doctor that the poisoning in such a case may be due to chemical action which takes place in the ice-cream freezer, and by which the zinc is dissolved. He has shown clearly, by

means of a galvanometer, that an electrical current under certain conditions will pass through the utensils used, and this current indicates that zinc is dissolved from one of the containing vessels.

Mr Ranyard, the well-known astronomer, has patented a new method of making wood pavement. The system has been suggested by the surface of an elephant's tooth, which it will be remembered consists of layers of hard substance intermingled with a softer material, so that, as the surface wears down, there is always a series of hard ridges upon the surface. Mr Ranyard's system comprises the use of blocks made of alternate layers of hard and soft material, which are set upon edge, so that the edges of these laminæ constitute a wearing surface. These blocks are four inches thick, and they are made of alternate layers of Portland cement and a mixture of sand and cement. They will wear down gradually under traffic; but, unlike granite blocks, they will not wear smooth, but will continue rough, so that they can be worn down until less than one inch in thickness. This system This system is about to be put to rigid tests.

The Scientific American gives some account of a negro who is probably the oldest man now in the world. He was born in 1752, and remembers the rejoicing forty years later, when Washington was elected to the Presidency. Five years ago, when he was at the age of one hundred and thirty, he could do light work; but now he suffers from rheumatism, which prevents him walking; other-

wise, he is in good health.

A German paper lately published a method of removing rust from iron, which appears to be very simple, and is said to be thoroughly effectual. It consists in immersing the article in a nearly saturated solution of chloride of tin, which, however, must not be too acid, or it will attack the iron treated. After removal from this bath, the metal must be washed in water, and then with a weak solution of ammonia. The iron so treated assumes the appearance of frosted silver, and is proof against rust.

A process has lately been discovered by which vulcanised fibre can be made sufficiently porous to be used in place of the ordinary porous jar in primary batteries. It is said that the electrical resistance of the ordinary Bunsen cell with a porous pot made of this fibre is only half as great as that of the cell in which a porcelain pot is used. It is believed that this porous fibre will be of great use for many other electrical appliances.

An interesting relic of the first London Bridge, which was erected in the time of William the Conqueror, has been dug up from the bed of the Thames in the course of some excavations which have been lately made at Botolph Wharf. This is a portion of one of the piles of the original bridge, which seems to have been oblong in section, instead of square, according to modern ideas. The wood is almost black, and is oak; but although saturated with water and blackened with its eight hundred years of immersion in mud and water, it is still fit for service, and might possibly do duty for another eight centuries.

At the Manchester Exhibition a new form of

forge-hammer is exhibited. This hammer no doubt owes its conception to the well-known steam-hammer of Nasmyth, but it works by the

explosive force of gas. It will, if required, deliver one hundred and twenty blows per minute, each blow having a striking force equal to three hundredweight falling through a space of one foot.

#### A WEIRD PICTURE.

At the mouth of the beautiful loch which forms the harbour of Campbeltown, there stands an island called Dayaar, about a mile or so in circumference. On the side facing Campbeltown Loch it slopes down to the water, but on the other sides it is precipitous. Its cliffs are indented with numerous caves, which are objects of interest and curiosity to visitors, as they are easily acces-sible at nearly all states of the tide to any one not afraid of a rather rough walk over boulders. In connection with one of these caves, there has, within the last few weeks, arisen an object of rather mysterious interest in the shape of a painting of the Saviour on the cross. The cave in question is a double one, the main cave being about fifteen or twenty yards in depth, with a separate smaller one opening into it about halfway in. In the recess formed by the junction of the two caves there is a curious flat triangular surface of rock exactly the size to contain the figure, with arms stretched on the cross; and it is almost a stroke of genius to conceive the painting of such a subject in such a place, as the subdued light entering by the smaller opening, dimly lighting up a recess which would otherwise be dark, gives the figure a weird and mysterious appearance, which is most striking and impressive. It is full size, painted in oil colours, and represents a full front view of the Saviour. It is a realistic work, and, so far as can be judged by the dim religious light, well and powerfully drawn and coloured. The discovery created a powerful sensation, and it has attracted an almost constant stream of visitors from all parts of Scotland. This sensation was heightened by the mystery attending it, no one knowing when or by whom the work was done. A gentleman named Mr Archibald M'Kinnon, however, has since acknowledged 'that I entered the double cave on the island of Davaar on several occasions, and painted the subject of "Christ Crucified" on the wall of the cave, in the most suitable place I have ever discovered for the purpose of portraying a subject I have long had at heart.'

#### ROSES.

I HAVE roses to sell! I have roses to sell! The voice of the vendor grew faint as it fell. I went to my window and threw it up high, Because I loved roses and wanted to buy.

There were women and men speeding fast through the street.

The footways resounded with hurrying feet; I looked to the left, and I looked to the right, But the seller of roses was nowhere in sight.

I have roses, sweet roses!'—I heard it again, And a little wan form hurried by in the rain No friend to protect her—to shield her from harm-No wealth save the roses that hung on her arm.

She came to my beckon, so modest and shy, And blushed with delight when I offered to buy. I took the best blossoms; I gave what I chose; She knew not the value of even a rose.

'I would not take money,' she said with a tear, 'If father were well, and if mother were here. I cannot help feeling-I've felt it all day-Ashamed to sell flowers that we once gave away!'

She fled, with a sigh, from my pitying sight, And hurried away in the gloom of the night; While I by her words was instinctively brought To ponder the lesson unconsciously taught.

Ashamed to sell roses! and yet, day by day, We are bartering treasures more priceless than they: The gifts God hath given-the best we have got-For perishing pleasures that satisfy not.

We sell our smiles to the rich of the earth, Our favours for what we conceive they are worth, Our talents for treasure, our nature for name, Our wisdom for wealth, and our freedom for Fame.

We are selling and selling-and what is unsold Is given on credit, with bond for the gold; It is 'nothing for nothing,' give nothing away, And count up to-morrow the gains of to-day.

Poor seller of roses! I see thee no more; Thy fate is a secret I cannot explore; Thy voice may be murmuring still in the night: 'I have roses to sell—I have red ones and white!'

Ashamed to sell roses! Perhaps thou art now Where shame never flushes the glorified brow ; Perhaps thou art breathing the sweetness profound The great Rose of Sharon dispenses around.

I know not; but, child, wheresoever thou art, Remembrance still claims thee a place in my heart; I think of thee often, by poverty driven, Ashamed to sell roses thou fain wouldst have given.

O, long may I follow that yearning of thine, To give, not to barter, the things that are mine; And when the dark river rolls down to the sea, The shore may be golden for me, as for thee. NANNIE POWER O'DONOGHUE.

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# FROM A FIELD-GATE.

A GLORIOUS afternoon it is, the hottest of midsummer, with not a shadow in the dazzling blue of the heavens. Who could sit at a desk with the white butterflies flickering in and out at the open window, the sweet breath of the clove-pinks filling the air, and the faint gurgle of the river coming up from the glen below? The gardener has long ago left off weeding the lawn borders, and betaken himself to the cool planting-house; Jug the spaniel lies panting out there with lolling tongue in the shadow under the rhododendrons; and the leaves of the aspens themselves seem tremulous with the heat. It will be pleasanter to go up through the wood to the end of the lane, to sit under the edge of the trees there on the trunk of silver birch that serves for a cattle-gate, and enjoy something of the southern dolce far niente, with a pocket copy of gentle Allan Ramsay to finger through.

How very quiet the spot is, with the wood behind, and the flowery fields sloping away in front! Not a murmur comes here from the city, whose smoke rises, a murky cloud, far off in the valley yonder. The streets there will be stifling to-day amid the hot reckings of asphalt pavements, the sifting particles of burning dust, and the incessant roar of traffic. Here, above the fields, the air is sweet with the scent of clover; the stillness is only broken by the faint pipe of a yellowhammer sometimes in the depth of the wood, and the blue heavens shed their peace upon the heart. Nothing but the faintest breath of air is moving, just enough to stir gently the deep grasses of the hayfield, and to touch cheek and lip now and again with the soft warm sigh of the sweetbrier in the hedge. Gleaming flies, green and yellow, with gauzy wings, float like jewels in the sunshine; a shadow for a moment touches the page as a stray rook drifts silently overhead; and on the edge of the great yellow daisy that flames over there like a topaz among the corn, a blue butterfly lazily opens and shuts its wings.

birds have nested and foregone the twitterings of their courting-time; but from the lark up yonder, a quivering black speck in the sky, there is falling a perfect rill of melody. What is he exulting about, the little black speck? Is it for sheer gladsomeness in the happy sunshine, or is it because there is a little helpless brood of callow laverocks in a nest somewhere below among the clover? Glad little heart! sing thy song out while the blue sky smiles above thee. Thou hast forgotten the pinching of the winter cold, and why should thy rapturous hour be saddened by taking thought for the dark things of the morrow. Under the hedge close by, an occasional rustle of dry leaves and an admonitory cluck betray a brood of chickens surreptitiously brought into existence by some lawless and absconding hen: and on a twig a little way off, a young sparrow with fluttering wings gapes its yellow beak for the attentions of a proud and sprightly parent.

In the distance, from the bottom of the next meadow, comes the faint whir of a mowingmachine. It and the reapers are out of sight; but on the level beyond, the ryegrass lies in long white lines winnowing in the sun. Well may that harvest be the first to be gathered, for it is the share that falls to the faithful dumb friends of man. Meanwhile, the farmhorses left at liberty in the grass-field yonder are evidently, like many honest souls of another genus who have worked hard all their lives, quite at a loss what to do with their late-acquired leisure.

On the dike-top here, the clover, with great ball-blooms of rich pink, is growing beside the purple-toothed vetch and the small yellow stars of another unknown flower. In the hedge, among the heavy-scented privet blossoms, are flowers of pink wild-rose delicate as the bloom of a gul's cheek, with full pouting buds red as lips that would be kissed. White brier roses there are, too, as large as crown pieces, and great velvety humble-bees are busy botanising among their stamens. The bees prefer the newly opened ones, however, whose hearts are still a rich golden This is the silent month, they say, because the yellow. Below, among the woodland grasses, the

white dome-clusters of the dim-leaved yarrow are flowering amid a miniature forest of green mare's-tails and the downy stalks of the hemlock. Gardeners are only now beginning to see the beauty of the yarrow for deep borders, as they are beginning to see the beauty of the foxglove and the glory of the broom. Over there in the side of the wood-ditch are springing delicate tufts of spleenwort; and already the flower-fronds of the hard-fern are rising from the nest of their dark-spread fellows. The graceful heart-shaped nettle leaf appears there too, with its purple stem, beside the tall magenta-coloured flowers of the bastard-thistle.

A pleasant retreat, indeed, is the spot; and through the tangled wood-depth, of a moonlit night, night be expected to come the revel court of Titania. Is not that one of her furry steeds, with velvet ears erect and bright wide eyes, cropping the green blade in the grassy lane path? Her sleek chorister, too, the blackbird, has forgotten to be timid as he hops across the ruts there, waiting doubtless for her coming. Whir! What a rush of wings! It is a flight of starlings disturbed from the grass-field below; for these birds bring their young out to the fields this month in flocks of hundreds to feed. Round and round they wheel in the air, as if delighting in their power of wing, before finally settling on the grassy knoll a hundred yards away.

A sunny knoll that is, where the birds feed undisturbed to-day, a small point in the landscape; yet it has a page of history to itself. On its summit once stood a Scottish queen, surrounded by a little group of nobles, watching, a mile to the north, the die of her fate being cast, the arbiter of life or death. Two armies lay before her. Far off about the little village in the bosom of yonder hill she saw two dark masses gathered, with a battery line of guns between them. Those were her enemies; and one of the horsemen behind them-it was only a mile away-she knew was her own half-brother. Nearer, on the lower rising ground, that the railway cuts through now, she saw her own troops gathering, a larger force, but without the advantage of position. And the queen watched and waited; it was about nine o'clock of the morning. Presently, a cloud of smoke sprang out between the armies, and immediately was heard the roar of cannon; the duel of the artillery had begun. During half an hour little could be seen for the smoke, and there was a constant explosion of ordnance. It must have been an anxious time. Suddenly, however, the firing ceased, the smoke rolled away, and the battlefield could be made out. The queen's cavalry had formed into line, had charged, and were driving the enemy's horse before them. Then a tear sprang to the queen's eye as she saw her yanguard leave the hill, cross the open ground among the furze, and, with their gallant leader at their head, rush to storm the village. They disappeared in the narrow lane, where the new church stands now in the hollow of the hill, and there could only be heard faintly their shout as they closed with their opponents, and the shot-reports of the enemy's hagbutters firing at them from the hedgevanguard! press them hard. A few moments longer, and the day is yours.

But look! A horseman gallops to the other wing of the enemy, where the Regent is riding. It stirs; it moves down upon the village. Ah, where now is the queen's reserve? Why does it remain inactive and aloof? Are its rival leaders quarrelling over petty precedence, or is there treachery in its ranks? The battle closes again about the narrow lane. The vanguard is attacked on either flank—it is overborne—it gives way. See! they are broken; they pour back out of the lane. Wounded, weaponless, they are fleeing, and with a yell their foes are upon them, cutting them down. But the reserve is moving at last; it may bring help; it may yet retrieve the hour. Ah, cowards! it breaks and scatters. The day is lost. Away! then, away, poor hapless queen! Ply whip and spur for thy life. Neither here nor anywhere in all thy fathers' kingdom of Scotland is there safe tarrying-place for thee now. And may heaven help thee in the hour of need, for thou wilt find small help in man or woman.

The starlings are feeding this afternoon on the Court Knowe, the hillock there, undisturbed, and it is three hundred and nineteen years since the stricken queen rode away through the hollow yonder where the green corn is growing. The suburbs of the city are spreading even over the battlefield itself. But ever and again, upon a summer day, there comes a pilgrim to stand a while in pitying silence on the little knoll under the trees, and to recall something of these 'old, unhappy, far-off things,' as he reads upon the stone there the royal monogram, and the date, May 13, 1568.

Clouds, however, are beginning to gather in the sky; a pair of swallows are flying low, skimming the grasses for insects under the edge of the wood; and the hoarse note of the cornerake comes from the middle of the clover-field—signs, all these, of coming rain. The hay-makers are hurrying their harvest into small stooks, and a cool wind is rustling the braird of the corn. The sun is setting, too, and the sound of the tea-bell comes up through the wood. It is time to go home.

#### RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

By the Author of 'Mehalah,' 'John Herring,' 'Court Royal,' etc.

CHAPTER XLIV .- A ROLLING STONE.

ceased, the smoke rolled away, and the battlefield could be made out. The queen's cavalry had formed into line, had charged, and were driving the enemy's horse before them. Then a tear sprang to the queen's eye as she saw her yanguard leave the hill, cross the open ground among the furze, and, with their gallant leader at their head, rush to storm the village. They disappeared in the narrow lane, where the new church stands now in the hollow of the hill, and there could only be heard faintly their shout as they closed with their opponents, and the shot-reports of the enemy's lagoutters firing at them from the hedge-gardens and the village roofs. How was the day going? See! the enemy's wing was wavering, was giving way. Fight on, brave fellows! brave

passes North Tawton, it leaves the red soil for ever. On the south of the road is good landcrops wave, and trees grow to stately dimensions; for there limestone and volcanic tufa break out and warm and enrich the soil above. To the north of the road is clay, and clay only, to the ocean, where crops are meagre and trees are stunted. Cable's eye had been sharpened, and he learned and took in much as he went along the road. Having bought young stock from the poor land, he turned his back on the west, and drove them to Exeter, and trucked them on to Somersetshire again; but not this time to Bewdley and Bath, but to the neighbourhood of Wells. He sold these readily enough; and then he bought more calves and trucked them to Exeter, where on this occasion he had left his cob and van; and then drove them to Launceston, disposing of most of them before reaching home.

From Exeter he brought with him seven pairs of new shoes, with perfectly clean smooth soles, of a pleasant brown; and ever and anon, as he drove in his van, with the calves bleating behind him, he opened the bag that contained the shoes, and took them out and counted them, and kissed the soles, thinking of the little feet they would clothe when brought to St Kerian. Richard had to halt continually on the road and buy milk for his calves, dip his fingers in the milk and let the calves suck them. It was tedious work; but it would have been less tedious to another, for no other was drawn homewards by such strong fibres from his heart. At length he arrived within sight of St Kerian, and drove through the village street. The innkeeper came out to ask what luck he had had. 'Middling,' answered Dick; but he did not halt at the inn-door. Then out of his smithy came Penrose the blacksmith with a

cheery salute and his big black hand extended.
Well, Cable, glad to seey' back. The little

uns be all peart [bright].'
Richard nodded. He held the reins in one hand and the whip in the other; he did not

accept the offered hand, but drove on.

'What, Mr Cable!' exclaimed the parson, who was on his rounds. 'You're home again! I'm glad to see you have a carriage - Your mother is fairly well, and the children-blooming rose-

'Thanky', sir!' Richard put the handle of his

whip to his cap, and drove on.
'Dicky!' shouted Farmer Tregurtha over the hedge, 'so you're home with your pockets lined with money. I must look out for Summerleaze, or you'll snap it away from under my feet.'

'I take nothing for which I cannot pay,' answered Richard; then he turned a corner and stopped the van, whereat the calves, thinking it meant milk and a suck at his hands, began to bleat. But he was not thinking at that moment of the calves. He saw before him the cob cottage, the limewashed walls gleaming white in the sun, and before the door stood Mrs Cable with little Bessie in her arms, and about her the rest, look-

ing down the road with eager eyes.

What a cry of delight when their father appeared with his van and cob! Little Bessie struggled in her grandmother's arms and clapped her hands; and Mary, his dear Mary, came to him with expanded arms, scudding along like a

about his neck and heart, and buried her face in his. Never would he forget that moment, that spasm of pride, that rapturous leap of his heart in his breast as he saw her coming on, and shouted: 'No!—not in Somersetshire, not anywhere, is there such another little Mary!'

What a happy evening that was, with his children clustering round the calves, dipping their hands in the milk and laughing, but first shrinking at the mouths of the young creatures sucking their hands! Little Bessie must pat the calves, and she quite fell in love with a young dappled Guernsey. What a pleasant supper when they all sat round the table, but not before there had been a slight scuffle which should sit beside their father! Was there ever so dainty a dish served up at Hanford Hall whilst Richard dined there, as that great bowl of potatoes and turnips that now steamed in the midst of the table round which the bright and happy faces smiled and shone! Then, when supper was over, came the trying-on of the new shoes; and each in turn sat on her grandmother's lap, whilst Richard knelt on the slate floor and fitted the covers on to the dear little feet he loved so well. For Bessie there was a pair of glazed patent leather that shone like sticking-plaster, and they had rosettes with steel buckles and beads over the instep. Bessie laughed and danced in her grandmother's arms, and then cried to be held by her dada; and clung fast to him, and would not be put down or go to bed till he undertook to undress her, wash her, comb her hair, hear her prayers, and sit by her till she fell asleep.

The happiness was of short duration. Next morning, Richard went farther with his van and cob and calves, to the Magpie, to give an account to Jacob Corye of what he had done, how he had succeeded, and what he proposed

'There, now,' said the landlord of the Magpie, when he heard the results and saw his money. 'I be glad, I be, to handle the cash; but I be main better pleased to know that what some say are the maggots in my head have turned into

butterflies, and not blue-bottles.

After that, of course a second venture was agreed upon. Richard was to remain a week at home, make what arrangements he thought necessary for the children, and then start again on the road by Launceston to Exeter, driving young cattle before him. He was now eager to be gone. Not that he desired to be away from his family, but that his ambition was fired. He was resolved at no very distant date to scoure Summerleaze, and build thereon the house which he had seen in a dream, and which he had declared to Tregurtha he intended to build. How many times had wild ambitions and vague aspirations rushed through his head, and found expression on his lips, and nothing had come of them. One night a dream had passed before his sleeping eyes, a jumble of impossibilities, it might be thought, and now that dream promised to realise itself.

Throughout the week he was at home, Richard was silent concerning one matter. He was ready to talk to his little ones about what he had seen—concerning the children of Mrs Stokes, the whirligig he had come across at Okehampton, seagull, and dived into her father's arms, clung and the grand cathedral at Exeter, and the piebald

horses of a circus that had passed him on the road, and the militia reviewed at Wells, and the hot springs with foul smell at Bath; and he had told his mother of his difficulties and of his successes, of his mistakes and of his gained experiences, of his prospects for the future, of the certainty of his insuring a small fortune; but he said not a word about the discovery he had made at Bewdley. Nevertheless, that discovery troubled his mind and kept him wakeful at night. It was a discovery that perplexed him beyond power of setting to rights. Why was Josephine in service? If in service, how came Why was she to be singing and playing in the drawing-room that night? He knew so much of the ways of good houses as this, that a lady's-maid is not expected to sit down to the piano in the room with her mistress. He also knew so much of Josephine as this, that for her to associate with such creatures as Mr Polkinghorn would be unendurable. He thought of his own Polly: perhaps the maids at Bewdley were like her. Polly was a good girl, fond of work, and fond also of finery when she could get it. Polly had not been blessed by heaven with much mind, and what little mind she had was uncultivated. She could read, but read only trash—police intelligence and novels. She could write, but not spell. She could talk, but not of anything beyond village gossip. Could Josephine have borne the daily society of Polly, could she breathe in such an atmosphere of vulgar interests?

Either Josephine was very much other than what he had supposed, or she was now completely out of her proper element, and suffering accordingly. It was possible that her pride, her headlong self-will, coupled with pride, had made her throw up all the advantages she had got by the will of Gabriel Gotham. Richard recollected now that she had told him her mother's fortune, which ought to have come to her, had been mismanaged and lost. It was by no means impossible that Mr Cornellis, for whom Richard entertained the greatest aversion, might have met with a reverse and be ruined. Then, how was it that Josephine, being so close a friend of the Sellwoods, was allowed by them to drop into a menial situa-tion? They were well off, always ready to do what was kind, and be helpful to those in distress. Yet it was the Sellwoods who, according to Mr Polkinghorn, had recommended Josephine to her

present place. 'I wish I could have seen her,' mused Richard. 'It would be painful to me—but for all that, I wish I had seen her; and when I go back again to Bewdley, I must try and see her without letting her see me. I'd like to know how she bears the change. I'd like to see how she looks—as a servant. He laughed. 'And to be considered a low lot!'

Dicky Cable did not go near Bath on his second expedition; he went into another part of Somerset. He was away for some time. After this, he was able to stand unsupported by Jacob Corye. He became a cattle-jobber on his own bottom; but he always dealt for Corye whilst dealing for himself, and to Corye he always gave double profits, for it was the landlord of the *Mappie* who had put the plum into his mouth. He began to pretty broadly their desire to know how his turn over money very fast. He had a good deal of affairs went—well-intentioned visitors, with kindly expense on his journeys; he had to lodge himself meant inquiries, but vexing to Cable, who did not

and his horse, and feed his young stock and give skimmed milk to his calves; and the railway carriage ran away with money; and the seven little mouths at home cost more every day, for appetites grew with their bodies, and their clothing and shoeing cost more also. Nevertheless, Cable put away money.

But we are looking too far ahead. He had not started on his own foundation when Christmas

came; he did so with the New Year.

The opinions of the St Kerian people underwent a change respecting him. Some were glad at the improvement in his circumstances; but others begrudged it. Most wondered that he should have done what was now obvious to all; they were uneasy at his having got his feet on Luck's road, when there were so many worthier men, such as themselves, who wandered in Poverty Lane. Now, those who formerly had not noticed him, nodded when he passed; and those who in former days had nodded, shook hands; and those who had in the time when he broke stones shaken hands, now asked him to lend them money, which was the greatest mark of esteem they could show him. The St Kerian folk were in that transition mood in which it would take very little on his part to bring them into the most cordial relationship, and make them forget that on one side he was not a true-blooded Cornishman. The women were specially disposed in his favour, because he had proved himself so tender and true a father to his orphan girls; and some were most especially so disposed because they considered him to be a widower. But Richard Cable took no notice of the revolution. He called at none of the houses of the villagers; he scarcely spoke to those whom he passed; he returned their salutations without cordiality; and he never went to the public-house, which was the more to be marvelled at, because, whilst from home, he lived entirely in taverns. Perhaps that was why he cared for none when at St Kerian, and spent all his available time in his cob cottage among his seven little maids.

Christmas came—the second since Richard Cable and his family had been at St Kerian. The first saw him in great poverty, without prospect of betterment; the second shone on him with a future opening before him; but it did not find him, for all that, with a more softened and Christmas-like spirit. He arrived at home on

the eve.

Over the great fire that burned on what is locally termed the 'heath-grate' hung a caldron, in which was boiling the plum-pudding for the morrow. Cable sat in the armchair by the fire, with little Bessie on one knee, and Susie on the other, with Lettice standing in the chair behind him, scrambling up his back, and the four other children sitting on their stools in a semi-circle round the fire. They were in neat stuff frocks, with clean white pinafores over them. The father was full of joy and fun, when a tap came at the door, and some neighbours entered to congratulate him on his return and to hear the

They stood before the fire, thrusting the little girls aside, talking, asking questions, hinting pretty broadly their desire to know how his

care to be disturbed. He answered shortly, with gravity; he showed no pleasure at the visit; he put aside their questions unanswered. did not ask the intruders to be seated and take a pipe; so that, after a few minutes, somewhat disconcerted, they retired. An opportunity for conciliation had been offered, and rejected.

Richard Cable had never cared for the society of his fellow-men, even in the old days, but then he had not shunned it. Now that he had entered on a business which took him among men, he valued his privacy more than formerly. He was not at home for very long, and whilst there, he desired to be left alone with his precious ones. The St Kerian people were not travellers; they remained stationary where their fathers had stood and their grandfathers before them. Richard Cable had become a rolling stone, after having Richard fallen among them with every promise of becoming a fixture. The proverb says that a rolling stone gathers no moss; but the St Kerian stones collected very little, and Cable at every roll came back with the gold moss clinging to him. A rolling stone he was, stony to all he encountered, hard, unyielding; but with his centre of gravity never displaced, always drawing him towards the cob cottage; and when he was there, there was nothing stony about him, there he was soft, soft as moss

Scarce had the visitors gone, when another rap came at the door, and before he had called to enter, the door flew open, and in danced several mummers. St George, with a tin pot and a cock's feather for helmet and plume, and a fishpan lid for shield, and a red shawl for mantle; the dragon of pasteboard, overlaid with tinfoil. King Herod with a gold-paper crown and corked moustache and beard. Beelzebub with a black sweep's suit, and complexion to match. Some of the smallest of the children began to cry-Bessie and Susie, who were on his knees; Lettice stood behind him, peering over his shoulder, feeling herself safe behind such a bulwark; but the others laughed, jumped about like kids, and clapped their hands. Cable would have driven the mummers out; he threatened them; but Mary and Martha interposed and entreated him to let them see the show. Then ensued the oldfashioned masque of St George and the Dragon, in doggerel rhyme. The mummers were all boys, and they had learned the traditional play by heart. They recited their parts without much animation and action, as though saying their collects in Sunday school. It was dull fun to Cable; but it delighted the little maidens, their delight reaching its climax when Mary cried out: 'Oh! I know who St George is! You are Walter Penrose.' Thereat St George interrupted the performance to pull a huge, redstreaked apple, a quarendon, out of his trouserspocket, and present it to Mary with a bow and a laugh: 'And this is St George's Christmas present to little Mary Cable.'

Then the demon brandished his club, made of sacking, enclosing hay, and, banging the performers with it right and left, shouted at the top of his voice:

> 'Up and cometh Beelzebub, And knocketh them all down with his club.'

Then Richard Cable stood up, put down door. Bessie and Susie, shook off Lettice, and went to the door and put the bolt across it and turned

'O father!' cried Mary, 'wasn't that kind of Walter? He is so good! He always gives me

sugar-plums whenever I see him.'
'My dear Mary,' said her father, 'I object to you receiving any presents from any St Kerian people. Walter-Is he the blacksmith's son? Well, the time will come when you will hold up your head too high to take apples from and play with the sons of common village blacksmiths .-Throw that apple away !'

Of father! cried all the little girls together. Don't say that, pleaded Mary. Take out your knife, father, and cut the apple into seven.' 'Very well,' he said moodily; 'this time, but this only. Let it be the last; and understand,

Mary, that you take nothing again from Walter Penrose or from any other St Kerian child.'

'But, papa,' said little Mary, 'Walter is so kind, and when we get old, I am going to be his little

'Never,' said Cable angrily-'never.' Then, all at once, outside burst forth the song of the Christmas carollers:

> 'Hark! the herald-angels sing Glory to the new-born King, Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled."

But Richard Cuble did not open the door and look forth, and wish the singers a glad Noel, and offer them plumcake and a jug of cider. In all his children's eyes looking at him was trembling entreaty, but he heeded it not. He sat by the fire, looking gloomily into it.

Then the seven little girls raised their voices, and sang inside the cottage, along with the choir without:

> 'Joyful, all ye nations rise. Join the triumph of the skies; With the angelic host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem."

'My children sing better than the trained choristers outside,' said Cable to himself. He sat motionless, though the carollers waited without for their Christmas greeting. They did not get it. The rolling stone was stone indeed; and the more it rolled, and the more the prospect of gathering gold moss opened before it, the more flinty it became.

Then the choir went away; and the hushed children and their silent father heard the singers carolling before another house half a mile away. The music came to them faint and sad. There was no peace, no mercy mild and reconciliation in the heart of Richard Cable that Christmas eve.

#### RUSSIAN FISHERIES.

In the Arctic regions, so greatly does fish preponderate over all other kinds of food, that the people there have often been grouped together under the name of Ichthyophagi, or fish-eaters; and there have been naturalists who have followed this idea so far that they have been able to discover a fishy Whereupon the mummers danced out of the type of physiognomy among them. Some of these

people in the course of their lives probably never taste any other kind of food; and as its peculiar richness in fat especially adapts it to their requirements of an easily digestible heat-giver, it is well that nature has been so lavish in peopling the waters. So numerous are the individual members of the finny tribes, that they may be said to exist in their myriads, thus forming a striking contrast to land animals, which are comparatively scarce. This abundance of fish arises from the evenness of temperature of water as compared with land. Seaweeds grow luxuriantly in latitudes where land-plants of any importance would be an impossibility, and thus the primary requirements of a large population of animals are supplied. If it were not for this supply of seaweed, it is not too much to say that the Arctic regions would be almost uninhabited; but, thanks to the consequent abundance of fish, the Eskimo and the Samoides extend themselves to within ten degrees of the Pole.

In a cold country like Russia, three-quarters of which has a mean annual temperature of only forty degrees—that is, of only eight degrees above freezing-point, and nearly half of which has a mean January temperature of more than twentytwo degrees of frost—there are millions of people who must depend on the sea, the lakes, and the rivers for a very large proportion of their daily food, and who rarely if ever partake of animal food except in the form of fish. To them, the takes of salmon, pike, shad, herring, cod, haddock, and dorse are as much a harvest as the harvest of the fields is in more favoured regions. St Petersburg, indeed, is the metropolis of fishdinners; nowhere else can fish be placed on the table in so many different forms, and nowhere else can so many fish-delicacies be procured: there, you may have endless varieties of fish-soups; fish baked, boiled, steamed, stewed; fish-salad, fish-pies, fish-brawn, potted fish, marinated fish; fish fresh, salted, dried, smoked, or frozen; and when you have got through the catalogue of most European fish, you may begin again with preparations of fish-roes.

The Arctic Ocean and the White Sea are extremely rich fishing-grounds, and furnish most of the trade of Archangel. The fish of this region comprise the salmon, herring, cod, whiting, tusk, coalfish, ling, pollack, and dorse, many of which are sold as stockfish. The Baltic is not so rich,

and supplies no stockfish except dorse.

But it is in fresh water that Russia stands preeminent in Europe. Besides the fresh-water fish, there are the fish, such as salmon, sturgeon, eels, and so on, which ascend the rivers at certain seasons. Each river is let off in sections to farmers, some of whom are great capitalists; while others are obliged to advocate the principles of co-operation, or to fish alone. Some rivers—the Volga, for instance—are strictly considered as Crown monopolies; others are reserved to the nobles and the townships; but fishing licenses form one of the most remunerative sources of

Petchora, 900 miles long; Mezen, 480; Dwina, 760; Onega, 380; Dniester, 700; Bug, 340; Dnieper, 1200; Don, 1100; Kuban, 480; and the Ural, 1020 miles in length respectively. Besides these giants, there are hundreds of rivers which may vie in size with our own Thames and Severn; and then there are thousands of sheets of fresh water, for a great portion of Russia belongs to the Baltic These range in region of glacier-formed lakes. size from mere ponds to such a sheet of water as Lake Ladoga, which covers an area of 6330 square miles, which is equal to more than three-quarters of the extent of Wales. Then there are—Onega, 3280 square miles; Saima, 2000; Peipus, 1250; Enara, 1200; Bieloe, 420; Ilmen, 390; and Pskov, 280. Our own largest lake is Lough Neagh, in Antrim, which only covers 153 square-miles. Nor are the Russian lakes mere gigantic horseponds, which might be drained as the Dutch lakes have been; but, like most glacier-formed lakes, they have considerable depth. Ladoga has a maximum depth of one thousand feet; while several of the others range down to eight hundred.

From these statements, it will be seen that the aggregate amount of fresh water in Russia available for fisheries or for fish-culture is immense; and it is everywhere thickly studded with pike, salmon, lake-trout, shad, thicksnouts, red bream, perch, and carp; while the larger rivers also yield

sturgeon.

The Russian is to some extent prevented from settling down as an agriculturist by the amenities of his climate, but more by his old nomadic blood, so that, in spite of the immense strides which civilisation has made in Europe, he alone is still a semi-sayage. He still prefers a semi-nomadic employment to farming, and the fresh-water fish-

eries meet his requirements.

In the south-east of Russia is the greatest salt lake in the world, the Caspian Sea, which has an area of 130,000 square miles-that is, an area greater than all the British Islands put together, with an additional island larger than England thrown in extra—is intimately connected with the fresh-water fisheries of the Volga and the Ural; for the fish migrate from fresh water to salt, and from salt to fresh, there as elsewhere. The great fishery of this region is that for the sturgeon (Accipenser sturio), and its kindred the great sturgeon or beluga (A. huso), the sewruga (A. stellatus), the osseter (A. Guldenstudtii), and the small sturgeon or sterlet (A. ruthensus); also for the salmon, white salmon, and knifefish. The sturgeon family attains to an enormous size, especially the beluga, which sometimes measures twenty feet in length, and weighs two thousand five hundred pounds, though specimens of over one thousand pounds are rare. The sewruga is also a giant; but the other sturgeons are seldom taken above six feet in length. The number of these giants disposed of annually at Astrakhan has in some years been enormous—three hundred thousand sturgeons, one hundred thousand belugas, and millions of the others. No wonder that there are complaints of the failure of the supplies, and, as is usual where ignorance prevails, the mischief is attributed to every cause but the right. 'It is because of the Russian revenue.

Steamboats! says the moujik, and forthwith the moujik hates the sight of a steamboat. But steam Its length is 2300 miles. Other rivers are—the or no steam, the sturgeon of the Caspian may steamboats! says the moujik, and forthwith the soon become as rare a curiosity as Thames salmon.

Astrakhan, the principal Caspian port, is one of the most important fishing-stations in the From this region alone the Russian revenue nets about a million pounds sterling for fishery licenses; and during the fishing season, twenty thousand strangers, ranging in degree from simple labourers to gigantic capitalists, come in to compete with the regular inhabitants for the

profits from the fish industries.

The fishery-trades are systematically pursued in Russia, since so much of the national life depends on these industries. As a general rule, a Company of capitalists begins by forming a fishing-station (utsching); and here they make a dam; they catch the fish; they manufacture nets, harpoons, traps, and lures; they convert fish-refuse—heads, bones, scales, entrails, and sounds -into glue, gelatine, and isingless, or even into manure; they split, clean, salt, smoke, or freeze the fish; and they distribute them through the country to their agents for sale, much of this latter work being done by sledges in winter, to save freight. They also pursue the more lucrative fish-industries, such as manufacturing the finest kinds of isinglass and gelatine, as well as that curious fish-product known as caviare. "Twas caviare to the general," wrote Shakspeare, when the Russian Company of London introduced it to this country; and unless men train themselves to like it, just as they train themselves to eat olives, they are still likely enough to splutter when they get a mouthful of it. Caviare is the roe of the sturgeon tribe of fish; but salmon and pike roes are usually added, to assist in increasing the bulk. The roc is cleaned, then washed with vinegar, salted, and dried, when it is packed in casks. The best quality is prepared more carefully from the sturgeons alone. The salting is conducted in long narrow bags of linen, which are hung along a cord and half-filled with roe. A very strong brine is then poured into each bag until it overflows. When the brine has all passed through, the bags are taken down, carefully squeezed, to expel all superfluous liquid; and after a short exposure to the air, packed in casks. The finest quality of caviare made is that prepared from sterlet roe; but this is said not to find its way into commerce, being reserved mainly for the Czar's table. It has been stated that three and a-half million pounds of caviare are annually packed at Astrakhan alone.

Every known method of fish-capture is probably pursued in Russia, from the spear to the hook, and from the net to the trap; but as the Russian fishes for commerce, and not for sport, the sanity of a man who prefers a 'fly' to a dragging net would be strongly questioned. In other words, 'legitimate sport' is a consideration which never enters a Russian's head. The fishery is the best harvest, and the best man is he who boasts the biggest take. The fishing-season is a time of joy, for then each man knows he is laying in a stock for the winter, or is earning his best wages. At the fishing-season, therefore, the villages are full of life and merriment. Bonfires are lighted on the shore, to prepare food for the fishermen, and earts are held in readiness to take the monsters all this refuse into isinglass, glue, or manure, off at once to the cleaning-houses, where men He acknowledges nothing as 'waste,' and has

and women are busily engaged in the various

Night expeditions are preferred by the villagers. Beyond the prow of the boat hangs an iron cage, in which burns a fire of pine-logs. The fish come in shoals towards the light, and a man standing in the boat harpoons them with a spear of three prongs. Now and again, down goes the spear; and when it is drawn in, a finny monster is wriggling on its prongs. This is drawn into the boat by means of hooks, and the men immediately row to the shore with their prize. It is a weird sight to see the immense expanse of water dotted with these moving fires, and surrounded by the stationary fires of the encampment, with the dark pine forests for a background; it is weird to hear the shouts from boat to boat, and the loud merri-

ment of those on shore. The capitalists who fish for a season go to work more systematically. They first of all construct an utsching or 'fish-dam.' Stout poles long enough to project a foot out of the water are driven into the bed of the river until they reach right across. A strong rail joins the tops of these posts; and to this are fastened constructions of basket-work which do not touch the bottom. On this arrangement, against the stream, are placed a number of chambers or compartments of basket-work with a swing flap or door. When the fish comes against the flap, it opens, admits the fish into the compartment, and then closes. Occasionally, such a chamber is lowered into the water by itself by means of a number of ropes. In these compartments are arranged several strings, attached to floats in such a way that by watching the floats it is easy to see when a capture is made. In winter, one of these compartments is let down through a hole in the ice, and a hut is erected close by for the watchers. Sometimes, especially in winter, the tell-tales, instead of being attached to floats, are fastened to bells, so that the attendants may remain on shore by their fire until they hear the fish ringing his death-knell.

Occasionally, a cable is sunk into the water; to this are attached a certain number of night-lines baited with a kind of fish known as an obla. Whenever the compartments or night-lines are examined, a man stands ready with a strong gaff, which he plunges smartly into the gills of the fish as soon as it appears on the surface. A rope is immediately fixed to the gaff, and the boat makes for the shore, where the fish is more readily despatched. The cleansers commence operations by beheading their fish; they then open it and carefully remove the roe, which is placed by itself in a tub, and sent off to the caviare-works. The sounds are next taken out and hung up on a long line to dry in the sun. The inner fat is now scraped out, and sent away, to be clarified and made into a kind of fish-butter. The flesh is last of all cut up into convenient slices, and salted or smoked as the case may be, or preserved in ice, to be sent

all over Russia as fresh fish.

Some years back, the entrails and refuse were thrown away, and were at once seized by cormorants, which came in great numbers; but in the best regulated fish-villages, the modern economic chemist has set to work to convert

not only banished the word from his vocabulary, but has actually shown that some of the most solid profits of a fishery are realised by gathering up the fragments.

#### THE JULLABAD TRAGEDY.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I .- THE CATASTROPHE.

THERE does not often happen a tragedy of a character to excite and absorb the interest of the Anglo-Indian community, who, as a rule, are obliged to be satisfied with the most they can make out of such social doings as ordinarily take place, in dearth of other matter. But the terrible occurrence at Jullabad in the 'cold season' before last, created a sensation profound enough to monopolise everybody's interest for nearly a year afterwards—to the manifest advan-tage, it may be remarked, of those individuals whose social escapades during that period of absorption would otherwise have received the warm observation to which they were entitled. But nobody—not even Mrs Colonel Speedy, the dread and respected 'leader' and lawgiver of Jullabad society, without whose revision and sanction no scandal was permitted to go forth into legitimate currency—had any mind to spare, during the continuance of the Jullabad sensation,

to go into minor matters.

It was with amazement loudly expressed, and with a deeper feeling of pity seldom expressed at all, that the station heard of Colonel Humby's marriage. Colonel Humby was Deputy-Commissioner of the district of Jullabad. This was his second marriage, and his former wife was not a year dead. The man was nearer to fifty years of age than to forty; and hard drinking and the unrestrained indulgence of violent passions had left their dire stamp upon features which nature had made none too attractive. How any woman of Caucasian race could have so shut her eyes as to give herself to such a man, was in itself amazing; but the amazement became astounding when it was credibly reported that Colonel Humby's second wife was young and charming, well-bred and rich.

The feminine portion of Jullabad were pale with womanly indignation. The unmarried men developed a kind of madness—even the married men caught it; for it was only human nature in revolt against an outrage. There was drinking at the messes and Assembly Rooms such as no one remembered before, and play seemed literally reckless. Everybody knew Colonel Humby; and it was monstrous that he should have got a wife so young and so charming, so well-bred and so rich, as this second bride was reported to be.

But although the indignation of Juliabad was both loud and deep, the 'pity of it' was that which was deeper still and about which no tongue spoke. The late Mrs Humby was not a beautiful woman or a social figure of any degree; people saw very little of her; but they knew she had clung to her husband with

Humby was a murderer whom the law had no power to touch. As soon as he buried his wife, he started off to Europe on a year's furlough; and now he was bringing back, inside of nine months, this second wife—the only child and heiress of a millionaire! As has been said, wrath and indignation against the man were loud on every tongue; for the ill-starred bride there was deep pity. Jullabad knew nothing concerning the second Mrs Humby except that she was American by birth, not English—until an officer in the Southwold Fusiliers, who had once met her, supplied a few further particulars. Her father had made a fortune in the West Indian trade. Lieutenant Everest had made their acquaintance a couple of years ago at Mentone, where they were staying on account of the old gentleman's health. All the charms of youth and beauty, and innocence and amiability, were embodied in the American maiden. Interrogated to account for her accepting Colonel Humby for a husband, Lieutenant Everest was dumb—it was unaccountable; and the contemplation of the fact made him, who had seen her, look like a man who had been ravished of his own bride on the very steps of the altar.

Colonel Humby and his bride were in its midst before Jullabad became aware of the fact. No preparation of any kind had been made at the colonel's bungalow, the colonel himself, presumably, regarding such preparations as unnecessary; so that the second Mrs Humby found the place exactly as the first Mrs Humby had left it—even to the details of the latter's slippers and dresses, which still occupied their accustomed places. The first time Colonel Humby was seen after his return his face flamed with brandy, as of old; but none anticipated otherwise. Of Mrs Humby, Jullabad could not get a single glimpse. The colonel never went to church, and very likely refused to allow her to go; at all events, when two Sundays had passed and Mrs Humby did not appear, Mrs Colonel Speedy, sitting in council over a hrs Colonel spectry, sitting in content over a five o'clock tea in her veranda, decreed that she herself and four other ladies of lesser degree should 'call on' the poor bride in due order of precedence, and bring all the social battery of the station to her relief. So, one after another, they called, and were received timidly and gratefully by the young wife. But their calls were not returned. Sometimes in the early morning Mrs Humby was passed on her pony in the partially reclaimed tract of jungle which was dignified with the name of 'The Park;' sometimes she was seen sitting alone in the veranda reading or sewing, or wandering about the garden in the late evening; but she was as isolated from all intercourse with human beings-except her native servants—as if her husband's bungalow were a

In this matter, Colonel Humby was too strong for Jullabad. He cared nothing for society in the station, which, indeed, he had long ago provoked and defied to his utmost, so that he could add little more to his unpopularity now; and he was his wife's lord and master. For what people said he did not care; he required his wife to obey his will, and to hold no communication with others save with his permission and in his an ill-requited fidelity which had helped him said he did not care; he required his wife to upward in life, and more than once saved him from death itself—that she had lived a slave, and had died from brutality, as her reward. Everybody knew this, and that Colonel Humby's presence, no one desired any communication with Mrs Humby, the result was her complete isolation.

It was in February Colonel Humby brought his wife to Jullabad; and by the time that people began to prepare for the annual migration to the hills—in the early days of April—the circumstances of Mrs Humby had grown to be accepted as an established fact about which it was useless to talk any longer. In the stir of moving to the hills she was for a time forgotten. Etheria, the hill station which pertained to Jullabad, only fifty miles off, was a very delightful place and famous for its 'pace,' so that for a couple of months pleasure reigned paramount in that bracing and wicked altitude. About this time, however, men who had been left behind on the hot plains for duty began to turn up, exhausted, for their six weeks' leave, and these brought strange rumours with them. Colonel Humby was keeping his young wife on the plains for the hot season! This was inhuman enough; but other stories floated about on the air—stories spoken in whispers. The man was drinking heavily and using the poor child with cruelty.

Among the officers who were obliged to remain in Jullabad for the necessary discharge of military duties was Lieutenant Everest of the Fusiliers, already mentioned. Three other officers of his corps remained, and from the veranda of their mess-bungalow there was a view of the 'com-pound' belonging to the bungalow of Colonel Humby. Being imprisoned within-doors for ten or twelve hours of the blazing day, they sat smoking and talking in their veranda-or some distance out in the open—up to one or two o'clock in the morning. One night in July—a still, stifling night, the atmosphere like that of a heated oven, though it was half an hour past midnight oven, though it was half an hour past midnight—the four men lay back in rocking-chairs in the open compound, languidly smoking, and for the most part silent through sheer want of breath to carry on conversation. All else was silent, too, save for the occasional hungry yelp of a pack of jackals prowling for offal in the vicinity of the bungalows, or the more distant cachinnating bark of the 'laughing'-hyena in the jungles. Even these wonted sounds were intermittent and faint under the atmospheric oppression. The stillfaint under the atmospheric oppression. The stillness was suddenly broken upon in a manner to rouse into instant activity the enfeebled vitality of the four officers and quicken their interest to a degree of excitement. Cries of alarm broke on the air from the direction of Colonel Humby's bungalow. These were followed, in a minute or two, by the native servants flying in all directions from the compound.

'Humby is in a fit,' observed one of the officers. 'I suppose he is thrashing the natives.'

He had hardly spoken when a short, sharp, scream pierced the air, and the four men leaped to their feet

'He is killing his wife!' cried one.

There was a minute's silence—painful and anxious silence to these chivalrous men, thinking of the unprotected girl subjected to the brutality of a madman in that isolated bungalow. Then a white figure appeared in the veranda; she stood for a moment in an attitude of fear and indecision, and turning her head quickly towards the door by which she had emerged, sprang from the veranda and ran down the garden

among the shrubs. The four officers were in a distressing situation. The most chivalrous are bound, under the usages of civilisation, to hesitate before interfering between man and wife. There was further reason for hesitating here. The man might be menacing her life, but they could not say so; he might be simply treating her with that brutality in which the law passively licenses the unresisted tyrant. But for men in their position to thrust themselves, from whatever motive, into the domestic concerns of an official holding the high civil rank of Colonel Humby was an act of temerity at which they had good reason to hesitate. Officialism is the governing power in India, and a certain status in the service' carries with it (if need be) practical exemption from the operations of the law.

'There he is!' was the exclamation, as Colonel Humby was seen reeling into the veranda. He appeared to be searching for his wife. Not finding her, he stepped off the veranda and went slowly down through the garden.

'He will find her-she is in white. Are we men to stand here?' exclaimed one of the officers.

'Not I, for one!' answered Lieutenant Everest with set teeth. 'If the man were the Governor-General, he shall not ill-use his wife again while I can protect her.' He darted down the compound as he spoke, followed by the others, and took a direction which led towards that part of the garden whither Mrs Humby had disappeared. Her husband was still floundering about among the bushes some distance up. Everest had placed his foot upon the low earth-fence to step into the garden, when he saw her crouching in a heap beneath an orange-tree. The young officer remained where he was, ready to leap across. Colonel Humby called his wife's name; and the poor thing crouched closer to the ground with her hands clasped above her head, as if to offer what fruil protection they could against a coming blow. Everest's blood boiled and his fingers twitched savagely. Regardless of consequences, there was a brute's punishment awaiting the Deputy-Commissioner as soon as he discovered his wife's hiding-place. The intoxicated beast was so long in coming! Every detour to right or left among the shrubs made Everest's teeth snap with impatience.

Before the wished-for moment of dire chastisement, however, a shriek of agonised terror from Mrs Humby brought the officer with a leap to the spot. He staggered with horror when he discovered the cause. A cobra was wriggling up the tree at the foot of which the unfortunate girl had been crouching. The deadly reptile paused a moment in its ascent, and with glittering eyes and angrily extended 'hood,' hissed its defiance. Everest had nothing in his hand; and, oblivious to danger, clenched his fist, and dealt the dreaded snake so terrific a blow behind the hood that its spine was shattered, and it dropped to the ground, coiling and recoiling in vicious knots, but power-less to do further mischief. Then the officer raised the unconscious woman in his arms and bore her from the spot. The others, on hearing the shriek, had entered the garden too, and met

Everest carrying Mrs Humby.

'Run quickly, one of you, for Dr Rainsford-

she has been bitten by a cobra!'
'Good heavens!' was the exclamation of all

Then one started at a run for three together. the doctor; whilst another observed, below his breath: 'If that is so, Charlie, the doctor will be little use; she will be dead before he is here. Take her up to the bungalow.'

Halfway up the path, Colonel Humby stood, in flannel trousers and shirt. Mr Everest, carrying the girl in his arms, walked first, his two brother-officers following close behind. The Deputy-Commissioner took a position in the middle of the path, evidently determined to allow them to go

What does this mean? demanded Humby. 'Your wife has been bitten by a cobra—let me

pass,' answered Everest.

The man seemed staggered for a moment, and looked closely into the white face which lay on Everest's shoulder. Then he drew back a pace and glared at the young officer. 'Put her down!' he commanded, pointing to the ground. 'What brought you there? Put my wife down, I say!'

The young fellow's breath came quick and hard, and for a short space he was unable to speak; then, to the astonishment of his friends, he slowly and gently laid the unconscious form across the path, and having done so, drew himself ereet and looked at Colonel Humby. The latter made a motion to approach his wife; but in an instant Everest's foot was across her; and shaking in every fibre from excitement, he put out his clenched hand and stopped the man. 'Colonel Humby!' he shouted, 'I will give you ten seconds 

danger. With a low growl like that of a bafiled beast, he turned his back and walked off. drew a deep breath, and tenderly lifted Mrs Humby in his arms. They laid her on a couch in the veranda, administering stimulants as well as they could, until Dr Rainsford arrived, which

was in less than ten minutes.

'A cobra, did you say?' inquired the doctor, proceeding to examine hands and feet for the puncture of the poisoned fang.

'I saw it wriggling up the tree under which she was sitting—I killed it,' was the answer.

'In that case, I fear I can do nothing.

The doctor failed to discover the mark of the snake's bite. He poured some brandy down her throat, and sat regarding her attentively with his hands clasped under his chin. A faint fluttering of her bosom and a movement of the eyelids aroused his interest, and he leaned over her and laid his hand on her left side. 'She has not been bitten! The poor thing has only been frightened almost to death. Stand back-or, wait; let us carry this couch out into the open.

It turned out as the doctor said. In a few minutes, Mrs Humby opened her eyes, closed them again with a shudder, and began to breathe quickly. She had discovered the snake moving among the folds of her dress, and, with that cry of horror which they had heard, had fainted.

Colonel Humby now appeared upon the scene, and heard of his wife's escape with an appearance

of shocking indifference.

Or Rainsford remained a minute or two after the officers left, to have a word with the Deputy-Commissioner, 'Colonel Humby,' he said, 'it is not for others to interfere in any man's private

affairs. I know you are indifferent as to public opinion; but let me warn you of this fact, sir, as a medical man. If you keep your wife on the plains for the remainder of this hot season, you will furnish another grave in the station cemetery before Christmas—in which case, colonel, you may accept my assurance that a stronger power than public opinion will call you to account.

A fortnight afterwards, the few men in Jullabad made the discovery that Colonel and Mrs Humby were gone to the hills—had, in fact, been some days gone. They did not appear at Etheria; and indeed it was not until their return-in the middle of October-that people knew where they

had been.

Matters seemed to go on as usual. Mrs Humby was never met in the mornings upon her pony through the Park, but she was visible in the veranda almost all day long, engaged in needlework. As far as could be judged from such a view as was obtainable thus, she looked better; the atmosphere of the hills had brought back some colour to her cheek. And there was, besides, that sacred and silent expectancy in her bosom which gives brightness to woman's eye in the midst of dark-ness. Was not the promise of this baby-life, coming to brighten her own, more precious to the ill-used and solitary wife than it ever can be to more fortunate sisters ministered to by the solicitous love of husband and friends?

Then came the time when she was seen no longer in the veranda. Even the masculine heart of Jullabad was touched when it became known that her infant was dead. The mother's lot was darker than before. What went on in that bungalow nobody knew, for no European went there-no Englishwoman even could obtain admittance to the house with a woman's aid and sympathy, when these were sorely needed in the time of agony and grief. The crowning outrage of all was soon made known, and drew a shout of indignation from the community: to attend his wife in her illness, Colonel Humby employed a

native doctor!

Public feeling at last became so strong against Colonel Humby's treatment of his unhappy wife, that a statement was drawn up, to be signed by every resident in the station, and forwarded to the Lieutenant-Governor of the province—or if necessary, to the government at Simla itself. As Sir Charles O'Reilly, the Lieutenant-General, was the first official in Juliabad, to him the deputation of ladies came with this paper for the sanction of his signature at the head of the list. The general read the document through, and observed: 'Ladies, I would in this matter willingly sign my name to a stronger representation of the case. As far as I can judge, however, the movement is of a kind to do more harm than good to the poor

thing whom we all desire to befriend.

'How so, Sir Charles?' demanded Mrs Speedy.

'Can anything be possibly worse than her present situation? And we owe something to our-

selves!

Yery true. But what could either the Lieutenaut-Governor or the government do? They could only remove the man to another district, which would make things no better. And our interference on her behalf would only deepen still more Colonel Humby's unaccountable cruelty to his wife. You cannot help a woman who is

rb'

passively submissive to whatever treatment her husband deals out to her. You may pity her as much as you will; you cannot help her.—We had better let this movement drop, he added, pointing to the paper on the table.

'I'll tell you what I would do, Charles,' said the general's lovely wife with flashing eyes, 'if I were Mrs Humby; I would roast the man in the

ashes of his own bungalow!'

Lady O'Reilly's high-spirited declaration was the only comfort which the deputation carried away with them. Convinced by what the general had said, the movement against Colonel Humby was dropped; but the sentiment of so exalted and respected a lady as the general's wife was too precious not to be widely dwelt upon. In a few hours all Jullabad knew, with deep satisfaction, Lady O'Reilly's declaration that in Mrs Humby's place she would roast her husband in the flames of his own bungalow.

There was many a secret wish that Colonel Humby might indeed goad his unhappy wife to some such desperate act. No one dreamed how nearly the outburst of Lady O'Reilly's indignant heart foreshadowed the tremendous tragedy which appalled the community four-and-twenty hours

later.

The following night there was a dance at the Assembly Rooms; and at about eleven o'clock, when the revelry was at its highest, the band—which played outside the building—suddenly stopped. For some seconds the dancers stood on the itoor, expecting the music to resume; then an electric thrill of unaccountable excitement swept through the crowd. A gathering and rising of voices without caused a rush to the veranda. There was a dull red glare in the sky; and smoke, flames, and fragments of burning wood were thrown up above the trees beneath it. Every person there knew that it was Colonel Humby's bungalow that was burning—that in fifteen minutes the fire would have eaten it to the ground.

## LOW-TONED FICTION.

Many of the novels now published may be classed under the above heading, more especially those written by inferior novelists. Women are great offenders in this respect, some honourable exceptions shining out among others like stars in a cloudy sky. Every day sees some new novel issue from the press, and chronicles the plunge of yet another aspirant for literary fame into the crowded arena, to swell the lengthy list of authors.

It is a sign of the times that what are termed 'racy' novels are the most run after by the fiction-reading public, and consequently those nost readily accepted by certain publishers. In this money-getting, money-grubbing age, some publishers and authors seem to have met on common ground in pandering to a vitiated public taste, and producing books which will not bear the test of being read aloud in the home-circle. Among the worst offenders in such novel-writing are women, who choose risqué subjects to write on, and dwell with a minuteness of detail on topics which the purer-minded of their sisters would hesitate to speak of. There are exceptions,

as we have said—women who do not degrade their talents, but write with a purity of purpose books which it is a pleasure to read and re-read,

Can any one, looking at the question of nine-teenth-century light literature from an unprejudiced point of view, say that the style of writing now is an improvement on that which obtained a century ago? The novels of those days were decidedly coarse, their plainness of speech corresponding with the habits and customs of the period; but books were then written with the laudable intention of showing up the vices of which they treated, and, if possible, checking such vices by pungent and scathing satire; thus being in advance of fashionable modern society-novels, which, though more refined in speech, are more destructive to morality, in that the authors gloss over sin, picturing it in alluring colours, wrapping it up in sensuous wordpainting, and, while professing to disapprove, yet setting it before youthful imaginations in anything but its hideous reality; or else write in such a matter-of-fact, every-day-occurrence sort of a light of vice as to rob it of its actual

criminality.

Both styles are deeply to be regretted, for both are working incalculable harm; and it is sad to reflect on the marked increase of books of this stamp. Rare, indeed, is it to find a novel in which the interest is not centred on the love of a man for a married woman, or of a young girl for a married man. We cannot blind ourselves to what goes on in the world around us, but we do not wish such knowledge thrust at us, so to speak, in fiction. That love is the legitimate theme of romance, one is quite ready to acknowledge, but not love of such a spurious, not to say sinful character. Without being unduly censorious, or wishing to attribute to novelists who so systematically degrade their talents, absolute impurity of motive, it is impossible to do otherwise than lament the immoral tendencies of the age with regard to light literature; authors, publishers, and the public are alike to blame. If such books were not eagerly sought after, they would neither be written nor published, and we should be able to allow new novels to lie on our tables without fear of their contaminating the minds of our growing families. It is no narrow-minded prudishness which causes us to write thus; it is a mere dealing with the acknowledged fact, that our lighter literature is each year becoming less moral, and that the effect of this deterioration in fiction upon the rising generation is already bringing forth evil fruit, and proving, by lowering the wall between vice and virtue, disastrous in the extreme.

It is not necessary to mention the authors who are in this respect the worst offenders; names will readily occur to those who indulge in novel-reading from choice, or are obliged to wade through fiction for reviewing purposes. Of avowed realistic writers, those who follow the French school, little need here be said; they write with a motive; how far they are justified in so doing is an open question. If good is done by such realism, it is weighed down in the balance by evil—the evil of example not being one of the least of the faults to be laid at its door. Some one low down in the scale of literature argues: 'So-and-so writes in such-and-such a style, and

his, or her, books always take;' and then proceeds to a slavish imitation of the subject handled, without the breadth and power of treatment which raised the other's work out of the ordinary groove. Clever writers will do real ordinary groove. Clever writers will do real abiding good if they refuse to follow the taste of the day for highly sensational matter, and use the talents given them to raise the general tone of fiction; thus setting a good example to the ruck of imitators who think only of the monetary side of the question, and write in a questionable style because it pays them to do so, their excuse being: 'We must live; our profession is literature; and unless we write books bordering on, if not actually overstopping the bounds of morality, they will not be considered "racy" enough to meet the present taste, and so fail to find a market.'

To such may be said: 'Your brain-power is given you to employ for good, not evil; better never touch a pen again, than use that pen in a manner harmful to the world you live in by throwing wider open the gate of pernicious literature.

A remedy for this growing evil is not easy to find; but if reviewers would steadily set themselves against noticing in any way low-toned and immoral publications, the thin end of the wedge would be inserted. If such novels fell still-born from the press, publishers would no longer care to accept them; and the supply being governed by the demand, they would decrease in number, as writers turned their imaginations into healthier channels. An adverse review often helps much more to sell a book of a doubtful nature than one in its favour, condemnation merely stimulating a certain class to read the novel censured. But if such works were simply ignored, they would not circulate to the extent they now do. At first, it would be difficult to bring this rule into practice; but it could be done if the editors of the best papers and magazines, whose duty it is to raise the tone of English literature, would agree with their reviewers that such publications as can be justly termed objectionable from a moral standpoint should not receive notice of any kind in their columns. Lesser lights would soon follow in the wake of the greater luminaries, and a salutary check would be put on the low-toned modern novel.

It is a social question this of low-toned and harmful writing, touching so closely as it does on the morals of our youth, and one it is high time was taken in hand and grappled with in serious earnestness.

### A ROGUES' PICTURE-GALLERY.

IN TWO PARTS.-PART II.

In this Picture-gallery may be found portraits of 'confidence' and 'banco' men. The word banco was applied to an old English game with dice; and this very game has in America been elaborated into a successful method of swindling. The banco-man usually rents an office for a week or two, or at anyrate until such time as he can find a goose to pluck; and he has two or three partners or confederates to work with him. One

the city for a likely dupe. Having found his prey, the affable one rushes up to him, shakes him warmly by the hand with How are you, my dear Mr Brown?' The stranger draws back for a moment, and explains that he is not Mr Brown, but that his name is Robinson, of such-and-such a town. The affable one thereupon apologises for his mistake, and retires. But the name of Robinson is whispered to a confederate, and once more the stranger is stopped by a well-dressed man. He is in a strange place, and is flattered by being addressed by name, especially by one who seems to know plenty of people at home that he knows himself, for the banco-man has had time to refer to a directory, and has posted himself accordingly. The fly is gradually drawn towards the web; he plays banco with his newly-found friend, is allowed to win for a time, but at last draws a blank, and loses a lump sum of money. It is said that a certain lecturer on things æsthetic, while he was in the States coaxing the dollars out of the public with his 'curls, sunflowers, and knee-breeches,' fell a victim to one of these swindlers, and left a large proportion of his gains as a tax on his simplicity. seem to be fascinated with their calling, for one of them is reported as having expressed himself as follows: 'The prettiest banco is when we land a big fish. Talk about trout-fishing! Just think of the fun hooking a man that's worth from five hundred to five thousand dollars! Of course, it takes a man of education and refinement to do this sort of business, but there are several college graduates among our fellows."

The well-known dictum, 'The receiver is worse than the thief,' is strictly true, for unless the thief can find a safe market for his ill-gotten property, his occupation is gone. Receivers in large cities generally follow some legitimate business, under cloak of which they can carry on their nefarious trade. They are cautious men, who seldom get punished, partly because of the great care which they exercise in dealing with their clients, and also because of the state of the American law, which renders it extremely difficult to bring home to a man legal proof of his guilt. The receiver never deals directly with a thief, but always through a third person, generally the wife of some convict who is serving his time in prison. He gives the thief about one-fourth of the value of the articles which he purchases, and should they consist of plate or jewelry, the gold and silver are put into the melting-pot before he attempts to turn them into money. The petty thieves, pickpockets, and shop-lifters, are his usual customers; and if he is cautious, he will drive a profitable trade with very little risk to himself.

'Sawdust-men' are a class of swindlers that live on the principle of 'diamond cut diamond,' and we confess that we have no sympathy for their numerous victims, for the latter are quite as criminal as themselves. Their modus operandi is the following. They first of all obtain the names of persons who are regular subscribers to lotteries, and soon compile a list of those who make haste to be rich. They now issue a confidential circular, which states in guarded language that they have for sale counterfeit notes of various denominations, which they are willing to dispose of for about ten of these, a well-dressed affable gentleman to all per cent. of the nominal value. A meeting is appearance, looks out in the principal streets of arranged at an office, and the would-be buyer

goes to make the purchase. He is shown quantities of real notes, fresh and crisp from the government treasury, while their handler pretends that they are only splendid imitation ones. An assorted number of them are chosen, tied into a bundle, and thrown carelessly to the top of the desk at which the seller sits, which desk stands against the wall. He then opens the desk for the ostensible object of showing his client something else, the upraised lid hiding for a moment the bundle of notes. While this is proceeding, a confederate in the next room opens a panel in the wall, and exchanges the bundle for a similar one stuffed with sawdust. The stranger pays his money, and walks off with the valuable parcel. When he subsequently finds that he has been cheated, he dare not seek the aid of the police, for of course his mouth is closed. This method of making the victim a participator in the crime is very clever, for it insures secrecy, and the sawdustman continues to flourish. It is true that the panel trick has been worn somewhat threadbare: but several other dodges quite as effectual are adopted to change the notes for rubbish.

The horse is often truly described as a 'noble animal,' but, by some strange fatality, it has given rise to more ignoble transactions than any other quadruped. The frauds that are practised at horse-sales are without number, and seem almost to justify the saying of an experienced dealer, 'Trust neither your brother nor your pastor if he is trying to sell you a horse.' Let us trace one transaction of the kind. The prelude consists of an advertisement in one of the newspapers to the effect that a gentleman who is suddenly called abroad wishes to find a kind master for his beautiful brown horse, so many hands high, a fast trotter, and perfectly sound. Can be seen at his private stables. The would-be purchaser finds a commodious stable, the horse in apparent good condition, and commences negotiations with the glib-tongued man in charge. Presently a confederate rushes in and displays a great anxiety to purchase the animal. The man refuses to sell to him, on the ground that the newcomer is a mere dealer, who will sell the horse again, whereas the real object is to find a purchaser who will guarantee the favourite a good home. He would not sell to a dealer for thrice the money which he is asking for the animal. conclusive; but the confederate presently whispers to the first buyer that he is determined to have the horse; and if he, the first comer, will buy it for him, he will give him a commission of fifty dollars on the transaction. This temptation to make a ten-pound note so very easily is too much for Mr Verdant Green. He buys the horse, and leads him to a place agreed upon by the confederate. But the man is not there, and the purchaser has to keep his very sorry bargain for himself. A case is cited in this book of rogues where a purchaser drove away a horse so purchased, when it dropped down dead before he had covered many yards. The police keep a sharp lookout for these 'horse-sharps,' who are, however, so careful to keep just within the law that a conviction seldom follows an arrest.

One more method of cheating, which is perhaps peculiar to the New World, is practised in the following artful manner. The performer is known as a 'gold-brick swindler,' and he is generally a

man of education and pleasing manners. forged letter of introduction, he calls upon a well-to-do citizen, and for the first few weeks of their acquaintance his behaviour is all that can be desired. He then tells a plausible story to the effect that some years back he was instrumental in saving the life of a notorious burglar. The burglar, for an extensive gold robbery, had since been sentenced to several years' imprisonment, but was now at large. Anxious to do the man who had saved his life in years gone by a good turn, the burglar had confided to him the fact that the produce of the gold robbery, buried during his incarceration, was now, in the shape of ingots, again in his hands. The difficulty of disposing of these was somewhat great, and for this reason he would sell them for about half their value to his old friend, who, not being a convict, could easily realise them. The well-to-do citizen is invited to purchase some of the ingots, with the understanding that they are first to be submitted to assay, to test the quality of the metal. An appointment is made with the ex-convict, and an ingot is produced. A piece is broken off each end of the bar, and a file is used to remove some golddust from its centre. These morsels of metal are given to the purchasers, and by them sent to an assay office; and from that office an assay note is duly received to the effect that the gold is of fine quality. A sale of the brick or bricks naturally follows; and the purchaser, who, by the way, is no better than any other receiver of stolen goods, is very well pleased for a time with his bargain. The brick is ultimately found to consist of manufactured metal with real gold ends, and a wedge of gold in the centre where it has been filed.

Want of space will not permit us to describe more of the ingenious dodges which have been and are practised in order to defraud the unwary or to tempt those who are passing honest. But the examples cited may serve to put those on their guard who are by their position likely to become a prey to evil-doers. We shall perhaps serve a better purpose by making a few remarks upon the general appearance of these men who live by crimes against property, as indicated by

their photographs.

If we begin our review by a notice of the pictures of burglars, the reader will at once be prepared to believe that the Bill Sikes type of countenance is predominant. But, alss for the falsity of preconceived notions, the reader will be quite wrong. No trace of Bill Sikes is here. His portrait, as drawn by the many capable artists who have illustrated the various editions of Dickens's works, is familiar to all of us. He is a beetlebrowed ruffian, with a coarse mouth and a flat nose, having, in a word, as close a resemblance to an ugly bulldog as it is possible for the human features to imitate. But the real living burglar as he is photographed here has not the remotest resemblance to that ideal, but looks like any ordinary respectable member of society. We turn to one portrait at hazard. It is numbered twentyone, and the name below it is 'John Clare,' alias Gilmore, and he is a bank burglar. The picture is that of a good-looking man of about thirty. He wears a moustache and whiskers, and his dress is that of one who is evidently particular about his personal appearance. If we saw this portrait in a friend's album, we should probably ask to whom

this honest good-tempered face belonged. We will now turn to Mr John Clare's memoir, and ascernow turn to Mr John Clare's memoir, and ascertain why he appears in such doubtful company. Here we find first his 'Description—Thirty-six years old in 1886. Born in United States. Photographer by trade. Single. Height, five feet seven and a half inches. Weight, one hundred and fifty pounds. Black hair, dark hazel eyes, dark complexion. Wears black side whiskers and monstache. Has a slight seen on left arm poor monstache. Has a slight scar on left arm near elbow.' His 'record' is too long to quote at

length, but we will give the gist of it.

Clare is a clever and desperate bank burglar, and is credited with the ability to make a good set of burglar's tools. In 1866 he was tried for murder, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. The Court of Appeals granted him a new trial, and he was subsequently acquitted. In 1874 an attempt was made to rob the safe of the New York County Bank, and Clare, under the name of Gilmore, was the promoter of the enterprise. He hired a basement next door to the bank, and after removing, with his accomplices, the brick walls of both buildings, set a steam-engine to work to bore out the back of the safe. The police having obtained information of what was going on, made a raid and captured three of the men engaged, but Clare escaped. He was caught, however, nearly two years afterwards, and sentenced to four and a half years' imprisonment. Moral, "Do not judge by appearances,' for our good-looking, good-tempered friend turns out to be not only a desperate burglar, but a murderer.

Let us take another case. We turn over the leaves of the volume, and are at once attracted by the portrait of number fifty-eight, for he is distinguished from his fellows by appearing in military uniform. He is quite a young man, and his name is Hugh L. Courtenay; but he prefers being known as Lord Courtenay, and has figured in the best American society as a British nobleman. We learn that he is well known all over the States and in Canada, and that there are many with whom he has nade acquaintance, who would be glad to see him again, if only for the opportunity of giving him up to the police. His method of procedure is simple and effective, and the 'handle' to his name gives him a great initiatory advantage over other thieves, for the general public, even in democratic America, have a great affection for a llord. A man likes to have the opportunity of saying, 'My friend, Lord So-and-so, &c.,' and actually feels flattered when his friend, Lord So-and-so, having run short of cash, asks him to honour his cheque for a large amount. In this simple manner, the bogus British lord under dis-cussion succeeded in duping many victims. He was at once received in the best society, and by his distinguished appearance and manners completely captivated the female portion of the community. He spent money on cheap trash, which he generously presented to his friends. A young Baltimore belle describes him as a most impending crisis came, and 'Lord' Courtenay suddenly disappeared.

Taking a general survey of the portraits, we can only describe them as being a fair sample of an ordinary crowd, except that the broad forchead in numerous cases indicates brain-power of no mean order; more especially is this the case among the forgers and counterfeiters, and it is only fair to presume that their training as engravers, chemists, &c., has led to higher intellectual development than can be found among the general public. But let it not be supposed from our remarks that all these portraits are of nice-looking people, for this is, of course, not the case. Some of the men have the word scamp as clearly traced upon their faces as if the letters were branded on their brows; but it cannot truly be said that these shady-looking ones are in greater proportion than they are in any ordinary crowd.

This last remark can hardly be applied to the female portraits, of which there are only nine, for, truth to tell, there is not one of the number that we should care to regard as an acquaintance. Perhaps the chief reason for this apparent libel on the other sex is the disadvantage under which the women labour in not being able to conceal their mouths. Of all features of the countenance, the month is most expressive of our inmost thoughts, and many a man is indebted to a thick moustache for shielding him from uncomplimen-tary criticism. The women whose portraits are before us confine their attention to pocket-picking and shop-lifting, and their doings do not call for

further remark.

We close the volume with very mixed feelings, and with the suspicion that either we ourselves must be unusually blind, or that the art of physiognomy-an innate knowledge of which is such a frequent boast by people who desire to be thought observant—is a delusion and a snare. Was Lavater a humbug? or could he, if living now, trace the markings of crime in some of these placid open countenances? Our ideal portraits of

criminals have vanished for ever.

It is very difficult, in attempting to draw a moral from these criminal records, to avoid giving expression to the hackneyed phrase to the effect that, if these men had applied their talents to honourable pursuits, and had exercised the same amount of industry and ingenuity in conducting them which they have devoted to crime, they might have won high places in the world's esteem. Such an exordium from the lips of the judge is a common preface to a sentence of penal servitude, and is probably regarded by hardened criminals as a necessary part of the proceedings. Judging from the histories of these wretched men, whose portraits form so strange a Picture-gallery, such remarks are quite unheeded by them. They behave as if there were only one mode of getting a living, that of circumventing their fellow-creatures. One of these criminals in our own country wrote in his diary, little thinking that the words would eventually be read in a court of justice, Some young Baltimore belie describes him as a most fascinating personage, and says that he was the first who ever 'fired her soul with love.' The scarap was in fact lionised; but as he was always 'wondering what could be the matter with his stupid bankers in London,' his male friends became auspicious. The Indies were then laid under contribution by his lordship, and many of the type of many who mistake the low was the type of many who mistake the low

cunning with which they are gifted for genius. As our records prove, some of these criminals possess great powers of observation, and by this means they have gained a wonderful knowledge of human nature. But they are so constituted that they cannot see any good in their fellow-beings. At times of failure or detection, they are apt to reflect that perhaps after all 'honesty is the best policy.' But the thought that any one can be honest as a matter of right principle is beyond them.

In years gone by, lunatics were treated far worse than criminals are in the present day. We now care for them tenderly as afflicted ones who have the strongest claim upon our sympathy. We are just beginning to regard chronic drunkenness as a disease, and find that under scientific treatment the malady can be conquered. Perhaps, as the world grows older, we may find that there is some abnormal condition of the brain which causes a man to seek crooked ways rather than earn an honest living. Such a possibility is foreshadowed to a certain extent by that sad but frequent addendum to a verdict—'Temporary insanity.'

# SOMETHING ABOUT BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL.

EVERY one approaching London from the south or Surrey side of the Thames, through St George's Road, must have observed on his left a building of vast proportions, crowned by a fine dome springing from the centre, and standing in a large enclosed space, neatly laid out. This is the celebrated lunatic asylum commonly called 'Bedlam;' and a few words on its singular origin may not be unacceptable, as the circumstances are not generally known.

In the year 1247, a priory of canons, with brethren and sisters, was founded near the north end of Old Broad Street, in the city of London, by one Symon Fitz-Mary, who was sheriff for that year, and endowed it with all his lands in the parish of St Botolph, Bishopsgate. About the year 1340 this priory was taken under the special favour of the king, Edward III., who, as Stow quaintly describes it, 'graunted protection to the brethren "Miliciae Beatae Mariae de Bethleme" within the citie of London, in the 14th year of his raigne. It was then an hospitall for distracted people. In this place, people that be distraight in wits are by the suite of their friendes receyved and kept as afore it was used, but not without charges to their bringers-in.'

Thus the priory of St Mary of Bethlehem became a regular hospital, chiefly devoted to the insane, and was recognised as such; and about the year 1450 it passed under the formal protection of the city of London authorities. But about a century later (1556), the corporation bought the patronage, property, and buildings with a sum of money bequeathed for that purpose by a certain charitable citizen and merchant tailor, Stephen Gennings by name. The canons of this priory were distinguished by the Star of Bethlehem embroidered on their gowns; and by their rules, they were bound to supply food and lodging to the Bishop of Bethlehem, should he ever happen

to visit London. This bishop, it would appear, was connected with the brethren and monastery of St Theodosius, founded at Bethlehem, in Judea, about the year 520 A.D.; and to this convent were annexed three separate hospitals-one for the aged, one for the sick, and one for the insane. Whether this last-mentioned fact had any influence on the London establishment is not known, but it is certain that this house was recognised and used as an establishment, or asylum, for lunatics in the beginning of the fifteenth century; and the reason given for this-if Stow's statement is to be relied on-was, that the king of England not likinge such kind of people to remaine so near his palace, had given orders for the immediate removal 'of certain lunatics from Charing Cross to Bethlehem in the Bishopsgate-without.' Charing Cross is here understood to mean the original lunatic hospital of London, which then stood in the parish of St Martin-in-the-Fields, and consequently close to Charing Cross. The site of this building continued to belong to the trustees of Bethlehem Hospital till the year 1830, when it was sold to, or exchanged with, the Crown, and was utilised in widening and improving what is now called West Strand, and the open space round Charing Cross.

Matters continued thus, the priory of St Mary of Bethlehem—or at anyrate a portion of it—being the recognised hospital for lunatics until the dissolution of the monasteries, when the priory being suppressed, the city, with the king's approval and confirmation, purchased the asylum which became the 'Bethlehem Hospital,' by which name it has been known ever since, all mention of its former religious title of the 'priory of St Mary of Bethlehem' being suppressed; and subsequently, the old priory church and private chapel were ordered to be removed altogether during the reign of Elizabeth, and the site was probably immediately built over.

In 1569 a benevolent lord mayor, Sir Thomas Roe, another merchant tailor, enclosed an acre of ground, 'part of the hospital land, lying on the west towards the Moor Fields,' to be used as a burial-ground, his own wife being one of the first occupants. This same ground, afterwards laid out as a private garden, was used as such until the year 1866, and still belonged, with other ground adjoining, to the governors of Bethlehem Hospital. In that year, however, it was sold to the Great Eastern Railway Company for sixty-one thousand pounds, and it is on this ground that the present Liverpool Street Station is now built.

It would appear that the name of the hospital seems to have been corrupted into its well-known title of 'Bedlam' about the middle of the sixteenth century, or shortly after that period, for we find in Shakspeare:

Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bellam To lead him where he would; his reguish madness Allows itself to anything.

Matthew Prior, too, uses the term:

One morning very early, one morning in the spring, I heard a maid in Bedlam, who mournfully did sing; Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly thus sang she,

'I love my love, because I know how truly he loves me.'
The allusion to the rattling of the 'chains on her hands' occasions a painful and uneasy feeling

in regard to the probable treatment of unfortunate lunatics in those days of darkness and barbarity, when brute force and savage violence were thought to be the only proper systems of treatment to be applied to those whose great misfortune it was to possess disordered intellects.

The old priory having at length been found inadequate, a new hospital was crected, not far from the old one, in the year 1675, in the Coleman Street Ward, outside the city wall, on a plot of land of two acres and a half, which the governors held on lease from the corporation of the city of London, at a mominal rent of one shilling per annum, for a term of nine hundred and ninety-nine years. These new hospital build-ings were close against the city wall, and were designed by Robert Hooke, the well-known writer on philosophy and science, who had been appointed surveyor to the corporation, and who was intrusted with the surveying and laying out of the ground for the rebuilding of London after the great fire of 1666. He subsequently held the office of Secretary to the Royal Society until his death in 1702. The new hospital, which was five hundred and forty feet long by forty deep, is said to have cost seventeen thousand pounds. It was, however, still found too small for the increasing wants of the population, and two wings were added in 1733, devoted entirely to incurables. The entrance gates of this building bore two statues which were designed by Cibber; they represented, with life-like, painful reality, two different stages of madness. These two statues are, we believe, still preserved in the South Kensington Museum. This hospital has often been referred to by writers of the last century, and is represented by Hogarth in the last picture of his well-known series of pictorial sermons antitled the 'Rake's Progress' sermons entitled the 'Rake's Progress.

As time rolled on and population largely increased, so the demands upon the resources of the old establishment in Coleman Street continued to increase also, until it was determined to build another and a larger hospital in a more open and commodious spot, and give up the old city premises altogether. Accordingly, an eligible site of eleven acres, situated in St George's Fields, was acquired in the year 1810, a spot at that period almost 'in the country,' and very fresh and open, part of it having been occupied by the once famous 'Dog and Duck' ten and pleasure grandless a great that provided for Ten gardens, a great resort, at that period, for Londoners who were, like Mrs Gilpin, on pleasure bent, and yet, like that thrifty lady, who 'had a frugal mind;' for here small luxuries in the way of tea, beer, and punch, with a little fiddling and dancing, might readily be obtained at a cheap rate. On this site, the present building was erected, at a cost of one hundred and twenty-two rected, at a cost of one hundred and twenty-two thousand five hundred and seventy-two pounds, or more than seven times the amount of the Coleman Street building. This large amount was made up by grants of public money, and by a large influx of subscriptions, both from private individuals and public bodies and Companies. The hospital was transferred to St George's Fields in 1815. Large additions were made to this building about the year 1838 by Sir R. Smirke, the architect of the General Post-office and the British Museum; and so stands the Bedlam of the present day, one of the largest in the stands of the present day, one of the largest in the stands of the present day, one of the largest in the stands of the largest in the largest

lunatic asylums which the country now possesses. and where every appliance and practice that kind-ness, humanity, and common-sense, founded on long experience and close observation, can dictate are put in requisition in the modern and scientific treatment of those labouring under the saddest and most distressing of mortal afflictions. How different from the old systems, when patients were chained and manacled, or flogged and beaten without mercy; and when the patients-even the worst cases-were exhibited to the thoughtless public, who were admitted to Bedlam at so much per head, and allowed to irritate and make sport and fun of these unfortunate and deeply afflicted creatures. But let us all be thankful that these horrors have become a matter of black history, and may be now considered as things of the past, in these days of superior knowledge and enlightened advancement.

## THE CITY LIES IN HUSHED REPOSE.

THE city lies in hushed repose, The wintry night-wind freshly blows, As if to rock the cradled host In slumber's sweet oblivion lost. But hark ! a sound, and lo ! a sight That wakes the town in dead of night.

A shrick and a glare, A cry of despair At the flames in their ire, For the one word is 'Fire!' The people rush out, And, with hurry and shout, Press on to the light As it brightens the night,

And spreads like a bunner unfurled up on high. A sign and a terror against the dark sky! But hark to the clatter, than music more sweet, Of the rolling wheels and the horses' feet!

Out of the way—out of the way!
They come to save—now clear the way!

A sea of faces upward turned, One fear by every heart inurned ; By ruddy light is clearly read On every brow the anxious dread. A mother 'mid the bright light stands, Her neck tight clasped by baby hands,

And through roar and hiss, Not quite they miss Her pitcous frenzied cry; But mounting quick on high A hero springs, His helm a star Of hope, that flings A halo far

'Mid the lurid light,



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## CONCERNING BELLS.

As the soft breeze of a summer day will carry the vibrating echoes of a peal of bells into the far distance, to find their answer on mountain heights and in hollowed dell, so their musical voices sometimes recall dead or absent friends, and reminiscences of events of long ago that have been forgotten for years. The same thing seldom affects two people in an equal degree. Extremes often meet, and such sounds as the ringing of bells may at once suggest something ludicrous or extremely solemn, a pleasant incident or a disagreeable experience. Their charm and influence, however, are acknowledged by all save the carping few who vote them a nuisance, or the unhappy sufferer from a too highly strung nervous organisation, who cannot endure noise, even if it is disguised as music. Bells are so intimately linked with the trifling and the momentous, the sad and the joyful events of life, both public and private, that their manifold uses or relative importance in the daily routine is frequently overlooked; and yet they may be classed in the category of those seemingly trivial but essential factors which help to make existence easy and possible, by economising labour, marking periods of time, sending forth warnings and notices, and making known public rejoicings or a nation's mourning. The hammering and the clashing, the chiming and the striking, the ringing and the tolling of bells are accepted as a matter of course, just the same as the meals they herald, or the inevitable recurrence of mid-day and midnight, the sun rising and the sun setting. If the food, the light, and the darkness were suddenly withdrawn, so a perceptible blank would remain in the absence of bells, proclaiming the sorrows and the joys of mankind, and, as the old Italian writer, Magius, so poetically expresses it, giving a tongue to time, which would otherwise pass over our heads as silently as the clouds, and lending a warning to its perpetual flight?

The origin of the bell is not known; but a

written history of nations. The pious Dionysius Barsalabi, in his Dissertation on Bells, asserts that he finds it recorded in several histories that Noah received a command that the workmen employed in building the Ark should be summoned to their labour by the strokes of wood on a bell; but the earliest mention of them in Scripture is found in Exodus xxviii. 33-35, and xxxix. 25, when speaking of the necessary ornaments for the hem of the high-priest's robe: 'And beneath upon the hem of it thou shalt make pomegranates of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, round about the hem thereof; and bells of gold between them round about: a golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell and a pomegranate, upon the hem of the robe round about. And it shall be upon Aaron to minister: and his sound shall be heard when he goeth in unto the holy place before the Lord, and when he cometh out, that he die not.'-'And they made bells of pure gold, and put the bells between the pomegranates upon the hem of the robe.' It is possible that the Assyrians and Egyptians used bells exclusively in religious rites; but the Greeks and Romans employed them for secular as well as for religious purposes. At the British Museum may be seen, in a case in the Nimroud Gallery of Assyrian Antiquities, eighty small bronze bells with iron tongues, which were found by Layard in a caldron, when excavating Nimroud—the ancient Calah of Scripture—on the banks of the Tigris, the approximate date of which city may be given from B.C. 885 to 630. The great feasts of Osiris, the judge of the dead, were inaugurated by the Egyptian priests with the ringing of hand-bells; and the Greek priests of Cybele followed the same custom when they sacrificed to the mother of a hundred gods.' Later, they were in more general use with both Greeks and Romans. Pliny refers to the sounding of a bell in public places in Athens to advertise the sale of fishdoubtless, the predecessor of the modern towncrier, who may still be heard in remote country districts. The Greek sentries in camps and garknowledge of it goes back to a period beyond the risons, when they heard the ringing of a bell,

knew the relief-guards were approaching, and were bound to answer the signal. At Rome also, the musical tinkling, announcing the hour for the indulgence of the luxurious bath, was welcomed by the Romans, who made great use of bells as personal ornaments, and adopted them for emblems on their triumphal processional cars.

The small quadrangular hand-bells, made of thin plates of hammered iron, riveted together at the sides and bronzed—a form represented on some of the old Irish stone crosses, and speci-mens of which are in the British and Hibernian Museums-were exclusively used for ecclesiastical Museums—were exclusively used for ecclesiastical purposes. Their introduction into Britain is generally assigned to the wandering monks, who in those early days of Christianity made frequent pilgrimages to Italy. Ireland possesses a rich collection of these old bells, some of which, with the traditional history are progressived in certificated. a traditional history, are preserved in costly shrines, embellished with gems. In the Annals of the Four Masters, mention is made of the 'Bell of St Patrick,' which has ever been held in special veneration because of the belief that it was the property of that saint. For generations this relic was in the possession of the Mulholland family, who kept it buried, in order to insure its safety during the disturbances which so frequently troubled their country. The last descendant of the family bequeathed the treasure and the secret of its hiding-place to the late Adam. M'Clean, who, on searching, duly found in the spot indicated a strong oaken box, containing the old bell, enclosed in its lovely shrine, and with it a Bible written in early Irish characters. This bell is only six inches high, five broad, and four deep; the shrine is of beaten brass, covered with an antique design of gold and silver filigree, worked in complicated convolutions and knots. The whole is profusely studded over with rock crystals, garnets, and other precious stones. It is now in the Royal Irish Academy, an interesting collection, that includes the almost unique 'bell of Armagh,' besides others, rivals in age and beauty. But as a priceless specimen of the skill and workmanship of those early days, none of the caskets in which each bell is placed equals that of St Patrick. Supplementary to these small bells, used in the services of the Church, are others employed for the administration of oaths, which oaths were considered essentially binding and sacred. Apart from the veneration felt for these bells, superstition someveneration left for these bells, superstition sometimes invested them with peculiar powers, like the 'bell of St Colomba,' for example, known as 'Dia Diagheltus' (God's vengeance), which the taker of the oath believed could inflict on a perjurer a terrible and indescribable punishment. Dr Beresford, the late Archbishop of Armagh, had four very curious old bells of this class. The venerable prelate purchased them at different The venerable prelate purchased them at different times, and in different parts of Ireland, from peasants, whose reverence for their sanctity had declined in these days of progress, and who, for-tunately, were not unwilling to part with things to them comparatively worthless, but above all price to a collector.

The suspended bell is a recent introduction, compared with the antiquity of the hand-bell, used in heathen as in Christian times in the

of the heavy swinging bell, from the time of the Anglo-Saxons to that of the Normans, must have been tolerably rapid, when the great size and strength of the belfries, built by the latter, is considered. About the middle of the seventh century, in the reign of Egfrid, Benedict, Abbot of Wearmouth and of Jarrow-upon-Tyne, presented some large bells to his church; and about the same period the Venerable Bede relates how the nuns of St Hilda, at Whitby, were sum-moned to prayers by the sound of bells. At the present day, very few bells are left bearing authentic dates previous to the Reformation, although it is said that one was removed from the belfry of an old church in Cornwall, inscribed 'Alfredus Rex,' which must, if the inscription was correct, have been in use for a thousand years. The most reliable guide for deciding the approximate date of the casting of a bell is the several marks and stamps impressed upon it by the founder, for it is generally known in what century any noted founder lived; and they were also fond of inscribing on them quaint mottoes, sometimes of exhortation, sometimes of warning, a definition of their use, or an injunction to attend to certain duties. In 1675, an old peal of bells, each bearing a motto, was taken down from the belfry of St Michael at Coventry and recast. No. 4 was the workmen's bell: 'I ring at six to let men know, When to and from their work to go.' No. 7, the sermon bell, running thus: 'I ring to Sermon with a Lysty Bombe, That all may come and none may stay at home.' No. 8 implies the frequent occurrence of fires, when the greater part of the houses were built of wood instead of stone: 'I am, and have been called the Common Bell, To ring when Fier breaks out to tell.' An old bell at St Sidwell's, Exeter, is, like many small things in this world, both assertful and boastful: 'I mean to make it understood That though I'm little, yet I'm good.' Another, hanging in Newton-Abbot Church, has a similar inscription: 'Although I am both light and small, I will be heard above you all.' Devonshire has its full share of fine medieval churches scattered about the beautiful rich county, and these churches, as a rule, have heavy peals of ancient bells. The peal in Exeter Cathedral, ten in number, claims to be the heaviest as well as the sweetest in all England.

Among the melodious bells of Dewsbury, in Yorkshire, is one called 'Black Tom of Sothill,' which was presented in expiation of a murder. Its lugubrious sound booms out and breaks upon the midnight silence of a Christmas eve, when its solemn tolling is known as the 'devil's knell, signifying, that when Christ was born, the devil died. Legendary superstition has always invested bells with miraculous powers and strange influences; but why the so-called spirits of darkness are credited with a strong aversion to their din, has never been satisfactorily explained. In many Catholic countries, the church bells are set many Catholic countries, the church bells are set ringing during a thunderstorm, a superstitious practice which prevailed in England before the Reformation, for Latimer alludes to it, saying 'that the devil might take flight, and so the storm subside.' Wynkyn de Worde also believed in its efficacy, 'because,' he writes, 'evil spirits no doubt moche when they hear the bells rongen.' celebration of religious rites. The development A remnant of the same faith lingers in the tolling

of the 'Sanctus' or passing-bell, which, previous to the eighteenth century, was sounded before, not after, the mortal had joined the great majority; and the Italian will account for the deafening uproar of bursting bombs in the piazza in front of the church, and the promiscuous clashing of bells from the campanile, during the celebration of the festa of a local saint, by saying that such noise 'pleases the saints, and drives away the devil.' Sailors are especially credulous of the good or evil omens of bells set ringing; and stories of them having been heard above the roar of the ocean, and the whistling of the wind during storms, like the lost bells of Tintagel, or those of the submerged city between the Scilly Isles and the Land's End, are too familiar to bear repetition. Moore founded his plaintive song, Silent, O Moyle, on an old Irish myth on the power of church bells. 'The daughter of Lir was by some supernatural power transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander for many hundred years over certain hills and rivers in Ireland till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the church bells was to be the signal for her release. The Netherlands claim the first introduction of chimes; which, by the way, are nowhere sweeter, or more welcome, than in London city on a fine Sunday, when the quiet of the well-nigh deserted streets is emphasised by the contrast of the whirl, the rush, and the full throbbing life of a week-day. The carillons of Ghent, Bruges, and other continental towns are played by means of keys attached by bands to the bells, on the same principle as a piano; but in England—where the art of campanology is brought to a higher perfection than in any other country—the good old fashion of swinging them

by pulleys is still universal.

The utility of bells is undeniable. They act as signals, as warnings, time-keepers, and a host of other offices by which labour is saved and punctuality insured; and their usefulness is more than balanced by the annoyance and irritation created by a senseless and unthinking misuse of them. The domestic wire-hung bell-unknown before the reign of Queen Anne—is already nearly obsolete, superseded by the more convenient electric bells and telephones; and grandchildren of the present generation will probably have no associations of pain, fear, pleasure, suspense, or certainty connected with the ringing of the house-bell. Distinct sensations and different significations—real or fancied—are often conveyed by a bell or bells, corresponding to the mood or desires of the hearer. The ring at the door that announces the messenger of painful, unwelcome, or momentous news, once heard, is never forgotten; and a bell rung in the dead of night, when a household is wrapped in sleep, is sufficient some-times; to cause a panic. All sorts of fears are roused and dangers foreshadowed, difficulties imagined and disasters threatened. It is murder, thieves, fire, sickness! All energy for the moment is paralysed and courage effaced, and the hysterical excitement that ensues only subsides when one, braver than the rest, goes to find out the origin of the alarm. The ringing of a railway bell, also, announcing that the train will depart five minutes hence, puts all philosophy to flight, and defies the hearers of its deafening

their wonted self-possession. An unreasoning agitation follows, in defiance of previous resolutions not to be flurried, and a positive knowledge of ample time to spare. The slow tolling of the jail-bell before the execution of a criminal is happily of comparatively rare occurrence, and very few ever hear the suggestive doleful sound. The regular striking of bells on board a ship helps to break the monotony of a long voyage, when there is little to mark the passing days and nights. The uncompromising persistency with which the early work-bell of a factory rings is always an unpleasant noise; and equally unwelcome is the school-bell on a bleak winter morning, that rouses youths and maidens out of that deep sleep which falls so easily and naturally on the young, whilst the old and middle-aged may court the goddess in vain. The summons must be obeyed, and the drowsy eyes, that seem to their owners only just to have closed, must be opened to the raw, dark, and uninviting outside world.

## RICHARD CABLE THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XLV .- MISS OTTERBOURNE.

JOSEPHINE'S position in Bewdley Manor had gone through a change, a change advantageous in one way, but bringing with it great vexations.

Miss Otterbourne was a small old lady of delicate bones and mind, of small ideas and petty interests. She lived in her great house without a companion, made calls in her grand carriage when the coachman allowed her to use the fat horses, pottered in her conservatories about her flowers, and picked them only when suffered to do so by the head-gardener. She kept a great many servants, and was badly served by them She spent a great deal of money, and had little pleasure out of it. Josephine was shocked to see how the old lady was pillaged by all her attendants. She kept cows, and bought her butter; poultry, and purchased her eggs; had gamekeepers, but ate very little game. Her pheasants cost her about their weight in silver. She grew grapes and apricots and nectarines and peaches, which the gardener sold in Bath, and put the money into his own pocket. Her porcelain was broken, and had to be replaced incessantly, because the china shopkeeper tipped the breakers for every breakage. Every tradesman who attended the house put money into the servants' pockets, on the understanding that they made work for artisans there. Every shopkeeper who dealt with the house gave a percentage to the servants to encourage waste. Coal-wagons were incessantly bringing their loads to the house, which apparently consumed as much as a glassfurnace; but the coal-cellar door was left always open for all the cottagers to supply themselves from it, and a sack was deposited every turn of the wagon at the gardener's, or the gamekeeper's, or at the lodge, or at the coachman's, or at the house of the mother of the boy who cleaned the knives. The gardener was annually carrying off prizes at flower-shows; but the greenhouses were never properly stocked, and fresh supplies, enough to fill every stage, had to be ordered from the twang to exercise calm indifference or retain nurserymen every autumn and spring. Fifteen

hogsheads of ale were got rid of in that house in the twelve months by a household of tectotalers; the wine cellar needed the laying-down of expensive wines every year, although Miss Otterbourne no longer gave dinner-parties. A milliner and her assistant from Bath were engaged in Bewdley House half their time, yet Miss Otterbourne had only two new gowns in the year. Bewick's British Birds and Fishes and Quadrupeds deserted the shelves of the library, as if they were leaving the Ark of Noah, and turned up in a second-hand bookseller's at Bath. Valuable pieces of old Worcester china, fine Chelsen figures, unaccountably got mislaid; but certain dealers in London would have been happy to sell them back

to the good lady.
'My servants,' said Miss Otterbourne, 'are perfectly trusty. I have left my purse about; I have allowed coppers to remain on my chimneypiece, and I have never lost a farthing.

It is a curious fact that the conscience of many domestic servants draws a line at money. It is most rare to find one who will purloin a coin; but beyond that line, in far too many cases, all scruple ceases.

Josephine soon discovered how her mistress was being plundered. The housekeeper winked at the petty robberies; she shut her eyes to a good deal more that filled Josephine with horror and disgust. John Thomas Polkingnorn was vain and foolish, but he was not vicious. Among the many John Thomas Polkinghorn was vain and men attached to the house in one capacity or another, he was the most respectable; but the old butler, Vickary, on whom Miss Otterbourne chiefly relied as a trusty servant who had the interests of the family at heart, was a prime source of evil in the place. Josephine made him keep his distance. She behaved towards him with such proud reserve and scarce veiled abhorrence, that he scowled at her and prophesied her speedy dismissal. The other servants, all cringing to the butler, took his tone, and behaved to Josephine with insolence, at least in his presence. behind his back, they were ready to speak to her with kindness and show her little attentions. They let her understand that they groaned under his tyranny, but were too timorous to revolt. The house was, moreover, too good to be left, except for some extraordinary chance of betterment; and servants who came there well-intentioned, gradually swallowed their scruples and sank to the general level.

That Josephine was not more with them was due to the forethought of Mrs Sellwood, who wrote confidentially to her sister to tell her that Josephine had known better days, was well educated, and by birth a lady, forced by circumstances she was not at liberty to disclose, to go into menial service. Miss Otterbourne was the kindest hearted of old maids, a generally kind-hearted race, but she was weak. She had fallen a prey to several unscrupulous ladies'-maids in succession. Girls well recommended had come to her, and the general bad tone of the house had lowered them; she herself had contributed to their deterioration by ill-judged kindness, by making of them confidentes, and almost friends. She had trusted them, when they were neither by education nor character worthy to be trusted. They had abused her kindness. One after another had taken to drink. Miss Otterbourne would not that he would not be able to influence Josephine

believe it; she supposed poor Jane or Marianne or Emily was subject to fits, or had a weak heart; and Mrs Sellwood had sometimes to come down from Essex to rout a disagreeable and disreputable companion from her sister's house. The old lady, perhaps feeling her loneliness, and with her heart craving for love, was so liable to fall under the dominion of her servants, that Mrs Sellwood was glad to be able to assist Josephine and her own sister at once, to put the former with one who would be kind to her, and to give the latter a companion who was perfectly reliable.

Miss Otterbourne at once perceived that her new attendant was what her sister had described her—a lady, and with her natural kindness, did what lay in her power to soften to her the hardship of her lot.

On the morning after her arrival at Bewdley, Josephine rose with a weight on her heart. She had not slept well. She was pale, and her eyes looked large and sad when she appeared before Miss Otterbourne to assist her in dressing. The old lady spoke gently to her. She told her that she had heard from Mrs Sellwood that Josephine had met with troubles which had forced her into a situation for which she was not born, and assured her that she would be a good mistress to her, and not exact from her more than what was really needed.

'My servants are all so honest and so respectable, and so devoted to me, that I am sure you will like them. They never give me any trouble, and set a good example to the entire parish. But as you belong by birth to a superior class, you will not mix with them much. I shall expect you to be chiefly about my person, and when not engaged in dressing me, to attend to my wardrobe. I should be glad if you could read to me in the evenings. I cannot use my eyes by lamplight, at least not much; and the evenings are tedious to me. I play patience, but one tires in time even of patience.

Later on, Miss Otterbourne made overtures to get into Josephine's confidence, but without avail. Josephine's secret was not one she cared to share. She soon fell into her work; it was not difficult, and the old lady was not exacting. She felt how considerate towards her Miss Otterbourne was, and she was grateful for it, but not inclined to open her heart to her. Miss Otterbourne was not one who could understand her course of conduct or

appreciate her motives.

The monotonous life that Josephine was now leading, the constant restraint, the necessity for reserve, the tediousness of listening to the weak talk of the old lady, and the repugnance she felt for the society of her fellow-servants, were almost more than Josephine could bear, and only her strong resolution to go through with what she had undertaken kept her at Bewdley. As she began to see how completely Miss Otterbourne was deceived in her servants, how she was cheated, and what a demoralising influence in the place the trusty butler was, she became uneasy in mind; she did not like to allow her mistress to continue in her delusion, and yet she was averse from telling tales of her fellow-domestics.

The liking which Miss Otterbourne showed for her excited the jealousy of the female servants and the suspicion of Mr Vickary. This latter saw

and get her under his power. He was irritated at the contempt she showed him, and aware that she saw through and mistrusted him. He also saw that she was acquiring a preponderating influence over the mistress, which threatened his supremacy.

Josephine had more to think about than her own past troubles; but, unfortunately, those concerns which now occupied her thoughts were in themselves troubles. She missed her old freedom; she was shy of asking a favour of Miss Otterbourne, or she would have entreated to be given a bedroom to herself. The old lady did not know that she had not one; the domestic arrangements were left to the housekeeper, and those maids were given separate rooms who stood highest in her favour. At night, Josephine hardly enjoyed refreshing sleep; she was not so much tired out with her work as fagged; her nerves were overwrought, not her muscles. What would she not now have given for a row on the sea or a stroll by herself in the garden! Sometimes the oppressiveness of her life threatened to drive her mad, and she made efforts to think of the sea, the gulls, the passing ships, to give breath and space to her mind, that was becoming cramped in Bewdley life.

While she read in the evenings to Miss Otterbourne, her mind was absent, for the books which the old lady selected were uninteresting to Josephine. She, like Aunt Judith, was a vealeater, and must have her mental diet devoid of the blood of ideas and the firmness of intellectual growth. Josephine had been so independent hitherto, that the constraint of having in all things to submit to the will of another, to hear ineptitudes without replying, to go through a mechanical round of duties that led to nothing, were an especial trial to her. But she had the clear sense to see that it was a schooling she recorded, the wealest in the section of the sent sense of the section.

needed; she was learning self-restraint.

One evening the old lady was tired of the reading, did not care for patience, and, as she had a little of the fretfulness induced by nettlerash still about her, she began to grumble at never being able to hear a bit of music. With diffidence, and yet eagerness, Josephine volunteered to play and sing. She was diffident, because she did not know how her mistress would take the offer; she was eager, because she had not touched the piano since she left Hanford, and her soul was one that hungered and thirsted for music, a soul that could only find its full expression in pain or pleasure through music. Thus it came about that Richard Cable heard her sing on the night he was lingering under the trees of the park.

The little old lady was not without that atmosphere of romance hanging about her heart that enlarged and transformed common objects and gave them ephemeral and fantastic values and shapes. She thought about what Mrs Sellwood had told her of Josephine, and as she had taken a great fancy for Josephine, she wanted to learn more. She wrote for particulars to her sister, but unsuccessfully, and every attempt to wrest her story from the girl equally failed. As she had so few facts on which to build, she fell back on conjecture, and speedily came to treat her conjectures as assured realities. There could be no question that Josephine was a lady, the child of contested the whole hed, here guidely by mind.

she supposed-by the failure of the great Coast of Guinea Bank, which had recently brought down so many families. She was an orphan, and had lost everything, and she had fled her old home and its associations owing to a love-affair with a gentleman of position to whom she had been engaged, but who, having no resources himself, had broken off the match on her losing her fortune. Miss Otterbourne had in former days had several offers; but as she never could assure herself that the suitors were not in love with her estate rather than herself, she had refused them all; and now, in her old age, had a longing for a little romance, and a desire to take some part in the great concert of love that bursts from all creation, if she were only to play a little feeble accompaniment to the song of another. What a flutter it produces in an old heart on which hopes and loves have flashed and flickered and died out to white dust, to be able, before the last death-chill falls, to assist at the kindling, or to fan when lighted, or to sit by and hearken to the roar of a love-fire! So poor old Miss Otterbourne having made out to her own satisfaction and sincere conviction that Josephine was in love, and had been badly treated, turned the matter about in her mind, and schemed whether it were possible for her to take up the broken engagement and hammer and weld it together again. How she was to do this, she did not know. She did not even know the gentleman; but, again, imagination went to work and showed her that he was endeavouring to get into a government situation. Miss Otterbourne knew and was connected with persons of position and influence, and might possibly induce them to get him a secretaryship or a colonial appointment. The kind little heart made its plans; the letters were thought out, and the list of those to whom application was to be made was drawn up; all that Miss Otterbourne needed to know to put all her engines in play was the name and position of the man. But when she approached the subject, however delicately, Josephine winced, changed colour, trembled, and entreated permission leave the room.

'There is no help for it,' said Miss Otterbourne to herself; 'I must wait till I have gained her confidence.—Poor young people! Poor dear girl! She is growing thin and pale here. I can see the change in her. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. It is only hope deferred, not extinguished. I am clever in these matters; I will make all

right in time.'
Miss Otterbourne was warmly attached to her nephew, Captain Sellwood, who would succeed to Bewdley after her decease, when he would assume by royal license the name and arms of Otterbourne in addition to Sellwood. The old lady had much family pride in her, and loved to talk of the family greatness, its achievements and its matches in the past. It was a sad thing that Cholmondely Otterbourne, her brother, had died early, and that thus the direct male representation ceased. As the old lady loved to talk, and loved especially to talk of her nephew, on whom her ambition concentrated, she was not silent with Josephine.

facts on which to build, she fell back on conjecture, and speedily came to treat her conjectures as assured realities. There could be no question that Josephine was a lady, the child of gentlefolks, who had been suddenly ruined—so would marry. I am getting to be an old woman,

and I want to see the young generation settled, and another rising about it. I should be happy, I think, quite happy, with little grand nephews and nieces, nephews especially, trotting about these passages, and up and down the stairs. I am afraid that Captain Sellwood must have met with a disappointment.—You have not heard of such a rumour, have you, Cable?'

'There has been no such tale, Miss Otterbourne,

as far as I am aware.'

'I cannot conceive of a girl refusing him, he is so handsome, so dignified, and has such eyes, such ox-like eyes. If he has been refused, it must have been by some great heiress, who thinks over-weeningly of herself; or by a duke's daughter, or a baroness in her own right.—You have seen Captain Sellwood, I suppose, Cable?'
'Yes, ma'am, I have seen him.' She always

spoke respectfully to Miss Otterbourne, as a

servant to a mistress.

'What do you think of him? Have you ever seen his equal ?—Except'— The old lady laughed. 'That is not quite a fair question;' she assumed a roguish air. Every girl thinks one man the ideal of what man should be, but after—

after that one, eh, Cable?'

Josephine hesitated; then evaded the answer
by saying: 'I spoke the exact truth, Miss Otterbourne, about there being no reports circulating concerning Captain Sellwood; but I believe it is true, and Mr and Mrs Sellwood know it, that he

was refused.'

'Who was she?' asked Miss Otterbourne.

'A very unworthy person,' answered Josephine.
That the captain was certain to visit Bewdley,
and that she would have to meet him—she in the capacity of a servant, occurred to Josephine, and made her uneasy. But on further consideration, this uneasiness passed away. It was bred of pride, and her pride was much broken. The prospect that he would come to Bewdley gave her courage and hope. Before he arrived, he would have been prepared to see her—his father or mother would be certain to do that.

She thought a good deal about him, as Miss Otterbourne spoke of him so frequently; and she trusted that his arrival would relieve her from one of her great distresses. She could mention to him the condition of affairs in the house. As heir to the estate, as the person responsible next to her mistress, he ought to be told everything. Then he could act as he saw fit. She would have fulfilled her duty, and the responsibility would rest on the

proper shoulders.
Captain Sellwood comes on Tuesday, said Miss

'Tell Mrs Grundy to have

Otterbourne one day. 'Tell Mrs Grundy to have the Blue Room ready.'
Josephine drew a long breath. 'I am so glad!' she said. The exclamation escaped her unintentionally. Miss Otterbourne looked surprised, and then annoyed, and said no more to her that evening.

#### CHAPTER XLVI .- A CHUM.

Once, annually, whilst he was in England, did Captain Sellwood pay his aunt a visit. He stayed with her a fortnight; and she took him round to show him to her old friends, and show him the young ladies of the neighbourhood among whom he was at liberty to pick and choose— ladies by birth and breeding, and with at least

something to bring with them. As yet he had not picked and chosen in the region round Bewdley; he had contented himself with exciting the admiration of the old ladies, to whom he devoted himself with more eagerness than to They were his aunt's cronies, and the young. he made an effort to please his aunt by showing courtesy to her friends.

The family coach went to the station to meet the captain, and Miss Otterbourne awaited his arrival impatiently. Josephine's heart was in a flutter. 'Shall I leave the room?' she asked, suddenly rising from her needlework in the window. Miss Otterbourne had got into the way of making her sit in the same room with her

much of her time.

'No, Cable,' answered the old lady—'no need r that. You have, I daresay, seen the captain, for that.

and he will probably know you.

In fact, Miss Otterbourne was curious to observe how they met; for she knew nothing for certain about Josephine's origin, nor of the extent of her acquaintance, nor of its character, with the Sellwoods.

Josephine remained, but stood silent, in the window, withdrawn as much as possible from sight. Captain Sellwood came in, and was greeted with love and pride by his aunt. My dear fellow! How you have grown! But-I do believe I see a careworn expression in your face, as if the course of something-somethinghad not run smooth.'

He turned abruptly from her and came directly to Josephine, who, in spite of her efforts to remain composed, coloured and trembled. 'We have met before—at Hanford,' he said, with a bow, and extended hand; but whether he spoke to explain his conduct to his aunt, or to introduce himself to Josephine, who might not recollect him, Miss Otterbourne could not discover.

'You will be pleased to hear that the rector and my mother are in flourishing condition,' he went on. 'I hope I may be able to inform them, when I write, that you are well and happy? He spoke civilly, formally, yet kindly; and what he said might have been addressed indis-

criminately to a lady or a lady's-maid.

'The rogue!' said Miss Otterbourne to herself. He, also, wants to keep me in the dark. There

is some mystery; but I shall worm it out.'

Josephine kept away from the drawing room whilst the captain was there; her mistress did not need her when she had her nephew to talk to. She hoped to have an opportunity of speaking with him in private before long, that she might relieve her mind, after which it was her intention to leave the service of Miss Otterbourne. It did not advantage her to remain there longer. Her mistress had drawn her into association with herself, and she could associate with ladies as at Hanford. As for the servants at Bewdley, she did not wish to be on terms of familiarity with them. They did not represent the class to which Richard belonged. She must seek repre-

sentatives of his order elsewhere.

One evening, the housemaid who shared her room told her that a sister and cousin had come to Bewdley and had asked her to meet them and walk with them to the station. She had, however, her duties in the house, and could not go out, leaving these neglected. As for the underhousemaid, she was engaged with her own work, and could not be trusted to arrange the rooms—would Josephine mind relieving her of this for an hour or two. 'It's the captain's two rooms have to be looked after,' said the young woman. 'If you'll do this for me to-day, Cable, I'll help you what I can another time.'

Josephine at once, good-naturedly, consented. Captain Sellwood occupied the best bedroom, with a small sitting-room adjoining, and on the other side a dressing-room. He did not care for a fire in his bedroom; but there was one in the sitting-room, and there his aunt allowed him to smoke. He had no valet with him to attend to his clothes; and after he was dressed for dinner, the housemaid folded those he had taken off and put them away, and got the room ready for the night. The sitting-room had to be made tidy: the scraps of letters and envelopes to be picked up; his newspaper to be folded and placed on the table; his cigar end, left on the mantelshelf, to be buried in the red depths of the fire; a flower-glass upset on the side-table, to be refilled, the blossoms rearranged, and the water to be wiped up. How untidy men are!—No, not all men—not Richard. And had not Josephine been just as careless when in her own house?

She put everything together in the sittingroom. Captain Sellwood had worn gloves lined
with swausdown, which his mother had insisted
on his wearing whilst on the journey; but either
the moth had got into them, or the down was
badly put on at first, and, as he found the wool
coming off, whilst he was smoking he amused
himself with picking it off the inside of his gloves
and throwing little tufts on the floor, where it
adhered to the pile of the Brussels carpet. The
collecting of this down engaged Josephine some
time, and she said to herself: 'If people only
knew the trouble they give by their want of
consideration!' and then remembered she would
have done the same in former years. She was
engaged picking the particles out of the carpet
pile, when the bedroom door opened and Captain
Sellwood came in, with one patent-leather boot
on his foot and the other in his hand. Josephine
looked up as the door opened, and rose.

'Oh,' said he, 'I am sorry. There is a peg in the sole that hurts me, and I have come for the poker to drive it down.'

Josephine rose from her knees, colouring.
'Do not let me disturb you,' he said. 'I will go away.' He had a crimson silk stocking on his unshod foot.

'Shall I knock down the peg for you, Captain Sellwood?' asked Josephine. 'There is a hammer in the housemaid's cupboard.'

'Not on any consideration; but if you will kindly fetch me the hammer, I shall be grateful. I do not know the whereabouts of the said cupboard.' He held out his hand to help her

up.
'What have you been about?' he asked.
'Collecting all these particles of swansdown.
They are difficult to get out of the carpet.'

'I threw them there,' he said; 'but I am glad it has given me the opportunity of speaking to you alone, which I have desired, and failed to get.'

'I also,' said Josephine, 'wish to have a little private talk with you; but'—— She looked

round, and seeing that some one was in the corridor and that the door of the sitting-room was open, she added: 'I will get the hammer for your boot at once.' Then she went out at the door and closed it behind her. She had a candle in her hand, and saw standing before her the butler, with a mocking expression on his sinister face.

'What are you doing there, Cable? You have

no business in these rooms.'

She would rather not have answered him, and have passed on without a reply; but she considered that she had to return, and that the butler must be got rid of, so she answered with as much indifference as she could assume, that the housemaid was going to the station with her friends, and had asked her to see to the bedrooms.

'And to chat with the captain, who slipped

away from table before his usual time.'

Josephine coloured at his insolence. She had taken Captain Sellwood's boot in her hand, and whether advisable or not, she must return with it. She went her way without appearing to notice the remark made by the butler. In ten minutes she returned with the boot; she had succeeded in knocking down the peg. As she came to the captain's door she looked round to see that the coast was clear, and then tapped lightly. He opened at once, and she went in.

She was nervous and agitated. The situation was not a pleasant one; and if she had not made up her mind to speak to him, she would have given him the boot at the door and not have gone in. But three or four days of his visit to his aunt had elapsed without her obtaining the opportunity she sought, and she did not see how she could obtain the desired interview without attracting attention and arousing curiosity.

Mr Vickary was probably satisfied with the explanation she had given. If he doubted it, he could satisfy himself in the kitchen that it was genuine. Notwithstanding her bringing-up, Josephine had much guilelessness in her. She knew Captain Sellwood well, had known him since she was a child, and was aware that he was an honourable man, who would never forget the respect due to her. He knew her story—that she was married; and that she had met with trouble. That he knew why she had gone into service, she did not suppose. He was aware that she had resigned her right to the inheritance of Gabriel Gotham—all Hanford knew that; but the reasons for her so doing were not divulged. The captain, she presumed, thought she had been forced to take service because she was left penniless. That he would not press her to tell him anything she kept to herself, she was well satisfied. He was a gentleman, if a somewhat heavy one.

She closed the door behind her, and went towards Captain Sellwood with something of her old frankness, holding his boot in her hand. 'I must have a little talk with you,' she said. 'And there is no time like the present. I hold you arrested by one foot. 'You shall not have your boot till you have listened to me.'

'I am not likely to run away from you, Mrs Cable, unless you draw out of your quiver some of your old arrows; then, knowing their sharpness, I might in self-defence take to flight.'

'No; I have broken off all their heads. will never hurt any one again-at least not with them.

'Take a chair, Mrs Cable.' 'I had rather stand.

'And I insist on your being seated.'

She obeyed, taking a small armchair near the fire. He had lighted the candles on the mantelpiece, and stood by the fire, with his elbow on the shelf, resting on his shod foot, with the red-stockinged foot crossed over the other.

'The matter about which I desire to speak to you,' she said, going at once to her point, 'con-cerns Miss Otterbourne. You and your mother ought to know how she is treated by her servants. She is robbed on all sides. She is surrounded by perfectly unscrupulous persons, who are in league against her. There are valuables in this house, heirlooms; nothing is safe from their rapacity. Dear Miss Otterbourne is so confiding that she leaves everything about-her keys, her chequebook; her drawers are not locked, and any one can get at her jewelry. The plate is intrusted to Mr Vickary, and—some one ought to be intrusted with the looking after of Mr Vickary. Is there a list of the plate? Do you think Miss Otterbourne herself knows what family jewels she has? I have ventured to entreat her to keep her bureau locked where she has some securities, -she ought to send them to her banker's; but she likes to retain them in her own hands. I am sure the butler has been to that bureau, though I will not say he has abstracted anything. I fear is—were anything to happen to your aunt -suppose a stroke, which is not impossible or improbable at her age, then—this house would be at the disposal of her servants. They might take what they liked, and who would stop them? An old lady ought never to be left as Miss Otterbourne is-without a relative by her to guard her interests.'

'Dear Mrs Cable,' said Captain Sellwood, 'my mother cannot be here. It is also out of the question that I should. We had hoped-when

you came'-

Exactly, that I was to be life and bodyguard Her Majesty. I do not feel disposed to be to Her Majesty. that. I tell you the state of affairs, and then I go. I cannot remain here. Miss Otterbourne is very kind, and I like her; but I cannot remain. You can see that for yourself. Having revealed the misdemeanours of my fellow-servants, I must go as well as they.'

'I do not see that.'

'I do. I could not stay. There are other matters behind all this that I have told you; but you know enough.

'What is to be done?'

'What is to be done?' repeated Josephine, with a return to her old contemptuous manner. 'You are a man, a soldier, and ask me that!'

'Precisely; because I am a man and a soldier, I know nothing about domestic matters; I cannot

engage a new set of servants.'
'But you can induce your aunt to dismiss these.

fAnd I know very well that with a new supply she would fare no better. She has had relays of ladies'-maids, and has demoralised them all made very decent girls my mother has sent her, dishonest and given to drink.

'Well, I have discharged my duty. It is for you to act on the information you have received. This house not only demoralises the ladies'-maids, but the entire parish. Your good old aunt, with a mind full of religion and kindliness, is poisoning every man, woman, and child who comes near her, Trust is a very good thing when well applied; but trust given to the untrustworthy aggravates the evil. Why, what will become of the servant-girls of this establishment when they, marry? They have learned here to be dainty, thriftless, and dishonest; to take to themselves whatever comes to hand, and to use everything without consideration, what it costs. They will without consideration what it costs. They will make their husbands and families wretched and wicked.' Josephine spoke with vehemence, because she felt strongly, and had been bottling up her indignation ever since she had begun to see into the condition of affairs in the house, without the opportunity of giving it vent.

Captain Sellwood stood looking down at his

unbooted foot, meditating. His face was troubled. 'It would be conferring on us the greatest favour, it would be laying us under a lifelong obligation, if you would consent to stay as companion to my

'I cannot. The captain who applies the match. to the powder-room does not blow up the crew and provide for his own safety-they all go up into the air together. I cannot do what seems mean.

'We have no claim whatever on you; but you

are here on the spot—if'—
'No, Captain Sellwood—no! How slow you are to take a no!'

Then ensued another silence.

'I have said what I had to say, and now I must go.' She made a motion to rise. He waved his hand.

'I pray you, one moment longer. About yourself. If you insist on leaving this house, where will you go?'

'I do not know. I have not considered.'

'Excuse me, Mrs Cable. I do not want to touch on matters that I have no right to put my finger on, but-we are old acquaintances of many, many years' standing. I cannot bear to think of your being in positions to which you were not born. Do not be offended. I am a clumsy man with my tongue, as you know very well.' He spoke with such truth and kindness, such real feeling in his voice, that Jose-phine's heart grew soft. 'I ask no questions; I want to know nothing about any of these matters that have occurred and that have affected you; but I do pray you—I pray you—do nothing without consulting my mother; and do not—do not be too proud to take her helping hand. Indeed, you can do my mother no greater favour than ask her to help you in any and every way.

Josephine did not answer at once. It was not possible for her to answer with frankness without entering into an explanation of her circumstances, which she could not do to him. After thinking, and turning his boot about in her hand, she said : 'I am very sensible, Captain Sellwood, of your kindness; and I know how good and generous your dear mother is, and how I can rely as well on your father. He approves of all I have done. You must not think me wanting in generosity

if I change the subject. You have drawn the conversation away from your aunt to me, and I had rather not have it turn about myself, but revert to what we spoke of at first.'

As you will, Mrs Cable.'

I think that you must get a gentlewoman to live here as companion to Miss Otterbourne, and strike at once at Mr Vickary. The housekeeper and the maid-servants are not bad-hearted; but no one in the household has the moral courage to withstand him. Try to induce your aunt to part with him and take a suitable companion. Then the servants' hall can be weeded leisurely.'

A tap at the door. The captain called out to come in, and Josephine looked round to see who asked admission. She was thinking only of what she was saying, and had forgotten where she was, and how strange it would seem to any one opening the door for her to be seated by Captain Sell-wood's fire in his private sitting and smoking room talking confidentially with him.

In the doorway stood Miss Otterbourne; and Josephine caught a glimpse of the butler gliding away from behind her. 'Really!' exclaimed the old lady—'really—I am surprised—I—I'—

'There is your boot, Captain Sellwood,' said Josephine, starting up, suddenly conscious of her situation, and hurriedly left the room.

He took the boot, and slowly and clumsily drew it on. He also saw what an awkward position

they had been in.
'Can you allow me a tête-à-tête?' asked the old lady somewhat stiffly; 'or-do you prefer younger society?'

'It was,' he stammered-'my-my boot that we were engaged upon. We are old chums; we were chumming, aunt, only chumming.

## AMERICANS ABROAD.

THE summer-tide of American tourists on 'the European trip' causes the transatlantic liners to be heavily laden with passengers, who have booked for months ahead their places in the favourite steamers, and, what is more, in thoroughly American fashion, settled by what vessel they will return in the 'fall.' The weekly arrivals at Liverpool from 'the other side' can be counted by thousands; few sights, indeed, are more calculated to excite reflection than the counter-currents which the great Lancashire port daily sees; the outward flood of sturdy emigrants in search of fortunes 'West' crossing with the incoming wave of American visitors, who, having achieved an instalment of their share of the world's success, come to seek in the Old World those pleasures from which the emigrant has often so unwillingly exiled himself. Time was, when we lingly exiled himself. Time was, when we Britons were the great travelling nation, and though we still well keep up our reputation in this respect, it is useless to deny that we are outdone by our 'kin beyond the sea,' to whom a lingly exiled himself. European trip is much more of a necessity, social and pleasurable, than is the case with us, near as we are to the continent. In America, indeed, every one travels; but the enormous distances which the Americans find themselves called upon to traverse—distances of which we in Europe can by comparison form but a very scant idea-count as nothing till the Atlantic has been crossed. The 'ocean trip' may be said to be the first

necessary extravagance which the successful American lavishes on himself and his family; no matter in what station, one visit at least to Europe is a social, almost a national obligation; while in the more established sections of society it will be found that every one has either 'just been' to Europe, or is 'just going,' or has 'just returned.' We in Britain see almost without exception every American who leaves his country, and the American traveller is nowadays a very familiar object on our railways, which he likes; and in our hotels, which he freely criticises; or scattered over the various places of interest, which it will be found our cousins are far more assiduous in seeing than ourselves.

Perhaps it is on the score of the familiarity we are gaining with the American traveller that British people are so ready with their opinions as to 'Americans.' In a mixed company where the subject is discussed, the variety of views expressed is somewhat apt to be conflicting; and, truth to tell, even to the impartial judge, a candid opinion on the point is difficult. To those who know Americans well, it is only too evident that of late years a marked change is observable in the character of the American tourist as he is to be met with in Britain and on the continent. The low fares and quick passages, the sudden fortunes made 'out West,' among many other reasons, have tended to alter entirely the whole nature of the ocean trip, just as similar conditions may be said in the Old World to have materially modified the character of foreign travel. It is no longer possible, therefore, to pass a hasty generalisation on the American traveller; for he will be found, by those to whom he is familiar in his several phases, to vary considerably, from the highest type of the still existing Southern gentleman, who, to all but the keenest observation, would pass unnoticed in a crowd of correct English people, to the unmistakable 'Westerner' or 'down-Easter,' the cut of whose clothes, hat, and boots, not to speak of a manner thoroughly in accord with his shrill and monotonously toned accent, betray themselves instantly.

Of late years, the crowd of American tourists abroad has been thus divisible into several distinct sections, foremost among these coming the demonstrative American, contrasting in a very marked manner with the excessively correct New-Yorker or Bostonian, whose tone is professedly 'English, quite English, you know;' whose pride it is to be mistaken for a native of this country; whose clothes are faultlessly British in material and style, and whose disgust at his loud-toned compatriots is scarcely to be concealed. It is indeed a singular feature of modern American existence—it might almost be said of modern civilisation, the terms, according to some, being interchangeable—that there is to be found in America a certain section of the community who openly express a contempt for everything 'American.' Probably none are louder in the 'American.' Probably none are louder in the expression of this feeling than the American women, who form perhaps the largest number of American residents in Europe. It is easy to see how the conditions of existence on 'the other side' have led to this curious state of affairs. In America, there is no 'leisure class;' every member of the community as a rule is actively engaged in commerce; and commerce in America

is followed with a feverish ardour unknown in our 'effete old world.' As a matter of course, the women are entirely outside this interest. Éducated in many respects with greater care than their sisters in Europe; leading generally what has not unfitly been termed a hothouse existence; freed in great part from the many domestic ence; freed in great part from the many domestic cares which occupy so largely the time and atten-tion of women over here; voracious readers of cosmopolitan literature, English, French, and German; looking to Europe for every inspira-tion of refinement, from the last new fashion in dress or house decoration to the latest novel or the last new opera—it is little wonder that, which the uncongenial atmosphere of 'home' amidst the uncongenial atmosphere of 'home, the American woman who has any aspirations sighs to reach the land of promise across the ocean. The sacrifices that are often made by American ladies to complete their studies in Europe are scarcely to be imagined by their British sisters, and are indeed only familiar to those who either know America well, or are constant readers of American literature. bravery with which a young American girl will leave home unescorted and settle down alone in London or Paris, or in some German town, to pursue the study of the languages, of music or painting, is a feature which can solely be explained by the complex nature of American life. Such ladies form a considerable section of the resident Americans whom we have among us. They keep very much to themselves, and bear their many trials very patiently, aware as they are of the privileges they are enjoying at such a moderate rate. As a class, they can alone be compared with the many young American painters who are crowding the ateliers of Paris and Munich, and whose ability to exist on next to rething is a standard way of the fracely nothing is a standing wonder even to the frugal and thrifty foreign art student.

To these sets of Americans to be met abroad, there are to be added the various resident colonies 'located' in Paris and London, or scattered about in the more pleasant European resorts of pleasure and fashion—colonies in great part made up of grass-widows, whose husbands are mysteriously absent in the States for years at a time. To this section of the Americans resident abroad, the typical Western tourist is a standing source of horror: his openly expressed irreverence for the most hallowed of the Old World traditions; his independence of views on every matter of art and culture generally; his very appearance—are criticised by his own compatriots even more severely than by us. Happily, the proportion of Americans who are ashamed of their country and its deficiencies is comparatively small, and their influence inconsiderable, for they constitute an anomaly such as will be found in no other

Socially speaking, from our European point of view, such 'conscious' Americans, as Mr James has termed them, may be more agreeable than their uncouther countrymen; yet, let it not be forgotten that it is with the rawboned, broadclothcovered, broad-shouldered, slouch-hatted 'Yankees' who protrude their presence so conspicuously, that the future destinies of America rest; by them its wonderful past has been moulded. It is not with the namely pamby American—too usually a snobbish worshipper of the rank and family in which

he is deficient, and a connection with which he is ever eager to prove-that is to be found the eagerness, the energy, and aspiration which have induced America to fly her kite, and in many cases successfully, at every object of excellence, and of which such singular proofs have been given at the Exhibition at Earl's Court, where have been seen, if not exactly under one roof, at least in one enclosure, the aborigines of the still undeveloped West-redskins unable to communicate except through an interpreter, side by side with the latest inventions and creations of science and art, produced by a nation which, within but a few years, has reclaimed from solitude and savagery the great continent which stretches from the stormy shores of the Atlantic to the quiet deeps of the Pacific.

#### THE JULLABAD TRAGEDY.

#### CHAPTER II. -- WHO DID IT?

When the first sensation of horror produced by the burning of Colonel Humby's bungalow-a sensation, it must be noted, due not so much to the conflagration itself as to the tragic possibilities which might be involved in it—gave way to the natural excitement incident to such an occurrence, a rush took place from the Assembly Rooms in the direction of the fire. In a few minutes every man in the station was on the spot. The spectacle which met our eyes as the first of us arrived was an awful one. The natives stood together in groups at a distance, dumb and shivering with terror. The bungalow was an old one, heavily thatched, and as dry as tinder. All the water of the Indus would not have saved it. The fire devoured it in one monstrous mouthful, and was licking the bare and blackened walls when we reached the place. The personal interest of the writer of this narrative in that scene was deeper than that of any other man in Jullabad. I was the Lieutenant Charles Everest more than once mentioned. I had seen Mrs Humby in the radiance of her beautiful and happy maidenhood, and realised more than any one else her strange and unhappy fate in falling into the hands of this man. I had had her in my arms, unconscious indeed, and as I then believed, dying, and the thrill of the contact was still upon me. In my heart of hearts, I believed that her husband, for some reason known only to himself—and perhaps to her—was compassing her death-driving her to it in such manner as to insure his own safety from the law. Murders of that class are every year committed with impunity where women are weak and men are brutal. And the horror of horrors which momentarily paralysed me, gazing on the gutted and smoking bungalow, was the dread conviction that Humby had himself set fire to the house, in order to burn his sick and helpless wife in her

I recognised among the natives a khidmatgar belonging to Colonel Humby's household, and beckened the man to me, 'Who were in the bungalow when the fire broke out?' I asked.

'Sahib and Mem-Sahib,' was the answer.
'Where are they now?'

The man shook his head and answered, trembling: 'I don't know, sir.' A quick inquiry among the others elicited the horrifying fact that neither Colonel Humby nor his wife had been seen by any of them. All this had not occupied sixty seconds from the moment of our reaching the spot. I staggered, rather than walked, back to the others. 'I believe they have both been burned to death,' I said. 'Let us search the ruin.'

I feared as much, at least in the case of Colonel Humby,' replied one of the men, as we moved towards the bungalow. 'I saw him driven home this evening so intoxicated that, if he took any more, he must have fallen in a stupor. What an

awful death!'

'If he were the only victim, the holocaust would matter little,' I said; and then we commenced our

The ground beneath our thin shoes was hot, and the smoke rising from the embers blinded us. We went round the veranda first. All that remained here was a portion of a rocking-chair, with a partially burnt shawl on the floor near it, and a pair of lady's slippers. Mrs Humby must have been sitting in that chair. Had she left her shoes in the veranda and walked to her chamber without them?

I did not know which room she had occupied in the bungalow, and the walls were red-hot and crumbling, which made it dangerous to enter them. But the strain of my anxiety was so painful that more than this would not have held me back. My eyes were smarting from the pungent smoke, my feet blistering from the heat of the brick floor through the dancing-shoes which I wore, I rushed through two or three rooms. There was nothing but smoke and ashes and smouldering pieces of timber. Every combustible thing was consumed. I escaped a falling wall by leaping back just as it fell in a heap. At the same instant from an adjoining apartment came a shout of horror. I thought some other explorer had been killed or injured, and I clambered over the fallen masonry to the place. It was sickening. I will make no attempt to describe it. Colonel Humby had been roasted to a cinder on his bed. The attitude in which the body was discovered suggested that the stupor of intoxication had passed into that of asphyxia, and that he had not moved a limb in the furnace of death. The iron bedstead was the only thing unburned in the chamber. Something was thrown over the remains, and we reeled out of the fearful presence.

Outside the walls, I asked if any person had discovered a trace of Mrs Humby. 'If not,' I said, 'further search must be made. It will be awful if

she has been burned to death too!'

'No occasion to be anxious, Mr Everest,' said a dry Scottish voice behind me; 'she is quite

safe, I assure you!'
I turned quickly with a start. The speaker
was Colonel Jack, our cantonment magistrate, as unemotional and honest a Scotsman as ever came from north of the Tweed. His assurance, as may readily be imagined, was a welcome one-I could have thrown myself, woman-like, on the old fellow's neck for his words—but something in the very dryness of his voice was uncomfortable to my feelings of relief and gratitude. However, it was no time for analysing fancies; it was an intense gratification to every-body to know that poor Mrs Humby had some—the fellow would cut your thin how—no one as yet knew how—escaped from thank you—and serve you right!

the holocaust, and was now safe and well in the bungalow of Colonel Jack. Excepting our messhouse, that of Colonel Jack was the nearest

refuge

Next day, she received numerous calls of sympathy from the ladies of Jullabad. Associated with their natural sympathy for the poor girl was, of course, a considerable amount of equally natural interest in the particulars of the catastrophe of the previous night. They came away much disappointed. Mrs Humby was grateful for their sympathy, but recoiled, with a look of fear that was mystifying, from every reference to the burning of the bungalow and the fate of her husband. Even Mrs Jack, who was ministering to her with the solicitude of a mother,

could not bring her to speak upon the subject.
'She seems so dazed, poor child!' said Mrs
Speedy at a tea-drinking that evening; 'I fear

her brain is a little affected.'

'I shouldn't have been surprised if it had been affected before now,' observed another lady. 'The life she has led in Jullabad would drive many women mad.'

'Ah,' said Mrs Speedy, shaking her head, 'she hadn't spirit enough to be driven mad. It is melancholy such passive women as Mrs Humby are driven into-or rather, they quietly sink

into it.'

Colonel Jack, however, as cantonment magistrate, found it necessary to inquire into the circumstances of the fire and of the Deputy-Commissioner's death; and in the course of a few days these became tolerably well known. Mrs Humby had been examined, as well as those of the dead man's native servants who were able

to throw any light upon the matter.

Colonel Humby had come home that afternoon very much the worse of drink. His wife was sitting in the veranda-for the first time after her illness - when she heard him staggering through the rooms within. She had just given some silver bangles (ornaments so dear to the natives) to an interesting child of six belonging to the bawarchi (or cook), and the man was standing a few paces off, with folded hands, regarding the child with eyes beaming pleasure and gratefulness. The natives are passionately fond of their children, and the least indulgence to their little ones wins their affections. In this way the solitary wife had made herself attached friends among her dusky menials—the only friends she had.

Suddenly the native started nervously on hearing the 'Sahib' in the bungalow, and with a quick but respectful salaam to his mistress, snatched up his little girl and hurried away to his cookhouse. The colonel, however, had seen him leave the veranda with the child, and the incident was enough for his ill-temper.

'Is there any tiffin ready?' he demanded, reeling up to where his wife sat.—'What has that fellow been doing here with his black spawn?

'I was giving the child some bangles,' was ne answer. 'I had promised them before—I the answer. fell ill.'

Bangles? Let me catch the brat and it shall get something else!—D'ye hear me, madam? I'll have no more philandering with these niggers—the fellow would cut your throat as soon as Colonel Humby emphasised what he said by shaking his clenched fist in his wife's face. She merely turned her head another way. He looked in a more than usually savage mood; and she breathed more freely when, after half a minute's pause, he walked away from where she sat. She hoped he would go in and throw himself on a couch to sleep the fit off. But he was in a temper for mischief, and instead of doing so, he staggered over the compound to the cookhouse. Mrs Humby held her breath. There was a cry of pain from the poor cook, followed by a scream from the child, and Colonel Humby immediately appeared at the door of the cookhouse actually dragging the little girl after him by the hair. At the door he swung her round in front, and flung the little body from him with a kick, like a football. Before picking the child from the ground, the cook stood a moment regarding his master with a look which, drunk as he was, might have done much to sober Colonel Humby had he seen it. But he was on his way back to the house; and by the time tiffin was laid for him, was lying on his back asleep.

Colonel Humby rose about half-past seven, had some dinner by himself, and afterwards sat in the veranda smoking and drinking brandy-andwater for an hour. Mrs Humby was lying on her bed, dressed, at about nine o'clock, when she heard her husband go into his own room and close the door. At this point the mystery of the event began. The cook—his name was Sinya—lived in the native bazaar, some distance across the station, and after removing the dinner and performing the remaining duties of the day, he shut his cookhouse and went home to see after his child. He did not return again until after the place had been burned, so that he was able to throw no light on the origin of the fire.

The khidmatgar deposed to paraffin lamps being burning in the drawing-room, the dining-room, and in the bedrooms of Mrs Humby and her husband. This was the usual practice, and except the dining-room lamp—which was extinguished at ten—they were left burning all night. The lamp in Colonel Humby's room was placed on a table, a distance of several feet from the bed. On the theory that he had accidentally overturned the lamp and thus originated the fire, how was his position on the bed—the position in which his charred remains were discovered—to be accounted for? Only by assuming that after overturning the lamp and setting the fire agoing, he was too stupefied with brandy to be conscious of the accident, or to be aroused to consciousness by the fierce flare which must have immediately enveloped him. Was this possible? Did the unfortunate man, after upsetting the lamp, stagger to his bed and lie there inert to be roasted?

Upon one point the *khidmatyar* was positive: Colonel Humby never snoked in his bedroom. He smoked little as a rule, but never in the bedroom. The possibility of the fire originating in this way was consequently out of the question.

this way was consequently out of the question.

Mrs Humby, as has been said, was lying on her bed dressed. Some time between nine and ten o'clock, she dropped asleep. She heard no sound from the direction of her husband's apartment after he closed the door. But she had not been long asleep when she was startled into wakefulness by a rough hand grasping her throat and

choking her! With the strength of desperation, she uttered a shrick of terror, and then the fingers relaxed their hold; the man rushed from the room, and a volume of smoke poured in through the door as he did so.

The strangest part of the story was her declaration—reluctantly wrung from her by pressure of repeated questioning—that her assailant was her husband! When awakened by the hand upon her throat, the lamp in her room was extinguished; but when he turned outside the door, the glare of the fire fell upon him, dressed in his every-day suit of Scotch tweed, and wearing his helmet with the green and yellow puggaree which was invariably around it. Mrs Humby sprang from the bed and fled for her life to the bungalow of Colonel Jack, where she fell fainting in the veranda.

It was not for three or four days that Mrs Humby could be induced to speak on the occurrences of the dreadful night; and it was only by pertinacious persistence that Colonel Jack obtained from her the foregoing statement of what she remembered. She was not in the least mentally affected by the shock, as the ladies had supposed her to be; she spoke like one having a clear and reliable memory; when she did speak. But the simple and unaffected tenacity with which, when over and over again questioned in every variety of way, she held to the accuracy of that extraordinary statement, was literally staggering.

Of course there was no other topic of conversa-tion in Jullabad now. Not a man of us doubted the entire and childlike truthfulness of Mrs Humby. But accepting her statement, we were confronted with what looked to be an unfathomable mystery. No one denied that Colonel Humby was capable of murdering his unhappy wife; that his murderous fingers were fastened on her throat was in itself possible enough, assuming the man so intoxicated as to be reckless of his own safety. He had not completed the attempted murderand the bungalow was on fire at the time he attempted it. Was it his fiendish intention first to strangle her, and then consume the traces of his guilt in the fire? Many thought this suggestion the most plausible one. Knowing Humby as all knew him, it would be quite consistent with his character. Cruelty not killing her rapidly enough, a scheme like this would be the very one to do it for him. Charred remains would show no finger-marks on the throat, would defy the terrors of a post-mortem examination. But the men who held hardest to this theory— and let it be noted that Mrs Humby's throat showed distinct marks of the attempted strangulation—were dumfounded and mystified by two obvious questions: Would Colonel Humby have been scared from the completion of his murderous intent by the awakening scream of his victim? Would he, having allowed himself to be so scared, have left the chamber-door open for her escape, gone back to his own room, and deliberately laid himself on his bed to be roasted to death?

The wildness of the excitement which exercised people's imaginations in Juliabad may be judged from the fact that a new sensation was created by the suggestion that the charred and, of course, unidentifiable remains found upon the bed were not these of Colonel Humby, but of somebody else! If it were only possible to fix the identity

upon somebody else, with any fair amount of plausibility, this suggestion might have been accepted. But it was not found possible.

'I, for one,' said our charming Lady O'Reilly, who was very outspoken all through the dreadful business, 'should be extremely sorry if such a story were true. I should never get over the disappointment of knowing that Colonel Humby had

only been burned by proxy!'

In India, we are thrown entirely upon our own resources in such a sensational emergency as this. We have no enterprising press to inform us of all the mysterious ins and outs of the affair. The two newspapers which we received were published at the far-away cities of Lahore and Allahabad: the former we generally got either one or two days after issue; the latter, three, four, or even five. Neither could possibly command such machinery for the collection of news, and especially for the investigation of a tragedy like ours, as people at home are accustomed to. depended entirely on voluntary reports from Their reports, therefore, were a good residents. way behind our own information, and were perused by us with a merely languid interest. But the Pioneer of Allahabad took our breath away some ten days after the tragedy, just as we had begun to despair of ever finding a satisfactory explanation of the still mysterious occurrence, with a report-dated from Jullabad-that the conviction was at last forcing itself on the public mind that the author of the fire, and the agent of Colonel Humby's death, could be no other than -Mrs Humby herself!

A thunderbolt could not have fallen with more astounding effect. The sensation created by this announcement was in itself evidence that one portion of it at least was entirely false—that the conviction was at last forcing itself on the public mind. Not a whisper—nay, I believe, not a thought—of such a solution of the mystery had

passed in the station.

Who had furnished the newspaper with that report? Somebody in Jullabad must have done so, but none could guess his identity. In the excitement of discussing this new and terrible theory of the awful event, people ceased very soon to concern themselves about the authorship of the report. The suggestion of poor Mrs Humby's guilt took such a hold upon the imaginations even of those who had felt the deepest sympathy with her in her unhappiness, as to make one think that the best human nature has a remorselessly cruel side to it. It was, to my mind, shocking even to discuss such a possibility as that of her guilt—nay, as that of her passive assent to such a horrible deed.

'It is no use fuming about it, old fellow,' said a good-hearted brother-officer to me; 'you know how poison flies through the blood when it gets in through ever so tiny a puncture. It is the dread-ful mystery of the affair which makes one

mad !

Ay, there was the rub now! I remembered the dry voice of Colonel Jack that night assuring me that she was 'quite safe'—and an honester and less ill-natured man than the colonel did not breathe. I understood it now: he had been suspicious from the first.

The extraordinary story of Mrs Humby, to the lawyer, which she still adhered, dumfounded her best this evening.

friends. That, after the fire had started, her husband was dressed in his out-of-door clothes, helmet and all—that he attempted to strangle her in her bed, and was frightened from his fell purpose by her shrieking—and that then he went back to his chamber and lay down on the bed to be roasted alive-it was incredible. And yet there was not a symptom of mental weakness about her. Dr Rainsford, one of her warmest friends, saw her several times, and was positive her mind was as clear as his own. She was under no delusion. Yet who could attempt to explain

such a story as she told?

I have endeavoured to keep myself in the background whilst relating this narrative. I think, too, that during those exciting days I was the least demonstrative man in Jullabad. The reason was, that I could not trust myself. For months the image of that defenceless and unhappy wife had haunted me. It was inexplicable to myself, but none the less the fact, that the white unconscious face that lay on my shoulder that night in the garden was constantly present to me like a silent reproach. I often think that, if matters had gone on in that bungalow much longer as they were, I should at last have ended Colonel Humby's life with my own hand. I could not have borne the contemplation of that poor girl being slowly and surely 'done to her death.' I had seen her in brighter days, when, in lovely youth and gay innocence, she looked nearly akin to the angels; no one else in Jullabad had so seen and known her.

The horrible imputation of her possible guilt I could not endure with patience; I bore it for a day or so, until I witnessed the fearful fascination which it exercised over people's minds, and then I resolved that one man at least should stand out

in Mrs Humby's vindication.

The rumour went round one afternoon that she was making preparations to leave India at once. It was quite credible—for what means had she of defending herself? The moment I heard it I determined to do my utmost to dissuade the poor girl from so fatal a step. I went straight to that loveliest and best of women, who was at the same time the friend and idol of every young fellow in

the station—Lady O'Reilly. I saw her at once, explained my business, and asked her advice.

'You are entirely right, Mr Everest; she must not be allowed to go,' was the prompt reply.

Stop her from deing of the content of the latest and shall defined. 'Stop her from doing so, if you can; and should you fail, come to me again. I may be able to help

you.'

'I think a lawyer ought to be retained in her

interests, Lady O'Reilly?'
'Certainly. There is Mr Mapleson, the bar-Have you money

rister, an excellent man. enough to retain him?

The question awakened me to a new aspect of the business. But there was no occasion for embarrassment with Lady O'Reilly, so I answered frankly, looking straight into her blue eyes: 'I am unfortunately the poorest man in the station. I have an invalid mother and sister at home to support. But money will not be wanting, I am confident; every fellow in Jullabad will contribute freely, if necessary.'

'Go and see her, Mr Everest,' said the lady after a pause; 'and later on, you can engage the lawyer. I shall expect a call from you again

Thus fortified by Lady O'Reilly's approval of delicate a mission, for although her image and her sorrows filled so much of my being, I was yet a comparative stranger to her. I did not even know whether she had any remembrance of seeing me a couple of years before at Mentone—any knowledge that it was I who had borne her in my arms up the garden that night-whether, in fact, I was less a stranger to her than the other young men of Jullabad. What expression would her eyes assume when I presented myself before her with the mission which I had taken upon me?

As I drew near, I was glad to observe Colonel Jack sitting alone in the veranda. He evidently regarded me with some interest as I approached. I was a little embarrassed by his attention, but I walked up as indifferent as I could.

'How d'ye do, colonel?-Mrs Jack is well, I trust ?

'Very well, Mr Everest, thank you.—Take a chair. Will you drink anything?'

'Thanks; no.' I sat down, hardly knowing how to break my business—it was, in fact, specially so little business of mine. But the colonel looked expectant, as though he clearly

divined I had not called out of mere courtesy.

'Colonel Jack,' I said, fidgeting, 'it may seem no particular concern of mine, but some one was bound in duty to take it up. I refer to this terrible charge which has been insinuated against Mrs Humby. She has nobody to defend

'If she has any friends,' observed the colonel quietly, 'they are far away just now.'

This might mean two things.

'She has plenty of friends in Jullabad,' I replied, 'who are willing to help her, if they can see a way to do so. We will take up her cause for her.'

'That's very chivalrous-very proper,' said the colonel.

'It is rumoured that she is thinking of return-

ing to England. Is that so?'

Colonel Jack's voice was exactly what it was the night of the fire. 'I don't know what she thinks, poor thing; but she is not going to England-yet.' He turned his face, and I followed his glance with cold horror: at a door in the veranda I saw a native policeman. Mrs Humby was a prisoner!

## SENSITIVE PLANTS.

THE sensitive plants Mimosa pudica and sensitiva are among the most interesting products of the vegetable kingdom. Nearly every one has seen these graceful and humble children of nature, and touched their tender, shrinking leaves with an experimenting hand; but very few have taken the trouble to examine them as they deserve. The botanist—restrained, perhaps, by pity for their humility—seems to have seldom used his section knife and forceps on them; and while other wonders of the plant-world have been fully investigated, the Mimosa remains almost un-

The Mimosa is a native of Brazil: but it has

long been an occupant of our British greenhouses. what I purposed doing, I directed my steps to the bungalow of Colonel Jack the magistrate. I felt nervous upon approaching Mrs Humby on so droop at the lightest touch, like a meek spirit droop at the lightest touch, like a meek spirit from the world's gaze. Its graceful feather-shaped leaves, in common with most similarly shaped leaves of the Leguminosa or Pea tribe, to which botanical order the Mimosa belongs, close at the approach of darkness; and its extreme sensitiveness is but an extension of this peculiar plant-sleep. Wind or rain causes its leaves to close and its stalks to droop. When suddenly shaken by the wind, the leaflets and leafstalks fall simultaneously. The same effect is seen when a plant is put into a darkened room during the day. A strong light from a paraffin lamp was placed near two plants of Mimosa sensitiva at night. After thirty minutes had elapsed, one of the plants, the more vigorous of the two, opened its leaves partially; the other or less robust plant showed almost no feeling. A plant which had been on an exhibition table at a flower-show for two days, and which was noticed to receive constant attention from some children present, was found to have lost much of its excitability, and did not again return to its normal state, though the plant continued in a seemingly healthy condition, for about a month afterwards. Two leaves which were nearest the edge of the table, and consequently oftenest touched by the children's fingers, were completely immobile for ten days after the show.

The vapour of chloroform, prussic acid, ether, and nicotine, irritates the leaves, and in some cases destroys their mobility. A little chloroform dropped on the base of a leafstalk causes it to droop; and the leaflets, beginning at the apex, and proceeding to the base of the leaf, close in succession. A plant, the leaves of which were heavily chloroformed several times, withered and died in a few days. The sun's rays concentrated in a lens and thrown on a leaf cause it to contract quickly.

The cause of the peculiar excitability of sensitive plants, and the centre of its action, are still undetermined. Various theories have been adduced to explain them. Dr Dutrochet's theory is most favoured by botanists of the present day. His explanation is, that 'the principal point of mobility exists in the little swellings situated at the bases of the common and partial leafstalks. This swelling, or intumescence, is formed of delicate cellular tissue.' He says that 'the agency producing the mobility is in the ligneous part of the central system of this intumescence, and in certain tubes supplied with nervous corpuscles serving for the transmission of the sap.

Dr Balfour says: 'In the swellings at the bases of the leafstalks the vascular bundles are disposed in a circle near the periphery, and may be concerned in the leaf-movements. Mechanical and chemical stimuli are supposed to act by inducing alterations in the contents of the vessels and cells.

These theories are unsatisfactory, and there is still much room for further investigation into the origin of the peculiar phenomena seen in the Mimosa. The manner in which it closes its stalks and leaves at the approach of darkness is very interesting. As the gloaming gently falls round the plant, the leaflets move upwards towards each ther till they touch; the secondary leafstalks converge and slowly droop till they are nearly parallel to the main leafstalks, which, in their turn, fall till they point to the ground. Thus gently and silently it folds itself to sleep at the close of day, and rests till the light of morn awakes it to renewed grace and beauty.

Weak with nice sense, the chaste Mimosa stands, From each rude touch withdraws her timid hands; Oft as light clouds o'erpass the summer glade, Alarmed, she trembles at the moving shade, And feels, alive through all her tender form, The whispered murmurs of the gathering storm; Shuts her sweet eyelids to approaching night, And hails with freshened charms the rising light.

As Humility or Meekness is typified in the world of birds by the nightingale, that

Sings in the shade while all things rest,

so in the plant-world, the meek, shrinking Mimosa typifies that brightest and purest attribute of the human mind.

#### OLD STORIES.

'THERE is nothing new under the sun,' we are told; and the truth of this assertion is strikingly exemplified in the case of stories and jests, to the extreme antiquity of which the attention of science has lately been drawn. It would seem that our ancestors were fertile in jokes, and that these jokes once made were never forgotten. Mr Clouston has published a book entitled Popular Tales and Fictions, in which he investigates the origin and adventures of stories and jests. He believes that most of them originated in Asia and India, and thinks they were carried about the world by Buddhist missionaries, by translations of Indian stories, and by other means. But it is well known that several of the pantomime stories existed in ancient Egypt before we had any information about India at all; and therefore very little light is thrown on the origin of stories and jests by the theory of borrowing from the East. There are certain jokes which are common to all nations; and we may take it that, once invented. they were handed down from generation to generation, and passed from race to race. Most of us have heard, for example, of the gentleman who was writing a letter in a coffee-house, and perceiving that an Irishman stationed behind him was reading every word, he concluded his letter by saying, 'I would write more, but a tall Irishman is reading over my shoulder every word I write; 'whereupon the self-convicted Hibernian exclaimed, 'You lie, you scoundrel!' This has frequently been quoted as a characteristic Irish bull; but Mr Clouston brings the same joke from the Baháristán of the Persian poet Jami.

Whether we believe that these old stories, or the greater part of them, were invented in one district, or that the human mind is only capable of inventing a certain number of jokes, and invents those jokes alike everywhere, certain it is that there is a wondrous lack of originality in the mind of man. There is a venerable story told to

the effect that a visitor in the office of Punch remarked to the editor: 'I suppose you have lots of good things sent in to you from outside?'-'O yes,' was the reply; 'lots.'- 'Then why don't you put them in? was the cruel retort. Artemus Ward, too, had a fling at our old friend. 'I think,' he said, 'that an occasional joke improves a comic paper.' We have no doubt Mr Burnand could speak very feelingly on this point. The editor of a comic paper must be painfully aware of the extreme age of jests, and of the very few subjects on which the changes are rung.

doubt his life is not a happy one.

It may be roundly asserted that it is almost impossible to invent such a thing as an original jest. The person who first hears it or makes it may think it is original; but the chances are that it is a veritable Joe Miller, and that it has done service hundreds of times before it occurred to that particular person. Take, for example, a story told by Mr Payn. He says that when at Eton, a fifth-form young gentleman inquired of him in a drawling voice, 'Lower boy, what might your name be?'—'Well,' replied Mr Payn, 'it might be Beelzebub, but it isn't'—an excellent repartee, for which, however, he received a good hiding. Very likely, the genial and highly gifted novelist had heard the story told of somebody, and forgot all about it. But, by a phenomenon of the working of the mind into which we need not enter, the main idea might have been stowed away in his memory; and thus he was, in a sense, guilty of unconscious plagiarism. Supposing, however, that such a thing as an original joke could be invented, it would not be easily allowed to die. It might find its way into Punch, and then wander into some of the American, French, Italian, or German comic papers. Then it might probably recommend itself to an English journalist who had not seen it in its original form, and in the course of time again find its way into one or other of the foreign papers. In each case it would be 'adapted' to suit the circumstances; new names would be given to the heroes, and new places discovered for their habita-This sort of thing would go on until the story could be easily recognised; and then our American cousins would call it a 'chesnut'-

that is, an aged and decrepit joke.

In the process of 'adapting' stories, a large amount of lying is involved, because your average Anecdote Fiend nearly always says that he saw and heard what he relates. In this connection the conductor of the 'Editor's Drawer' in Harper's Magazine had a curious experience, some four or five years ago, of the unveraciousness of most men. There is a story told to the effect that, in the car on a train from Toledo to Chicago was a man who sat alone, looking absently out of the window, and appearing dejected. During the journey, an accident happened to a newsboy, and the generous passengers passed round the hat for him. The solitary man alone refused to contribute anything. Somebody remarked audibly upon his stinginess, when he turned round and said: Gentlemen, it may appear strange to you that I give nothing; but I haven't a cent of money. The fact is, I was married yesterday, and I am on my wedding trip,

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and I hadn't money enough to bring my wife along!' This story was told to the editor by a clergyman, who heard it from a friend of his who saw it, and who had just returned from the West. In the December following, the Editor of the Drawer was told a story to precisely the same effect by a gentleman who heard and saw it when going down the Danube from Pesth. The editor, in the following summer, received from a gentleman in Paris a letter, in which the writer said that a curious incident happened to him when on a Rhine steamer. Need we say that the incident which the writer mentioned was almost exactly the same as that which had happened in the experience of the two other persons in the same year—once near Chicago, once on the Danube, and now on the Rhine! The editor naturally doubted whether the experience narrated had happened to any one of these unveracious persons; and subsequently, on hearing the 'original' of the story, concluded that they had only given to it 'a local habitation and a name.' In Mark Lemon's time it was the custom to keep an elaborate index of the jokes in *Punch*; but even this precaution did not wholly protect it from unscrupulous 'adapters.' Several jokes were printed in the belief that they had been heard by those who sent them in, and it was not discovered until too late that they were copied word for word from some of the earlier volumes.

There are certain subjects which are by common consent deemed suitable for witticisms, and many of these are rarely mentioned without a smile. Some of these witticisms are veritable Joe Millers-not to go back any farther-and yet we go on using them as freely as ever, and probably will continue to do so for many years. Mothersin-law, now: is it possible to invent a new joke in connection with those much-abused ladies? Landladies, too, have suffered a heap of indignities from the professional wit. The food they supply to boarders and the smallness of their scuttles of coal are considered fit and proper subjects for numberless jests. Then there is the editor's waste-paper basket; how many, many times it has been thrown at the head of luckless authors! And the paper on which contributors write has been the means of introducing scores of hints about the butterman and the manufacturer. Any joke in connection with a legacy from an old aunt or uncle, or any reference to the pets of the aforesaid relatives, ought almost to be suppressed by Act of Parliament. Sausages, 'pork' pies, umbrellas, false teeth or hair, newly married couples, old maids—what adequate punishment would fit the crime of joking on these and many other equally hackneyed subjects, only Mr Gilbert could say.

Every man has a pet joke, just as every man has a pet word or phrase. The Professor, in the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, on discovering that he had repeated the same vitticism to the same person in the same circumstances, satisfied himself by observing that only a perfectly balanced mind could so exactly reproduce itself. The antiquity of jokes and stories is a striking proof of the conservatism of the mind; and to banish those stories which are familiar would deprive us of all themes for jest. After all the cynicism lavished on hackneyed jokes, however, most of us must agree with Washington Irving, that

'honest good-humour is the oil and wine of merry-meeting, and there is no jovial companionship equal to that where the jokes are rather small and the laughter abundant.'

#### LOCOMOTIVES FOR HIGH SPEED.

As if the present high rate of speed of our express trains was not swift enough, engineers are endeavouring to increase it in some cases from sixty to eighty miles an hour. We learn that Engineer John Hogan, on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad engine No. 134, has driven it at the astonishing speed of a mile in thirty-eight seconds. Other engineers, with Reading engines Nos. 206, 411, 96, 97, 98, and 99, have made miles in forty-three and forty-four seconds. Hogan's speed is at the rate of over ninety-four miles an hour; those of the others are respectively eightythree and a half and almost eighty-two miles an hour. These high rates of speed were made under circumstances all of which were favourable to a successful test.—A novelty in the line of engine-building is just now attracting the attention of engineers and builders. It is a locomotive designed by M. Estrade, a graduate of l'Ecole Polytechnique, which is to be experimented with on the southern lines of France. The new loco-motive depends on its large-sized driving-wheels for the speed of seventy-eight miles an hour which it is expected to attain. The engine, tender, and carriages are fitted with wheels eight and a half feet in diameter. The engine is of the outside cylinder type, with slide-valve on top of cylinder and all the gearing carried outside. The average speed which the locomotive is expected to make is between seventy-two and seventy-eight miles an hour with a train of loaded carriages. If the French engine averages the speed expected, it will be able to make runs exceeding anything on record.

#### FORGET-ME-NOT.

A BLUE forget-me-not
In some nymph-haunted spot
Bends o'er a stream;
What sees it mirrored there?
Itself—as sweet and fair
As flowers may sometimes seem that light a
heaven-sent dream.

What is it that doth make
The swan, that on a lake
Floats through the night,
To gaze so fixedly?
Ah! surely it doth see
Its beauty made more bright than in the day's
broad light.

And I, too, once did look
Within a rippling brook,
But saw not there
Aught save the sunht eyes
(Vision of Paradise)
Of her who is most fair of maidens, and most
rare.

H. DAWSON LOWRY.

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## IN A WILD GARDEN AT SHIRAZ.

SHIRAZ is thoroughly Persian. No European innovations are to be found in the city where sleep the two great poets of Persia, Hafiz and Saadi. In summer, Shiraz is hot, and those who can do it, pass the very hot weather in a garden. It was the writer's good fortune to be on friendly terms with a Persian grandee who was the happy possessor of one of the largest, shadiest, and most retired of the gardens of Shiraz. No Persian will refuse the hospitality of his garden to any decent person; practically, any man's garden is open to all the world, save when the owner, his wives, or his friends are enjoying their dolce far niente there. Fortunately, the proprietor of the Resht-i-Behesht (Envy of Heaven) also had a magnificent garden attached to his town mansion for his own use; this enabled the writer to pass the dog-days in that earthly paradise.

About a mile from the walls of Shiraz, just across the empty river-bed-for in most summers the Shiraz river runs dry, the waters being drawn off for irrigation-lies the garden of the Resht-i-Behesht. The three large rooms have been carpeted. Fly-blinds have been hung over the doors and window-holes, for the building is a mere summer-house. The tiles have been swept and sprinkled. The servants have pitched a little tent for themselves. The cook has constructed a series of furnaces in the open air. The little brickbound stream running in front of the three rooms gurgles merrily. The great brick sarku, or raised platform, has a carpet spread on it; and a loungechair, or a mattress with big Persian pillows, is placed there to invite repose. All is shade here. The trees are so planted that one sarkii is overshadowed till afternoon; the other, two hundred yards off, till sunset. By the side of each broad path is running-water. But there are no 'rows of stately lilies,' no 'winding walks where roses grow;' an occasional hedge of moss-roses, thousands of tufts of the double and single narcissusthese are all the flowers, save the wild ones. The

with a dense growth of underwood and grass. By the sides of the many streams the foliage is thick and lush. The place swarms, literally swarms with nightingales. A nightingale is a very poetical bird; but even nightingales pall when in thousands and when their song dis-turbs one's slumbers. They are very busy about midnight; but just an hour before dawn the music is deafening and sleep impossible. Nature's alarum is, however, a blessing, for what more enjoyable than the early stroll in the cool garden by the bubbling waters. No one is here save ourselves, our servants, and the gardener and his boy. No one will call save on urgent business, for it is understood that a man goes to a garden for privacy, to take his holiday, to recuperate. The dogs having fraternised with the gardener's watchdog are turned loose for a run, and hunt the small birds in the brushwood. A hubblebubble and a cup of coffee-the former smoked sitting on a stump beside the running-waters in the cool shade-are very grateful in the early morning. Still more so is the bath in the icycold tank which has been duly cleared out for our use. Then perhaps a book for an hour. Soon the sun rises; soon we feel its heat, and retire to umbrageous nooks to avoid it. But the Persian sun is not to be denied; we are driven into the building, as the heat becomes stronger and the flies get active. The hum of insects becomes loud. But indoors all is cool, all is quiet. We have come to be lazy; we are so. No blush suffuses our cheeks when we find that we have slept and that it is nearly noon. We have come to avoid the sun; we succeed in doing so, for we breakfast, still in the shade, in the portico. Again a lounge under the trees and by the brooklets. Somehow or other, we get through the afternoon. Have we slept? Possibly. At five, however, the Russian samovar is brought with many fruits, and we partake of tea in tiny cups, and the everlasting but grateful hubble-bubble.

sands of tufts of the double and single narcissus—

Now is the time for very intimate friends to these are all the flowers, save the wild ones. The rest is a sort of jungle of fruit and forest trees, on business. Are we not in retraite? Are we not

in the garden? The sun will be down in half an hour. It is cool; the pleasant wind which is always felt towards evening in Shiraz has commenced to blow. The horses are brought. We enjoy a two hours' ride; a smart canter through the gardens of Meshed Verdi, or across the sandy plain of Jaffirabad. Or we, too, make our calls on other sojourners in gardens. But we avoid the town, the hot dusty town. If we must go, we do, much against the grain, hurriedly returning to our wild garden. Oftener than not we visit other gardens, empty as a rule; several abut on our own Resht-i-Behesht. Perhaps we find them tenanted; we attempt to discreetly retire; by no means is this allowed. 'Bismillah! you must take one cup of tea and eat a pomegranate; or what-ever the garden is famed for, for each of the gardens has its speciality. There is no intru-sion in the matter. The people are summering, and honestly glad to see us. They will surely return this chance visit, and we shall regale them in the same way, and be as unaffectedly glad to see and chat with them.

Our particular garden is celebrated for a white apple which has an unmistakable flavour of rosewater. But it is also the shadiest garden near Shiraz, and the coolest. We are quite sure. Have we not lived in them all, and do not we come to this particular garden every year? That is proof

enough, at all events for us.

It is getting dark; but the moon is rising, the glorious Persian moon. As we return to our garden we see lights in nearly every neighbouring one. On the sarka in front of our living-rooms is set the table with all its civilised appliances; the wine is in snow, for, in Shiraz, snow is the luxury of even the poorest, ice being rare and dear; but there is always plenty of the pure snow to be got from the crevices of the neighbouring mountains. Dinner is served, the regulation English dinner, perhaps with a native dish or two-the smoking pillau with its fowl boiled to rags, or a fizzinjahn of partridge, or of lamb (we get lamb twice a year in lucky Shiraz).

Dinner is over; we sit on our sarka, the moon peeping through the trees and lighting the place up. The dogs are chained up as sentinels around the building. The gardener's pet bear descends the tree to which he is chained, as soon as the dogs are secured; he discreetly retires to the branches when his enemies are loose. We provide Bruin with a meal of boiled rice. From the servants' quarters resound the melancholy love-ditties of Iran, our literary cook improvising scandalous local songs, which are received with much mirth. Gradually, as the servants lapse into silence, we retire to the roof where our bedding is prepared. 'Tweet, tweet, tweet, bubble, bubble, bubble'—a nightingale. The noise is repeated with variations, but we can not see the second. tions; but we are not romantic. We are tired; we have dined; we turn over, and our roof being

free from mosquitoes, we drop off.
Hoi, hoi—thieves, thieves! Bang goes a gun from the servants' quarters; there is much running about, much barking of dogs. In the morning, nothing is missing. There is no sign of the robber; he probably was but a visionary one. As before, an hour before dawn the concert of birds becomes deafening. We pop on an Afghan poosseen, a long sleeved robe of sheepskin, fur

inside, for it is slightly chilly. Again we potter aimlessly about the wild garden. Another day, which will be passed much as its predecessor, has commenced.

## RICHARD CABLE.

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XLVII, -DISMISSAL.

AFTER Mr Vickary had seen Josephine leave Captain Sellwood's room with his boot, he waited about, keeping himself concealed, till she returned with the boot and shut the door, whereupon he went to Miss Otterbourne in the drawing-room, whither she had retired after dinner, and was waiting for her nephew to rejoin her, when he had sat sufficiently long over the wine and dessert.

'I beg your pardon, ma'am,' said the butler; 'I do hope I'm not taking a liberty, ma'am; but may I ask if you told Cable to go in and out as she liked of the captain's apartments?'

'Of course not, Vickary.'
'I'm sorry to trouble you, ma'am. I see her running in there a score of times—it's remarked by the servants, and rather unpleasant, and Mrs Grundy says she has given no such orders; so we thought it best, ma'am, if I were to ask if you, ma'am, had empowered her so to do. You will excuse me, ma'am, but when there is talk—and

when the young woman tells lies about it'——
'Lies, Vickary!'
'Well, ma'am, just now I see her go in there, and the captain there too. I said to her that I didn't consider it quite right—it was not her place; and she told me that the housekeeper had set her to attend to the room, which, ma'am, I knew not to be true.

'The captain is in the dining-room.'

'I'm sorry to differ from you, ma'am; but he went up very quickly to his rooms, and Cable was in after him directly. It must be very unpleasant, ma'am, for a young gentleman to be so run after, and it makes talk in the house.

Miss Otterbourne was much astonished and reatly indignant. Do you mean to tell me,

ickary, that she is there now?'

'I believe so, madam.'

'And the captain is there?' 'I saw him by the fire; and Cable shut the

door after her when she went in.'

'Go and fetch her at once.-No. I will go myself. I really—upon my word—to say the least—how inconsiderate.'

The old lady was very angry. She raised herself with difficulty from her armchair, drew a silk handkerchief over her shoulders, as a protection against damp or draught outside the room, and walked in the direction of her nephew's suite of apartments. When she opened the door and saw Josephine seated in an armchair on one side of the fire and the captain standing near her, in earnest conversation, she was as irritated as if her nettlerash had suddenly come out over her temper.

As soon as Josephine had left the room, Miss Otterbourne said—she was panting from having ascended a flight and walked fast—'1—1 am surprised. These may be Indian barrack habits,

Captain Sellwood managed to get his boot on; his face was nearly the colour of his stocking.

'And only partly dressed too,' gasped Miss Otterbourne, 'half shod, and—and, with a hole in your stocking sole. Good heavens, how indelicate!

'There was a peg in the boot,' explained Captain Sellwood.
'My dear Algernon, there generally are pegs in boots.'

'I mean-it hurt me, and I asked Josephine'-

'Josephine!'

'My dear aunt, we have known each other

since children.

'Oh!' The nettlerash was alleviated. But presently it came out again. 'That does not explain her coming to visit you in your private room, sitting in your armchair.

'Where would you have had her sit, aunt?'

'Algernon—she is a servant.'

'Aunt-she is a lady.'

'A real lady would never have run after you

into your private apartments.'

'She did not run after me. She did not know I was there. She was picking up the swansdown I had inconsiderately strewed on the carpet, when I came in.

'Then she should considerately have gone out.'

'I asked her for a hammer.'

'She had no right here.—And are you aware, Algernon, that you have had a hole the size of a threepenny piece in the sole of your foot, at the-heel, exposed? If you had had any sense of decency, you would have kept your foot flat on the carpet, instead of turning it up.-I don't care whether she is a lady by birth and breeding; she is no lady at heart, or she would never have sat here half an hour or three-quarters, staring at a bit of your heel exposed, the size of a threepenny piece. That alone stamps her.

She has a nasty mind, and must go.'
'My dear aunt—surely you are hard in judging. There was a peg in my boot that stood up, and that hurt my foot, and no doubt at the same time worked the hole in my stocking,'

'That is very probable,' said Miss Otterbourne.
'But I should like to know, were you aware it was there?'

'No; I felt my heel painful; I do not think I noticed that my stocking was rent.'

'That excuses you, but not her.' 'Perhaps she did not see it.' 'Nonsense; of course she saw it.'

'Aunt, do sit down'-

'In that armchair vacated by her !- No! She has been looking at the hole in your stocking from that armchair.—I couldn't do it. 'Do what, aunt?'

'Sit in the chair after that'—the old lady was now very angry, and very convinced that Jose-phine was no lady—'gloating on it—positively gloating on it'

'If any blame attaches to any one, it is to me, said Captain Sellwood. 'I came in here out of my bedroom, with my boot in my hand, for the poker, with which'-

'Why did you not ring for John Thomas?'

'It was not worth while. When I came in, I found her on her knees picking up the bits of down, and I asked her for a hammer, or

she offered one, I do not recollect which; and then she whipped the boot out of my hand and went off with it. It was most good-natured of her.

'I object to young women being good-natured with young men. Good-nature may go too far.'

'And then I asked her to sit down. I wanted to talk to her about Hanford, and my mother, and mutual acquaintances. I was awfully sorry for her, to see her in such circumstances.'

'I disapprove of young men being, as you call it, "awfully sorry" for distressed damsels; there is no knowing to what this awful sorrow may

'My dear aunt, it was natural. I have known her, and she was my playmate since we were children. I do like her; I always have liked her. Why, if I were in reduced circumstances,

you, aunt, would not cut me.'
'No'—slightly mollified. 'But I am your aunt, and not a young creature. That makes mountains of difference.—And pray, is it only her reduced circumstances that stirs up in you such awful sorrow? She has had some other trouble, I know. Are you acquainted with her intended? Have you brought her a message from him?

'She has no intended.'

'Then it is broken off! I was sure she has had an affair of the heart, she has looked so peaky and pale since she has been here.'
'I do not know anything about her heart affairs,' said Captain Sellwood. 'I know that

one or two fellows have been awfully fond of her.'

'Indeed! Is it possible that one who has confessed to awful sorrow should also allow awful fondness? That it leads to awful chumming, I have seen with my eyes.

Captain Sellwood did not answer. He had spoken inconsiderately, and his aunt had taken

advantage of his mistake.

'Good gracious, Algernon! You don't mean to tell me that there has been an attachment in this quarter?'

'No attachment,' he said, looking down and knitting his brows. 'For an attachment, the

chain must hold at both ends.'

'Merciful powers, Algernon! Can your mother have sent this chum of yours here to be out of your way !—You were so infatuated, there was no knowing what lengths you would go, and my dear sister hoped that by putting a distance between you'-

'No, aunt-nothing of the sort."

But I must get to the bottom of this. is something kept from me. Is it true that you have—that you have—harboured an unfortunate passion for this young person—this chum, as you call her?

'I did love the young lady. We have known each other since we were children—at least since she was a little girl and I a big boy. She was so lively, so daring, so witty, I could not help loving her. But that is over now.'

'I should hope so—I should hope so indeed. servant-maid—a servant-maid in my house! Lord have mercy on us! It is a wonder to me you did not turn Mohammedan in India, and put your neck under Juggernaut's car.

'My dear aimt, what have Juggernaut and his car, and Mohammedanism and Josephine, to do

with each other?'

groaned Miss 'What a world we live in!' Otterbourne. 'Radicalism everywhere!'

'You forget, aunt, that she belonged to the class of life to which I belong. I may tell you this—that she has inherited a very handsome estate, but has conscientious scruples, which I do not understand, because I do not know the circumstances, against her enjoying it; and rather than violate her conscience, she has come into service to you. I honour and respect her for it,

aunt!' But—she is a servant. She is my lady's-maid. It does not matter one hair whether she be heiress to untold millions or be a household drudge, She ought the moral indelicacy is the same. never to have sat here in your chair, talking to you when you had a hole in your stocking.-No, Algernon, you may say what you will—you may try to throw dust in my old eyes, but I shall never get over that hole in your stocking.' She had said enough and heard enough, and she left the room.—'Smoke your cigar,' she said as she left, and then come down to me. I presume you can light it without the assistance of your

When the old lady reached her drawing-room, she was so hot that she sank into her chair and fanned herself for several minutes without getting any cooler. She rang the bell, and bade John Thomas send her Cable at once; and in two minutes Josephine came to her.

'Cable,' said Miss Otterbourne, fanning herself vigorously, 'I am surprised and offended. I did suppose you knew your place better, and had more delicacy than to sit in a room with a gentleman who had a hole in his stocking.

'Had he' I did not know it, ma'am.'

'Did not know it? Of course you knew it! I saw by the direction of your eyes, the instant I came in, that you were examining it.

'I did not give it a thought, even if I saw it, and I do not believe I did that. But, surely,

ma'am, there is no harm in that.'

'No harm in sitting in an armchair in the same room with a gentleman, a captain in Her Majesty's service, who has been in India, when he is in a condition of partial undress! In such a house as this, such transgressions cannot be passed over. My nephew informs me that you have been old acquaintances; but old acquaintanceship does not remove all the barriers of female delicacy, and give a woman liberty to look at a man's foot without his boot covering it. It is perhaps allowed us to know that the other sex has feet because they are mentioned in the Bible; but we know it as we know that we have antipodes, by faith, not by sight. She fanned herself with a vehemence which made her hot, and fluttered the little silver barrels on both sides of her brow. 'Cable—it does not please me to have simultaneously under my roof a nephew as a visitor and an old accountance. a nephew as a visitor and an old acquaintance of his—chum, he called you—as a lady's-maid. The situation is incongruous, and leads, as I have seen to-night, to injudicious conduct, which may, which has occasioned scandal; and such a house as this must be maintained in its dignity and irreproachability. Either the centain, my nephew, or you, my servant, must leave, and leave without delay.

Of course, Miss Otterbourne, I will go.

'If you can make it convenient to depart to-morrow, you will oblige. I am sorry to say this, but-it is quite impossible for me to have my nephew and you under the same roof together. I have the greatest reliance on his discretion; I wish I could say the same of yours. You shall receive, as is your due, a month's wage, because you leave to suit my convenience. There is an excellent Refuge for domestics and governesses out of place at Bath, to which I subscribe, and you can go there till you hear of a situation.

'Thank you, Miss Otterbourne, but I shall not stay in Bath.'

'Will you go back to Hanford?' Josephine shook her head.

'I am sorry-I am sincerely sorry. There is so much good about you, so much that I have liked : but, under the circumstances, I cannot retain you. It would not be right; and in this house -from myself down, I believe, to the scullerymaid and the boy who cleans the knives-I trust we all try to do that which is right. Mr Vickary is a burning and a shining light, and Mrs Grundy, hardly less so—a moon beside the sun. But I will not speak of this. I never dismiss a servant except for some gross offence—and I really do not believe such has occurred—without some little testimonial of my regard; so you must allow me to present you with a five-pound note in addition to your wage. You have been guilty of an indiscretion—I firmly trust, unpremeditated.'

'O Miss Otterbourne!'

'Where do you purpose going?' asked the old lady. 'I cannot possibly permit you to depart without some knowledge that you are going to a place where you will be cared for.'

'I am going'—Josephine looked down, then up—' yes, I am going down into Cornwall.'
'Into Cornwall. Where to?'

'To my husband.' 'Cable-what? Husband! I do not understand.'

'To my husband, madam.'

'You are a married woman?'

Josephine bowed.

'Goodness gracious me!—But that somewhat alters the complexion of affairs. A married woman! Does my nephew know that?'

Josephine bowed again.

'A married woman!—But where is your wedding ring?

'In my bosom.'

Miss Otterbourne fanned herself fastly, not with wrath, but with the agitation occasioned by amazement. 'Merciful powers!—you married! amazement. 'Merciful powers!—you married! Who would have thought it! And so young, and so pretty! It hardly seems possible. But—if you are married—it is not so dreadfully improper that you should know men have feet under their boots. I do not say it is right; but it is not so very wrong that—that you should have seen a hole in my nephew's stocking, because married women do know that such things again.' occur.

Josephine smiled; she thought Miss Otterbourne was about to retract her discharge, so she said: Madam, I cannot stay here. I have explained my reasons to Captain Sellwood, who will tell you after I am gone. Now I have made my resolve, I go direct to my husband.'

The door of the drawing-room opened and the butler came in. He advanced deferentially towards Miss Otterbourne, and stood awaiting her permission to speak.

What is it, Vickary? Do you want any-

thing?

'It is Cable, madam.'

'Well-what of Cable, Vickary?'

'Please, madam, Cable's husband have come to fetch her away.'

#### CURIOUS FACTS OF INHERITANCE.

THE strength of the law which determines the transmission of character-physical or otherwise -from parents to children is still far from receiving due attention and recognition. A striking instance of inheritance is often hailed as wonderful and inexplicable; yet such cases are merely exaggerated examples of a phenomenon of which every family, nay, every individual affords proof. We all inherit in a more or less variable degree the physical constitution and the mental aptitudes of our parents; but this law of inheritance is liable to so much modification, that frequently its operation becomes entirely lost to view. When two forces act upon a body, the resultant is a mean between the two components. This mean is not merely in all cases different from either component, but it is a variable mean, the variation depending upon the relative strength of the two component forces. Inheritance affords an exact parallel to this elementary law of mechanics. No child is entirely like either parent; and the inheritance of two sets of tendencies which may be allied, opposed, or indifferent to each other, may result in characters possessed by neither parent. This result is no breach of the law of inheritance, but is in strict harmony with its most precise conditions; yet it is not surprising that a law subject to such indefinite variation should gain scanty recognition except from those who have made it a special study, and can, therefore, readily distinguish an explicable exception to a law from an actual breach of it.

That the law of inheritance should be constant in its operation, however variable in its effects, is not a matter for surprise. That like produces like is the law written upon the universal face of nature. Sir Henry Holland truly observes that the real subject for surprise is not that any peculiarity should be inherited, but that any should fail to be inherited; and Darwin remarks that the most correct way of viewing the whole subject would be to look at the inheritance of every character as the rule, and non-

inheritance as the anomaly.

It is obvious that instances of inheritance are most likely to be noticed and recorded when the inherited peculiarity is striking and abnormal. Countless instances of inheritance come under our notice almost every day; but the vast majority of them are too slight and insignificant to attract attention. A slight peculiarity of feature, complexion, or voice will readily pass unnoticed; but if a striking deformity be inherited, or some disease pursue a family through several generations, it can hardly escape the most careless observation. Cases are on record of families whose members were characterised by the posses-

sion of a supernumerary digit on the hands and feet, and this remarkable peculiarity has been transmitted through five generations, showing how strong is the force of inheritance even in such a minor detail of structure. A still more singular instance is that of Lambert, the wellknown 'porcupine-man,' whose skin was thickly covered with warty projections, which were periodically moulted. He had six children, who were similarly affected; and two of his grandsons inherited the same strange peculiarity. writer is acquainted with a gentleman who has a marked drooping of the left eyelid. His son inherits this peculiarity, but in a less remarkable degree. One of the most singular instances of inheritance is that recorded by Decandolle. There was a family in France of which the leading representative could, when a youth, pitch several books from his head by the movement of the scalp alone, and he used to win wagers by performing this feat. His father, uncle, grand-father, and his three children possessed the same power to the same unusual degree. This family became divided eight generations ago into two branches, so that the head of the above-mentioned branch is cousin in the seventh degree to the head of the other branch. This distant cousin resided in another part of France, and on being asked whether he possessed the same faculty, immediately exhibited his power.

Haller, the celebrated physiologist, records that the family of the Bentivoglio all possessed a tumour which used to swell when a damp wind blew, and this strange peculiarity was transmitted from father to son. The frequency among the Romans of surnames indicating some physical peculiarity—Naso, Labeo, Bucco, Capito—would seem to show that the fact of certain types of feature being transmitted through several generations had already been remarked. This fact lies almost unnoticed under many current forms of expression. We speak of a certain type of face being aristocratic or the reverse, by which we mean that physical features characterising certain classes are transmitted so surely as to become the recognised apparage of those classes. The aristocracy of Western Europe pride themselves upon possessing and transmitting small hands, the outward and visible sign of long exemption from manual labour. The aristocracy of China pride themselves on the smallness of their feet. The implication is in each case the same. We often speak of 'blue blood' without any clear idea of the meaning of the expression. The phrase probably arose from the recognition of the fact, that the aristocratic and luxurious classes, who are exempt from actual labour, possess a fine white skin, through which the veins show them-selves clearly, and that this peculiarity is trans-mitted from generation to generation. It is a fact of history that Frederick-William I. of Prussia succeeded in producing a stock of gigantic grenadiers by matching his tallest soldiers with women of similar proportions.

No point of structure is too minute to afford instances of the law of inheritance. A little spot on the iris has been transmitted from parent to child. The possession of a few abnormally long hairs in the eyebrows has been known to characterise the various members of certain families; and the characteristic of a patch of prematurely

gray hair has been transmitted through several generations. Many curious records exist of families which possessed and gloried in their scars, moles, and other family marks, faithfully transmitted from parent to child—a sort of secret hall-mark stamped by nature to attest the genuineness of the line. Peculiarities in the structure, arrangement, and even in the chemical composition of the teeth, frequently run in families. The writer, among whose professional duties the frequent inspection of tongues holds a humble but not unimportant place, has remarked a notable peculiarity in the shape of that organ transmitted from mother to daughter.

Peculiarities in the expression of the face are frequently inherited. Many cases may be remarked where an inherited resemblance is quite latent: when the features are in repose, but comes out with startling vividness when they are agitated by emotion. Among the acquaintances of the writer is a gentleman who, when smiling, exhibits a most peculiar and unusual arrangement of lines at the outer angle of the eyes, and this characteristic has been faithfully transmitted to his children.

When we turn to the lower animals, the instances of striking peculiarities being inherited are still more numerous, and have been recorded with greater care and accuracy. Every breeder and trainer is aware of the vast importance of the law of inheritance, and no instance is allowed to escape notice; but it is only in recent years that philosophers have become alive to the fact that in his physical nature man obeys the ordinary biological laws which prevail among the higher animals, and that among these laws the law of inheritance holds the first place. A breed of cattle once existed which possessed only one horn, and this was transmitted. A one-antiered stag has been known to propagate this peculiarity in his offspring. A rabbit produced a litter in which one of the value was considered. in which one of the young was one-eared, and this was transmitted. Many of the most famous breeds of sheep and cattle have arisen through the accidental appearance of some striking peculiarity of structure, which has been preserved by careful selection and breeding. Thus the wellknown Ancon or otter-breed of sheep, now extinct, arose in the last century in Massachusetts by the accidental birth of a ram characterised by crooked legs and a long back like a turnspit. These peculiarities rendered him unable to leap fences, and as this was a point of great importance to the early settlers, this ram was selected for breeding, and his abnormalities of structure were faithfully transmitted. The breeds of Mauchamp sheep and Niata cattle had a somewhat similar origin. Darwin relates how in a litter of pointer pups one was observed to be of a blue colour. This remarkable circumstance led to inquiry, and it was found that, four generations earlier, there had been in the same breed a pointer bitch named Sappho, celebrated for her blue colour. We have here an instance of one of the secondary laws of inheritance known as the law of Atavism (from atavis, an ancestor). According to this law, any peculiarity, instead of passing directly from parent to child, may skip one or more generations, and reappear lower down in the line of descent. Of this curious law innumerable instances occur. It is not uncommon for a child to resemble

his grandparents much more closely than his father or mother. This is frequently noted in the case of animals, where we have the opportunity of observing several generations, and analogy would lead us to expect a similar principle in the case of man. The law of Atavism can only be explained by assuming that the qualities which were patent in grandfather and grandchild were latent in the intervening generation. nothing difficult or arbitrary in this hypothesis, as multitudes of facts are on record to prove that physical and intellectual peculiarities may remain dormant for long periods in an individual, and suddenly develop into prominence under some unwonted pressure. Thus, privation or confinement in an unwholesome atmosphere may develop a latent tendency to consumption. A severe illness has been known to determine the onset of insanity, to which the individual had a hereditary predisposition; or, to take more hopeful instances, a severe shock, such as bereavement or the sudden loss of fortune, has been frequently known to bring out unexpected traits of character, and to develop a resolution and a magnanimity, of which the individual had previously exhibited no evidence. Our characters, in addition to those prominent traits which attract general attention, have a multitude of secret marks traced as it were in invisible ink, and ready to spring into prominence on condition of the necessary stimulus being

applied.

When we leave the domain of structural peculiarities and turn to that of mind, habit, and instinct, we find an inexhaustible store of curious facts of inheritance. Contrary to popular belief, there seems no reason to doubt that genius is hereditary, though, from the obvious conditions of the case, it is rarely transmitted in like quality and degree from parent to child. The subject is too large to be advantageously considered here; but those interested in it will find a vast mass of striking information and ingenious reasoning in Mr Francis Galton's admirable work on Hereditary Genius.

A case is on record of a man who possessed the habit of sleeping on his back with the right leg crossed over the left. His daughter, while still an infant in the cradle, exhibited the same peculiarity. The possibility of imitation, conscious or unconscious, is here obviously excluded. A case has been reported to the writer of a man who had the habit of alternately flexing and extending his great toe while lying in bed. His grandson developed the same habit, though quite ignorant of his grandfather's peculiarity. Ribot records a curious instance of a domestic servant who exhibited an incurable vice of loquacity. She talked incessantly to any one who would listen, to animals, to inanimate objects, and even to herself. When upbraided with her folly, she said it was not her fault, as her father had possessed just the same habit, and had almost driven her mother distracted by it!

Instinct is strongly hereditary in animals, even under the most unfavourable conditions. Ducklings hatched by a hen take to water immediately on breaking their shell; and every one is familiar with the spectacle of the distracted mother wildly running to and fro on the margin of the duck-pond, while her youthful family, heedless of her terror, disport themselves delightedly upon

its surface. If the eggs of the wild-duck be placed under one of the domesticated species, the young, when their feathers are complete, immediately take to the wing. Birds hatched in confinement construct in their cages the same kind of nest as their more fortunate brethren of the same species build in the virgin forest. Many curious and apparently mysterious facts are explicable on the hypothesis of the permanence under changed conditions of traces of aboriginal instincts. Thus, the domesticated dog, even when thoroughly well cared for, is very fond of burying a bone in some secret spot-a lingering trace, probably, of the time when he ran wild in the woods, and the secreting of surplus food for a future occasion was a matter of practical importance to When the squirrel is reared in confinement, it stores away in a corner of its cage a portion of the nuts supplied to it, an instinctive preparation for the coming winter, unnecessary, indeed, for this individual squirrel, but highly important for its ancestors and congeners living in the wild state. Every one must have observed how difficult it is to make the common ass leap over a stream, however small. This unwillingness is not the result of an inherent incapacity for jumping, as the ass leaps over other obstacles with ease, while it hesitates obstinately at the tiniest streamlet. We have here, in all probability, a remnant of an instinct dating far back to the time when the ancestors of the ass were exclusively desert animals, and so unaccustomed to the sight of running-water as to be confused and terrified by it. If any one observes a field of lambs at play, he will notice with what delight they frisk upon any hillock within their reach. Here we have probably a trace of the time when the progenitors of our sheep were Alpine animals, and possessed the habits of the chamois.

In the realm of disease, the facts of inheritance are most numerous, and are daily accumulating. Here they are no longer, alas, curious and amusing, but terrible, fateful, overwhelming. No fact of nature is more pregnant with awful meaning than the fact of the inheritance of disease. It meets the physician on his daily rounds, paralysing his art, and filling him with sadness. legend of the ancient Greeks pictured the malignant Furies pursuing families from generation to generation, and rendering them desolate. The Furies still ply their work of terror and death; but we have stripped them of the garb which superstition threw around them, and they now appear to our eyes in the more intelligible but not less awful form of hereditary disease. Modern science, which has cast illumination into so many dark corners of nature, has shed a new and still more lurid light on the words of the Hebrew Scripture: 'The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.' Instances of hereditary disease abound on every hand. Fully fifty per cent. of cases of gout are inherited. The proportion is not much less in that fell destroyer of families, our national scourge, consumption. Cancer and scrofula run strongly in families. Insanity is hereditary to a marked degree; but fortunately, like many other hereditary diseases, tends to wear itself out, the stock becoming extinct. Nearly all defects of sight are occasionally inherited. Sir Henry Holland says truly that 'no organ or tex- retired to a distance. We were quite alone, and

ture of the body is exempt from the chance of being the subject of hereditary disease.' Probably most chronic diseases which permanently modify the structure and functions of the body are more or less liable to be inherited.

The important and far-reaching practical deductions from such facts—affecting so powerfully the happiness of individuals and families and the collective welfare of the nation—will be obvious to reflective minds, but cannot be dwelt upon in the present article.

## THE JULLABAD TRAGEDY.

CHAPTER III. - DARKENING.

THE sight of that policeman lounging at the door temporarily took away my power of speech. It was the visible realisation of what I previously regarded as either malicious cruelty or the baseless folly of imagination.

'Colonel Jack,' I said at last, 'you surely do not believe that?

The colonel shook his head. 'I believe nothing until it is proven,' he answered. 'I am as grieved as you are, young man, that this should be Mrs Humby's situation—poor child, poor child! But the charge is raised, and her innocence must be cleared. I shall be as glad as any to see it cleared. But until that is done Well, I need not go on. Do you wish to see her?'

'I came here for that purpose. I should be very glad to speak with Mrs Humby-if she will see me.'

Colonel Jack, without another word, left me. And now I began to feel the natural embarrassment incident to my present position. How should I open my mission to her? It occurred to me, for the first time, that her natural indignation against so foul a charge might transfer itself to me for my impertinence, as a stranger -and a young man to boot-in approaching her with the suggestion that her innocence needed defending. The thought took a most uncomfortable hold upon me, and I began heartily to wish I had given the matter more consideration before volunteering upon such an errand. However, here I was and there was Colonel Jack. in her room, informing her of my desire to speak with her-and I must go through with it now. Only, I could hardly repress the faint hope that she might either flatly refuse to see me, or decline the interview on some pretence of indisposition. She did neither. Colonel Jack presently reappeared, holding back the chick or blind which hung over the doorway, to allow her to pass. As she appeared, she glanced towards me with a quiet, questioning look. Colonel Jack led her to where I stood, and introduced me, and then, with a slight bow, she sat down in the chair which he had left.

The colonel went into the house; and the policeman, obedient to a sign from his superior, such as to create an unfavourable effect.

The way I opened the conversation illustrates a common experience of those who study overmuch beforehand what they will say on a particular occasion. I have mentioned that I believed it more than doubtful whether she remembered having seen me at Mentone two years before—she had not seen me much, and I was changed in looks-and I had made up my mind not to make so slight and doubtful a reminiscence any ground of introduction or justification for one; yet in my perplexity as to how to open the interview, it was the very thing which I did.

'I am more than doubtful, Mrs Humby,' I said, 'as to whether you have the slightest recollection of having met me before you came to India; I hardly think you can. But my having seen you then is the only special explanation of my intruding upon you now, instead of many others who are equally earnest in their desire to-to give you their sympathy and help, should you accept it.'

She looked up, gently and gravely and attentively, in my face—as a child might, to whom you were imparting some serious and interesting lesson-and answered: 'I remember you well, Mr Everest. I met you at Mentone, when I was there with my father. I saw you afterwards in London,' she added, after a moment, 'at a theatre; but you did not see me.'

'Then, perhaps, you will not mind my coming here now?'

'Surely not. You have come kindly, I know. How could I resent that? I am grateful for itgrateful to every one who has given me sympathy. And-and'-I saw the colour dawning on her white face, but little dreamed what she was going to say—'and I owe you personally a word of thanks, Mr Everest, which I have had no opportunity of speaking until now. If only for that, I am glad you have come.' Her face was crimson now, but she looked at me full with her clear eyes as she added: 'I remember that night in the garden. I was prostrated, but not unconscious. I remember everything, every word.—Will you accept my thanks, Mr Everest? She said it simply, without the slightest tremor in her soft low voice.

I passed from the subject as quickly as I could; I felt an embarrassing warmth suffusing my own face, which I would have given the world for her not to see.

'I have come here this evening-Lady O'Reilly, I added more boldly, 'has commissioned me-to offer you any help you may need in your present circumstances, Mrs Humby. I will not refer to what our convictions and feelings are—but, you will let us help you? You are alone, in a strange country, and this will justify us in what we ask.

Thank you; I thank everybody, she answered, with a tremor in her tone.

I feared for my first words, lest they should be in her simple dress of black cashmere, to give utterance to the horrible charge which hung over her guiltless head!

> She was braver than I was, and saved me the task. 'You want to defend me?' she said. 'It is terrible to need defence. But I felt it still more terrible to be alone—as I have been until now.' The tears burst from her eyes. God help her! how she must have suffered since her solitude was changed into a prison.

> 'No one knows where or how the accusation originated—no one in the station credits it,' I answered. 'All the same, for your honour we will leave no stone unturned to discover the guilty party-if there has been any guilt-or otherwise clear up the horrid mystery which surrounds that night. You will help us yourself, Mrs Humby; and with what you can tell us we shall be able to succeed in time. We must have a lawyer; and Lady O'Reilly has herself selected one.' All this I spoke rapidly and eagerly.

She dried her tears and rewarded my zeal with a faint smile. 'Alas,' she replied, 'what help can I give you? I have been questioned so much that I can only repeat over and over what I have already said. I know nothing else!

Now, it was very probably her own extra-ordinary narrative of the events of that night which first turned sinister suspicion towards her. Colonel Jack, honest as he was, was suspicious from the force of habit derived from his magisterial office; and the mere fact of Mrs Humby escaping from the fire while her husband perished in it would never have associated her for a moment in any ordinary mind with his death. But that strange story which she told, and adhered to, was highly calculated first to create surprise, and then to move suspicion. And even the declaration of Lady O'Reilly, made the day before and carried all over the station, may have unconsciously opened people's minds to the idea of Mrs Humby's

But that story of hers—I felt it was the stumbling-block. How were we to get rid of it? It is very hard to get rid of an iterated statement in such a case and of such a character; in fact, we know it is impossible to get rid of it; yet the idea held me strongly that Mrs Humby was under some mental delusion, some hallucination, due to fright or excitement, in regard to what took place -that she might have thrown, unconsciously, the lurid colours of a dream of terror over the first moments of her awakening, and confounded or identified the two; and I believed that if we could establish this assumption as fact, something of substantial importance would be gained.

I led her, without difficulty, to talk freely of the events of that night. I took care to lead her up to that point only—at about nine o'clock—when she heard her husband close the door of his room. It was soon after this that she went to sleep. Now this was the point at which my anxiety took its stand.

It was the first day she had been as far as the veranda since her illness; she said she had sat there for several hours. She told me, in answer to my questions, the incident of the cook's child. She admitted, with reluctance, that she was herself 'Then you will permit me to speak freely?' I She admitted, with reluctance, that she was herself eagerly asked. 'Be assured that nothing shall be left undone to—to'—— How hard it was, in the not because the thing would have been new to her, presence of that pale and friendless girl, so lovely but because she would have been less fitted to bear

it, on account of her weak health. The man was dead-had died a death horrible enough to appal even an enemy-but the mere thought of this fear made my blood boil against his memory.

She was fatigued when she lay down, dressed as she was, on her bed, and the fatigue caused her to drop off asleep. Now, what was more natural, than that a sleep under such conditions, in the close vicinity within the same walls of a man in her husband's state, should be filled with visions of fear? This was my theory, and my anxiety was great to get ground for it to stand firm

upon. 'Are you in the habit of dreaming?' I

inquired.

She gave me a quick earnest look, and answered, with some surprise : 'I hardly ever dream.'

The answer, and the manner of it still more so, disconcerted me. I was too eager to win my point to renew the approach by some other method, and I dashed at it at once with all my

'Is it not possible, Mrs Humby, that some portion of your impressions after awaking may have been derived from or coloured by a vision you had in your sleep? Is it too late now to try and recollect whether you had been dreaming? Nothing is more likely, under the circumstancesyour mind was full of certain excitements and fears-and everybody knows that the brain goes on after the body has sunk into sleep, just as the sea still rolls after the storm has ceased blowing. Pray, think: it would alter everything so much, if my impression turned out correct!'

I noticed her clasp her hands in her lap, and her face assumed a grave and even earnest expression. She was silent for the space of nearly two minutes, and from the direction of her eyes I knew she was looking across the intervening grounds at the fire-blackened remains of her late home. 'Mr Everest,' she answered at last, speaking low, without removing her eyes from that spot, 'my senses were too alert that night to deceive me. Look!' she added, untying a

small scarf from her neck.

I had heard of this before, and the evidence was perplexing—to me painfully so. The brutal marks were still clearly discernible on her delicate throat, even through the pink tinge which rose to

veil them as she displayed her neck.

'No, no!' she went on, in the same low voice; 'I was not dreaming. It was all exactly as I have described it, with nothing to add and nothing to take away. What I do not remember clearly is the manner of my escape from the bungalow and

my reaching here.'
'That is easily conjectured,' I replied. course, now, I entirely believe that what you state was fact, and not fancy. The mystery which surrounds it must be cleared in some way or another. Why should your husband be dressed, for instance? Can you think of any

explanation, Mrs Humby?'

None, Mr Everest. It is as much a mystery to me as to you. As well as—as his returning to

his chamber again.'

'It is almost incomprehensible, seeing that the

house was then actually on fire.'

It was only comprehensible on the theory that the man had committed suicide. That no one in Juliabad would bestow a moment's consideration to be so powerless as I was.

on such a theory in connection with Colonel Humby, is in itself a fact that may be noted.

'Do you fancy, Mrs Humby, that any of the natives might have fired the bungalow-intention-

ally or accidentally?'
'I do not think so. Not one of them would do

harm to me.

'Your husband had ill-used the cook's child?'

I suggested.

'Yes; but the man would not have done it. He knew I was there, and that I was weak. He would not have risked injuring me, she said, with

a quiet faith that was convincing.

The fire broke out soon before eleven o'clock, and there were no natives on the premises then except the khidmatgar already mentioned and an ayah. No suspicion rested, or could rest, on either; and if the fire was the result of an accident, it was impossible to assign a cause after the

most searching inquiry.

The long and short of it was that the inherent improbability of poor Mrs Humby's story was the source of all the misfortune which hung around her. She would not recede from one word of it. No one could understand it. How many were daily and hourly coming to disbelieve it!

If she had only been silent, she would have been safe. To myself, her very persistence in the statement, extraordinary as it was, was conclusive proof of her conscious innocence. But the same faith was not to be expected from others.

I spent more than an hour with Mrs Humby; and before I left her, she talked to me with as much confidence as if I were her brother. She let me see a little into that mystery of her life into which no eye had penetrated before. gathered from the poor girl that she had been deceived, and had disobeyed her father, and that she was now filled with a natural but fatal craving

to go back to him for pardon and rest.
'Above all things, Mrs Humby, you must not think of leaving this country until your honour is clearly vindicated. You shall have warm friends to defend you and fight for you—be assured of that. Have courage; your friends

are more than you know !'

The tears were in her eyes when she gave me her hand at the conclusion of this interview. I promised to send the lawyer to her next day; and with a feeling of disappointment and deep despondency, I took my way again to Lady O'Reilly

I related all that had passed, and my fruitless efforts to move the foundations of Mrs Humby's unfortunate statement. Lady O'Reilly listened to me attentively, and somewhat startled and shocked me by quietly asking, with her blue eyes observantly upon me: 'Tell me truly, Mr Everest-have you entire faith in Mrs Humby's innocence?

'She is as innocent as my mother,' I answered. 'I will think over it all before to-morrow,' she said, after a pause.—'Mr Mapleson must see her, and his opinion will be of more value

than ours. Before leaving, Lady O'Reilly invited me to call at four next day. I will pass over the intervening hours, which were anxious ones to me. I felt more than ever bound up in this young widow's fate, and it was torment to me

Lady O'Reilly's ayah conducted me into her ladyship's private sitting-room when I arrived next afternoon at four o'clock. Mr Mapleson was already there, having come direct from his interview with Mrs Humby.

'Mrs Humby has no more devoted friend in Juliabad than Mr Everest, said Lady O'Reilly.

-'Now, Mr Mapleson, will you kindly tell us what you have learned, and what you think?'

He told us, briefly and clearly, like a lawyer, what he had learned from his interview. Mrs Humby was perfectly frank with him—but it all came to this: he had gathered nothing new.

Questioned as to the line of defence he would adopt, he answered: 'It must in a great measure depend upon circumstances. We may try to prove it was an accident—there is no evidence to show that it was; we may try to prove that it was due to native malice or revenge-here again there is not a tittle of evidence to go upon. And mark: Mrs Humby's narrative goes against both of these possible arguments. that story is true, how can the death of her husband be ascribed either to accident or the act of native servants? It would show that he was up and dressed, and in a position easily to escape. If it is impracticable to prove accident or malice, Lady O'Reilly—as at present it really is—there remain only two other theories by which the terrible event can be explained.'

'Please tell us what they are,' said Lady O'Reilly,

as the lawyer paused.

'We must be ready, as best we can, to meet every view of the case,' he answered, fingering his watchchain and looking at the carpet. 'The two theories are—firstly, that Colonel Humby's diseased brain contemplated murder and suicide; and that failing to do the one, he did the other.'

'Nobody would accept that theory,' I answered.
'Colonel Humby hadn't grit enough in him for suicide. He certainly had his grip on his wife's throat, though—how is that to be explained?' I felt this the one strong point, and I laid stress upon it. I was resolved it should not be lost

sight of.

The lawyer's answer was exasperating in its very coolness: 'That is a point, Mr Everest, as you say. I wish we had another point or two to support it. We must bear in mind, however, that Colonel Humby often laid hands upon his wife—it is notorious, and she admits it. These marks might have been received by her before the time she mentions—we shall have to prove that her statement is true, if we rely on any part of it—true as a whole. Can we do that?

Lady O'Reilly looked at me. I was terribly dejected by the lawyer's cold professional dis-section of the case. He foresaw and took clear measure of all the obstacles.

"We must take the fact as it stands,' he went on, 'Colonel Humby was burned to death on his bed. You reject the idea of suicide. So do I, in my private judgment. Of course, as a lawyer I must make what I can out of everything that suggests itself in favour of my case. If we cannot prove an accident, we must admit a wilful and felonious act—in a word, that murder was perpetrated. I am afraid it will have to come to that, he said gravely.

This was literally appalling, coming professionally from Mr Mapleson. It left no room for protest, for argument, hardly—as it seemed—for defence! What a fatal web circumstances had woven around this innocent and unhappy woman!

There ensued a painful silence, lasting several minutes. We did not ask the lawyer what the alternative 'theory' was—no need for that. It weighed like a mountain of lead upon me.

At last Lady O'Reilly broke the silence. For the question which she now put to Mr Mapleson, her tone was quiet, measured, as though she asked with a deliberate purpose: 'Mr Mapleson—if it is a proper question to put to you, in confidence among ourselves-what is your own opinion, frankly, as regards Mrs Humby?'
The lawyer was taken aback.

For myself. I held my breath, as if it were the verdict of the jury which was about to be pronounced. 'Frankly,' he answered, 'I think she fired the bungalow. Under temporary derangement, per-haps, and without distinct intent to cause her husband's death. But from all I know at present, I cannot come to any other conclusion than that her hand did it!'

This was horrible. What I should have said or done, but for the quick and thoughtful interposition of Lady O'Reilly, I do not know. She rose, and, with recling head, I was barely conscious that she bowed to Mr Mapleson, and went as far as the door with him. Then she came back, her lovely face lit up with that luminous kindness which heaven gives to the true woman, and laid her hand gently on my arm. 'My poor boy,' she said, 'it has been hard to hear that sentence spoken. Will it comfort you if I say that my belief in her innocence is as unshaken as your own?'
I could have fallen at her feet and kissed the

shoes she wore. I only put my lips reverently and gratefully to her hand, without uttering a word. My heart was too full-too full of that which this noble woman discovered ere I was aware of it myself-love! Yes; that was my case; and, knowing it now, the state of my mind

will be appreciated.

In my fevered dreams that night I saw her, from where I stood on the shore of the sea, drifting away in an open boat; her white face was turned to me in silent and hopeless appeal for the help I was powerless to give; the sharks, with their horrid premonitions of death, were gliding around her, their hideous fins showing above the water, waiting for the frail vessel to capsize and give them their horrible feast; and from time to time she put up her poor small hands to protect her uncovered head from the beating of the merciless sun. I awoke with a cry. But it was no relief to awake; the reality was quite as full of distress and peril as the dream, and my sense of powerlessness equally agonising.

Next day, which I drearily looked forward to as one of dull and helpless anxiety alone, was fraught with an event which excited Jullabad to a white-heat, and gave me such a blow as a man never receives twice during his lifetime.

I rose very early—as everybody does in India—and had a canter through the park before the

usual morning duties. After these, I went to the mess for breakfast. And here I forgot breakfast and all else in presence of the news some of our men had brought in—that Mrs Humby had disappeared from the cantonment magistrate's bungalow during the night.

I sank into a chair, apart from all the rest, with a groan. What madness could have tempted her to so fatal a step? It was an admission of her guilt before all the world. She paralysed her friends by her folly. Who could stand up for her now?

I went about in a kind of stupor all day; I did not even go to Lady O'Reilly. How could I, after what she had said to me the day before? 'My belief in her innocence is as unshaken as your own!' I knew it was shaken now—even hers! for also and alas—I will confess it—my own had sustained a stunning blow.

Hour after hour went by, and no tidings, or even trace, of the fugitive were gathered. This was strange, because an Indian cantonment offers few chances of concealment, especially to a lady. It was certain she had not been near the railway station. The thoroughness of the search which was made, and the dead-lock to which efforts of discovery had come, may be inferred from the fact that before sunset every well in the station had been dragged without result. Had she been earried into the clouds, her disappearance could not have been more complete and untrace-

It was 'guest-night' at our mess, and I would willingly have absented myself. Hoping, however, for a few hours' distraction from my thoughts, I went. There were a good many men at dinner, military and civil officials and fellows from other corps. The talk was all on the one absorbing and exciting topic. A hundred theories were put forward to account for the disappearance of Mrs Humby; but not one expression of belief in her innocence was to be heard—now! It was the very torture of slow death to me to sit listening, and it was inevitable that I should lose my self-control at last

'If she is in the jungles,' I heard it observed, 'the unfortunate woman has chosen the worse of two evils. Even a native jury would have more than a hungay parther.'

merey than a hungry panther.'

I rose to leave the table, unable to endure more. As I did so I heard a few words spoken near to me—by whom, I was too excited to remember at the moment: 'I am sorry for her. As long as she was entitled to a doubt, I expressed no opinion. There was more in the relations of Humby and his wife than others knew. He was no angel; but he was clearly disappointed in his wife—not that this justified ill-usage; but if his story were told, perhaps a good deal would be explained. There is no harm in declaring now the opinion I have held all along—and others as well as I—that Mrs Humby deliberately murdered her husband. Her flight in itself is confession of guilt.'

There was a murmur, but nobody dissented openly. The room swam round me, and I madly snatched a glass of wine and dashed it in the speaker's face.

'You lie!' I shouted—'like a coward and a

Men leaped to their feet, and a silence followed of intense amazement. This brought me to my senses, and I realised what I had done. I had put this public outrage on the colonel of my regiment.

### CURIOUS FINDS.

THE sea sometimes yields up part of its treasures in a curious and unexpected way, as was instanced lately by the discovery of a richly jewelled ring in the back of a herring caught at Dunbar. The finder was still luckier than a servant in Port-Glasgow, who, in cutting up some whiting, found a silver coin in one of them.

Two curious finds connected with nautical affairs should have an interest for Englishmen. Some old canvas that had long been stowed away as lumber, on being unexpectedly brought to light, was found to be the mainsail of Nelson's ship the Victory. The sail was riddled with shot fired during the battle of Trafalgar.—When some men were sawing a portion of an old ship's mainmast formerly belonging to a man-of-war at Chatham, a thirty-two-pound iron shot was observed embedded in the mast, the aperture having been plugged up. This was one of the largest kind of shot used in those times.

In a lake in Berkshire a large misshapen and unwieldy chub was found, so strange in appearance and unsightly in its movements, that the most apt zoologist could not account for its lineal descent or say if it was piscatory or amphibious. The creature was found in a kind of cage formed by the washed roots of an elm-tree by this lake. When young and much smaller, this fish must have got into its strange prison. Limited to a mere turn, the wonder is that—as it must have forced its way in-it did not force its way out; but here it was, after years must have lapsed, taking quite the form of the gnarled and strug-gling roots. With no room to develop, the tail ging roots. With no room to develop, the tail had almost disappeared, the dorsal fin was altogether obliterated, the body had become very hard, and the scales like so much incrustation of mud divided into layers. The nose was so pushed in and the gills so enlarged, that, when looked at full in the face, it had the appearance of a negro whose face had been despoiled of its shiping and oily styrong. Indeed its existence shining and oily surface. Indeed, its existence was a matter of marvel, as the water subsided and increased at times, so that in dry weather it had only the most muddy home and a semi-fluid for its subsistence. When removed, it seemed a puzzle to know whether to class this strange dis-

covery as a reptile, fish, or anything else.

Another proof how nature has her own way of accommodating herself to the most extraordinary conditions of life, is afforded by the following incident. A lady lost her gold ring. Some three years afterwards, the loser's cat caught a rat, from which pussy had eaten the head. The neck of the rat was exposed, and the owner of the cat saw something metallic glittering on the rat's neck. On examination this proved to be the lost wedding-ring embedded in the flesh. The ring must have been carried by the old rat to its nest, and a very young rat must have thrust its head into the ring. As the animal grew larger each day, its novel collar would become a fixture. The wonder is how nature continued to permit her

living demands to be supplied through such a small circumference, yet the creature lived, was

fat, and looked healthy.

Cats in their hunting expeditions sometimes meet with an untoward fate. The writer saw the mummy-like remains of one of these animals which had been discovered in altering an old building. From its peculiar appearance, the unfortunate creature had evidently been suddenly crushed flat, for, in its dying agonies, its teeth had almost bitten through a piece of wood about a couple of inches square, which was still embedded in its jaws. Some of our readers may recollect the discovery of a petrified cat in the crevice of an old stone wall, during some repairs in Newgate jail. In the opinion of a naturalist, this curiosity must have been in a petrified condition for some hundreds of years.

As some workmen were felling timber near Herne Bay, they discovered in the centre of one of the trees a cavity in which were the remains of a cat. The skeleton was entire, and some hair of a sandy colour yet remained on the skin. It is conjectured that the animal, having entered a hollow part of the tree, was unable to extricate itself, and the wood in process of years had grown

around it.

Curious finds have not unfrequently been made in trees. Some woodcutters in the forest of Drömmling made a strange discovery. They began to fell a venerable oak, which they soon found to be quite hollow. Being half decayed, it speedily came to the ground with a crash, disclosing a skeleton in excellent preservation; even the boots, which came above the knee, were perfect. By its side were a powder-horn, a porcelain pipebowl, and a silver watch. The teeth were perfect. It would seem to be the skeleton of a The teeth were man between thirty and forty years of age. It is conjectured that, while engaged in hunting, he climbed the tree for some purpose, and slipped into the hollow trunk, from which there was no release, and he probably died of starvation .-Another mystery was found in the heart of an oak. From a tree of this kind, a large block, about eighteen inches in diameter, that had been knocking about in various yards and woodsheds, was split up lately, and in it was found an augerhole about three-fourths of an inch in size, containing a bunch of human hair done up in a piece of printed paper. The hair was near the centre of the block, and fastened in with a pine plug. It was apparently put in when the tree was quite small, as the tree had grown over the plug to the thickness of about four inches, with the grain perfectly smooth and straight.

A natural curiosity was shown in a timber-merchant's workshop; this was the nest and skeleton of a bird embedded in a piece of beech. The timber seemed quite sound all round the cavity, and there was no sign of any aperture into it; but the timber being sawn up, the nest with the bird sitting upon it was found. The nest appeared to be built with mud, and the bird resembled a titmouse. Probably, at the lopping of a branch, a cavity was formed, and the outside subsequently grown over; but how the bird-

was enclosed seems difficult to imagine.

In the centre of a log of Honduras mahogany the saw revealed a large piece of honeycomb. The finder says the wax with the cells was hard,

and resembled in colour and appearance a mummy. The remains of the bees were incrusted in the wax.—Another log of mahogany was being cut in veneers by a cabinetmaker, when his attention was attracted by the appearance of a remarkable and striking profile of Her Majesty in a knot in the wood. The likeness was so true, that all who saw it acknowledged the resemblance. Had this curiosity only been discovered in the present year, we might have had Jubilee mahogany added to the never-ending list of articles so distinguished.

So often have toads been found enclosed in solid bodies, that it is not surprising to read in a Scottish paper that a servant while breaking a large piece of coal for the fire, was startled to find in the centre of the block a full-grown toad, which appeared to be in excellent health and spirits. A less common discovery was made in Birkenhead. A gentleman there was presented with a cow's tongue which appeared to be perfect in every respect. After the tongue was boiled, he discovered a piece of sandstone embedded in it, about three-quarters of an inch in length, half an inch in width, and a quarter of an inch in

Some curious discoveries of valuable articles occur from time to time. For example, a singular literary discovery was made at a monastery in the island of St Lazarus, at Venice. A pet monkey had climbed to the top of a bookcase, and was amusing itself in imitating a venerable monk, who was trying to induce it to descend. The animal, in a sudden freak, seized a bundle of papers, and breaking the string, showered down on the father's head a number of letters the ink of which had become yellow with age. They were said to be a series of letters which Lord Byron wrote to the monks of St Lazarus, with whom he had once resided.

An extraordinary instance of the recovery of a lost ring may be added to the list of curious finds. A lady when digging holes for planting celery, unconsciously dropped the ring into one of the holes. A plant was inserted, doubtless through the ring, and as the root grew, the ring must have become embedded in its substance. The ring had been given up for lost until the following winter, when the mystery was cleared up by the ring making its appearance among the soup at dinner in a portion of the celery root.

A woman employed as a rag-sorter lately met with a lucky find. While she was engaged in sorting a quantity of rags which had been in stock for a long time, having been sent from France, she came across something resembling a dress-improver, which she cut open, and found in it French coins and notes to the value of over twenty-eight pounds, which became her property

as the finder.

A very opportune discovery of money occurred to a distressed person in London. A distraint for arrears of rent to the amount of eighty pounds had been levied on some premises by the landlord, for which sum the whole of the household furni-ture had been condemned, and placed in two vans for removal, with the exception of a chest of drawers of antique appearance, which had been left to the last from mere accident. On looking into one of the drawers, a small paper parcel was discovered, which was found to contain one hundred and fourteen old guineas of the reign of George III. The claim was of course soon discharged, and the furniture restored to its proper position.

But perhaps as curious a find as any was that which lately took place at the New British Iron Company's Works, Cradley Heath. Amongst a quantity of scrap-iron forwarded to the works was a disused malt mill. Upon some workmen placing the mill under a steam-hammer for the purpose of breaking and preparing it for the furnace, money was scattered in all directions from the mill. The find is said to have been about one hundred pounds, and the workmen were allowed by the manager to retain the money.

#### THE COXSWAIN'S YARN.

'KEEP her away a p'int or so, sir-there's some uncharitable rocks off here.'

'Ay, ay, Jack.'

The tiller was pulled over an inch, the sheet squirled in the block, the yard swung slightly, and the brown-tanned lugsail filled out a trifle more, as the Spindrift, flinging showers of spray diamonds off her red and blue bows as she swished through the waters, opened the narrow cove, where the rugged chalk-walls bend back a hundred yards to meet the steep roadway which leads from the country inland down to a strip of shingly beach where the waves break with a

'The Landing looks quiet enough to-day, Jack.' 'Quiet enewf allus wi' a breeze anything westerly o' nor', responded the blue-guernscyfrocked figure in the bows. 'But you come hereaways when thar be a no'therly gale a-sending tons of water smack agin you cliffs, and you'd see it a very perdition of a place. Ay'-removing the short cutty from his lips, and blowing a cloud of blue smoke to leeward-'I'se had some rare tussles wi' t' sea mesel', and yance was owerboard 'mong waves close to yan rocks, out of t' lifeboat,

a time as I'll never forget.'

Now, Jack Crawford, coxswain of the lifeboat Gertrude, and owner of the Spindrift, was the 'uncrowned king' of that little community of Yorkshire fisher-folk, and as fine a specimen of a hardy seadog as were ever any of his ancestors who sailed in the long ships of Ida the Flamebringer, when that doughty Viking sailed over the Swansbath, and landed at this snug cove, to win the kingdom of wild Northumbria. He had the blue-gray eyes and golden beard of the old Norseman, was big of stature and bronzed of face like a true Flameburgh-man; and as honest and fearless as they and their fore-elders have always been. Many a desperate fight had he had with the storm-spirits, when more than one gallant mate had gone down with the foundering craft, leaving wife or sweetheart to weep and tell how the cruel 'sea gat him.' So his yarns were always worth listening to; and now, eagerly invited, he told this story in the rugged, quaint dialect of the north-east coast—which is here toned down for the gentle reader's ears—to the accompaniment

of heaving surges and the softened murmur of the distant surf sobbing and gurgling in the weird caverns which here pierce the cliffs.

It was a dirty March day, twenty years and more ago, and the glass had gone down with a run before the keen wind which got up with the dawn, and brought great banks of leaden clouds out of the east; and by afternoon a whole gale was blowing, and the snow-flakes were hissing down the village chimneys and spitting into the fires on the hearths. But it was not many of us as saw much of the corner-seat that day, for there was plenty to do in hauling the cobles up beach, which is like a house-roof for steepness, and seeing that everything was fast, and not likely to be carried away in one of the heavy squalls which whirled up off the roaring sea.

Most of us had finished by five o'clock, and were gathered to loo'ard of the boathouse at the top of the cliff, a-smoking and talking a bit, but mostly watching the steamers as were figiting their way south and, plunging and rolling out in

the offing.

'Yon's the Conisbrough, an' it's time she was hauling off a bit,' said Ned Wallis, nodding towards a black-hulled boat whose red-and-white funnel showed out sharp again' the cold gray sky, and whose screw threw up a heap of foam when, every now and then, she pitched it clean out of the water as she headed for the open sea.

'Cap'n Thompson knows what he be about,

growled out old Benson.

'Hullo, mates! there's one yonder as has got her work set,' says I, catching sight of a barque which suddenly showed over the north point of the Landing, a deal too close in for safety.

'Her canvas be going-eh, Jack?' says Tom

Smith, handing me his glass.

She was a smart-looking craft, and she plunged madly at the rolling seas, her tops'ls in ribbons and her yards askew, but standing up bravely under a double-reefed mains'l and jib.

'She's a beauty, poor dear, and well handled,

says Robert Barnett.

'If only she'd a dozen cable-lengths more under her lee-but she'll weather t' Head yet, if only

she can hold on,' says I.

'She won't clear you reef—she must gan about soon; and if she hangs for half a minute, she's done for,' says Dick Gibbon, going off into the boathouse, where he begins quietly seeing that all the gear's aboard and the Seabird ready; for it was before the bigger boat was sent here, and he was first-cox'n then, and I was And a fine fellow he was too, and many's the time we've been out together; but a sou'-easter killed his coble ten years come Candlemas, and he's sleeping out yonder in fiveand-forty fathom, for he never come ashore.

Well, the rest of us stood watching the fight between t' barque and t' heavy seas, which were trying hard to smother her; but she flung them off, and held on bravely; and a fine sight it was to see, and we hoped as she might win. But the gale grew, and the crests of the great waves as they rolled in were cut clean off by the gusts, and blown right over the chiff-tops; and the foamclots were lying like snow upon the hedges a

quarter of mile inland.

The dusk was deepening; but she was growing

bigger and more distinct, and we could hear the torn canvas flicking like pistol-cracks. 'Sakes-a-dearie! t' ebb has begun to make, an'

Sakes-a-dearie! t'ebb has begun to make, an' shoo's a lost ship,' says old Dan Gibbon, Dick's father, shaking his head.

'Ay, thar it comes.—Bout ship,' says I. Her skipper saw she was coming fast in-shore, and as his only chance, was going about to beat out to sea, if so be as he could, and we knew it was the last dying struggle, like. Down went the helm, and we saw her coming shaking into the wind, and heard the shouted orders as the hands haul on the braces, and the creaking of the swaying yards; and then, just as the canvas begins to steady and draw—God help 'em! a big sea rose up ahead wi' a roar we could hear above t' gale, struck her slap on the weather-bow, and poured along her deck like a millrace. Her head fell off, and then her taut masts whipped savagely across the black sky as she rolled broadside on to the leaping waves.

'Now, lads, it's our turn,' cries Dick Gibbon in his cool, resolute way. 'Come, look alive—out with t' Seabird.'

But before he spoke, we knew what was wanted, and most of us had got our cork-belts on and were hooking the ropes to the skid—for, you see, a carriage ain't no use here, owing to the steepness of the cliff; and so we ran the lifeboat down on rollers, and in next to no time she was on the water's edge. News that the boat was for service had fetched every one from the village, and there was a bit of sobbing here and there; but our women be game, and there was none of them as wanted their men to stay. I had only been wed three weeks then, and didn't know as how t' wife would take it, when I catches sight on her on t' beach. But she comes up to me and looks bravely at me, and says: 'The guid Lord'll tak care on thee, lad;' and never a word to stop me from what she know'd was duty—I being, as I said, second-cox'n.

"Tumble in thar!' shouts Dick, as has got aboard, and is handling the yoke-lines, in a hurry to be away.

We scramble up into the boat. I stand up by my skipper aft, and the rest settle on to their thorts and get out the oars, whilst our mates as are left ashore seize the launching lines.

'Are ye ready?' sings out the cox'n.
'Ay, ay,' comes the chorus from for ard.
'Then, off wi' her handsome, now!'

The ropes tauten and strain, the boat begins to quiver—slips a bit—and then, with a big rush, she takes a noble plunge slap into the breakers, sending the spray flying; the oar-blades dash into the foaming water, and the men pull like very demons.

If you've had to get a boat off a lee-shore when there's been anything of a 'popple' on, you know what sort of work it is, and how it takes a power of pulling to get well out of danger of being thrown back on shore again. But we had as fine a set of fellows as you could find anywhere, and they stuck to it like good uns; and soon the Scabird, rising and falling easily, told us we were safely off in deep water.

'Thar goes their gun, poor souls,' sings out Tom Smith the bowman, as a dull, booming sound rolled past the cove mouth; and a moment later we catch sight of a rocket a-trailing up a line of brightness above the cliff-top.

'Thar's t' answer, then,' Ned Wallis says as a second screams up to the black clouds from the boathouse astern.

'If only they can hold on till we get at 'em,' says Dick to me in a low tone. 'But look thar, and you'll not have to guess what it's like at t' other side.'

I looked ahead as he spoke, and saw a huge breaker dash itself straight at the wall of ragged rock, which we had to pass within a dozen yards, and then spout itself into hundreds of hissing tongues of foam high in air, to fall back into the churning surf with a deadly rush. I tell you, to look at that caldron, and feel the fierce waves shake the boat fore and aft, and see them leap up over the stem, and pour in green seething cataracts off the bow air-case, was enough to shake you a bit. But though Tom Smith was almost drowned at his post for ard, and we were often up to our knees before the tubes could free the boat from the water, and drenched with the spray, yet we held on; and it was a treat to see how she drove through that see.

drove through that sea. Now, there's a lot of talk that these selfrighting lifeboats are crank, and some of the newspapers cry out again' them, and say they are a fraud and a snare. All gammon, says I! Why, what does a newspaper chap as sits writing all comfortable afore a fire know what a lifebout can do? They mostlins get their ideas from some of them inventing fellows, who can always improve every blessed thing going, if you'll believe em, as cry out that the self-righting boat is a bad design, and they could make it quite safe, and so as she'd never roll over. Now, there's a lot of p'ints needed in a lifeboat besides those as have to do with upsetting. She must be easy to pull with oars by a dozen men, and at the same time stand up handsomely under sail, if so be as t' wind serves; she must be buoyant enough to float her crew and passengers, if she gets stove in agin' a wreck or rock; she must clear herself of water as she ships the water, for there's plenty to do for all hands without wasting themselves and time in baling; she must right herself when she goes over, for with all this tall talk, there's no way of making an open rowingboat as won't upset at times; and then, she must be light and handy enough to be taken about and launched off a beach. And when you've got all these, you've got somewhere near a perfect boat; and I make bold enough to say as you've got 'em all in the Institution's boats. And as to all that yarn about 'em not being 'stiff,' why, bless you, there are fellows as think and call themselves boatmen as will run broadside on to a smashing sea, and then sing out because in course they heel over—as what craft wouldn't? Fact is, sir, a lifeboat is like a thoroughbred horse—put a duffer aboard, and he can't handle it, and gets thrown, maybe, and then comes and says it's the fault of the animal. Lifeboats, I don't deny, want skilful handling, and then they be as safe as winking. Now, I've been cox'n on this station for twenty years, and out in all sorts of weather, and I says, give me a good crew—of sailors, mind you not longshore lubbers in sou'-westers-and I'll back us to go anywhere at any time in the Gertruda there, or any other self-righting boat as belongs to the National Lifeboat Institution,

you likes.-Avast, though; I'se forgetting the

yarn I was spinning.

Well, we fight our way on somehow, and at last opens the wide sea-one great stretch of mad, tossing waves, enough to make any chap wish himself ashore. There was a little group of folk up on the p'int as had climbed there to see us pass; and as we forged out of the cove, we could just see them in the gloom, and they gave us a cheer, which sounded feeble enough in the din of the gale; but it put new heart in us all, and we meant having the poor fellows off the barque.

'Thar she is!' hails Tom, p'inting to where the sea was all white, like tossing, whirling snowdrifts, and where the breakers were raging over the sunken rocks; and sure enough her hull showed out like a long black bar just beyond.

'Stick to it, my lads—she's got her anchors down, and, please God, they'll hold till we can fetch her, says Dick Gibbon, as we begin to meet a three-quarter tide a-sluicing along. 'Show them a glim-it'll cheer them a bit.

So I got out the signal-box, and struck a fuse, and it splutters and spits, and then shines out like a big star; and we hear a faint hulloo away to loo'ard, and know they've seen us.

Dick works out with the tide, and we get steadily well up to wind'ard, and to where he and I reckon we may venture to drop down to the ship; so he watches for a bit of a smooth,

and then over goes our rudder; and the port oars pull us round like a top.

'They be worth saving, you chaps, for they'se making a good fight for t' ship, and not giving in yet. You bet they be English; a French or German lot would be a-howling and a-ringing of their hands, instead of cutting the masts away, says, as suddenly the foremast went by the board,

and we saw men hacking at the mainmast. 'Stand by with t' anchor, Tom!—All clear

for ard?

'Ay, ay,' answers the bowman, steadying himself to heave,

'Let her go!' shouts Dick, keeping his eye on the wreck as the boat drives towards it. 'Hold her up a bit, lads; smartly now.' A dozen strong strokes stop her sternway, and the anchor holds. 'Pay out-steady!'

The cable runs rapidly over the stempost roller, and we drive quickly on to her starboard bow but the distance between scarcely lessens, and the loud hail, 'We're dragging,' comes from the

ill-fated ship.

'Belay that cable,' roars Dick; 'and look handy

with that heaving line, Jack.'

And whilst Tom and his mates take a turn round the bollard, I nips up the loaded stick, and flings it with all my might at a group of men on her fo'c'sle, and it falls right among them. In next to no time they had bent on a rope, and we haul it aboard and make it fast smartly enough, for ten minutes we knew would see her on these dreadful rocks.

'For your lives' sake, look lively!' Dick bawls

through his trumpet.

But, poor creatures, they need no hurrying, for they see it's all up with the ship; and a man seizes the line and drops himself along; and another and another come, and we have them safe inboard.

'Drop a bit nearer; we've got a woman aboard,' calls out a voice from her bows.
'Daren't do it,' we shout in reply.

There's a bit of a delay; and then a man stands out and seizes the rope, the figure of a woman slung to him, and he begins to come hand over hand along it, and gets half-way, when all at once a great sea breaks right over us, filling the boat, and then rushes on, burying the poor souls on the rope deep beneath it. With poor souls on the rope deep beneath it. a heave the Scabird rises up bravely, the rope tautens, and lifts its dripping burden clear; and we all give a cry, for the woman's gone, and we see a dark something show for an instant on a wave-top, and then disappear in the boiling surf amongst the rocks. We drag the man in half drowned. But time's too precious to ask questions, and we think only of getting the rest off their doomed ship.

The captain comes last; and when we help him in, he has a litle girl-baby in his arms, all done up in a big white shawl, and this only just in time, for the line snaps like a piece of packthread; and then we knew her anchors had dragged clear away; and sure enough, before ever we had hove our own up, we see her give one tremendous roll, then a great heave, and crash she goes right on to

the reef-end, and good-bye to her.

'Up with a corner of t'lug,' is the order; and we begin to stagger through the seas, and race the hissing surges towards the shore under sail. As we get near the mouth of the little bay, the man as had been so nearly done for when the sea buried him and tore the woman away, comesto, and begins to moan for 'Lettie;' and the cap'n of the barque just shoves the little lass into his arms with never a word.

Then the poor chap opens his eyes and looks down the boat with a dreadful earnest stare, and

cries: 'O God, where 's Lettie?'

The cap'n says nothing, and turns away his head; and then the other seizes hold of Dick's arm and cries fiercely: 'Where's my wife? Tell me!

And Dick dashes his oilskin sleeve ath'ort his eyes, and then p'ints up aloft, and says in a hoarse

sort of voice: 'She's there, mate!'

He gives a wild, unearthly sort of scream; and then, before ever we guesses what's up, he seizes the baby in one hand, and pitches himself clean-over the gunnel into the tumbling waves. I catch sight of the tiny thing for a second close to the boat as we rush on, and make one desperate grab, catch hold of it, and pitch head first over into the black water myself. I clutch like mad at the side as I go over; and as luck, or something better, maybe, would have it, my fingers click one of the life-lines, and I grip it tight, and hold on like death; the cold water pours over me as the boat tows me through. The pull on my arm was something awful; but they soon drag me in by the collar, with the baby in my other hand; and I had just time to see it was alive and to shake myself dry a bit before we get among the rollers and crash on to the beach; and a score of lusty arms seize the Scabird and hold her up agin the

backwash and haul her out of the surf.
The folks all come crowding round; but the coastguard keep them back; and the eleven sailors with the mate and cap'n are carried off to the King's Arms. But I keep the little mite as I'd saved, and just put it into my wife's arms; and away she flies with it, and never

a question to ask.

When I get home, after having helped Dick to stow the boat and the gear, I find a dozen neighbours all a-looking and talking of the poor ba'rn as was sleeping peacefully on Mollie's lap; and then, of course they want to know all about it; and as I don't know, I go off to see the

cap'n.

The wrecked ship was the *Evangeline* of Bristol, from Leith to London in ballast; and the poor chap as had jumped overboard was a passenger; but no one knew his name. He seemed a gentleman, but very poor, and had begged a passage from the kind-hearted skipper for himself and wife and baby; and it was his wife as had got drowned, and the baby as was at our cottage.

When I tell Mollie, she cries a bit, of course, as a woman will, and then sets to hugging the bit of a lassie, and vowing she'll be its mother; and nothing would make her think or say different. Well, the parson wrote to all the papers, trying to find out any relations; but none ever came, and

so we kept her.

The owners of the Evangeline behaved very handsome to us, giving each man of our crew a fiver; and Dick and I a watch apiece; and the Institution they vote me a medal for saving the little un. And they send one hundred pounds to parson for her, which he said he'd give to me and the missus when she was grown up, for our care on her. But we tell'd him straight we'd not touch a penny of it, for she was just like our own to us; and we called her 'Eva' after the ship she was took from. And now she's just the bonniest, cobbiest lass in the village; and she and Jack, my eldest lad, have made up their two minds to be spliced when the herring season's over; and she's having a new coble, and a beauty too, built for him out of her bit of brass; and t'rest of it's for a rainy-day. You'll hear her in t' choir at church on Sunday, and you'll see her, likely, when we land, for she's mighty fond of the beach and coming to meet me; and she can tell the Spindrift far enough.

There, sir, that's the yarn; and if you're willing, we'd better be running for home, as the tide has begun to make and the breeze seems like falling.

#### ANCIENT GREEK ART.

A modern Greek publication gives an interesting account, with a drawing, of a curious monument lately discovered at the Acropolis of Athens. This piece of very antique Greek art consists of a bronze relief, made up of two thin plates, each of which represents one side of the figure, and these two plates are fastened together with small nails, not rivets. The relief, which is not thick, is almost flat, and on one side there is the appearance of slight modelling, which, singularly enough, does not correspond with the other side. In fact, the working of this (the right) side is altogether superior to that of the other. On this side, too, traces are still to be seen of gold on the hair and garment. Probably the whole work was originally gilt, which, when first executed, had doubtless a beautiful and rich appearance. The figure is supposed to represent the goddess

Athene. The figure wears the peplus, or long robe worn by the women of Athens, and reaching nearly to the feet, and the chiton, or coat of mail, so commonly given to Minerva; but she has no helmet. This latter she may have carried in her left hand; but this part of the work is much damaged by rust. The gold-work which yet remains shows evident traces of the action of fire. The style and execution of this bronze relief are far superior to, and infinitely more natural than, any other of the large number of female figures by which it was surrounded when discovered.

Whilst on the subject of classical antiquities, we may draw attention to the addition lately made to the British Museum, consisting of a very fine large terra-cotta sarcophagus, having on its lid a beautiful life-sized figure of a reclining woman. Everything about this figure is coloured to life—the robing, the ornaments, the flesh, all coming out with striking reality. The date of this work is considered to be about two centuries B.C. It bears a close resemblance to the famed sarcophagus preserved in the city of Florence, which is of the same date, and is celebrated for its extreme beauty. The inscription, as published by the British Museum authorities, gives the names of the lady as 'Seianti Thanunia Tlesnasia.' The work is very ancient Italian, and being rare, is all the more interesting.

#### WEALTH UNTOLD.

By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

SEER your treasure, and you'll find It exists but in the mind.

Wealth is but the power that hires Blessings that the heart desires;

And if these are mine to hold Independently of gold,

And the gifts it can bestow,

I am richer than I know!

Rich am I if, when I pass 'Mid the daisies on the grass, Every daisy in my sight Seems a jewel of delight! Rich am I, if I can see Treasure in the flower and tree, And can hear 'mid forest leaves Music in the summer eves : If the lark that sings aloud On the fringes of the cloud, Scatters melodies around Fresh as raindrops on the ground; And I bless the happy bird For the joy it has conferred; If the tides upon the shore Chant me anthems evermore; And I feel in every mood That life is fair and God is good! I am rich if I possess Such a fund of happiness, And can find where'er I stray Humble blessings on the way, And deserve them ere they 're given By my gratitude to heaven.

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#### AN OCTOBER WALK.

THE lake I love is a homely level of water embosomed amid trees and content to mirror the sky, but it is the dearest in the world to me, for it is the shining face of a familiar friend. The curving path that leads me round its verge is a resting-place of which I never weary. Here I have pursued the silvan spring and loitered with languid summer; I have romped with the merry autumn gales, and fought many a rough and healthful battle with the keen north wind; and to-day I tread the path, carpeted with a prodigal wealth of fallen leaves-tenderly, because I love it; it is akin to me, for am I not also earth from the bosom of Mother Nature? Here I have followed the procession of the Seasons, feeling that I was the invisible ghost, and they the tangible reality; and I have tasted of Nature's secret elixir of life, finding in the precious draught an existence of joy vague and unexplainable, yet real and boundless as this brisk October wind.

Nature's ways—her revelations are endless; familiarity with her breeds no contempt, for she is ever the leader and the wonderful revealer; although she seems so near, she is for ever beyond our reach; as far as we are capable of going, she will lead us, but still above us there will shine virgin heights unscaled.

The secret of Nature's influence is—peace. I feel it the moment I open this little green gate which leads to the lake. The 'click' of its latch is a fairy talisman, changing the shoes in which I have come through the world's mire into rarer slippers of glass than ever Cinderella wore. No worldly dust can defile my feet here, for this is the silent home of pure tranquillity. I turn down past the yews, where, in the spring, a wren had her nest. I used to pull down the sombre screen of boughs that concealed the mossy structure, to observe the little brown creature, who sat on her eggs—in spite of my approach—with a trembling courage that amazed me. She would even let me touch her shrinking wing.

but she would not fly away; and one day, when I was over-persistent in my attempts to gauge the depths of her courage, she turned upon me a pathetic look that made me feel abashed; for I recognised in its timid appeal the mother's instinct, which brought me down to the level of the tiny wren, and made thenceforth her nest as sacred as my home to me.

Now the expanse of the lake lies before me, and my ears are greeted with the monotonous, creaking solo of the coots. The sun is glinting on their white under-feathers as they dive into the shining water; and they seem very busy, although somewhat shrewish to my mind, in the management of their household affairs.

Rustling grasses, swaying in the wind, gracefully fringe the brink of the lake; and the bulrushes stand stiff and aggressive among their warlike reeds, with blades grown somewhat rusty now that their fighting days are nearly over; and tall stalks of spotted hemlock are seen beside the seeding umbels of cow's-parsley among the sear and rustling sword-grass. The mellow sunshine seems to radiate from this group of horsechestnut trees, now resplendent in golden autumn tints, and dropping jagged nuts among the dewy grass; the wind, too, has a special delight in the radiant group, and tosses about the golden fans in a frolic, whirling them from the trees far along the russet path. Light and motion and beauty are visible here, and something more, for to me the horse-chestnut tree has always appealed as specially symbolic in Nature's language. The alphabet of an unknown or lost tongue is visible among the branches, for these are indented at intervals with the semblance of a tiny horseshoe, studded with nails of the mystical numbers five or seven; and these figures are again repeated in the finger-like points of every leaf. I wonder if the Druids knew it? To them, it would have been a sacred tree.

structure, to observe the little brown creature, who sat on her eggs—in spite of my approach—sunshine! The latter is high and clear, with with a trembling courage that amazed me. She would even let me touch her shrinking wing, out of the shade; but mellow autumn throws

a veil over the sun's face, so that man may gaze A weasel upon the splendour and yet live. crosses the path, arching its cruel neck. I can distinctly see its tusk-like teeth. It is hunting for rabbits; but, at my approach, it hides among the grass near the water, and I walk quickly past the lurking evil. A robin comes out of a rhododendron bush and hops quietly before me, pausing now and then to sing a little sibilant note of pleasure; and I follow his sober route gladly, for he is an old acquaintance. In this little arbour beneath the firs I have kept many a wintry tryst with him. The icicles hung then round the sloping eaves, the low red sun shining upon their fantastic forms, and the snow lay deep and crisp; but I brought my dole of crumbs regardless of the woful (unfulfilled) predictions of fireside folk; and now I am rewarded by this steady friendship with robin, of which I am so proud.

This aisle of brilliant beech and mottled elm is the loveliest part of my walk. The sudden sunshine strikes with a white radiance upon the silvery pillars of the beeches, and the bright copper hue of the leaves upon the overhanging branches is reflected far upon the rippling lake-a medium which does not quench but rather intensifies the glow. swan-surely the 'oldest inhabitant' here !- is floating in lonely majesty through the reflected autumn tints, a white speck upon the burnished mirror. The breeze is whirling the beechmast along the path before me; and skirmishing companies of brown crackling leaves are rustling away in wind-driven flight, emitting a whistling metallic sound as they flee. A squirrel comes tumbling along the sunlit way, like a ball of autumn leaves which has suddenly become possessed of life. Now there are two, chasing each other in a spiral progress up the trees with a curious gurgling sound like unctuous laughter. What a mad and rigmarole scamper! Now they glide up the smooth gray beeches, their tails being seemingly superfluous encumbrances; but, with a sudden spring, they turn them into wing-like balances, and disappear within the branching screen of an elm.

This windy whirl of hurrying clouds, of sudden sunshine, of scattered leaves and flashing squirrelflights, imparts to me a portion of the universal buoyancy of motion. I, too, participate in the brisk alacrity of this October day; for the wind has a note for me, and the sparkling water a smile. This is the place of my thoughts, the abode of the spirit of Nature, the path of moral and spiritual growth, the treasury of beneficent counsel. The temperate light of the sky, gleaming far above the swaying boughs, marks only the limit of the physical eye, for the soul that looks out of it owns no limitations; the spaces which it traverses are boundless, though still it abides within the veil of man's visible frame.

but bearing here and there a broad daub of orange or crimson amid the green clusters, as if Nature, like an artist, were groping for her key of autumnal colour. The path becomes mossy now, and broadens into an orchard-like beauty of gently sloping knolls, crowned with ancient hawthorns; and the lake, which is near its source, is almost hidden amid a tangled mass of water-weeds and grasses. A faint blue haze hangs before the distant upland trees, which seem to crouch together before the wind. The haws are ruddy on the almost leafless thorns, and many a nest, descrited now and sodden, is made visible. Here is one that belonged to a pair of chaffinches or 'shilfas,' snugly placed in the very heart of a bushy hawthorn. The blithest bird in Raith sang on these branches; he was always singing to cheer his patient mate within the nest, hidden then in a rosy cloud of hawthorn blossom.

Upon the sward beneath the hawthorns the dew still lingers, begemming with diamonds the scolloped leaves of the green ladies mantle, which grows here in great profusion; and amid the russet blaze of the bracken there twinkles a network of filmy gossamer. The azure harebell, the last of the flowers, trembles on the verge of the fern; and a few belated blossoms of the red-campion still flaunt their tawdry charms.

I have now reached the rustic bridge, beneath which wimples the nameless burn that feeds the lake. It is a tranquil little streamlet, not much given to indulge in stormy moods; but to-day it is brown and foam-flecked by recent heavy rains. I always pause to look down into the stream; and when the water is clear, if I take care that my shadow does not fall upon the shining surface, I can see the trouts gliding about, and the long black eels winding their slippery way among the stones at the bottom. This is a favourite haunt of the birds, which are 'tippeting' and flirting about the brink of the circums return. singing water.

But now I come to a sombre bit of my walk, where yews stand sentinel on either side, their gloom made more apparent by the gleaming waxen red of their green-stoned berries. In the leafy summer-time, I incline to despise these evergreens; but the robins and the starlings love them when the trees are bare; and the wind-harassed leaves find a quiet grave beneath their spreading boughs. I get a glimpse of the lake once more as I emerge from the shade and pursue my way past a grove of tall firs, whose heads are lost in a dusk obscurity. Here the nettles grow rank amid fallen cones and brown fir-needles; and from out the dim recesses a pheasant calls, while another rises almost at my feet, flying heavily away with a startled 'whir!' the lovely green lustre of its neck plainly visible.

Beneath some straggling rhododendrons, a semicircle of clammy fungi has sprung, forming the half of a 'fairy-ring.' One can fancy the dainty figures of the woodland elves seated beneath those grotesque umbrellas, their romantic reign marking an epoch in man's progress, when, having survived his first blind terror of Nature's primal forces, he sought to express, in the quaint forms Still I tollow with unwearied feet the silvan of fairies and other woodland spirits, the mystecurve of the lake, passing beneath stalwart oaks not yet at the zenith of their autumn splendour, slowly awakening within him.

Now I pass the thundering waters of the sluice which relieves the lake and sends the surplus flood to turn the miller's wheel; and I pause for a moment to gaze upon the wonderful tints of the beeches across the reflecting lake. I reach a veritable 'crooked corner' where two laburnums being intertwined in their pliant youth are dragging each other to a crabbed and certain doom. These are the victims of man's caprice, for Nature would scorn to perpetrate such a fraud upon beauty. I stoop my head, and hurrying past the unlovely sight, I come upon the pathetic remnant of a once graceful birch, now the prey of a wandering parasite, for the ivy's fatal beauty festoons the barren trunk, which, slanting far into the lake, seems to anticipate its grave. By its side a gaunt and piebald sister-birch droops forlorn branches; and a gnarled oak stretches one long, dying arm towards the rippling, living lake. Truly they form an enchanted group! They look like human beings transformed into this uncouth guise by some grimly humorous witch of yore.

But my leisure hour has almost fled, and I must hurry on between yews and hollies and lustrous rhododendrons, startling many a blackbird from its quest for food among the fallen leaves. I pass the rustic wooden house bearing the sign of two curling-stones, and familiar to the ardent lovers of the 'roaring game,' and now once more I reach the little gate. I open it, and turning, take a last look along the vistas of the trees. I close it again with a lingering touch. 'Shut, sesame!' I whisper, 'and guard my

boundless treasure!'

# RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER XLVIII .- A REPETITION.

ONE Sunday when Richard Cable was at home, after he and his children and mother had dined, he said: 'Now, my dears, we will all go out and walk together, and see the place where my new house shall stand with seven red windows.'

Then the little maids had their straw hats, trimmed with blue ribbons, put on, and their pinafores taken off, and they marched forth with their father on the road towards Rosscarrock. It was winter, but mild and warm; and the sun shone; red beech and oak leaves lay thick in the furrows and sides of the road, and under the ashtrees the way was strewn as with scraps of black string. The leaves had rotted, leaving the midribs bare. The starlings were about in droves, holding parliament, or church, or gossiping parties. The holly, grown to trees in the hedges and woods, was covered in the hedges with scarlet berries; but bare of fruit in the wood, where the shadow of the oaks and beech had interfered with the setting of the flower.

When Cable came to the coveted spot, whom should he see but Farmer Tregurtha! In fact, from his house, Tregurtha had heard the chattering of the little voices in the clear air, just like the chattering of the starlings, and some one had said

to him: 'Uncle Dick be coming along wi' all his maidens.' Then Tregurtha had walked across the fields to meet him.

Among the Cornish, any old man, or man past the middle age, is entitled Uncle. Now, Richard had not attained the middle point of life; but the St Kerian folk did not know his age, and thought him older than he really was, partly because he had so large a family, but chiefly because his trouble and his gloomy temper had given a look of age beyond his years.

Things had not gone well with Tregartha. He had been engaged in a long lawsuit with Farmer Hamlyn about a right of way, and had lost, it was whispered, several hundreds of pounds, because he was so obstinate that he carried his case by appeal from court to court. Cable knew this very well, and would not have been the Cable he

had become if unready to profit by it.

'Hulloh, uncle!' called Tregurtha. 'Glad to see you home again, and in the midst of your stars, as the sun among the seven planets.—Ah! folks always say that children bring luck, and a seventh maid is born with hands that scatter gold. Luck has hopped off my shoulders and lighted on yours.—Have you still a fancy for Summerleaze?'

'Where law is handled, luck leaks out,' answered Richard Cable. 'Come into the road, and we'll have a word together.' Then he bade the seven little girls hold hands and walk on beyond earshot.

They were some time together; but before they parted, Cable had agreed to purchase Summerleaze and to give for it a hundred and fifty pounds. Tregurtha was glad to get that price for it. Thus it was that the land became Cable's, and the first step was taken towards the fulfilment of his dream and the realisation of his ambitious scheme. But he was not yet prepared to build; for that he needed more money.

Once again he was at Bewdley, and he went there with the determination of seeing Josephine, without allowing her to see him; but when he was there, some indistinct feeling held him back, and he went away without having caught sight of her; but he had made inquiries concerning her of his landlady, Mrs Stokes, without appearing to interest himself especially about her. No sooner was he away, with his face turned homewards, than he regretted his lack of courage, and made a fresh resolve to see her.

And now that he was possessed of land, he became more eager after money and more adventurous in his speculations. He was never at rest. He denied himself the supreme pleasure life had for him—the pleasure of being at home with his children. He travelled over the north of Cornwall, from Bodmin and Camelford to Stratton, and through the poor land from the Tamar to Holsworthy and Hatherleigh, buying stock and sending it off. He purchased all the calves he could in the dairy country and sold

them to the stock-rearing farmers, and the money was never idle in his pocket; he turned it and turned it, and it multiplied in his hands.

Then Cable went to Mr Spry, the mason, and dered him to build the house. 'I will have ordered him to build the house. 'I will have it a long house,' he said. 'The ground rises so sharp behind, that it cannot be more than one room deep, and so I will have seven red windows up-stairs—three on one side and three on the other, and two below to right and two to left and two shams, and over the door in the middle a window. That will make seven windows in the front up-stairs and four below; and on one side of the door shall be the dwelling part for me and my children; and on the other side of the door shall be the kitchen and back-kitchen; and there shall be a great sort of lobby and hall in the middle, where the children can romp of a rainy day; and because the land falls away so rapidly in front, there must be a flight of stone

steps up to the main entrance. When this was settled, away went Richard Cable again, and now he went to Bewdley, and as he travelled he thought: 'I should like her to see my land and my house that I am building, and how I am going to make myself a gentleman and all my maidens to be ladies, with no help from her, all out of my own work with my head and hands.'

In this frame of mind he arrived at Bewdley, but without having come to a decision whether he would see her or not. Perhaps, some day, when Red Windows was finished, he would have a large photograph taken of it, with the colours put in, green for the trees, and red for the windows, and send it to her by post. When she saw the picture and read under it, 'Red Windows, the property of Mr Richard Cable,' then she would learn how great and rich a man he had become, and how he throve when separated from her.

He was at the Bewdley tavern again, and he looked at Mary Stokes, and told her mother that the girl was growing into a fine little woman. 'Down in the west where I am,' said he, 'there are no girls, only maidens. If you speak of a girl, they either don't know what you mean, or think you mean something insulting. I suppose, now, in a little while you'll be thinking of getting Mary a situation in the great house? What will she take to?—housemaids' work or the kitchen? The nursery is out of the question, where a baby's voice has not been heard for over half a century.

Mrs Stokes shook her head. 'No, Mr Cable,

my little girl don't go there.'
But why not? You're a tenant under the lady.

"I shouldn't wish it,' said Mrs Stokes mysteriously. 'I don't mind saying as much to you, as you're a stranger, and can't or wouldn't hurt me with Mr Vickary or the old lady—but, I can't afford to send my Mary there.'

'Can't afford! Is it like an appointment in the can't afford !

the army, more cost than gain?'
Mrs Stokes again shook her head. 'You see, Mr Cable, things in that house ain't as they ought to be; and I wouldn't have my child there not for a score of pounds. The old lady, she's good and innocent, and thinks she'll make all the world about her into Christians; but,

Mr Cable, that house is not a Christian household outside of her sitting-room.'

'What do you mean?' asked Richard, uneasily

working on his chair.

'I don't mind saying it before you, because you're a stranger, and wouldn't hurt a fly, let alone me; but Mr Vickary is a bad lot, and he leads the old madam by the nose. Bless you! if it was only picking and stealing, I'd shut my mouth and say nothing, for what is riches given to some for, but that those who haven't may help themselves out of their abundance! But'—she began to scrub the table—'there be things go on there, or is said to go on, that would make decent mothers shy of sending their servants into that house.'

Richard's face became red as blood, and his hair bristled on his head. If Mrs Stokes had looked at him instead of looking at the table she was scouring, she would have been startled

by his face.
'Why, Mr Cable, when you come to think of it, it is wonderful what a lot of evil is done in the world by them as intend to do good—I do in truth believe, more than by the out-and-out wicked ones. And I take it the reason is, your well-intending people begin their bettering of others by taking leave of common-sense them-selves.—There comes Mr Polkinghorn; don't say nothing of all this to him.'

'How do you do, Mr Cable? How are we, Mrs Stokes?' asked the pleasant footman entering, rubbing his hands. 'A little frosty to-night. I shall be glad of brandy-and-water hot, please, and sugar.—How go the calves in the van, sir, and the kids at home?

'And how is my namesake, Mr Polkinghorn?'

'Oh, the lovely Cable!' He shrugged his coulders. 'I don't think she'll be much longer shoulders. with us.'

'What-dying?' The colour deserted Richard's brow.

O dear, no! Very far from that—a little too much alive, that is all.

'I do not take your meaning, Mr Polking-

horn.

'I have a tendency to cloudiness,' answered the flunky. 'I have generally been thought a wag.—Thank you, Mrs Stokes. This is real cognac, I hope, and the water boiling?' Having been satisfied on this score, Mr Polkinghorn poured himself out a stiff glass. 'The coldition is the attendal Mr Cohle's he carried. The cold settles in the stomach, Mr Cable,' he explained.

What about my namesake? again asked Richard, whose face was serious, and who sat with his hand to his head, looking across the

table at the footman.

'Oh, as to Miss C .- we'll use initials, and that obviates the chance of giving offence-she's a

high-flyer.

She is proud and disdainful, you mean?

'That she is. But that is not what I allude to.' He took a pipe and filled it with tobacco. 'You see, my dear sir, we've had our captain staying with us.'
'Who is your captain?'
'The old woman's nephew, Captain Sellwood.'

Cable's fingers twitched; the nails went into his brow.

'I don't myself give credence to all I hear;

but there's a talk that the lovely C. is setting her cap at the captain. That's a pun, you will understand.'

Cable did not laugh.

The flunky explained: 'I'm a joker.—I don't pretend to say where fact ends and fiction begins,' Mr Polkinghorn went on to say, 'because what I have heard has come from the lips of old V., and old Mr V. can colour matters to suit himself, just as a blancmange can be made pink with a drop of cochineal; or, if you prefer another similitude, he can flavour his facts to his taste, as you can any pudding with ratafia or vanilla. There must be something to go upon, or you can't colour or flavour at all. That stands to reason.—Are you particularly interested in Miss Cable?'

'She bears my name,' said Richard sternly.
'Ah, quite so! I understand the feeling. I myself could not endure the thought of a Polkinghorn doing a dirty act; but—I don't believe a Polkinghorn could so demean himself—the name would hold him up.'

'What is the fact, coloured or clear?'

'Oh, I can't say. V. will have it that Miss C. has been carrying it on with the captain, and there has been a rumpus accordingly; and the old woman has had to interfere, and—I do not believe that she will let the beautiful and fascinating C. remain much longer with us—that is what V. says; but V. has never taken warmly to the C.; she has been short with him.'

Then Cable stood up, and without another word, went out of the inn—he went out, forgetful that he had not his hat upon his head, and he walked hastily in the direction of Bewdley

Manor.

How wonderful is man's life! It turns about like a wheel, and he does those things to-day which he did some time agone. But no—not those things exactly. They differ in particulars, but in direction they are the same. His life moves in spirals, ever reverting to where it ran before, but never quite going over the same ground. On one memorable evening Josephine had been in Brentwood Hall, and Richard had run to bring her thence, hatless, coatless, breathless. Now he went, by night, to another great house, also through a park, hatless, breathless, but not on this occasion coatless—there was the difference. On that former occasion, Josephine was the most honoured guest in the great house; now she was the least esteemed servant in this great house.

For many thousands of years men believed that storms blew over their heads, tearing up trees, unroofing houses, flashing with electric bolts, pursuing a direct course. They held that storms never swerved to one side or the other till they had expended their violence. Now we are told that no storm travels thus—they all move in a rotary course; they whirl across the earth and sea like aërial spinning-tops. We have supposed, and we still suppose, that men go straight courses from birth to death; but is it so? Is not the spirit of man a blast of the Great Spirit that sweeps along through life in a succession of revolutions? Do we not find, when we look back at our own past history, that we do again and yet again the same things—that again and yet again we drive in the same direc-

tion one day, and in the opposite on the morrow. I myself, when I shut my eyes and hold my face in my hands, can hear the spirit within me whirling and humming, and eager to sweep me away into some folly that I committed a few months ago, and vowed then I would never commit again.

We think the same thoughts, as we speak the same words, and, alas, tell the same old stories, and crack the same old jokes, day after day, in our little tectoum spin. What an amount of impetus there is in our movement; what a whir, what a hum we make!—but what a little movement forward in the straight line there is for the vast amount of rotary hurry and noise. On this evening, Richard Cable was doing very much the same thing he had done on another evening, the memory of which still scorched his brain; and he was doing that which he had resolved never to do again. He did it with a difference. We all do our little rounds with a difference. He went this time with his coat on his back; but he was as hot, and as agitated, and as breathless as before.

See what an advance the man had made! He went in his coat; though, I grant, he went this time in his coat chiefly because he had his coat on his back when the impulse started him to go. Still this was an advance, a distinct advance.

Richard Cable stood still when he came to the house. He tried to collect his thoughts and resolve what to do. But the dog in the backyard began to bark furiously, and its bark distracted him; he could not gather his ideas. He knew that Josephine was in a place which she could not remain in without some taint adhering to her. She was under the same roof with the man who had loved her and had proposed to her; a man of her own class, a man whom she had known for long. Richard put from him at once the thought that she was, what the footman said, consciously 'making up to' the captain; but he was by no means sure that unconsciously she might be drawn towards him.

On that other evening when he had run to Brentwood, he had been unable to gather his thoughts; but he had seen clearly one thing—that his wife ought to be with him in his great trouble; so now, his mind was confused, yet one idea shone out clear through the fog of thoughts—that his wife must not be allowed to remain another night in Bewdley Manor. On that other evening, he thought of himself; on this, he thought of her. Then, he it was who needed a stay; now, it was not he, but she. So, with this one idea fixed in his mind, with his ears full of the noise of the dog barking, and with the throb of the blood in the pulses in his ears, he went into the house. But how he encountered the butler, and where and how he made known what he needed, and how he was brought up-stairs and confronted with Josephine and Miss Otterbourne in the great state drawing-room, that he never was able to remember distinctly. He saw everything about him through a haze, as though smoke were rising, or the carpet steamed like a ploughed field in the morning sun. He saw his wife, but she seemed to him as afar off—as if he saw her through a glass. He made no effort to collect his thoughts; he formed no resolution as to the course he would pursue, but he said: 'I have come for my wife. Give her up to me. This is no place for her. I insist on her coming with me—at once—wherever I choose to take her.'

Then Josephine said: 'Richard—I will follow you wherever you go.'

#### ON SOME DISCREDITED NOTES.

STRANDED by the waves of chance on the pages of the scrap-book now before us are a few documents, each once possessing certain value, though now quite worthless, and each telling a very different story from its neighbours. The earliest in date is a bill of exchange, granted at St Helena on the 31st of August 1801, while yet that island was unknown to fame. It is in manuscript, and is addressed, 'To the Honourable the Court of Directors for Affairs of the United East India Company, London; these 'Honourable Sirs' being requested to pay the sum of fifty pounds to the order of the person named in the bill, for the like sum this day paid into your Treasury here.' The paper is clean and in excellent preservation; the writing, including the signatures of the drawers-F. Robson, W. W. Doveton, and James Curtis (?)—as clear as on the day it was written; but all the parties to the transaction, the once powerful East India Company not excepted, 'have had their day and ceased to be.' And the island of St Helena itself, becoming fourteen years later the cynosure of all the eyes of Europe, and remaining for six years more a constant worry to the British anthorities, has again retired into its original obscurity. Much has happened since this prosaic piece of paper came slowly Londonwards in some old East Indiaman.

Most curious is the history attached to the document which we now examine. It is a duly engraved bank-note, issued more than sixty years ago from the works of W. H. Lizars, an Edinburgh engraver. But the name of the bank and the coinage of the note are equally strange to Scotland and to Britain. This note is dated from 'St Joseph;' and it asserts that 'On demand, or three months after sight, in the option of the government of Poyais, One Hard Dollar will be paid to the bearer at the Bank Office here'— 'here' being the above St Joseph. The signatures of the manager and accountant are not given, because this bank-note has never been in circulation, and consequently its blanks have never been filled up. But in two places it bears the legend Bank of Poyais; 'it is embellished with a coat-of-arms, doubly supported by a brace of Red Indians and of unicorns; and down in the left-hand corner stands the announcement, By order of His Highness Gregor, Cacique of Poyais. Strange medley of names! Edinburgh and St Joseph, bank-notes and caciques, suggestions of the ancient Caribs and Rob Royall curiously intermingled. How many modern maps will show us the whereabouts of Poyais, and who shall declare the generation of His Highness Gregor?

One may have never heard of this personage, or of his kingdom either, and yet not be very

ignorant. The position of both, however, is sufficiently explained by Anderson in his Scottish Nation, who tells us how 'an adventurer of this name, Sir Gregor Macgregor, at one time rendered himself remarkable by his exploits in South America, and particularly by his obtaining the sovereign sway in Poyais, a fertile tract of land on the Mosquito Shore, near the Bay of Honduras, with a capital of the same name. He was originally an officer in the British army, and served with distinction in Spain. In 1816 he was very active in the Venezuelan revolution; and in 1817 he took possession of Amelia Island, on the coast of Florida, then belonging to Spain. In 1819 he attacked Puerto Bello, which he captured, but was soon after surprised in his bed, and obliged to escape out of a window. Some years subsequently he settled among the Poyais, a warlike race of Indians, who had maintained their independence, and having gained their confidence, he was chosen by them their cacique. In this capacity he encouraged commerce, founded schools, &c. In 1824, as cacique of Poyais, he procured a loan in London from respectable houses.' And no doubt both interest and principal were duly paid to these respectable houses—in the currency of Poyais

It further appears that a book of considerable size, 'chiefly intended for the use of settlers,' was written on the subject of this Poyais colonisation scheme by Thomas Strangeways, K.G.C.(?), Captain 1st Native Poyer Regiment, and Aide-decamp to His Highness Gregor, Cacique of Poyais. This book, published by Blackwood of Edinburgh in 1822, is entitled a Sketch of the Mosquito Shore, including the Territory of Poyais; and it really gives much information with regard to that country, its people, and its products. The suitableness of the place as a residence for Europeans, and its capabilities in the way of commerce and agriculture, are dwelt upon by the writer in glowing terms. Nor are his statements without foundation. This Mosquito Territory—in spite of its repellent name—is regarded as one of the healthiest and most productive portions of Central America; and that the founders of Poyais had considered their scheme fully may be seen from Captain Strangeways' reference to the opening a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans,' with regard to which he says: 'The practicability of such a measure has never been doubted.' Moreover, although the Highland gentleman with the high-sounding title was doubtless swayed to some extent by vain and ambitious motives, he really had the good of his would-be-kingdom at heart. 'The proclamation,' says Strangeways, 'which was addressed to the inhabit-ants of Poyais by His Highness the Cacique, on leaving that country (dated at Rio Seco the 13th of April 1821), states that His Highness's present visit to Europe is for the purpose of procuring religious and moral instructors, the implements of husbandry, and persons to guide and assist in the cultivation of the soil; and it very particularly mentions that no person but the honest and industrious shall find an asylum in the Territory.' After all, one has no right to assume that the London bankers did not receive payment in full of their advances to the ruler of Poyais; at anyrate, it is quite evident that if he failed to keep his word with them, it was because his

hopeful scheme had failed also. To us, who like to live beneath the flutter of the Union-jack, it seems a matter for regret that this and other attempts at British colonisation in that part of the Isthmus have signally failed.

As notable an attempt as Macgregor's was that of another Scottish adventurer, the famous filibuster Walker, who, thirty years later, tried to civilise Nicaragua proper by force of arms. He, however, aimed at a democratic form of government; and had he acknowledged any superior 'protectorate,' it would have been that of the United States. But all such schemes have quite miscarried; and both of these territories are now under the sway of the native Nicaraguan Republic.

From the consideration of these modern adventures on the Spanish Main, we turn now to matters of a less fanciful order. This worn and tattered guinea-note of 'The Falkirk Union Bank' belongs, since it is dated 1820, to the period of the Poyais settlement; but it does not appeal much to the imagination. One may suppose it to have figured often at the great 'Falkirk Tryst,' as forming part of the purchase-money of a drove of Cheviots or of 'Highland stots,' and as such, to have passed again and again through the horny hands of farmers clinching their bargain over the customary 'gill.' Yet it is not wholly devoid of poetry; for, intertwined along its margin, and again forming a graceful centre-piece in the design, are the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock, with the motto, 'Tria juncta in uno.'

There must be many Americans who still possess specimens of Confederate money, and probably are thus unpleasantly reminded of financial loss. To those, however, who have no such associations, a five-dollar bill, such as the one now under examination, is an interesting relic of the momentous civil war. It is dated 'Richmond, Va., September 2, 1861,' and it promises that 'Six months after the ratification of a treaty of peace. between the Confederate States and the United States, the Confederate States of America will pay five dollars' to the bearer of the note. Alas for the hopes of the South! The nearest approach to such a treaty was the surrender at Appomattox Court-house, after which the Confederate States no longer existed. Yet this paper of unfulfilled promises and humbled pride has more of pathos in it than of any meaner feeling. No unpre-judiced man can regret the outcome of the great American war; and yet one may be permitted a sigh over 'the lost cause,' if for no other reason than that it was a lost cause. Success has always a touch of the cruel in it; and if the Confederates had been victors instead of vanquished, such sympathy as may yet be bestowed upon their memory might not have been forthcoming in the day of their strength. But, as things have turned out, one thinks of the South not as a league of slaveholders and politicians, but rather as a nation of gallant men fighting sternly against ever in-creasing odds, and dying hard with their faces to the foe. Above all, one remembers their great leader, the most heroic figure in all that struggle, and the skilful and prolonged resistance which he made up to the very last. It could not have been a wholly bad cause that was upheld by such men as Lee and Jackson, who must ever be regarded as examples of the very finest type of nineteenth- world where one can be so easily lost as in a track-

century Americans. So that even this financially worthless memento of the short-lived Confederacy possesses still a certain value of its own, since it awakens the memory of an heroic era.

#### THE JULLABAD TRAGEDY.

CHAPTER IV .- THE SAD SEA

I WALKED out of the room amid profound silence. As I went through the door, I half turned, and saw the colonel wiping the wine from his face with his pocket-handkerchief. I knew at once the consequence of my insane act. The occasion, likewise, was the worst possible one upon which it could have happened. An outrage like that, committed in the face of the station, could not be condoned or mitigated. My career was at an

I was on my way to my quarters, when an idea, fitting enough to the frame of mind in which I then was, took possession of me: could it be the case that Mrs Humby was hiding in the jungle? It was possible enough, and quite certain that, if so, she would never live to see the sun rise. I looked quickly back, expecting to see the adjutant following to place me under arrest. I saw no one; and without an instant's further thought, proceeded to devote my last few hours of personal liberty to the forlorn hope of discovering. Mrs Humby. Instead of going on to my quarters, therefore, I made by the shortest way to the skirts of the jungle. I have always felt a sensation of awe in looking on an Indian jungle at night, so many agencies of death are silently moving about in its shadows! It may be easily realised what effect was wrought upon me by thinking of this poor fugitive crouching in some thicket there, trembling at every movement of leaf or bramble as the signal of an awful fate. It drove me almost mad; and forgetful of that fear of an Indian jungle which had always been to me a peculiar terror, I plunged into the darkness and began to call aloud her name.

Many a beast of prey I scared from its ambush; the unwonted disturbance of the silence at intervals created a weird hubbub, when I startled a brood of peafowl from their roost, or alarmed a family of monkeys into a state of hideous screaming and chattering excitement. My flesh was lacerated with thorns and brambles, my dress torn to rags, and my voice in time grew faint with vain calling out of her name. At last I dropped to the ground from exhaustion, and the interval brought me time to think. This wild enterprise was worse than useless. If she had fled to the jungle last night, she was dead, or lost, before now. Such searching as this was vain; and with the foolish wish—springing from my impotency to save her on the one hand, and the impending anxieties of my own circumstances on the other—that I were myself dead along with her, came the sudden revelation that I might not in reality be far from a similar fate.

I had been several hours in the jungle, and I could discern through the trees the approach of day. Morbid as my feelings were, a cold sensation crept over me when I began to realise my situa-tion. Where was I? There is no place in the

less eastern jungle. I recalled to mind a certain morning, more than a year before, when I had been through the jungle shooting wildfowl, and discovered, about nine o'clock, when I thought of getting back to breakfast, that I did not know which way to go. At first, I was amused by the adventure; but when, after hours of fruitless effort to discover a landmark which might guide me, I was forced to sit down—as I did now—and consider my situation, my sensations took an entirely different character. I had nothing with me to eat or drink, and I remembered how forcibly the nature of my dilemma was brought home to me by the nervous crouching of my poor dogs at my feet. Every yard I moved they crept close at my heels, as though fearful of losing me. When I climbed a tree from time to time, to try and discover over the dark sea of jungle some guiding landmark, the poor animals watched me from below, uttering low plaintive whines. When, at other times, I halted in my weary tramp, at a loss which way to turn, the anxious, inquiring look of their upturned eyes I shall never forget. It was seven o'clock in the evening before I got out of the jungle, and I need hardly add that my escape was due entirely to chance. I had to keep my bed for three days afterwards.

I had been much longer in the jungle this night, and consequently must be now much further lost than had previously been the case. I had, however, one circumstance in my favour on this occasion, such as it was—the dawning day suggested my geographical bearings, and I knew of course that the jungle lay to the south-east of the station. On the first occasion, the sky was cloudy, and the sun wholly undiscernible through the tangled branches overhead; so I had now one point in my favour, but two against me. I was worn out with fatigue and excitement, and I had no means of discovering from what direction

I had come, or what distance. I will not dwell further on this part of my narrative. It was noon when I got back to the station-a sight I was to create astonishment!and I had not really penetrated more than a mile into the jungle all the night. I suppose I had been going in a circle the whole time, as lost men

are said to do. I threw off my tattered mess uniform, and replacing it with a suit of khaki, I flung myself on my bed. I was weary and thirsty. My bed offered me rest; my servant brought me drink; but neither availed me. I lay for more than an hour, completely broken down and wretched, before any one came near me. Of course I was expecting a visit from the adjutant—who, my servant told me (and as, indeed, I had only expected), had been there already early in the morning—and the clanking of a sword in the veranda outside soon announced his arrival. halted in the middle of the room, and regarded me a moment with interest, without speaking. I pointed to my sword, lying on a chair in a corner, and said: 'There it is, Clinton; I know that I have finished with it now.

But instead of going through the form of placing me under arrest, the adjutant came over and sat on the side of my bed. 'I say, Charlie,' he observed, 'you have been making rather a mess of it. Where have you been all night?'

'Never mind, Clinton; it isn't of the least

consequence-I suppose I am to regard myself as

a prisoner?'
'Well, no; it isn't so bad as that, old fellow. It's bad enough, though. What possessed you last night to go on like that? And you don't drink. However, it was fearfully unlucky all those men were there. Were it not for that, I believebetween you and me-the colonel would let it pass.

'What!' I cried in astonishment. 'An act like

that—at the mess-table?

'Even so, Charlie. He was wrong himself, and he didn't take into account your-Well, we all know how deeply interested you were about poor Mrs Humby. But happening the way it

did, you know, he can't pass it over.'
'Yet you don't place me under arrest, Clinton?'
'No, not that. But—we are every man of us heartily sorry, you may be sure-you will have to send in your papers. I know the colonel will have some trouble in arranging it for you, but he will do it. You will have to act at once.

This was my sentence. It was milder than I had expected, but was practically the same thing. Instead of being cashiered by the sentence of a court-martial, I was allowed to cashier myself. Yet in the service there is a difference between the two things; and I could not but acknowledge the colonel's undeserved leniency. I knew well enough that it would cost him something to carry this matter in my favour against the force of official martinets of the staff, several of whom were present when I flung the wine in his face

and used to him that language.
'It is very good of the colonel, Clinton,' I said, after thinking it over. 'I have not deserved his leniency. I know I behaved outrageously; but I could not have helped it—Convey my thanks to him, will you?—And now,' I added, turning out, 'I may as well do what is necessary. It comes to the same thing for me, Clinton, in the end, doesn't

'Nonsense, Charlie; you know it doesn't.'
I shook my head, for I knew that it did. I had a lively grasp of my situation now. Clinton instructed me what to do; and sitting down at my writing-table, I went through that form known in the service as 'sending in your papers,' that is, requesting permission to resign your commission. Along with this, I sent in an applica-tion for leave to return to England pending retire-ment from the service. As I signed these papers and handed them to the adjutant, my career as a soldier was practically terminated. It was necessary that I should leave the regiment at the earliest possible moment; and to facilitate this the telegraph would, as a matter of course, be called into service. Accordingly, I might now set about the work of packing up my traps for

England.

It is depressing enough to a young man to be suddenly deprived of a career which he has learned to love; but this was the least of my troubles at the moment. I doubted whether I had money enough to pay my expenses to England; yet this did not much concern me. I was

oppressed by other and heavier anxieties.
Clinton: I asked, as I gave him the papers,
has anything been heard of Mrs Humby to-

"Not a word," was the answer. 'All that was

possible has been done to discover a trace of her, but in vain.

Does the policeman know nothing—the man

who was on duty at her door?' 'Oh, the fellow was asleep. It was then that she disappeared. People begin to adopt Lady

O'Reilly's conviction on the matter as the most probable solution of her disappearance-indeed, the only one.'

'What does Lady O'Reilly say?' I asked

eagerly. That the poor thing's brain became affected by the terrible anxiety of her situation, and that she wandered into the jungle. It certainly is awful to think of, Everest. Yet what else could have become of her?

What else! In that Indian station, knowing circumstances as they did, this was the only conclusion that was open to them! She had wandered into the jungle—her diseased brain lured by the promise of safety which its shadow held out to her terrors—and there met her fate. Some day, a native, tending the village cattle among its obscure paths, would find and carry to the bazaar a fragment of her dress. That would be all.

I will not dwell longer upon this dark ending to the tragedy. I dwelt upon it those days until I had sunk into a morbid gloom from which nothing could rouse me. I made my preparations for departure, and remained in the precincts of my own quarters—having my meals brought to me from the mess—until the last day of my sojourn in Jullabad. I made my round of farewell calls with a heavy heart, and was disappointed to the verge of grief by discovering, when I came to say good-bye to her, that Lady O'Reilly had left Jullabad. She was gone to Europe, a week or more. The kind word and kind look of that truest and loveliest of women, which I had hoped to take away with me as my only comfort from this dark empire, I was obliged to go without.

It was not until I had got on board the mailsteamer at Bombay and we began to recede from the dark shores, that I was able to turn my mind to the future. With the last sight of the inland hills, I went below and lay down to think. I opened the book of the future, and tried to face the task. It was a hard one. A delicate mother and sister depended mainly on my help for their support; and now my profession—to prepare me for which my mother had practised hard economies which she and Agnes could ill affordwas gone for life. I must seek something else. I must take measure of my qualifications, and push into the struggling crowd of seekers with all my strength; but alas, I might have to wait long and bear many disappointments, and what should they do in the meantime?

For the first three days I was too ill to come on deck, and lay in the stifling solitude of my cabin, except for an hour or so in the middle of the cool night. On the evening of the third day I felt better, and went up about ten o'clock. I had no idea up to this time how many passengers were on board, and I saw only some dozen or so lounging about the deck now. There was no moon; but the stars lit up the ocean with a

the vessel, observing the phosphorescent roll the water, and passively enjoying the quiet coolness, troubled with no thoughts of this life, as is always the case when one is caught by the influence of nature on sea or shore, when one of the last things I would have dreamed of on that calm luminous Indian Ocean happened to me. A hand lightly touched my arm, and turning round, I beheld Lady O'Reilly!

'I thought it was you, Mr Everest,' she said.
'Have you been ill?'

'Only seasick.—But I thought you were almost in England by this time, Lady O'Reilly. I needn't say I am glad to meet you on this steamer, for it was a keen disappointment to me when I went to say good-bye and was told that

you were gone.'

She put her hand on my arm, and I walked along the deck with her. I longed with a morbid craving to talk about Mrs Humby's fate; but Lady O'Reilly avoided the subject; and after two or three attempts, I recollected myself, and returned to it no more. Was it a topic fitting to ask her to dwell upon? And the painful shock to her generous womanly faith which Mrs Humby's flight must have caused was in itself reason enough why I should avoid bringing the hapless woman's fate into our conversation. But suffering is selfish; it was an effort to me to think or talk of anything else.

So Mrs Humby was left in the past. In had no interest in the present, and the future was too dark to dwell upon. Cheerful words Lady O'Reilly did address to me with all the warm sympathetic kindness of her heart; but they awoke no response in me. I soon began even to feel ill and faint, and stammered a confused

apology.

'You are ill, Mr Everest. You must lie down, and send for the doctor.' As she spoke, I dropped on a seat, and after looking at me a few seconds, Lady O'Reilly placed her cool hand on my fore-head. 'My poor boy,' she said, 'you have fever. Go to your cabin at once; I will send the doctor

to you.' Staggering somehow down the companion way, I succeeded in reaching my cabin, and flung my self on my bed. The gradual operation of causes long working had come to a sudden climax, and I felt prostrated like one having the heavy hand of death upon him. This was the night of the third day out from Bombay; and it was not until we had passed Gibraltar, and were steaming along in sight of the sunny Portuguese coast, that the consciousness of life again returned to me. The awakening was very gradual. I think I must have been forty-eight hours emerging slowly from the shadow of delirium. The first conscious impression was that of very low, sweet humming behind the curtain which shaded the head of my berth. I felt no interest save that of tranquil pleasure; nor was I surprised when I discovered my companion to be an ayah, as, after a while, she rose, and drawing the white cheddar over her head, gave me some medicine. The woman was evidently not aware that the delirium had passed away, and her small dusky hand was very ight and cool when from time to time she laid it gently on my forehead.

faint shimmer, which was pleasant and restful All the night she remained with me. Some-after the glare of the day. I hung over the side times I slept, but as often as I awoke, my

watchful nurse was ready to minister to my wants. She was a young woman—an attendant upon some lady passenger—and so silent and gentle and attentive, that no white-faced Sister of Mercy could awaken a more grateful glow of homage in a patient's bosom than that which I felt warming mine towards this Indian nurse. She deserved it; if her skin was dark, her spirit was that of a ministering angel of light.

In the morning, the doctor came, addressed a few questions to the ayah, and appeared much satisfied with his examination of my condition. An hour or so later, Lady O'Reilly came. I was sensible of lack of strength to speak, and therefore made no sign for the present of being so much better; but Lady O'Reilly whispered in Hindustani with the woman for a few minutes,

and then sent her away.

Will it be credited that this noblest of women took her ayah's place as my nurse, and had, as I inferred, been doing so all along? I could hardly credit it myself. But as hours passed, and she sat by my berth reading or sewing, rising at frequent intervals to attend to my wants, I realised it with an access of emotion which overpowered me at last. Her surprise was great when, on withdrawing her hand from my brow, I interrupted the action and gratefully pressed it to my lips. I could not speak; I struggled to do so; and then she placed her fingers again to my lips and with a bright smile forbade me. 'Not a word now—not a word!' she gently admonished. 'You must be a man again, when you see your mother. I am responsible for you, and my orders must be obeyed!'

She withdrew behind the curtain to the ayah's seat, and I closed my eyes and slept for several hours. When I awoke, the ayah was there again—I heard them whispering—but it was Lady O'Reilly who came to me. I felt so strengthened now, that I insisted on pouring my thanks at her

feet.

'I don't really deserve one-fourth of your thanks,' was her answer. 'You must give them

to ayah, not to me.'

I had not forgotten the ayah. But I thought it strange that when I wanted to thank her too, she shrank still farther back from my sight behind the curtain.

'At least, ayah,' I said, addressing my invisible nurse, 'when we reach England, I will give you a mark of my gratitude to carry back with you.'

'Ayah would be proud of some Regent Street bangles,' observed Lady O'Reilly with a smile.

'She shall have the handsomest I can get!' I inswered.

'Very well. Ayah will remember your promise, Mr Everest.—And now,' she added, 'I have some home-news for you; but until the doctor autho-

rises me, I cannot let you have it.'

Home-news? The announcement struck me rather sadly. I had written to my poor dear mother the mail before I left India, breaking the news of my misfortune to her as gently as I could. Knowing what it meant to her and my sister, how could I look for comfort in a message from them? Forgiveness I should have, and abundant love; but ah, so much the harder would the message be to bear!

"The letters met us at Malta,' Lady O'Reilly 'ill-tempered.' We talk of 'venting the spleen, explained.—'Now I will bring the doctor to see 'a man of that kidney,' a keen eye for business,

you; and if he gives permission, you shall have them.—Your mother, I may say, will meet us at Gravesend; and I am going to stay a week or two with you myself—until I leave you quite well.' So saying, she left the cabin.

All this was very mystifying to me, and I could only shut my eyes, and try not to think at all

until she came back with the doctor.

Lady O'Reilly was some time longer than I expected. While waiting for her return, full of impatience to obtain that home-news which had been announced to me with such puzzling explanations, I was struck with a sense of ungraciousness towards my silent nurse. 'Ayah,' I said, 'come here.'

She appeared to hesitate, but presently rose. Her face was not a matter of interest to me, and if it had been, it was impossible to see it; her back, as she stood before me, was to the light, and the cheddar hung low over her forehead. She 'salaamed' to me with that graceful movement of hand and body peculiar to Indian women, and stood, with her hands folded on her bosom, silently waiting my pleasure.

silently waiting my pleasure.
'Ayah,' I said in Hindustani, 'I am very grateful to you for your services. Only for you and Mem-Sahib, I should have died. My mother will

thank you for me when she sees you.'

The ayah bent her slight figure, and again placed her open hand to her forehead in acknowledgment of my words. Then she drew back, to resume her place behind the curtain; but before she did so, I could not resist—nor, indeed, did I try to resist—the impulse to catch her small dark hand in mine and put it to my lips. She took it away with a startled flutter, and quickly retreated to her place. Then the doctor came; and I got my letters, which brought news indeed of a kind fitted for a convalescent to read.

#### PHYSIOLOGICAL METAPHORS.

LANGUAGE from one point of view may be regarded as fossilised thought. Just as in the strata of the rocks are found remnants of extinct genera and species, so, in our every-day language, words and expressions survive still bearing the almost obliterated traces of ancient and halfforgotten theories. Each record is silent to the untrained eye, but eloquent with meaning to those who have learned to read it aright. In our most logical moods we still employ expressions which imply belief in long-exploded hypotheses. In our calmest moments we use metaphors and similes once instinct with passion, but now part and parcel of the common coin of current thought. We speak of an army being smitten by 'disastrous panic' without reflecting that our epithet implies belief in astrology, or that our substantive indicates faith in the existence of the god Pan. We describe a man as 'jovial' or 'mercurial' in disposition without any conscious reference either to Jupiter or Mercury

But perhaps the most remarkable series of latent metaphors in our language are those of the physiological type which contain references to the organs and functions of the human body. Few words are more frequently on our lips than 'warm-hearted,' 'cool-headed,' 'good-humoured,' 'ill-tempered.' We talk of 'venting the spleen,' a man of that kidney, 'a keen eye for business.'

'a good ear for music,' 'a silver-tongued' orator, 'a victim of hypochondriasis.' All these expressions, however loosely employed in general, involve a theory, and in most cases the theory is either false or partially inaccurate. This is not surprising when we reflect that such metaphors date from the infancy of human knowledge, when the body and its functions were still sealed mysteries.

First in frequency and importance must be placed that vast range of expressions which refer to the heart as the seat of the soul, and especially of the emotional soul. These expressions are found in the earliest known writings, and have become the commonplaces of almost every nation. We talk of the devices and desires of the heart. The heart of kings is said to be unsearchable. Here the heart stands for the whole nature, 'writ short,' but with reference rather to the natural disposition and the moral character than to the intellectual powers. More frequently, however, the heart stands for the affections and the emotions. The poet Ford calls the heart in express terms 'the seat of our affection.' Shakspeare speaks of the heart 'dancing' for joy, and the expression has become a familiar one. Tennyson, in well-remembered lines, tells us that

Kind hearts are more than coronets, And simple faith than Norman blood.

Especially do we speak of the heart when we are thinking of the devotion of a lifetime. The bride at the altar is said to give her 'hand and heart'—the former signifying her person and fortune, and the latter implying the surrender of her affections.

The following lines express a familiar but always touching sentiment:

The flush of youth soon passes from the face,
The spells of fancy from the mind depart;
The form may lose its symmetry, its grace,
But time can claim no victory o'er the heart.

It is needless to multiply instances of such expressions, as our literature teems with them, and they are constantly upon our lips.

One almost hesitates to profane such sacred expressions with the hint that they are one and all false to nature; yet such is the hard fact. The heart is not the source or seat of the emotions; it is, on the contrary, one of the most prosaic, although most vital, organs of the body. It is simply a hollowed-out musele, which expands to receive the blood from the veins, and contracts to propel it again through the arteries. It is merely a natural pump, very wonderful and perfect in its structure and mechanism, but still concerned in no higher function than the purely mechanical one of regulating the supply of blood to the various organs of the body. The heart does not feel emotion. It does not warm with love or burn with hate or melt with pity, as the poets have so long assured us, and as so many familiar and popular expressions imply. All these emotions have their seat in the brain.

Yet it is not very difficult to discern why so many nations have instinctively spoken of the heart as the seat of the emotions, not merely without a consciousness of absurdity, but with a firm conviction of the accuracy of such expres-

sions. Though not the source and origin of emotion, the heart is pre-eminently responsive to its influence. It is linked by many subtle cords to the brain; and when the emotional centre there is affected, the heart is the first organ to feel the electric thrill, and throbs and palpitates in ready and responsive sympathy. In this secondary sense the heart may still be regarded as concerned in emotion. It is so concerned, but as patient, not agent; as effect, and not cause. If any one will carefully analyse his sensations when struck with a sudden and overpowering emotion, he will find that the head was first affected, however momentarily, and that the effect upon the heart was subsequent and secondary. Sudden emotion produces a feeling of fullness in the head, slight giddiness, and a transient bewilderment of the intellect—all signs which clearly indicate some disturbance of the brain. The quickened heart-beat and the throbbing pulse are secondary effects, although they may follow after an interval so brief as to be scarcely appreciable.

The suddenness of the emotion is an important element in determining its effect upon the heart. There are some emotions which, although profound, are, from their nature, gradual in their onset, and these leave the heart almost unaffected. Pity may be so deep as to draw forth abundant tears, but it does not cause the throbbings and pulsations of an excited heart. The sentiment of awe and reverence may be very profound, as when one gazes upon 'the long-drawn aisle' or 'fretted vault' of some ancient cathedral, or upon the birthplace or grave of some illustrious patriot or poet; or the sense of beauty and grandeur with which one views the Peak of Teneriffe or the rushing waters of Niagara may be so deep as to thrill our inmost nature; but in both these cases the pulse remains quiet. Often when we are under the influence of such emotions, the breathing is more affected than the circulation. We involuntarily hold our breath, and our respirations become soft and shallow. In such cases, it would be as logical to regard the lungs as the seat of the emotions as, in other instances, to ascribe their origin to the heart.

Love powerfully influences the heart's action, as every poet has remarked and sung. The subtle chain of association which makes the heart throb at the distant glance of an eye, the flutter of a dress, the sight of an envelope, the odour of a withered flower, the touch of a tress of hair, were it not so familiar, would justly be regarded as one of the most wonderful facts of our nature. Coleridge says, 'A spring of love gushed from my heart'—an adequate but not an exaggerated figure; and all poetry abounds in similar images.

The opposite emotion, hatred, is also one that exerts a marked influence over the heart. Sudden terror affects the heart most of all, often causing fainting, and, in very rare cases, sudden death. 'Death from fright' is fortunately an event of extreme infrequency, but there is no reason to doubt its possibility. In all these cases, however, it must still be borne in mind that the heart is secondarily affected by the emotion, and is never the source or origin of it. It is like the index on the engine which shows the pressure of the steam. The source of the steam is the water, and the fire

beneath; and the source of emotion lies hidden in the mysterious recesses of the brain.

Many curious expressions are thickly strewn Many curious expressions are the through language and literature referring to the through language and the emotions. Every

one knows the exultant feeling to which Wordsworth refers when he says:

> My heart leaps up when I behold A rainbow in the sky.

Another poet addresses his heart, and asks it to inform him why he is so mournful; by which he probably implies that his heart was the source of his sorrow, and therefore responsible for it. Every one knows the oppression conveyed by the words, 'My heart sank within me,' 'My heart died within me.'

The most piteous expression of all is that of the 'broken' heart. The heart is said to be broken when the emotional nature has received a shock from which it seems incapable of rallying, when the feelings are so numbed with sorrow and suffering as to be incapable of responding to any ordinary stimulus. Many, no doubt, use the words in a more literal sense, and employ them to indicate some fancied injury to the structure and substance of the heart produced by sudden loss or overwhelming emotion. It is well to know that such an idea is a pure delusion. The heart does break sometimes, or rather burst (rupture is the medical term); but it is a rare accident, and always the result of advanced disease. The sequel is invariably instantaneous disease. The sequel is invariably instantaneous death. Death does occur sometimes, although very rarely, from profound emotion; but it is due not to breaking of the heart, but to paralysis of its action. Those persons, therefore, who seek sympathy on the ground of a broken heart are, strictly speaking, impostors, however deserving of our pity on other grounds. Their feelings may have been so cruelly lacerated that they will never succeed in entirely recovering their former elasticity and freshness; but their hearts are physically as sound as ever, and death will not come, however often invited. Grief very seldom kills; but it may induce a neglect of health and a repugnance to the duties of life which may gradually undermine the constitution, and thus lead to a premature decease.

The conventional use of metaphors which allude to the heart as the seat of emotion naturally exercises an almost unconscious influence upon thought and action. Queen Mary Tudor died protesting that the word Calais would be found written upon her heart. The idea that the name of the lost and bitterly lamented town would be literally imprinted upon her body was a mere disordered fantasy; but the particular site selected for the impress was no doubt suggested by some of the physiological metaphors which we are discussing. Actors put their hands upon their hearts when they wish to indicate visibly an excess of emotion. This gesture is now thoroughly stereotyped; but it is probably a false one, due to the same influence of inaccurate metaphors. In real life, people, when powerfully excited, do not put their hands to their hearts. Pressing the hand to the fore-head, or bending the head slightly forward, is a more usual and more natural gesture, and correctly indicates the true seat of the emotions.

profusion of metaphor as the heart. The expressions referring to the head are less numerous and much more accurate, since, from a very early period, the brain has been regarded as the seat of the intellectual nature. 'Cool-headed' and 'hard-headed' do not imply any erroneous theory. 'Thick-headed' probably indicates a belief that thickness of skull is inconsistent with mental capacity-a view that has considerable founda-

The liver contributes materially to our stock of physiological metaphors. We often use the word melancholy,' which means literally 'black bile,' and still points out how a disordered liver was regarded as the source of despondency and mental depression. This idea, although, strictly speaking, inaccurate, as the liver is not the seat of the emotions, and can only influence them secondarily through the brain, possesses more foundation than many similar expressions. There is truth as well as wit in the reply given to the question, 'Is life worth living?'—'All depends on the liver.' The 'jaundiced eye' is another metaphor from the same organ. It probably contains a reference to the rather erroneous idea that persons suffering from jaundice see everything coloured yellow-an occasional but quite rare phenomenon. 'Hypochondriasis,' which means literally 'below the ribs,' also probably contains an allusion to the

The spleen figures largely in metaphor. 'Splenetic' was a favourite epithet of some of the older writers, and 'to vent the spleen' is a phrase still occasionally heard. It is an unlucky expression, because the spleen does not manufacture any secretion, and has therefore nothing to vent; and secondly, it has not the remotest relation to the emotions.

The kidneys are frequently mentioned in the Book of Psalms under the title of the 'reins,' and are invested with various moral and intellectual functions. They survive in modern English metaphor in the single expression, 'a man of that kidney,' a phrase both false and objection-

Many of the organs of the body are employed in metaphor in a way that is partly accurate and partly inaccurate. We talk of 'a keen eye for business;' but we know that it is not the eye of the business man that we have most in view, but rather his general intelligence. The 'quick ear' for music which some fortunate persons possess would be of little value if it did not really imply the correlative faculty of musical taste and appreciation, which belong to the brain. The 'silver tongue' of the orator could not be dispensed with; yet the tongue is quite a sub-ordinate organ of speech, and is much more closely concerned with the sense of taste, a faculty which we rather perversely ascribe to the palate alone. We 'tickle our palates' with a dainty dish; but 'tickle our tongues' would be much more correct physiology.

We do not imagine that any conviction, how-ever clear, of the inaccuracy of most of our physiological metaphors would be likely to dislodge them from the secure position which they have so long held in current speech. Metaphorical language is natural to man, and strict accuracy is not likely to be regarded, if force and fervour can be attained. No other organ furnishes us with the same As an American author remarks, it is not truth

we want, but thrill. The jolly tar who 'shivers his timbers' would not think the expression less forcible if its literal accuracy were questioned. These expressions are firmly rooted in the language, and it would be mere purism to advocate their entire suppression; but their history is of great interest; and a clear recognition of their general inaccuracy may lead to greater moderation in their use, and perhaps to the discarding of some physiological metaphors which are not merely inaccurate, but coarse and objectionable.

#### A TERRIBLE TEN MINUTES.

A STORY OF THE MIDNIGHT MAIL.

It happened one afternoon last year, during the month of November, that I received a telegram calling for my presence in London early the next morning on an important business matter. To such a summons there was but one answer possible, so, with just a regretful thought for a card-party I should have to forego, I wired back this reply: 'Mr J. Devon, Anderton's Hotel, London.—Shall leave Burtown by the 12 tonight, and will call on you to-morrow at 8.15 .-KNIGHTLY. Having despatched my message, I finished off the day's work with all speed, and then returned to my lodgings to make prepara-tions for my journey. These, as the masculine reader needs not to be told, consisted principally of cramming a soft cap and a spirit-flask, together with a few other necessaries, into a carpet bag; after which followed the discussion of a substantial meal, and the delivery of an exhortation to my landlady to feed my fox-terrier Grip at his usual hours.

The remainder of the evening was spent in skimming over the morning's paper, wherein I found little to interest me. In disgust, I flung the thing on the floor. It alighted at a graceful angle, on whose apex appeared the heading, conspicuous as leaded type could make it- Shocking Wife Murder in Burtown—Arrest of the Murderer.' With a mental apology to the publishers of the Chronicle for the injustice I had done them as caterers to the public craving for horrors, I picked up the paper and proceeded to digest the 'harrowing details.' The gist of the news was as follows: An abandoned ruffian, Chippy Watson by name, had, after the fashion of his class, beaten in his wife's skull with a mallet, in consequence of some domestic disagreement. Having committed the deed, he coolly put on his coat and hat, and was proceeding to depart, when the neighbours and police, attracted by the screams of the unfortunate victim, rushed in and secured him.—This was all, or nearly all the paragraph contained, except for the usual information that 'the prisoner will be brought up before the magistrates this morning, and charged with causing the wilful murder of his wife.'

It was now past eleven—time for me to make my way down to the station; rather more than time, in fact, since that imposing structure was distant from my lodgings by fully two miles. Fortunately, my bag was light, and I shared in its pleasing characteristic of being unburdened by superfluous weight. None the less, on reaching my destination there was only one minute left me wherein to take my ficket and secure a seat. The

latter operation, thanks to the slowness of the booking-clerk in handing me my change, had to be accomplished by running the gantlet of guards and porters as the train began to move.

No sooner had I ascertained that my limbs were uninjured by the unceremonious fashion in which the railway officials had 'assisted' me to my seat, than I discovered that the only other tenant of the compartment in which I was ensconced was a young lady, and one, moreover, of no small beauty. Now, I am a shy man as far as the fair sex is concerned. Among men, I have self-possession enough and to spare; but in the presence of ladies, that self-possession vanishes with most uncalled-for rapidity. In the presence of ladies, yes; but here there was but one, who was bound to keep me company for a whole hour until the train should make its first stop. So it happened that, as I contemplated the charms of my vis-à-vis from behind the evening paper, which I had found time to buy on my flight to the station, a measure of my courage returned, and in the inspiriting words of Mr Gilbert, said I to myself: 'I'll take heart and make a start; faint heart never won fair lady.

'I trust you were not alarmed by my unceremonious entry?' I remarked, with some inward misgivings, but much outward assurance.

For answer, a quiet stare and a slight contraction of the pretty mouth of my companion—indicating her opinion that, as a stranger and unintroduced, I had no right to speak to her.

This to an ordinary male animal was the moment for strategic attack upon the fair one's scruples; for me it was the exact opposite—the moment for flight, had flight been possible. Ostrich-like, I buried my face behind my newspaper-there being no sand available-and in a few moments heard, to my relief, a corresponding rustle from the opposite side of the carriage as my pretty prude followed suit. The sense of defeat and disgrace fairly overwhelmed me for a while, and my eyes wandered over the paper I held in my hand, seeing but understanding not what they saw. At length they lighted upon a familiar name, 'Chippy Watson,' and their owner recovered his senses and almost forgot his grief as he read the following lines: 'The Burtown Murder—Escape of the Prisoner.' After detailing the incidents of the hearing before the magistrates and the remand of the prisoner, pending the inquest, the paragraph went on as follows: 'On leaving the court, Watson was conducted between four officers to the van. Just as he was stepping in, and when the policemen were endeavouring to keep back the crowd that pressed round, the prisoner suddenly snapped his handcuffs, in some inexplicable manner, and knocking down the constables who threw themselves upon him, broke through the bystanders and fled down the street. The whole affair took place as it seemed in a second. One minute, and Watson, rigorously guarded, was quietly walking into the van in the midst of the officers; the next, and he was free, tearing down the street with the police and the populace at his heels. He was seen to dodge down a back alley, known as Shut Lane, and followed by the crowd of several hundreds. At the end of Shut Lane he disappeared round a corner, and, strange to say, has not been seen again. There can be no doubt that he will be recaptured; but his present escape and disappearance are most mysterious. We understand that the fellow possesses singular strength and agility; but none the less, it will be a standing disgrace to our police authorities that a prisoner should thus, in broad daylight and in the midst of a crowded thoroughfare, effect his escape from the very hands of justice. A reward of one hundred pounds has been offered for his re-apprehension. Watson is about five feet nine inches in height, strongly built, and when he escaped was dressed in a gray fustian suit, with a red scarf and soft hat. He may further be distinguished by a scar across his chin, and by having an arrow tattooed on the back of his left hand.'

This was about the extent of the information contained in the paragraph, and my readers will agree with me that the news was sufficiently exciting to occupy my thoughts to the complete exclusion of the unpleasing experience I had just passed through. As I lay back in my seat to muse upon what I had read, my thoughts began after a while to wander and my head to nod, according to their wont at midnight, and before long I fell asleep. How long I slept I cannot tell—probably for a few minutes only—but in those few minutes I underwent a most discomforting dream. I dreamt that Chippy Watson stood over me, mallet in hand, and that my travelling companion was holding his arm, to avert the threatened blow. She struggled in vain, and the mallet fell—yet with a strangely light touch—upon my arm. With a strart, I awoke, and then saw the girl of my dream bending towards me with a scrap of paper in her hand. But her face, how terribly was it changed! Instead of the dainty pink flush I had last seen, there was a ghastly whiteness in her cheeks, and her eyes seemed starting from her head with terror. Holding up one finger, as if to command silence, she passed me the paper, on which were written the following words: 'Some one is underneath the seat, and has just touched me.'

Was it the dream which filled me with the thought that this was no idle alarm? I cannot tell; but this much I know, that in an instant there flashed across my mind with overwhelming force the thought of the escaped wife-murderer.

Returning my companion's silence-signal by a gesture of acquiescence, I wrote upon the paper: 'It is probably only a dog. Shall I look under the seat?'

Her answer was short and to the point: 'No;

do not look. It was a hand.

Here, then, was a sufficient dilemma; but by comparison with what had passed before between my fellow-passenger and myself, it was a dilemma that I felt almost disposed to welcome. The male sex in my person was about to assume its rightful position of protector to its weaker, if would-be independent companion. Sweet was my revenge; and yet, the revenge scarcely promised to be wholly pleasurable.

mised to be wholly pleasurable.

My first action was to remove any suspicion that there might be in the mind of the mysterious third occupant of our carriage, through the presumably accidental action of having touched the lady's dress. Giving vent to an audible yawn, as though I had just awakened from sleep, I remarked, in a tone of cool imperti-

nence: 'You really must excuse me for addressing you again, madam; but will you permit me to smoke, to enliven this tedious journey?' As I spoke, I accompanied my words by a meaning glance, and was favoured with the reply: 'Certainly, if you wish it; I cannot prevent you.'

Thereupon, I produced my pipe and tobaccopouch and proceeded slowly to fill the former, as I thought out the plan of action. On reference to my watch, I saw that the train would stop in another ten minutes. Clearly, the only thing to do was to wait till we reached Blackley, and there get assistance to find out who our unknown travelling companion might be.

The longer I pondered over the problem, the more curious for its solution did I become, and then, heedless of the warning I had received, I struck a match and intentionally dropped it. Stooping down with a muttered malediction to pick it up, I cast a searching glance underneath the opposite seat, and then my blood ran cold, as the faint gleam of the taper revealed the back of a man's hand with the mark of a tattooed arrow upon it. Chippy Watson, then, was our companion—a doomed and desperate man!

By a mighty effort, I controlled my voice sufficiently to say: 'Excuse me reaching across you, madam, but that was my last match, and I could

not afford to let it go out.'

The girl, into whose white cheeks the colour showed no trace of returning, murmured some unintelligible reply, and for a few moments we sat in silence. Again I looked at my watch. Thank heaven! in five minutes we should be at Blackley, and the awful ride would be at an end. Scarcely had the thought formulated itself, when the girl opposite me sprang up, trembling like a leaf, and shrieked, ere I could stop her: 'Oh, the hand has touched my foot again.'

The moment the words left her lips, I heard a sudden movement under the seat, and quicker than thought, a figure appeared upon the floor. In that moment I flung myself upon the ruffian and clutched his throat with the energy of despair, knowing that should he once gain his feet, it was all over with me, the lighter and weaker man. Can I ever forget the horror of that five minutes' ride? The whole compartment seemed to be falling upon me. Teeth, nails, feet, all were attacking me at once; but through all I kept my grip upon the murderer's throat, and though I streamed with blood, and almost lost consciousness, still held on, while the girl's screams rang dimly through my ears. Suddenly the train stopped; the struggle ceased; and I fainted across the body of my captive.

When I recovered consciousness at length, I found myself lying upon a table in the Blackley Station waiting-room, with a sympathetic crowd around me, and, best of all, I saw a face bending tenderly over me, the face of the girl of my dream and my discomfiture. After making two or three efforts, I managed to ask: 'Where is Watson?'

'Very nigh dead,' replied a ruddy-faced farmer who stood beside me. 'You three-quarters strangled the life out of his ugly body; he was black in the face when they lifted you off him.'

'Do you know that he is an escaped wife-murderer?' I inquired feebly.

'Yes, we know,' responded my honest friend.

to have it searched, because a man answering his description had been seen in the station before it left. The police have got him safe, my lad, this time, and no mistake.-Why, I saw him handcuffed and his arms pinioned behind him, and he a-lying half dead the while, after the throttling as you gave him.'

Do my readers want to hear the rest of my story, now that the catastrophe is told? If so, I will inform them that Watson, on breaking loose from the police, after turning the corner of Shut Lane—where it will be remembered he disappeared-contrived, by an almost incredible effort, to scale a high wall, and so gain the shelter of a railway embankment. Along this he crept until he reached the mid-town tunnel, where he had lurked all day, until, late in the evening, he crept into the station, and contrived to secrete himself in a carriage of the midnight mail, with the results before mentioned.

There is one more incident in close connection with that journey to be told; it is this, that there will be a marriage early this spring. The name of the bridegroom will be Knightly; the name of the bride does not matter. never formally introduced to her future lord and master, and therefore it is surely unnecessary to tell the name she will soon cease to bear, to a passing acquaintance like the reader.

#### THE JUNGFRAU DISASTER.

THERE is scarcely a lovelier sight in all Switzerland than the Jungfrau—the Maiden Queen of the Oberland—as she is seen from Interlaken framed in the wild grandeur of the Lauterbrunnen valley, with her mantle of snow and her dazzling glacier-slopes, thrown into still greater contrast by the black rocks on either side. It is a sight which fills the traveller with enthusiastic admiration, and enables him to realise fully the wild intoxication of the mountaineer who willingly confronts every danger-even death itself-to gain the glorious summit.

There is always to be found, even among experienced mountaineers, a certain class of men who decry the services of a guide, thinking that the glory is greater if, unaided, they can scale the higher Swiss mountains; and to this class the Swiss tourists who attempted the ascent of the Jungfran undoubtedly belonged. The terrible sequel to their rashness may perhaps cool the spirit of bravado in others who would have done likewise had they been successful. In the Visitors' Book of the Hotel Staubbach at Lauterbrunnen are six names, surrounded with a black line, and in the margin appears the sad epitaph:

Overwhelmed on the Jungfrau, July 15: recovered, July 21, 1887. The names are as follows:

DOCTEUR A. WETTSTEIN, de Küssnacht, membre i Club Alpin-suisse. Godefroi Kuhn, de du Club Alpin-suisse. Glarus, membre du Club Alpin-suisse, H. Wett-stein; Charles Zieglen; W. Baen; Gustave BIEDER.

All were hardy men and skilled mountain-cers, two of them being members of the Swiss Alpine Olub. On Wednesday, July 13, they high.

'The Burtown police telegraphed after the train arrived at the Hotel Staubbach, and passed the night there; but although repeatedly questioned, they persistently refused to reveal their plans. It was evident that they intended to make the ascent of one of the mountains which surround Lauterbrunnen, for they came equipped with Alpenstocks, ice-axes, and ropes for the purpose. As they approached the hotel, the usual crowd of guides had beset them, offering their services; but they had refused all assistance, and had plainly determined to keep even their destination a secret. It was in vain that M. d'Allmen, the proprietor of the hotel-himself a member of the Alpine Club-had pressed them: to all his inquiries, they merely returned evasive replies.

On Thursday, July 14, they left the Hotel Staubbach at one o'clock in the afternoon, carrying provisions with them. For some distance they were accompanied by a guide, with whom they had entered into conversation at the hotel; and on his return he informed M. d'Allmen that they had determined to make the ascent of the Jungfrau. M. d'Allmen himself had already arrived at the same conclusion, for he knew that they had telegraphed to the Eggishorn ordering wood and provisions to be brought on Friday evening to the Concordia Hut, which is situated between the Jungfrau glacier and the glacier of Aletsch. Upon the guide's return, there was no longer any doubt that their intention was to attempt the Jungfrau, and afterwards, probably, some still more difficult peak, such as the Finster-Aarhorn or the Viescherhorn.

M. d'Allmen's fears were at once aroused, for to attempt such a dangerous climb without a guide is little short of madness, even for the cleverest mountaineer with iron muscles and the strongest head. Nothing but a life spent on the mountains can give the necessary experience, which consists not only of a knowledge of the different routes, but also of the crevasses, the movements of the glacier, the spots exposed to avalanches at each season of the year, the firmness of the snow bridges, and the different points of shelter in case of a storm.

Leaving Lauterbrunnen on Thursday afternoon, Doctor Wettstein and his party reached the Rothhal the same evening; and on Friday morning, July 15, they started again on their way in splendid weather. From the Club Hut on the Rothhal to the summit of the Jungfrau the ascent is made along the rocks in six hours. This route, which is by far the best, has only lately been discovered: the first ascent was made by M. Frédéric d'Allmen with six guides in September 1885. The ascent from Grindelwald occupies eleven hours: six to the hut on the Moire above the Little Scheideck, and five from the hut to the summit. The way runs over the Guggi Glacier, the Jungfrau-Firn, and the Rothhal-Sattel, and has the disadvantage of crossing several enormous crevasses. The same obstacles are encountered on the route from the Bergli, which is an eight hours' walk from Grindelwald, and six from the Jungfrau. The third route crosses the Eggishorn, reaches the Concordia Hut in six hours, and the summit is gained across the glacier in seven hours more. To ascend by these three routes, it is necessary to scale the Rothhal-Sattel, a peak twelve thousand feet

Starting from the Rothhal on Friday morning, the unfortunate party must have reached the Jungfrau towards midday. About that time, a terrific storm, the most violent of the season, broke over the mountain, and a fierce gale sprang up from the south-east. The uneasiness at Lauterbrunnen increased as the storm continued; and on Saturday morning (July 16), the weather being still rainy, the proprietor of the Staubbach tele-graphed to the Eggishorn to inquire whether the party had been able to reach the Concordia Hut. A reply in the negative augmented his anxiety. The same evening he despatched a second telegram, and received a more detailed reply. The porters had arrived at the hut on Friday evening with the wood and provisions, and had descended again on Saturday afternoon without encountering any one. The next day (Sunday, July 17), although the storm had scarcely abated, seven guides from Lauterbrunnen determined to start in search of the missing party. They passed the night on the Rothhal, after a fatiguing climb of seven hours, and returned in the afternoon of the following day. Despite their repeated and plucky attempts, their search was unsuccessful: the mist and the wind had prevented them from reaching the Jungfrau. A second search-party, consisting, with one exception, of the same men, was organised on Tuesday, July 19. They ascended the Rothhal, and again attempted to reach the Jungfrau. The storm drove them back once more; but, with indomitable pluck, they returned to the Rothhal, whither provisions had been sent for their use. At leagth on had been sent for their use. At length, on Thursday, July 21, the weather brightened. They resumed their search; and about nine o'clock in the morning, so clear was the atmosphere that they could be distinguished upon the summit from Lauterbrunnen with the naked eye. quarter of an hour before, they discovered the debris of a meal beneath a mass of rock in the direction of the Rothhal. It was evident that the ill-fated party had stopped there on the 15th to take some food in a spot sheltered from the storm. On reaching the summit, the guides observed several men upon the Jungfrau-Firn, who made signs to them to wait their arrival. They proved to be three members of a search-party organised by Madame Wettstein, who had despatched two parties, one from Grindelwald, and the other from the Eggishorn, to scour the

glaciers in every direction.

From the other side of the mountain, an Englishman, accompanied by two guides, had on his own account attempted the ascent by the Bergli to search for the missing men. He reached the Rothhal-Sattel, and in a short time, at a height of about eleven thousand feet, between the Jungfrau and the Trugberg, he observed upon the great glacier first one Alpenstock upright in the snow, and a few paces beyond, a second. Descending a precipitous slope, he reached the spot, two thousand feet below the top of the Jungfrau, and there, lying side by side, still encircled by the rope, which was broken in several places, he discovered the six bodies. Their faces bore no trace of suffering, though their bones had been broken by their terrible fall. Whether they had been struck by the lightning, or carried off their feet by the wind, or whether—as seems most probable—they had been swept down by

the slipping of a mass of softened snow, it was impossible to determine; all that could be seen was that they must have fallen from a height of nearly one thousand feet. A battered watch found upon one of the bodies had stopped at a quarter to six, proving beyond doubt—as the cold renders it impossible to pass the night on the mountain—that the accident had happened in the afternoon of Friday. July 15.

in the afternoon of Friday, July 15.

The news of the discovery was rapidly conveyed by the guides to their comrades already at the summit; and then the whole party left the glacier valley, and descended with all possible speed to Lauterbrunnen, accomplishing the distance with unparalleled rapidity in five hours. On Saturday, July 23, twenty-two guides from Grindelwald and the Eggishorn ascended once more, and placing the bodies on sledges, brought them over the Aletsch glacier to Fieseli. From Fieseli they were transported, one to Berne, and the five others to Zurich; and the whole population of both towns testified to their sorrow at the sad end of their compatriots by following them to the grave.

#### LETTERS.

Such a little thing—a letter,
Yet so much it may contain;
Written thoughts and mute expressions,
Full of pleasure, fraught with pain.

When our hearts are sad at parting,
Comes a gleam of comfort bright
In the mutual promise given:
'We will not forget to write.'

Plans and doings of the absent,
Scraps of news we like to hear,
All remind us, e'en though distant,
Kind remembrance keeps us near.

Yet sometimes a single letter
Turns the sunshine into shade;
Chills our efforts, clouds our prospects,
Blights our hopes, and makes them fade.

Messengers of joy or sorrow, Life or death, success, despair, Bearers of affection's wishes, Greeting kind or loving prayer

Prayer or greeting, were we present,
Would be felt but half-unsaid;
We can write, because our letters—
Not our faces—will be read.

Who has not some treasured letters, Fragments choice of others' lives; Relics, some, of friends departed, Friends whose memory still survives?

Touched by neither time nor distance, Will these words unspoken last; Voiceless whispers of the present, Silent echoes of the past!

Inis.

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### PANICS AND FIRES IN THEATRES.

BY AN OLD STAGER.

IT is said that at the moment of the destruction of Pompeii by a volcanic eruption in 79 A.D., a dramatic representation was being given in the theatre. Whether the statement is absolutely reliable or not I am not in a position to say; but certain it is that from the earliest days of stage spectacles theatres have been peculiarly subject to the ravages of the fire-king. Nor have these ravages had their origin in external causes, as in the case of the theatre in Pompeii, or in that of the eight theatres burned to the ground during the Chicago conflagration in 1871. As a rule, the destroying element owes its origin to actual or supposed danger from within. lessening of this danger is now a problem which those in authority must face without flinching. The terrible disaster at Exeter has made further delay impossible, and the community at large will certainly not be content until the minimum of risk attendant on theatre-going has been realised.

Before touching on a few out of the many causes and preventives of playhouse catastrophes, it might be instructive to glance at some of the more notable conflagrations and panics in theatres which have occurred during the present century. One of the earliest was that of Covent Garden Theatre, which was burned to the ground on September 20, 1808. Discovered at four o'clock in the morning, the fire raged furiously for three hours, when the entire interior of the noble structure was destroyed. Nearly all the scenery, wardrobes, and the music and dramatic library-including some of the originals of Handel and Arne-shared the same fate, and, sad to relate, eleven firemen were buried in the ruins. These men had introduced a hose through an adjoining passage, and were directing it towards the galleries, when the burning roof fell in and overwhelmed them. The origin of

supposed to have been caused by the wadding of a gun fired during the performance of Pizarro

on the previous night. Twenty years afterwards, Covent Garden was the scene of another fatality, the circumstances attending which seem sufficiently uncommon to merit a record. Between one and two o'clock in the afternoon of November 19, 1828, one of the gasometers used for lighting the theatre exploded, and the storekeeper and gas-man were killed on the spot. It appeared that the cellars, in which the oil-gas apparatus was fixed, were being cleaned. In these cellars was an accumulation of putrid oil and dirt, which adhered to the sides of the tanks and floated on the surface of the water. Water was being pumped into the tanks, and the workmen continued until the oil on the surface ran over and covered the passages ankle deep. The workmen were moving about with candles, and, by some mishap, the accumulation on the floor ignited. At the same time, there was an escape of gas from one of the gasometers, and this mixing with the burning oil-vapours, an explosion was the natural result.

Nearly thirty years later—on March 5, 1856-Covent Garden was once more demolished. This time, happily, no lives were lost, but the attendant circumstances were sufficiently terrible. fessor Anderson, the then well-known 'Wizard of the North, had been concluding a successful season with a Grand Carnival Complimentary Benefit and Dramatic Gala.' Such an entertainment naturally brought together many revellers of questionable character, and it is said that 'at a late hour the theatre presented a scene of undisguised indecency and drunkenness.' At daybreak, however, many of the maskers had disappeared, and when the fire broke out, about two hundred only remained. About a quarter to five, Professor Anderson told the band to play the national anthem, and ordered the gas-man to lower the lights. The gas-man proceeding to obey the order, happened to look upwards, and saw fire breaking out in the ceiling; and the horrors of the fire remained in obscurity, though it was the moment may be imagined by his exclamation;

'The house is on fire! Get out for your lives!' The gas was immediately extinguished, and terror seized on all. Fortunately, the maskers were able to escape with the assistance of the police, and in a couple of hours the building was laid low. The excitement caused by this conflagration was widespread, extending even to royalty, as the Queen, Princess Royal, Prince Albert, and the Prince of Wales visited the ruins the following day. Whatever the cause of this catastrophe may have been, a fact which came out at the inquiry held afterwards is worth noting. It appeared that the central chandelier of eight hundred burners was ten or twelve feet from the carpenter's shop, which, with the painting-room, extended right over the ceiling. 'The burners,' says the Report, 'had been lighted at twelve o'clock on Monday, had burned brilliantly on Monday night, had been turned low when the performance was over, had burned glimmeringly during the night and following morning, and had been turned on to their fullest extent when the revels of the masked ball had commenced.' When to this is added the information that the firemen were forty consecutive hours on duty, rendering vigilance an impossibility, the cause of the fire might easily be guessed. Strange to say, this was the third theatre burned down during Professor Anderson's tenancy-one in New York, the other in Glasgow.

The destruction of the Italian Opera House in Paris, on January 14, 1838, constitutes one out of the many instances of fires breaking out in theatres immediately after the departure of the audience. The audience had scarcely retired, when a fire broke out in the musicians' saloon, which was heated by a stove and two hot tubes. There was a hard frost at the time, and water, consequently, was obtained with difficulty. In a few hours the building was demolished, while five firemen and M. Severini, the acting-manager,

perished in the flames.

Further down the list may be noticed one of the most disastrous panics of the century, which occurred at the Theatre Royal, Dunlop Street, Glasgow, in 1849. Here, as is too often the case. a false alarm of fire caused the people to lose their heads, with the inevitable result of losing their lives as well. To give a fillip to the popularity of the theatre, the prices to the upper gallery had been reduced to threepence, a price which crowded the gallery with about five hundred people, mostly lads. Just as the first act of *The Surrender of Calais* was concluding, an alarm of fire was given from the crowded gallery. The alarm was occasioned by a piece of paper being thrown down after lighting a pipe, and this igniting a small escape of gas—which was, how-ever, immediately extinguished—gave colour to the alarm. In vain the gallery boys were im-plored to keep their seats; in vain were they told that danger did not exist; the inevitable rush ensued, and sixty-five corpses were added to the awful total caused by senseless escapades.

the Dean of Guild, Mr George Lorimer. as at the recent disaster at Exeter, the fire began in the 'flies,' though, fortunately, it broke out an hour or two before the audience had assembled.

A curious and, unfortunately, almost isolated instance of presence of mind in an audience occurred in Plymouth in January 1863. During the performance of the pantomime, a feeling of uneasiness spread over the audience, owing to a strong smell of fire; but on a strict examination of the theatre being made, confidence was restored, and the performance proceeded without interrup-After the audience had departed, Mr Newcombe, the manager, and others, wishing to make assurance doubly sure, re-examined every part of the building, and found everything in a seemingly safe condition. Soon after, however, a fire broke out in the property-rooms. Had the audience imitated the fool-hardiness of the gallery people at the Glasgow theatre, loss of life would

probably have been unavoidable.

Another instance of presence of mind preventing a fatality occurred at the Surrey Theatre in 1865. The pantomime had just concluded, and the audience was leaving the building, when the fire broke out in the ceiling above the central chandelier. The stage-manager, advancing to the charterier. The sugar-manager, authorized to the footlights, implored the people to disperse quietly, which advice, fortunately, they were sensible enough to follow, and, in consequence, loss of life was prevented. When it is known that in less: than half an hour the theatre was in flames, and that the pantomimists were obliged to make their escape in the grotesque costumes they were then wearing, sufficient will have been said to indicate what might have been the result had the stagemanager's advice been unheeded.

Quite different was the conduct of the audience at the Victoria Music Hall in Manchester on July 31, 1868, when about two thousand persons, principally boys of the 'arab' type, were present. Late in the evening, some youths were standing on benches in front of the pit; one or two of the benches gave way, and some of the lads, to save themselves a very trifling fall, clutched at a slender gas pendant. The gaspipe broke, but was at once plugged with paper by some one whose presence of mind was considerably more developed than that of his neighbours. No harm would have resulted, had not some foolish fellow raised the cry of fire. The usual consequences followed. Out of one thousand people in the two galleries, scarcely twenty refrained from joining in the rush, in which twenty-three people were

killed. Another Music Hall panic, even more serious than that at Manchester, occurred in the Colos-

seum Music Hall in Liverpool in October 1878. In this instance a fight gave rise to some confusion, during which some nervous person cried Fire. The scene which ensued was terrible. The people rushed headlong down-stairs; the usual barrier presented itself; a mass of struggling. humanity was soon piled up, and the lives of thirty-seven persons were sacrificed to meaning-

less terror.

The destruction of the Opera House at Nice, in March 1881, when sixty-two lives were lost; the terrible disaster at the Ring Theatre, Vienna, which occurred in December of the same year, Another fatality, which will doubtless be in the in March 1881, when sixty-two lives were lost; memory of many of our readers, was that which occurred in the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, in which occurred in December of the same year, 1865, when six lives were lost, including that of causing the loss of nearly a thousand lives; the

equally fearful conflagration in the Circus at Berditchev in January 1883; the Sunderland calamity in the same year, which sent nearly two hundred poor children to their last account; and the Star Theatre disaster at Glasgow, in November 1884, are all too well within our recollection to require comment here. To recapitulate their there is a solutely painful. While most of us can profitably contemplate calamities of bygone years, there are few who can complacently recall fatalities within their own remembrance without feeling that they may possibly be the innocent cause of revivifying, in many a home, memories which are all too recent to be subjected to the thoughtless observation of the stranger.

Without referring, therefore, to more recent events, let me turn to a few of the causes which have brought about some of the theatre catastrophes chronicled in the century's history. The gasometer explosion at Covent Garden mentioned above is happily but a rare agent in stage calamities; not so the use of firearms on the stage; from this cause alone many a theatre has been destroyed and many a life lost. When the Garrick Theatre was burned down in November 1846, there had been a performance of The Battle of Waterloo, and, in all probability, a piece of burning wadding from a cannon had lodged in the 'flies;' while a similar fatality once occurred at Astley's after a performance of the same piece. To the use of mimic fire on the stage must also be ascribed the destruction of the Pavilion Theatre in Whitechapel in 1856. A drama entitled The Red Crow had been performed, one of the principal scenes in which was the burning of the Robin Hood tavern. When a slight fire occurred at the Munich Opera House in August 1879, it was found that a flash of artificial lightning had set fire to some gauze clouds, though in this case a steel fireproof drop-scene was immediately lowered, thus cutting off the stage; and the audience dispersed without accident. In November 1883, when the Theatre Royal, Darlington, was burned to the ground, it turned out that a display of fireworks had been given the previous evening. One would think that warnings such as these would prevent theatrical managers risking both lives and property in unnecessary pyrotechnic displays, yet there are theatres even now the patrons of which insist on 'a grand display of fireworks' as each fifth of November comes round. present writer has sat in a theatre and witnessed such a display, while between three thousand and four thousand people cheered lustily, and firemen stood with hose at the wings to put out the sparks as they fell! Surely the time has arrived when dangerous exhibitions of this description should be firmly suppressed.

To recapitulate the numerous instances in which the 'flies' have been the starting-point of theatre fires would be but to bring to light many well-known disasters. The burning of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, in 1865, mentioned above, originated in the 'flies.' The gas-man had been lighting the 'battens,' when the drapery caught fire, and he barely escaped with his life. probably the same locality may be ascribed the

the Leeds Theatre in 1875; and the terrible disaster at Vienna was supposed to have been caused by a lamplighter inadvertently setting fire to a large veil required in one of the scenes.

Another prolific cause of fire-but one which, for obvious reasons, it is impossible to deal with in detail—has been the carelessness of the work-men employed about a theatre. Thus, in June 1861, some plumbers were at work on the roof of the Surrey Music Hall. On going to dinner, they left their fire behind them in a place which they supposed to be safe. On their return, a small portion of the roof was found to be on fire; and as there happened to be no appliances at hand to procure water, the fire obtained the mastery, and in three hours there were but four bare walls remaining. A somewhat similar cause brought about the entire destruction of the Alexandra Palace in 1873. Workmen had been repairing the lead-work in the roof of the great dome. A piece of charcoal dropping from a brazier set fire to some timber and papier-mache, and in less than two hours the building was destroyed. Again, when the Czech National Theatre at Prague was destroyed in 1881, it was found that a smith had been fixing a lightningconductor in the roof, and that the conflagration

had originated there.

Having enumerated a few of the causes and effects of some of the more notable theatrical fatalities, let me conclude with a brief reference to the preventives proposed. Perhaps the most generally discussed—and it might be fairly assumed the most generally accepted—safeguard is the iron curtain. Taken for granted that the fire in most cases originates on the stage, the very natural idea suggests itself that the first thing to be done is to sever the connection between stage and auditorium. Unfortunately, the iron curtain is not always an infallible safeguard, for although it probably prevented a panic at Munich in 1879, yet the Berlin National Theatre was totally destroyed in 1883, despite the iron curtain and use of incombustible scenery. Iron curtains, too, have an unfortunate knack of getting out of order just when they are most wanted, so that until they become more easily accessible in cases of sudden necessity, their utility is questionable. That they could be made more easily accessible, goes without saying. Were they-toquote the happy idea of the practical editor of The Stage- painted and used as act-drops, there is no good reason why they might not be utilised in any emergency. The more general use of electric light instead of gas might be another means of lessening the number of fatalities in theatres; while the prohibition of open fireplaces, limelight tanks, and carpenter's and property-maker's shops within the main walls of the building, would undoubtedly tend to make theatres much safer than they are at Then, again, the removal from the present. stage of all scenery not in actual use, and especially—when not needed—such scenery as 'borders' hanging from the 'flies,' ought to be insisted on; while the hydrants, buckets, &c. at the 'wings' and 'flies' should be inspected regularly by some competent person. It is this origin of the burning of Her Majesty's Theatre in want of inspection which often renders the most 1867. Either in the 'flies' or in the property-perfect appliances useless in time of need. On room above them began the fire which destroyed an Atlantic passenger steamer, the carpenter is obliged to visit and test twice each day every bulkhead in the ship, while the seamen are regularly drilled in every probable circumstance of a fire or wreck at sea. Why not apply the

same discipline to theatre employees?

In spite of the most elaborate precautions, however, fires will occasionally occur, and as the safety of the audience is after all the first thing to be considered, the real remedy consists in the construction of proper and unimpeded exits, instead of the tortuous corkscrew passages which are too often en évidence in the older places of amusement. I lay a stress on unimpeded exits, for, though wide and roomy passages may be built ad infinitum, they will be of little service if impeded by a barrier, which, however useful for the orderly admission of the audience, is decidedly disadvantageous to their chances of getting out alive should a panic of any kind occur. Will it be believed that in a well-appointed theatre I happened to visit a week or two after the Exeter disaster—a theatre, too, which possessed admirable exits, and in which the spaces between the rows of seats in all parts of the house were everything that could be desired—that even here a barrier, firmly fastened by an iron bar, extended more than halfway across one of the passages, and was not unhinged until the performance had almost concluded! Doubtless, the barrier was neces-sary to enable the check-taker to pass the people into the theatre; but surely common-sense should have suggested its removal immediately the performance had commenced.

After all, the greatest and most effective preventive of loss of life in theatres rests with the audience itself, namely, presence of mind. Were the people to 'keep their heads,' to use a homely plirase, fatalities would seldom occur. This was happily instanced in the Casino in New York in September last during the five hundredth per-formance of *Erminie*. Naturally, such an event brought together a crowded audience. Suddenly large volumes of smoke drifted into the auditorium; but the audience took matters quietly, and it was soon found that practically no danger existed, as the smoke came from a burning store adjacent to the theatre. In nine cases out of ten, a little presence of mind on the part of the audience would reduce risk to a minimum; and could people only be induced, in case of fire or other danger, to leave the theatre as orderly as they generally do when the orchestra plays the national anthem, the death-list of the theatre

would become almost a thing of the past.

### RICHARD CABLE.

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN. CHAPTER XLIX .-- A DROPPED 'S.'

RICHARD CABLE wheeling a barrow that he had borrowed from the stables, laden with Josephine's box, went out of the grounds of Bewdley Manor,

and Josephine walked at his side.
'Richard,' she said, 'how comes it that you

are lame ?

'You have lamed me.'

'Richard,' she said, 'how oldened you are.'

You have oldened me.

And bent.

'You have bowed my back.'

'Do not speak unkindly to me,' she pleaded. 'I know I have done wrong, and am sorry for it.'

When you break china, can you mend it that the cracks do not show and that it will hold as before ?

She did not answer this question.

'And man's heart, when it is broken, can it be patched up? If you pour love into it again, does not the love run out at all sides and leave the vessel dry?'

'You do not forgive me, Richard?'

'I do not-I cannot.'

'Then why have you come for me now?'

'Because you bear my name, and, to my woe, are my wife, and—I would not have you there, where a stain may come on the name, and where my wife may be—nay, is, lightly spoken of. Mind you, continued Cable, bending between the handles of the barrow, 'I do not mistrust your conduct. Though he is there under the same roof with you who loved you, and perhaps. loves you still, I have no doubt about your conduct. God spare me that! I know you to be proud and cruel, but I know also that you are not light. You have brought me down, but not to such baseness as to think that.

'I thank you for that, Richard, at all events for that.—Where am I going now? What will

you do with me?'

'You are going now to the inn, to Mrs Stokes. Where you go next, what I do with you after this night, I cannot tell; you shall know to-morrow. My head is like the old lightship in a chopping sea.'

As soon as they reached the tavern, Richard brought Josephine in, and said to the landlady: This is my wife; take her in for the night; give her my room. I am going out, and shall not be back before morning. If she needs any-thing, let her have it, and stint her not.' He said no farewell to Josephine, but went out at the door, wiping his brow on his sleeve.

He walked by the river. He had not got his stick, and he cut himself one from the hedge; and as the night was dark and he had to grope among them for a suitable stick, he tore his hands, and they were covered with blood, and when he wiped his brow the smears came on his face. He obtained a good stout stick at last on which he could lean, and he stood resting on it by the river, looking over the slowly flowing water to the dark horizon, and the red glare

in the sky beyond over Bath.

The season was autumn, the time when, at the rising of the sun, the whole face of a field and every hedge are seen to be covered with cobwebs strung with dew. And now, in the cobwebs strung with dew. And now, in the night, the air was full of these cobwebs; one might have thought they were spun in heaven, and came down charged with water. They drifted in the light air, and the dew that rose settled on the minute fibres and weighed them settled on the minute fibres and weighed them down, that they came leisurely down—down through the raw night-air. They settled over Richard's head—they fell on his face—they came on his hands, and he was forced to brush them away, because they teased him. There were other cobwebs, in his brain, confusing, teasing that, charged also with drops, bitter and salt; but these he could not sweep away—he thrust them aside, and they spread

again; he squeezed them together and wrung out the brine and gall, and they unfurled and fell again over his brain. They obscured his sight of the future; they troubled his thought of the present; and they all rose, thick, teasing, even torturing, out of the past; and all the myriad threads went back to one root—Josephine. But as in a web there are fibres and cross-fibres, so was it with this inner cobweb-there were some revengeful and others pitiful; some hard and others soft; some of bate and some of love; yet by night, as he stood by the water, striking now with his hand, then with his stick, at the falling cobwebs, he could not distinguish one thread from another; one feeling was so interlaced and intertangled with another, that they were not to be unravelled.

There still lurked in his mind that fear of Josephine which he had first entertained when he saw her on the stranded lightship and heard her sing the mermaid's song; that fear which his mother had detected in him when he lay crippled at the Magpie, and which she at once brought back to its true source—love. Richard Cable did not know that there remained any trace of his old love there; he thought that all his feeling for Josephine was anger and resentment; but he was not a man given to self-analysis. He was aware of the ever-presence of pain in his soul, and he knew who had hurt him, but hardly the nature of that pain. We carry about with us for many years, may be, a something in us that never allows us to forget that all is not well-a spasm of the heart, a gnawing pain in the chest, a shooting-needle in the brain, a racking cough, and we do not consult a physician: we may soon outgrow it; it came on after an overstrain, a chill, and a long rest will recover us of it. What it is, we do not know; we generally attribute it to a wrong cause, and regard it as that which it is not It is so also with our mental aches—we have them; we go on enduring them, and often wholly misinterpret them. Richard supposed that he had acted out of regard for his own name, that the fever and alarm he had felt were occasioned by no other dread; but when he sprung up from Mrs Stokes' table and hurried to the manor-house to fetch away Josephine, he had not thought about the preservation of the name of Cable from a slur, only of her-of her in bad moral surroundings; of her exposed to slights, and per-haps temptations. On this night, the sight of her in her quiet servant's dress, with her face pale, the eyes deep, the lines of her countenance sharp drawn, had strangely affected him. He thought that it had roused in him his full fierceness of resentment for wrong done; but he was mistaken—the deepest bell in the rugged belfry of his heart had never ceased thrilling from the first stroke dealt it; and now it was touched again by the sight of her face and the sound of her voice, and the whole mass quivered with its renewed vibrations. Though the dew fell heavily, Richard Cable did not feel the moisture; and though there was frost, he was not cold. The night was long, but he was

the hour was when he arrived, he found Josephine already down. Contrary to his former frank ways, he did not look her full in the face ; he so. He spoke to her only when necessary, and with restraint in his tone. The voice was hard and his face drawn and cold.

'I truck my young calves to Exeter,' he said.
'We will go thither by train. After that, you will have to come the rest of the way in my

conveyance, unless you prefer the coach.'
'No,' answered Josephine; 'I will go with you.'
He drew a weary breath; he would have preferred to send her by the coach. The op-pressiveness of a journey with her was not to be contemplated with composure.

'Then,' said he, 'we will start at once; that is, when I have got my calves in truck. The train is at ten-fifteen. You will be at the station. I will speak to a man to fetch your box, and I will pay him. Have it ready labelled for the Clarendon Hotel at Exeter.'

'The Clarendon! Is that where you stay when

'The Clarendon is where you shall be. You will be well cared for there; it is a good hotel, the best in Exeter; it looks out on the close, and is very respectable.

'Shall you be there, Richard?'

'No; I go elsewhere. Calves are not taken in at first-class hotels.'

'But I had rather, a thousand times rather,

be with you.'
'I have my calves to suckle. I must go where I am accustomed to go, and where I can get milk for them.'
'But why should I not go there too? I will

help you with your calves.'
He laughed harshly. 'You are a lady.'

"I am a servant-girl out of place,' she said with

a faint smile.
'They drink and swear and fight where I go,'

he growled.

'No, Richard—you go to no place that is bad.
Where you go, I will go also.'

He did not look in her face; he could hardly have resisted the appeal, had he done so, her face was so full of earnestness, so pale and anxious, so humble, and the eyes so full of tears. Perhaps he knew that he could not resist, were he But the tones of her voice thrilled him, and made his head spin. He bit the end of his whip, with his brows knitted. He knew her great eyes, those lovely eyes that went through him when he met them, were fixed on him; but he would not turn towards them; his face became more frozen and drawn.

'You,' he said—by her Christian name he would not call her—'you—understand me. I am not Richard to you. You must speak of me and address me as Mr Cable.

'But—I am your wife.'
'No,' he said; 'that is all past and for ever done with. For a little while, and then the tie was torn away by yourself. You are coming with me into Cornwall, to St Kerian. There you will live as maware of its length.

He did not return to the inn till morning, and he had then he had formed a plan, and he had as Miss Cornellis, or by any other name you gained the mastery over himself. Early though like to assume. My mother will see you want nothing; you shall not live in my house; you will be a stranger there; but my mother-and I, yes, and I, will know how you are, what you do, and that you do not again fall into evil company, and run the risk of '-

'Of what? I ran no risk.'

'No,' he said; 'you ran no risk. No. You are proud, proud as Satan; and yet Satan, for all his

The tears which had formed in her eyes rolled over her cheeks. The disappointment was very great. She had hoped that he was going to take her back to himself. 'You need have no fear for me, she said in a voice half choked with her tears; 'I have that in me which will always hold me true and upright. Not pride; O no, not pride—that is broken long ago, ever since I found

I had driven you away.'
'What is it?' Still he did not look at her, but he turned his ear attentively towards her. She might have seen, had not her eyes been so dim with salt, that a nerve down the side of his face from the temple was twitching.

"It is, that I love you, she answered in a low,

faint voice, but little above a whisper.

impatient way.

Then he stamped on the sanded floor of the village inn parlour and clenched his hands, and stood up and shook himself, like a great hairy dog when it leaves the water. 'Ha, ha!' he laughed; 'as of old, to patronise and play with, and then break to pieces, as a child loves its doll. I will have none of your love. I have tasted it, and it is sour.

'Richard!' He struck the table. 'I am not Richardto you. That is part of your grand condescending ways. You shall call me Mr Cable. Who knows !-in time you may come to look up to me, when I am rich and esteemed. Mr Cable of Red Windows, Esquire. Then he went forth tossing his shoulders, and he put on his hat in a hot and

A struggle ensued in Josephine's bosom. It was hard for her to go down into a strange country and there live, in the same village with her husband, without being acknowledged by him, divided by all England from her own friends. He was asking too much of her, putting her through too sharp an ordeal; and yet, after a little boil up of her old pride and wilfulness, she bent to his decision. It was not for her to rebel, She had wrought the disunion that subsisted between them; she had made the great change in him; and she must submit, and suffer and wait, till he took her back. She must accept his terms, not impose terms of her own.

She was at the station at the time appointed, and Richard handed her a second-class ticket to Exeter. He travelled in the van with his calves, and she saw nothing of him till their arrival. Then he came to the carriage door, called a cab, shouldered her box himself, and limped with it to the carriage. To the *Clarendon*, he said, shut the door, and climbed on the box.

On reaching the inn, an old-fashioned hotel, looking out on the close with its great trees and gray cathedral, he descended, let her out of the cab, and preceding her, ordered the waiter the organ and the voices of the choir. Jose-to let her have a room. 'The lady—she is, mind phine closed her box and locked it, and went you, a real lady—she must have a good room, back to the window and listened to the soothing and a capital supper, and a fire, and be made strains. Then, drawn as by an irresistible attraction.

comfortable.—Don't you stare at me as if I had aught of concern with her. I'm a common man, a cattle-jobber; but I'm charged to see after her, and that she be well attended to, as a real well-born lady full of education and highclass manners. As for me, I put up elsewhereat the Goat and Compasses, down by the iron bridge. I'll come in the morning and fetch her away. It is my duty, set me by them as are responsible for her, to see that she be cared for and made comfortable.' Then he went away.

Josephine was given a well-furnished bedroom, with a large window, looking out on the elms and grass and old towers. Her box was in the room; and she opened it, and drew from it some little things she needed. Then she bathed her face, and seated herself by the window, looking out into the quiet close. The bells of the cathedral were ringing for afternoon service, deep-toned musical bells. The autumn had touched the leaves and turned them. The swallows were clustering on the gray lead roof of the minster, arranging for migration. There was coolness in the air; but it was not too chilly for Josephine to sit at the open window, looking at the trees and listening to the bells. She felt very lonely, more lonely than at Bewdley. There she had the association with old Miss Otterbourne to take off the edge of her sense of solitude; but now she had no one. She was with her husband, yet far removed from him. She was associated with him without association. It was better to be separated altogether, than to be in his presence daily without reciprocation. She drew her wedding ring from her bosom and looked at it. The night before, she had put it on, and had hesitated whether to wear it again; but had relung it round her neck, determined to wait another day and see what her husband's wishes and intentions and behaviour to her were, before she did so. And now, as she looked sorrowfully at the golden hoop, she knew that it must continue to hang as before; he had forbidden her to acknowledge her tie to him and to wear his name.

How strange is the perversity of the human heart! She had married Richard without loving him; and now that she had lost him, she loved him. Her love had started up out of her anguish over her wrong done him. He had loved her when she had only highly esteemed him; and now she loved him when he despised her.

She knelt by her box and looked over her little treasures. They were few. Her bullfinch she had not brought away; she had given it to the housemaid who had cleaned her room. She turned over her few clothes in the box and unfolded Richard's blue handkerchief. In a cardboard box was the bunch of everlastings. They were now very dry, but they retained their shape and colour. 'Everlastings!' she said, and recalled the night in the deserted cottage when she asked the rector whether he was looking up at the everlastings. 'To the Everlasting,' he had answered, and she had not understood him; but she remembered the scene and the words he had used.

The cathedral bells had ceased, and across the close came the sounds of music—the roll of the organ and the voices of the choir. Jose-phine closed her box and locked it, and went back to the window and listened to the seothing tion, she went down stairs and crossed the close and entered the side door of the cathedral. She did not go far; she made no attempt to enter the choir, but seated herself in the aisle on the stone seat that ran along the wall. The evening light shone through the great west window, and filled the upper portion of the nave with a soft yellow glow. Below were the gray pillars and cool gray shadow. There were few loungers in the nave, and she was quite unnoticed. Her love of music made her always susceptible to its influence. The effect of the sacred music in the great Gothic minster on Josephine, in her then state of depression, was great: it soothed her mind; it was like breath on a wound, lulling the pain and cooling the fever.

For long there had been in Josephine a craving for help, for something, or rather some one whom she could lay hold of and lean on. It was this want in her which had driven her to take Richard Cable, in defiance of her father's wishes and of the opinion of the world. Richard had failed her; and she had cast herself into a sphere in which she was as solitary and lacking assistance as much as in that she had occupied before. And now, once again, she was torn out of that sphere, and was about to be cast-she knew not where, among-she knew not what companions-and again she was without support.

She sat with her head bowed and her hands clasping her bosom, listening to the music. Her soul was bruised and aching, like the body that has been jolted and beaten. But the hurt body is cast on a bed and sleeps away its pains. Where is the bed of repose on which the weary suffering spirit can stretch itself and be recruited? Josephine was not thinking at all; she was feelingconscious of want and weariness, of a void and pain. The aisle in which she was, was on the north side of the church; and quite in shadow, only in the beautiful vault of the nave, with its reed-like spreading ribs, hung a halo of golden haze; and in that golden haze the sweet music seemed to thrill and throb.

The pain in Josephine's heart became more acute, and she bent on one side and rested her elbow on the stone seat and put her hand to her heart, and breathed laboriously. attitude gave her some ease; and as she half reclined thus, the waves of golden light and angelic music swept over her, softly, gently, as the warm sea-waves used to glide in over the low Essex coast. Presently, Josephine slid down on her knees and laid her head on the cold stone seat. Then only did the meaning of the rector come clear to her, when he dropped an s as she spoke of the everlastings, and he answered her, that he looked to the Everlasting.

(To be continued.)

#### SOME LITERARY RELICS.

CHARLES LAMB, in one of the most delightful of his essays, 'The Two Races of Men,' warns his reader to be shy of showing his books; but he says: 'If thy heart overfloweth to lend them, lend thy books; but let it be to such a one as S. T. C.—he will return them (generally anticipating the time appointed) with usury; enriched Somerset Archæological Society by Mr Merthyr with annotations, tripling their value. I have had experience. One of these doubly valuable for and used by Fielding when he lived at East

books, the folio Beaumont and Fletcher, published in 1616, is now in the British Museum. It contains many marginal notes both by Lamb and by Coleridge. Notable amongst those by the latter is the following: 'N.B.—I shall not be long here, Charles! I gone, you will not mind my having spoiled a book in order to leave a relic.
S. T. C., Octr. 1811. Every book-lover must envy the Museum the possession of this relic. It is the identical volume whose acquisition 'for the mighty sum of fifteen-or sixteen shillings, was it? Lamb describes with such pleasurable zest in the essay on 'Old China.' After his death, it passed into the possession of Lieutenant-colonel Francis Cunningham, at the sale of whose library it was purchased for the national collection.

An even more desirable possession than one of Lamb's books would be the original draft of one of his essays. One such manuscript, that of the famous 'Dissertation on Roast Pig' was sold at Sir William Tite's sale in June 1874 for thirtyfour pounds. Another interesting relic of Lamb, now in private hands, is the copy of the first edition of Milton's Paradise Regained, which, in 1820, the essayist gave to Wordsworth, with the following quaintly phrased inscription on the page opposite the title: 'C. Lamb to the best knower of Milton, and therefore the worthiest occupant of this pleasant edition—June 2, 1820.' Volumes so enriched must always be objects of examples no enriched must always be objects of interest to the lover of letters. A few more examples may be mentioned. The library of Trinity College, Cambridge, is fortunate in the possession of Dryden's own copy of Spenser's works, with manuscript notes by the former poet. Two small volumes of Milton, the Edinburgh edition of 1755, formerly belonging to Rebent edition of 1755, formerly belonging to Robert Burns, and bearing his autograph on their title-pages, are now in the library of St Paul's School. There is a note inside the cover of the first volume, apparently in Burns's own hand, to the effect that the books were a present from Lord Monboddo. They were given by the poet's widow to R. H. Cromek; and from Cromek's grand-daughter they were purchased in 1879 for the library of the school in which Milton was educated. Keats's copy of Beaumont and Fletcher, with the many underlinings which the poet was so fond of making in his favourite books, and his Bacon's:

Advancement of Learning, full of manuscript notes, are both in the possession of Sir Charles Dilke. Pope's annotated copy of Garth's Dispensary, Swift's own copy of the Dunciad, and Johnson's. own corrected copy of his Lives of the Poets, were all bequeathed by John Forster to the South Kensington Museum.

Among other interesting literary relics in the Forsterian collection now to be seen at South Kensington are Goldsmith's chair and the original assignment of Joseph Andrews in Fielding's own handwriting. This valuable paper was sold at Mr Jolley's auction in July 1851 for ten shillings only and was afterwards purchased by Mr Forster at the Daniel sale for nine guineas. The original assignment of Tom Jones was sold at the Jolley sale for twenty-two shillings; but its present whereabouts is unknown. A substantial relic of the great novelist was lately presented to the Somerset Archeological Society by Mr Merthyr Guest. It is a large and solid oaken table, made Stour Manor-house. It bears on a brass plate the following rather unkind inscription: 'This table belonged to Henry Fielding, Esq., novelist. He hunted from East Stour, 1718, and in three years dissipated his fortune keeping hounds.' A curious relic of one of Fielding's contemporaries, John Gay, was discovered in 1882 at Barnstaple. At that time the parish church was undergoing the process of restoration, and amongst the pieces of timber removed from the interior was a part of a pew with the name 'John Gay' and the date '1695' cut into it. As the future author of the Beggars' Opera was then ten years of age, and as no other John Gay appears in the parish register, there can be but little doubt that the fragment was the poet's own handiwork.

Longfellow was in possession of many valuable mementos of poets of the past. He wrote from Coleridge's own inkstand, which was given to him by Mrs S. C. Hall, and also owned the inkstand of George Crabbe. The latter was presented to the poet Moore by the sons of Crabbe, and was bequeathed by Moore's widow to Mrs S. C. Hall, by whom it was sent to the American poet. The Irish harp which belonged to Moore is now in the possession of Mr George W. Childs of Philadelphia. A curious old bronze inkstand, loaded with figures, which once belonged to Ariosto, is described in one of Shelley's letters to T. L. Peacock. 'Three nymphs lean forth from the circumference, says Shelley; 'and on the top of the lid stands a Cupid, winged and looking up, with a torch in one hand, his bow in the other, and his quiver beside him.' Truly, a fit receptacle for the ink to feed the poet's inspired pen. In Hone's Table Book there is an account, with a woodcut, of the standish once used by Petrarch. A large old-fashioned ebony inkstand which Gray used whilst composing his famous Elegy is now in the possession of a Lincolnshire gentleman. There are several manuscripts of the Elegy in existence, in Gray's own very neat handwriting, so that no one copy can claim to be the original; similarly of another famous poem, Burns's Scots wha hae, the Address at Bannockburn, there are several 'original' manuscripts known. One copy in Burns's writing, framed and glazed, and enclosed in a mahogany case, sold at Sotheby's in August 1867 for twelve pounds. The Burns Museum at Kilmarnock contains many articles of interest relating to the poet, amongst them being his chair, and a perfect collection of the various editions of his works, made by Mr M'Kie, a bookseller of the town. A very characteristic relic of the author of Tam o' Shanter, his punchbowl, was sold by auction at Dumfries early in 1877, and realised ten guineas.

We doubt whether Dr Johnson would have set much value upon Gray's inkstand; he thought but little of its owner. Boswell tells us how one day at Thrale's the doctor attacked Gray. It had been denied that Gray was dull in poetry. 'Sir,' replied Johnson, 'he was dull in company, dull in his closet, dull everywhere. He was dull in a new way, and that made people think him great. He was a mechanical poet.' The dictatorial doctor is the presiding divinity of the Museum at Lichfield. There are to be seen his snuff-box, cup, cribbage-board, and—mute witness of conjugal affection—the stateer on which his breakfast roll was placed every morning, and which he called 'Tetty,' in memory of his wife.

In November last, at the sale of the effects of the late Joseph Maas, there was sold a tall eight-day clock in a wooden case inlaid, which was said to have been made for and during many years owned by Izaak Walton. This venerable 'ticker,' as Rawdon Crawley would have called it, was bought by Mr Sabin, of Garrick Street, for £70, 17s. 6d. The clock, apart from its association with Walton, is valuable on account of its age and capital condition. Walton was born in 1593, and lived until 1683.

There are some relics, now apparently completely lost, that one would like to have news of, as, for example, that fan which Pope painted himself for Miss Martha Blount. It came into the possession of Sir Joshua Reynolds, was stolen from his study, and has never been heard of since. There are others as to the genuineness of which we would like to have further proof. More than twenty years ago it was stated in the newspapers that a flute which had formerly belonged to Bunyan, and which had helped to while away the tedium of his imprisonment, was at that time in the hands of a tailor at Gainsborough; and in 1875, Bunyan's clock was said to be in the possession of a descendant of his, then resident in Australia. Both these relics would probably stand in need of authentication. A Bible printed at Cambridge in 1637, and having the signature 'John Bunyan' on the title-page of the New Testament, is now in the Sumner collection in the Harvard College Library, and would appear to be a genuine relic of the immortal dreamer.

The various objects that we have mentioned, with many others for which we have not space, would be valued by all book-lovers, although they can be owned but by few. To all, however, is possible the acquisition of the best and the most valuable of relics of the great writers and thinkers of the past—their immortal works.

## THE JULLABAD TRAGEDY. CHAPTER V.—CONCLUSION.

I was left alone to read the letters. Long I regarded the handwriting on the two envelopes before I had enough courage to open them. No prisoner ever shrank from his sentence more than I did from the loving forgiveness which I knew both these letters to contain, and which I deserved so little. They were of course from my mother and sister. As they differed only in expression, I can give the substance of both in that of my mother. Never was news from home more surprising or unlooked-for. The first thing that struck me was the address; instead of being written from the old apartments in Brompton, here was thick paper, bearing on the left-hand top corner the old crest of our family, and on the right the imposingly enamelled words: 'Monk's Dene, Chislehurst.'

What had happened since their last communication to me a month ago? This: my mother's brother had died in South America, and left her a fortune worth, when invested in good securities, eight hundred pounds a year! This had happened two months ago; but she and my sister had kept it secret from me until everything was settled and they could give me a surprise.

I could not keep back my tears. I was weak, and they flowed freely; had I been strong, they

would have come just as gratefully. Dear, dear mother! To know that she and Agnes had now Dear, dear sufficient to give them those comforts and attentions which they had lacked so long, and pined away inch by inch through the lacking of-to know this was to open the floodgates of my heart's gratefulness without a thought of my undeserving self. But they had thought for me, and more than enough.

"And now, good-bye, dear, dear Charlie," my mother concluded, 'until I press you once again to my bosom at Gravesend!'—'Good-bye, darling brother,' Agnes wound up, 'until we meet you, and pay our thanks to this dear Lady O'Reilly, who has so kindly told us all about you. We are only distressed by the thought that we shall not have somebody else to welcome too-poor dear

This brought me back to where I was. How had Lady O'Reilly been in communication with them? She had told them my story—how she would tell it, I knew too well—but when or where? My mind was very confused, and I was under a half-delusion that Lady O'Reilly had just been to England-by some unknown route-and come back to meet me on the sea. This was only for a minute or so. I put the dear letters to my lips, then placed them under my pillow, to be read again and again, and waited. Lady O'Reilly would soon be back to my cabin, and then she would tell me all about it.

In half an hour she came, and it seemed so long to me. 'The doctor,' she said, 'believes that if the weather keeps fine—as the captain assures me it will, and must—you may come on deck for a while going up the Channel. It is supposed that

English air will quicken your convalescence.

'These letters,' I answered, 'have quickened it; your kindness has quickened it.—So you have written to my mother, Lady O'Reilly?'

'Of course I have, you foolish boy,' she replied, laughing. 'I knew the lugubrious account which you would give of your troubles; and out of kindness to your mother, I sent her a fairer explanation before I left India. I told her you were not

half so black as no doubt you painted yourself.'
'How did they know,' I asked, as it flashed upon me, 'that you would be on the same ship with me?' I never dreamt of it myself.'

'They knew because I told them. I promised your mother to wait for you, and take care you didn't jump overboard in a melancholy fit—or anything. You see, you wanted somebody to look after you, didn't you?'

I could say nothing; I was too full of gratitude. I knew, from the reference made by Agnes in the end of her letter to 'somebody,' that Lady O'Reilly had told them the real state of the case with me there; but I held back from speaking to her about this. I resolved to wait and suffer her, if she chose, to open the subject herself. She did not do so: I understood why. What more, alas! could be said concerning the poor girl's fate? One thing I was sure of—Lady O'Reilly had never hinted to my mother and sister the remotest possibility of the guilt of her I had loved—whose memory I would always revere, and whose white

innocence I would always canonise in my heart.

I enjoyed a long, delicious, and invigorating sleep that night. I awoke late in the morning, as the ship's bell gave one stroke overhead—half-

past eight—and the pleasant home sunlight came through the open port. I was at once conscious of a new sensation—that of hunger, and I called immediately to the ayah. But I received no answer. Drawing back the curtain, I saw that she was not there. Yet I was somehow conscious she had been there at one time during

the night.

By-and-by the doctor came, and he ordered my appetite to be suitably ministered to. The food, and the air, and the composure of mind which yesterday had brought me, all combined to accelerate my recovery, and that afternoon I was able to sit for two hours on deck with my kind and lovely friend. Next day, I was almost able to get up the companion-ladder without assistance, and I stayed above all afternoon. The day following we were steaming up the Channel with a delightful southwesterly breeze; and only those who have spent years in the tropics can appreciate the rapture of drinking in such air and feasting one's eyes on the green fields of Old England once again. The steamer stopped at Plymouth to land such passengers as wished to get off at that port. To my great surprise—for she had not given me a hint of her intention—Lady O'Reilly was one of these. I offered no comment—what right had I?—and she sought me where I sat, away aft, to say

adieu.
'I shall come down to see you at Chislehurst directly, she said. 'I want to get off here for a special reason; I had intended going on with

you.

I did not feel warranted in inquiring Lady O'Reilly's reason for landing at Plymouth, and from her manner of waiting after she had told me this, I fancy she expected me to say something

about it.

'And now, adieu. Be careful of yourself, forfor your mother's sake, until you reach Gravesend. Perhaps, she added with a smile after a moment's thought, 'you will find a note from me awaiting you there.' Then she went away, leaving me thinking over her last words. A note from her—about what? An excitement which I could not analyse was gathering in my breast. But she was gone, and I could not ask her meaning. Gone, too, I presently thought with a sensation of shame and self-reproach, without carrying from me one word of thanks to that gentle Hindu girl who had been so kind and attentive a nurse to me. Surely the ayah must think her patient ungrateful and unfeeling, little as natives look for thanks at the hands of the superior race for any services ren-dered. But I resolved that she should have such bangles as would convince her I was neither forgetful nor ungrateful. This may seem a small matter to the reader; it was no small matter to me, or I should not dwell upon it.

The old Thames at last, with its low shores and its mighty freights; but picturesque and lovely to the eyes of the returning exile! It looks like the wide welcoming opening of the heart of Home after one's long absence; and the crowd of us on the steamer's quarter-deck were mostly silent, or spoke low, because of the fullness of feeling within. Dear Old England! even if they are but coming back to lay their wasted frames in one of your quiet churchyards, your breath brings a tinge to the pale cheeks and a light to the hollow eyes of the returning wanderers.

My mother and sister were there, awaiting me. I saw them only for a moment, their dear faces eagerly watching for me on the deck of the slow-moving steamer—only for a moment, for my eyes filled with tears, which blinded me. I must pass over all this.

It was not until we were in the railway carriage, speeding along through the delicious air of Kent, that I opened the note which had been unfailingly awaiting me. Hard pressed as I was on each side by the loving caresses of mother and Agnes, I had for the moment to forget their presence in the mystification of Lady O'Reilly's brief message. It was written from Plymouth, immediately after landing, and this was what it contained:

'I and ayah are just starting for London. Had you forgotten her when parting from me, that you had no word for her? I hope at least you will not forget the bangles, for the poor thing will certainly expect them—and has earned them more than you know of. I shall come to Chislehurst to see you in a week from to-day, as I am of opinion that you will by that time be strong enough to endure a shock without its killing you. I am sorry to be the agent of a business of this dangerous kind, but I cannot shirk it.—Give my love, please, to your mother and sister.'

It was of no avail to speculate on the hidden significance of this strange letter. I gave it up at last, though the words were constantly present to me. Only two points stood out clearly—the ayah must not be forgotten, and the news Lady O'Reilly was bringing to me was good news. What else could it be? Only my ignorance of it kept me in a nervous state of expectancy.

When I told them at home of my illness on the voyage, Agnes went to London herself and brought back the bangles. I would give them to Lady O'Reilly when she came, and then the ayah would no longer think of me as unmindful of her services. Even the near prospect of discharging some portion of a debt of this nature is comforting.

There was an arbour in the garden of my mother's house which, as soon as I discovered it, became my favourite nook. The weather was delightful, and the sweet air of the sweetest spot in England was a draught of delicious intoxication. Here I lounged most of the day, reading, smeking, doing nothing, by turns, until the gloomy events out in India began to seem to my memory like a dream. The scenes around were so different from those with which my great grief was associated, that I could not avoid softening under their benign influence.

Lady O'Reilly came a day earlier than I expected, and quietly surprised me in my retreat. She was alone; and the radiance of her lovely face I had never before thought so bright.

'You do not look like the agent of a dangerous business!' I exclaimed, referring to the language of her letter as I sprang to my feet and took her hand. 'Ah, Lady O'Reilly, you are welcome—welcome, welcome, for your own sake.—But please sit down and tell me what it is!'

'I have had news from Juliabad,' she answered, smiling—'a letter from my husband. It, came overland, and I received it on board at Ply-

mouth, which was partly why I disembarked there.

News—news from Jullabad! How my heart beat! I could not have uttered a word to save

my life.

'The mystery has been cleared up. The innocence in which your faith, and mine, were never for a moment shaken, has been established. Is not this news?'

'Thank God for it!' I answered. 'Alas, alas! she was done to death all the same!'

'Let me tell you how it was. The cook, Sinya, was the man who fired the bungalow. It was discovered by another native with whom he quarrelled in the bazaar, and the man himself has confessed everything. He wanted revenge. But to save his mistress, and at the same time turn suspicion on her husband and from himself, he adopted that strategy which has been the source of so much mystery. He dressed himself in Colonel Humby's clothes, and roused Mrs Humby to her danger by pretending to strangle her. She saw only his back, and believed him to be her husband.'

Amazement filled me as I silently turned this intelligence over in my mind. All was clear now—her truthfulness, which had been her death, most of all!—and the whole plot was so worthy of oriental ingenuity. I fancied—and I believe I was right—that the cook would never have made confession of the manner of his deed but for remorse for the fate into which he had plunged his mistress in attempting to save her. Had she lived, the world would never have seen her innocence established.

'And no word at all—of course there is none!' I said with a groan—'of her? No fragment of her dress, no bit of ribbon—has nothing at all belonging to her been found?'

'Nothing' was the reply, spoken, I fancied,

so oddly, that I started.

'The bangles,' Lady O'Reilly went on, without appearing to notice the start I gave—'they are very handsome ones, and I will give them to ayah. Your sister showed them to me.—Now, let us come in to tea; I have a friend with me whom I should like to introduce you to.'

'A friend-a lady?'

'A lady.'

We walked half the length of the garden in silence. At a spot where a clump of shrubs hid the house from us, Lady O'Reilly stopped and looked up in my face. 'I want a promise from you now,' she said gravely—'a promise upon your honour.'

'Surely,' I answered; 'I promise beforehand whatever you ask!'

She paused, still looking me in the face, as if she were taking careful measure of my strength.

I began to tremble, with foreknowledge.
'Come back for a minute to the arbour. I was going to venture on a surprise, but it is better not.—Do you imagine who is in the house?'

'Lady O'Reilly,' I exclaimed, 'for God's sake, tell me! Has the dead returned to life, that you ask me that question?'

'The dead never return.—Listen for a minute, and I will tell you. I planned and executed Florence Humby's disappearance. You men think one woman cannot help another as you would do

it? We can do it better! I carried her to my bungalow, kept her there, and took her thence in the face of all Jullabad-my husband not even knowing it—and behold, sir, she is in England now, and in your very mother's house!

The ayah! I was rushing out of the arbour,

when she caught my arm.

'Your promise—your promise!'
'Yes, yes. Tell me what it is?'

'Never-never to reveal to her that you know she nursed you!'

I laughed aloud. Was that all? I heard Lady O'Reilly laugh too, as I left her most unceremoniously. I made straight for the drawing-room. There was no one there. 'Where is she -where is she?' I cried, half aloud, as I turned

to the door to search elsewhere.

A figure seemed to rise out of the floor—or had I been blind when I came in?—a slight girlish figure, draped in black, with a white face, and neck draped in pink. I see her now, and will see her for ever, looking at me with bright and timid eyes, with her little hands clasped in front of her. Oblivious of ceremony, and flinging decorum to the winds, I caught her wildly to my breast. My captive gave a little startled cry, then a flutter or two-and was at rest.

Fickle Fortune having done her worst, seemed humoured to compensate us with generous hand. An old man from over the ocean found his lost lamb again, and gave us wealth which we can never use. He gave us his blessing, too, which was more to us. In that fair garden of England we have taken up our abode, and it is little to say that we are happy. Only, to this day we have never spoken of how Florence got to England. I pretend to take it that she came as others do, and make my pretension good by simply not referring to the matter at all. To this day, also—as I believe will be the case to the end—Florence firmly believes in her innocent heart that I do not know who nursed me on that voyage home from India.

One last word, which will furnish a sufficient key to what would otherwise be inexplicable. One August evening, two months after our marriage, we were sitting at an open window facing the Channel. I was reading aloud passages, here and there, from Paradise Lost, and had just read the opening lines of the grand description—

High on a throne of royal state, which far Outshone the wealth of Ormuz or of Ind, Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold—

when a sob stopped me, and Florence, bursting into tears, hid her face on my shoulder. It was then that my poor darling told me what I had never questioned her about. Her father, in the excess of his anxiety for her happiness, had brought her up in jealous seclusion from the world, resolved that her wealth should not expose her to the designs of men; so that at eighteen she was still a child. Colonel Humby made her father's acquaintance, and was invited to the house as a man, from age, condition, and looks, with whom it was periectly safe to trust a child. The trust was betrayed. It was easy even for Humby to fill the imagination of a secluded and innocent girl with glowing pictures out winking. He wrote, however, in a rather

of oriental splendour and luxury and pleasure. He turned her head; and in an infatuated hour—thinking of the East, not of him—she forgot her father, and fled with the man. The simulated affection turned to mortal hate when he found himself spurned by her indignant father with the wrathful assurance that he had missed his mark—that he should never share one dollar of the fortune at which he had aimed. assurance was so given that there was no doubt about it; and in the bitterness of his disappointment, he turned his wife's hopes into Dead Sea fruit.

'My poor, poor darling!' I said, kissing her when she had told me the outline of the story.

'No, no, no, Charlie,' she replied, looking up and laughing. 'Was it not worth going through to-to bring me to the present?'

I looked down in that sweet fair face, and I prayed heaven to grant me virtue to be a worthy custodian of a treasure so rich and pure.

#### FUNNY SAYINGS AND ANSWERS BY JUVENILES.

In an article which appeared some time ago in Chambers's Journal, and which was entitled Un-expected Answers, the writer asserted that 'no class of men seemed so likely to receive strange and unexpected answers as school inspectors. This, perhaps, is not quite correct. The inspector only occasionally appears on the scene at school, whilst the teacher is part and parcel of the scene, and always there. The fact is that the comical element amongst youngsters is not nearly so frequently made note of by teachers as it might be, and many Twain-like sayings and laughable answers are thus lost, giving only a temporary diversion and hilarity amid the tedium and monotony of school-work.

Examinations are the times at which our juvenile shooting-stars pop off their unwitting jokes with most frequency. At times, too, the squibs hit the teacher, but only to tickle him, although thoughts may cross his mind that his instructions in geography, Scripture history, or other pedagogy must have been defective, and

somehow not lucid to the 'young idea.'

The vicar of a certain parish in Sussex was in the habit of giving religious instruction at the grammar-school of the town. At the close of his series of lessons, he was wont to receive written replies on the subject-matter. On being asked what a 'laver' was, one answer was indited: 'A labourer is a washing-vessel or bason; the writer thoughtfully concluding, for the credit of his caligraphy, 'George Juniper, forth class, wrote with a sprain thumb.'

A teacher having told his class that 'divers' meant 'various' in the verse beginning, 'But when divers were hardened,' added, that to make the sense complete another word (people) was necessary; whereupon a pupil instantly rose and read out the petrifying paraphrase, with considerable emphasis on the article, But when the divers were hardened.'—Asked to place an adjective before the noun 'tree,' an unconscious but grammatical one wrote, 'wooden-wooden tree.'

It is to be supposed that our next youth had heard that the eagle could gaze at the sun withredundant way: 'The Romans never had flags but a eagle on their sticks, it is a noble bird, it looked up at the sun with its eyes open.' Historians make a mistake in calling Christopher Columbus a Genoese—he was an Englishman, for, with the spirit of patriotism burning in him, a boy says: 'The first Englishman who sailed round the wourld was by name cristoper Comlumbus.'

The following geographical definitions may be of use to our Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society: 'A cape is a piece of land joining the sea;' and 'a volcance is a burning mounting with spits fire and lather.' That the earth is round is proved by the fact that the earth goes round the sun!—A little well-brought-up boy wrote: 'Geography tells us about the earth and the sea, countries and rivers and lakes and'—with a devout and extraordinary apostrophe pens the invocation—'above grace give us knowledge.'

The under-mentioned lad held up his hand triumphantly whilst several companions gave the correct answer. His twinkling eyes showed he knew, if they didn't. 'How many feet were there in a field where stood a shepherd, his boy, and five sheep?'—'Four' was his eager reply; because the rest, he said, 'weren't feet—they were only trotters.'

A quiet and watery-eyed pupil transcribing, 'These poor savages cannot be called the ancestors of the British people,' was slightly in error when he wrote, 'These poor sausages,' &c.—Being asked for examples of animals having coarse hair, one boy thought a Shetland pony. After a pause, another remarked that a pig, too, had coarse hair. But this was completely beaten by another boy, who rose to wind up the subject by stating that 'hedgehogs and porcupines,' he considered, 'had the coarsest and stiffest hair of all.'

A master having propounded the Darwinian theory that such birds as herons, storks, and the like owe their length of leg to the habit, extending over ages, of seeking their food in the water and constantly dragging their feet out of the mud, met a poser from a juvenile anti-Darwinian who requested to know, 'How long will the legs of herons be in a few more ages?'—A boy in the same division was heard shortly afterwards to give a malicious recommendation to another rejoicing in the sobriquet of 'Stumpy' on account of his remarkably short understandings. He recommended 'Stumpy' to 'wear heavy boots.'

In the course of a reading lesson, the word

In the course of a reading lesson, the word 'sensation' cropped up, and the teacher asked what it meant. Receiving no satisfactory response, he attempted to elicit the answer by saying: 'Come, boys, I'm sure you must know; it's something, for instance, which passes up your arms when you touch a galvanic battery. What is it? Well, my lad, I see you know.'—'Something we feel, sir.'—'Yes, that is very good,' encouraged the questioner; 'but I want the name for it.'—'Please, sir, I know,' came an answer from another part of the class: 'my mother catched one up our Tom's sleeve this morning!'

In examining the boys in the composition of then a girl broke in triumphantly with, 'The sentences, a master began: 'If I ask you,' said he, baby, please, ma'am.'—'Do you know, manma, 'what have I in my hand? you must not say I don't believe Solomon was so rich after all?' simply "Chalk," but make a full sentence of it, observed a sharp boy to his mother, who prided and say: "You have chalk in your hand," Now I herself on her orthodoxy. 'My child!' she

will proceed. What have I on my feet?' The answer came immediately: 'Boots?—'Wrong; you haven't been observing my directions,' he rebukingly replied. 'Stockings,' another heedlessly ventured to answer. 'Wrong again—worse than ever,' wrathfully exclaimed the magister. 'Well?' he continued interrogatively to a lad near him. 'Please, sir;' then he paused—perhaps he thought it might sound funny, but he felt it must be right, and so he recklessly gasned it out. 'Corne!'

and so he recklessly gasped it out: 'Corns!'
'What are you talking about there?' demanded a teacher, addressing himself to the loquacious son of a railway porter. But the teacher obtained no response, and was obliged to ask another lad who sat next the delinquent. 'What was George talking about?'—'Please, sir, he was saying as his father's trousers is sent down to Brighton when they gets old, and they's made into sugar there, and that's how 'tis sugar's gone down!'

Another Cuvier has arisen. He is very young yet; but the time will come when he will take his proper place as the leading light among animal physiologists. In his essay on the horse he wrote only a bit, but that bit was good—it was concise, and to the point. The examiners showed the paper upon which the dissertation was written to one another, and smiled approvingly at the little author. Young Cuvier had simply touched upon the subject in a geometrico-physico manner:

'Essay on the Horse.—The horse is a useful creacher. It cats corn it is a sort of square animal with a leg at each corner and has a head at one end and a tale at the other.'

The examiners forgave the little chap. He looked innocent. They thought his mind had been perhaps wandering—that he had been thinking about his hobby-horse.

The following is a sample of a young historian's acumen: 'In 1839 the English had to stop the advance of Russia in India, and Suraja Dowla was made governor. In 1846 confusion again broke out, but the English government went out and stopped it. This led to the appointment of a Secretary of State. It consisted of fifteen persons.'—Mathematicians will be surprised to learn that 'a circle is a figure contained by a straight line.'—Students of geography may not know that 'the Nile is the only remarkable river in the world. It was discovered by Dr Livingstone, and it rises in Mungo Park.'—Home influences appeared in the answer of a child, whose father was a strong teetotaler, to the query, 'Do you know the meaning of syntax?'—'Yes,' was the ready reply; 'syntax is the dooty upon spirits.'

A lady asked one of the children in her Sunday-school class, 'What was the sin of the Pharisees?' Eating camels, ma'am,' was the reply. The little girl had read that the Pharisees 'strained at gnats and swallowed camels.'—'In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?' questioned a teacher of the stolid-looking boy at the foot of the class. 'Dead,' was the quiet response.—'What is the outward and visible sign in baptism?' asked a lady of her Sunday-school class. There was silence for some seconds, and then a girl broke in triumphantly with, 'The baby, please, ma'am.'—'Do you know, mamma, I don't believe Solomon was so rich after all?' observed a sharp boy to his mother, who prided

exclaimed in pious horror, 'what does the Bible say ?'—'That's just it,' he answered. 'It says that "Solomon slept with his fathers." Now, surely, if he had been rich he'd have had a bed to himself.'—A teacher, in trying to explain to her scholars the meaning of repentance, used this illustration: 'Suppose a bad boy were to steal an erange, and his good mother should catch him with it, and take him by the hand gently and tell him how wicked it is, and how very, very grieved she was; don't you think, now, that the little boy ought to feel sorry?' One of the scholars eagerly replied: 'Yes, mum'—'And why, Marmaduke?' 'Clause.'—'Because why, Marmaduke?' 'Because he hadn't et the orange befo' his ma cotch him and tuck it away from him!'

'Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?' asked the master of an infant school. 'I have,' shouted a six-year-old at the foot of the class. 'Where?'—'On the elephant, sir.'

# THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE recent meeting of the British Association at Manchester conclusively proves, if any proof were needed, that the public take a great and increasing interest in modern developments of science. The attendance of nearly four thousand persons, which is more by five hundred than the number registered at any previous meeting, and the collection of more than four thousand pounds in money, are two facts which speak for them-The general Committee, with the help of this satisfactory support, have been enabled to put aside half that sum for purposes of research; for those purposes, indeed, which represent the real work for which the British Association was founded. The recent meeting was no less successful with regard to papers read, and although none of these can be said to deal with any very startling theme, several of them were full of interest. We need hardly say that the social part of the business was carried on with as much enjoyment as is customary. Manchester is a city full of factories of various kinds and businesses of a technical character, and thus the visitors had plenty to see and to study.

It is gratifying, says the Lancet, to learn that humanity, to say nothing of good taste, has asserted itself at last among a section at least of the fairer portion of the fashionable world. At a conference of ladies held in Bond Street on the subject of dress, it was decided, a few days ago, that the plumage of small birds should no longer be considered as fashionable trimming for robes or bonnets. Let this decision become accepted by the community in general, and a blot on our civilisation will have been removed.

Messrs Griffiths Brothers, of 9 New Broad Street, London, E.C., call attention to the fire-proofing solution and paint with which the buildings at the Manchester Exhibition have been protected. They claim for these preparations that they will not flake off; that they contain no caustic alkali or chemical calculated to injure the most delicate material; that the paint can be made in any colour; and that it is no more expensive than ordinary oil-paint. If these materials fulfil

exclaimed in pious horror, 'what does the Bible all the advantages which are claimed for them, say?'—'That's just it.' he answered. 'It says theatrical managers cannot afford to ignore them.

theatrical managers cannot afford to ignore them.

Captain Cook and his voyages in the South
Seas belong to the romantic days of a past era, and the name of the brave old mariner is now seldom quoted. But once more he comes before public notice, and in a strange way. An old house in Soho Square, London, in process of demolition, has revealed a certain recess furnished with doors, which had remained hidden and un-opened for half a century. In this recess has been found a remarkable collection of articles gathered during Captain Cook's voyages in the South Pacific. The building in which these relics have been found formed part of the Museum of Sir Joseph Banks, who accompanied Captain Cook on his travels. Inside the panelling was found this inscription, in Sir Joseph Banks' handwriting: 'Instruments used, carvings, weapons and heads collected by Captain Cook during the voyage of the Endeavour? Among the relies, perhaps the most remarkable are some old quadrants and other instruments used on board the Endeavour; two mummied, tattooed heads of New Zealand chiefs; and a wooden bowl with lips, used, in the dark days of cannibalism, for handing round human blood.

M.D., writing to the Times, gives a most useful note of warning to those who at this season of the year return to their town abodes. These houses, he points out, have in most cases been practically uninhabited for weeks. The traps, which when full of water seal the sewers, have probably by evaporation become inoperative; hence the shutup house gets full of noisome gas, which we may observe does not necessarily betray its presence by a smell. He urges upon the returning inmates the importance of allowing every tap to run for a time, while the windows at the front and back of the house are opened. He has traced many cases of sore throat to the neglect of this sani-

tary precaution.

An American medical journal gives the following cure for whooping-cough, which is said to be most effectual; it has at anyrate the virtue of simplicity, and, unlike some remedies, it cannot do harm, even if no good results from its adoption. The method consists in fumigating with sulphur the sleeping-room, as well as any other room used by the patient, together with his bedding, clothes, toys, and everything which he uses. The sulphur is simply burned in the apartments, while the clothes are hung up in any convenient manner, and the rooms remain closed, and subjected to the funies for about five hours. Everything is then well aired, and the rooms are once more ready for the occupation of the sufferer.

According to the Lancet, an alkaloid called Stenocarpine has been discovered by a New York doctor, which it is probable may become a formidable rival to cocaine. It is said that if one or two drops of a two per cent. solution of this preparation be communicated to the eye, any operation may be performed on that sensitive organ with complete absence of pain. The anasthesia caused by the administration of the drug lasts for twenty minites. This new alkaloid does not seem to have been yet tried in this country; but no doubt we shall soon have reports

In a paper read before the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a curious statement was made, that although the population had increased thirty per cent. in ten years, blindness had increased to the extent of one hundred and forty per cent. in the same period. Why this should be so is not stated. But it is alleged that the United States actually spend about five millions sterling annually in

support of the blind. A new method of collecting gold from its ores has been invented by Mr B. C. Molloy, M.P., under the name of the Hydrogen-Amalgam process. It is well known that particles of gold, such as are found in crushed ore, readily amalgamate with mercury, from which metal the gold is afterwards freed by heat. Under ordinary conditions, the amalgam 'sickens,' as it is called, that is to say, its surface becomes quickly contaminated by certain products of the ore, which coat its surface and prevent its amalgamating action. From this cause only, it has been computed that nearly half of the precious metal found is washed away uncaptured in the form of a fine floating dust. In the new process, the power of electrolysis is called into play. The mercury is placed in a shallow pan about one inch in depth and forty-one and a half in diameter. In the centre of this pan there is a battery cell, so connected with the mercury that hydrogen is constantly given off by that metal, and forms an amalgam upon its surface. This insures absence of that sickening action to which we have already referred. The mercury is kept constantly bright, and the particles of gold are pressed into contact with it by means of a revolving iron disc which floats upon its surface. It is said that by this process every particle of gold is bound to be caught; it cannot possibly escape. The entire machine weighs about five hundredweight, and will deal with ten tons of ore per

Mr Henry Ffennell, who has for many years been endeavouring to preserve an authentic record of the largest salmon caught in the various waters of the United Kingdom, has lately written to protest against unauthorised stories of captures of large fish, which so constantly appear in the various newspapers, but have no foundation in fact. He has made close inquiries into one or two of these tales, and is positive as to their unreliability. For instance, a salmon said to be from the Tay, and weighing eighty-seven and a half pounds, was a short time ago exhibited at a London fishmonger's. This monster has, it seems, now been identified with one weighing thirty pounds less. As a fact, the heaviest fish which has been caught in the river Tay this season scaled sixty-four pounds.

At a recent meeting of the Gas Institute, Mr Livesey is reported to have advised the gas shareholders to be content with smaller dividends, so that the price of gas may be reduced, by which means their business might be much extended and opposition kept away. The advice is well timed, for there are now in the market plenty of welldevised and safe lamps for the burning of cheap mineral oil. Many householders who burn gas because of its convenience in parts of their houses, prefer oil lamps for the living rooms. Mineral oil gives a brilliant and pleasing light, and at the same time it does not blacken the ceilings. With of electric lighting came into vogue, it was

such a powerful rival in the field, Gas Companies should take the advice quoted.

Antiquaries and collectors of curiosities generally have always been subject to the operations of ingenious forgers. It is well known that the manufacture of antiquities is one which often flourishes, in spite of every endeavour to extinguish the nefarious trade. The latest instance of the kind is reported from Switzerland, where a band of these forgers stand unmasked and their villainy exposed. They devoted their peculiar talents to the reproduction of relics from prehistoric lake dwellings. In one case it was proved that a lacustrine shield had been skilfully made out of a copper plate, the metal having been afterwards steeped in mud for a long period, so as to give it the appearance of venerable age. There is reason to believe that the discovery, some years back, of various specimens of carved and engraved horn, and which pointed to the existence of a 'horn age,' was due to the operations of these ignoble artists. Once more the owners of cabinets will experience a thrill of doubt as to the genuineness of some of their specimens. Let them refrain from too close an examination. In such a case, ignorance is surely more blissful than full knowledge.

It is said that recently several fires have occurred in the chimneys of metropolitan restaurants, although every ordinary care has been taken to keep them free from soot. The cause is traced to particles of grease which are constantly arising from the cooking operations, and which quickly collect to a dangerous extent in the flues.

Attention having been called to the fact that the two Committees of experts appointed by the Department of Science and Art to inquire into the alleged deterioration of water-colour drawings have not yet sent in their Reports, an authoritative statement has been published giving the reasons for the delay. The Committees are engaged in some exhaustive experiments which cannot yet be concluded. In the meantime, every precaution is being taken to preserve the national drawings as far as possible from the action of light and other deleterious influences. The compiler of this statement reasonably asks, whether a drawing will have more exposure to light by the time one hundred thousand persons have seen it on the walls of a picture-gallery, or when each drawing separately has been taken by each of those persons out of a portfolio, a method of preservation which had been suggested.

An electrician in Ohio is said to have invented a new form of speaking-apparatus called a Sea Telephone, which is described as a sort of trumpet with which conversation in an ordinary tone of voice can be carried on between persons separated by three or four miles. The range of the instrument is said to be as much as twenty-six miles; that is to say, the sounds of a train or a whistle can be heard at a distance of thirteen miles in all directions. If we remember rightly, Mr Edison contrived an instrument of this kind, to which he gave the name of Megaphone. But his researches were merely of an experimental kind, and did not lead to any practical result. Perhaps this new inventor may be more fortunate.

At the time when the incandescent system

doubted whether the life of the little carbon filament within the glass globe would be long enough for practical purposes. But these doubts have long ago been set at rest. There are many such lamps which have been used in this country which have long outlived the period for which they were guaranteed to last; but they have all been eclipsed by one particular lamp in a newspaper office in Toronto. This lamp has been burning for several hours each night ever since November 1884. It was originally guaranteed to burn for six hundred hours; but its life has already been extended to six times that period.

We have more than once called attention to the circumstance that iron furnace slag, which used to be a waste product, is now being turned to various uses. In Germany, the slag is specially prepared for mending the roads, a material being produced called 'slagstone.' The method adopted is to run the liquid slag direct from the furnace into cast-iron moulds, which slightly taper towards the top. The mould has no bottom, but stands on an iron trolley, so that, when the slag is sufficiently set, it can be released, and the mould is ready to receive a fresh charge. The freshly moulded block is pierced, and its interior contents, still liquid, are allowed to run out. The block is then covered with cinders and allowed to cool gradually. This method insures a hard crystalline stone, which is found useful for purposes of paving.

A new method of preserving milk has been

patented in this country. The process consists in placing the liquid in a closed vessel and injecting into it pure oxygen. This process is patented by M. Brin of Paris, one of the same firm, we presume, now established in London for supplying pure oxygen for various purposes.

That energetic body, the Institute of Civil Engineers, invites contributions in the form of original papers upon different subjects. One or two of these we may mention: 'The Application of Liquid Fuel for Steam-boilers and other Purposes; 'The Distribution of Electricity for Lighting Purposes, and its Application to the Working of Street Tramways; 'The Utilisation of such Sources of Power as the Tides and the Radiant Heat of the Sun, and some International System of uniformly Lighting the Coasts of the World.' The Council of this Institution has power to award premiums for papers which may meet with their approval.

M. Jovis, whose experimental balloon ascents in Paris were recently adverted to, announces that he intends to make a balloon voyage from New York to Europe some time between the present month and January next. The time of starting will be governed by the state of the wind, which the adventurous acronaut hopes to find in the right direction for his purpose. The balloon is to have a capacity of eight thousand five hundred cubic yards, and it is estimated that the voyage will be completed in less than sixty hours!

Although we hear much in the present day of the wonders of photography, it would seem that the rapid gelatine plates do not fulfil all the conditions that photographers require. We judge that this must be the case from the circumstance that a Frenchman offers a prize of one thousand of lighting a lamp, which lamp must be ex-francs (forty pounds sterling) for a process by tinguished when it is desired to stop the engine.

which a plate can be prepared which shall com-bine the advantages of gelatine with those of the old collodion process. The method must be simple, and must be capable of extreme sensitiveness. The competition will remain open until the last day of the year; and intending competitors must be prepared to furnish a full description of the process which they submit, accompanied by proofs of what it will do.

The Lighting Committee of the Glasgow International Exhibition, profiting by the great success achieved by the illuminated fountain at South Kensington, which was shown during recent Exhibitions there, have resolved to construct a fountain of a similar kind, but on a far larger scale. The well-known engineers, Messrs Galloway of Manchester, have been intrusted with the erection of this fairy fountain, the base of which is to be one hundred and ninety feet in diameter. One hundred jets of water will rise from this basin, and the electric light for giving them their coloured effects will be worked from a distance of two hundred feet from the fountain. It is estimated that one hundred and fifty horsepower will be necessary for furnishing the required amount of energy to produce the light for this beautiful display.

According to the *Electrician*, a new and quick method of soldering telegraph wires has been invented in Russia. The principal advantage of it lies in the saving of time required for the work, and also in the avoidance of any 'scraping,' which would to some extent reduce the strength of the wire. The process consists of dipping the two ends of the wire-already embraced by binding wire-into a vessel holding a considerable quantity of melted solder, upon the top of which there is sufficient powdered sal-ammoniac to leave a thick layer of liquid salt. The ends of the wire pressed into this vessel are quickly joined, however dirty they may be.

It is not generally known that the inflammable vapour of benzine can be ignited by means of friction. A case has occurred in Philadelphia which shows in a curious manner how an accident happened by this means. A boy was cleaning a printing-press with benzine, rubbing in the volatile liquid with a rag, when the vapour suddenly caught fire, and the poor boy was severely burnt. Another fact not generally known is that benzine can be ignited by a copper soldering tool at less than red-heat, for a case of accident has been recorded where a workman soldering a leak in a tin can holding this dangerous liquid, noticed that the application of the tool caused an immediate flame around the opening which he was about to seal. These two examples are quoted in a recent American publication.

There is now to be seen running on the pleasant waters of the Upper Thames a launch of novel construction. Apparently it is a steam-launch, for it has the outward appearance of one; but in reality it owes its motive-power to the explosive vapour of some hydrocarbon such as petroleum. It is indeed a petroleum engine applied, for the first time in this country, to the purpose indicated. No boiler is required, and therefore much space is saved. The boat is set in motion by the act The tank holds sufficient liquid for sixty hours' consumption at a cost of about one sovereign. This is clearly much cheaper than the quantity of coal required to do the same amount of work would be. There is also a great saving of labour, for no stoking is required, and a working engineer is hardly necessary. This new boat may possibly be the pioneer of a system which will drive the steam pleasure-launch from the Thames. We understand that it is of American origin.

#### THE GREAT VINE OF KINNELL.

The Black Hamburg vine of Kinnell, a former sent of the Macnabs, near Killin, at the western end of Loch Tay, in Perthshire, is one of the great sights of the Breadalbane country. now the largest specimen of a growing vine in the United Kingdom. The Marquis of Breadalbane, on whose grounds of Auchmore it is situated, is justly proud of this splendid vine, and has arranged that it may be seen by the and two o'clock. W' in we saw it this autumn, about five hundred are ches of luscious grapes were hanging from a bout his a average of two pounds per bunch, of as about half a ton of grapes. The yield of this prolific vine in recent years is interesting. In 1879 the yield was 1179 bunches; but 376 bunches being taken off green, only 803 were left to come to maturity. In 1880 the yield was 1274 bunches, 560 taken off, and 714 left to mature. In 1883 the yield was 2102 bunches; in 1884, 2172; in 1885, 2844; in 1886, 2868; and in the present year it give led 2548 bunches, 500 only being by the first like of the long, is growing as heart of the ground, before it sends ut its branches, a little way above the ground, before it sends ut its branches, measures, one foot ten inches in circumference. measures one foot ten inches in circumference. It shoots out for five or six feet before it runs to branches. The only extra 'food' the soil now receives is old bones broken to about half an inch. It is now about fifty-six years since it was brought as a young and healthy shoot to Kinnell. It may be mentioned that the famous Black Hamburg vine at Hampton Court is less in size than this Kinnell vine, the leading branches, according to a recent authority, being about 110 feet long; but its principal stem is 38 inches in circumference.

The story of the vine as told by the oldest inhabitant is briefly this: There happened to be an English shooting-tenant in one of the Macnab residences called Auchlyne, in Glendochart. He was fond of sport, but at the same time had paid so much attention to horticulture as to organise a glass house in the garden, in which this shoot of the Black Hamburg vine brought from the south was planted. This sporting tenant having suddenly gone abroad, the healthy shoot was removed to Kinnell, near Killin, and planted there. It took root and flourished fairly well. A genius of a gardener, Robertson by name, now took means to aid its growth. He had a substantial subsoil of leaf-mould brought from near Finlarig, the burial-place of the Breadalbane Campbells, on the shores of Loch Tay. This soil he prepared in the usual way for use, and with his best gardening skill and experience,

the roots were sunk in this compost. The first year after this treatment, the results did not appear very satisfactory; a few scraggy grapes were the total yield. But immediately afterwards it began its remarkable growth and fruit-bearing, until it has attained its present magnificent condition. It is worth adding that the fruit of this vine is not sold or selfishly used in any way; but, with commendable liberality, the Marchioness of Breadalbane sends perhaps a hundred bunches at a time of these luscious grapes to the hospitals and infirmaries of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dundee.

#### SHADOWS.

.

Say, dost thou love me, dear? Those eyes of thine Look at me through the shadows gray, that creep Into this silent room, and stir the deep Of my sad heart with longing, but to mine They give no answer. Evermore they shine Quietly groff as when in dreams of sleep I see theelose to face. Does thy heart Icap Ever with surfe greet me? Would no sign Set all my sat rest? Dear, couldst thou stand Intent caid things when I am there? Woulds not the 'chasten forth to clasp my hand, If the mough exist my foot upon the stair? The them free in thy thoughts' shadowland; I amne cookiry, love, that thou shouldst care!

n havi rr.
I am not mmit! Yet the sunbeams bright,

At dawn, fall ri the drooping wayside flower,
And straight it lifts its head to drink the shower
Of perfect blessing as Forgot is night,
With all its cold and the ses, in the light
That thrills it through with life's strong, wondrous

And thus, O my beloved! if thou shouldst dower With love my life, that, erst so wan and white Beside the world's wide way, should learn to glow With colours vivid as the flaming west Wore ere the twilight fell. The Past could throw No shadow o'er a Present that had rest. 'Neath love-light from thine eyes. So should I grow—

Not worthy of thee, dear—but ah, how blest!

KATE MELLERSH.

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#### THE ROMANCE OF THE WOOL-TRADE.

WHAT is wool? 'The covering of the sheep, of course,' replies somebody. Yes; but what is it? Let us ask Professor Owen. 'Wool,' he says, 'is a peculiar modification of hair, characterised by fine transverse or oblique lines from two to four thousand in the extent of an inch, indicative of a minutely imbricated scaly surface, when viewed under the microscope, on which and on its curved or twisted form depends its remarkable felting property.' At first sight this definition seems hardly less bewildering than Dr Johnson's famous definition of network: 'Anything reticulated or decussated with interstices between the intersections at equal distances.' But it will bear examination, and is really more tangible than, for instance, Noah Webster's definition of wool: 'That soft curled or crisped species of hair which grows on sheep and some other animals, and which in fineness sometimes approaches to fur.' It is usually that which grows on sheep, however, that we know as wool, and the number of imbrications, serratures, or notches indicates the quality of the fibre. Thus, in the wool of the Leicester sheep there are 1850-in Spanish merino, 2400-in Saxon merino, 2700, to an inch, and the fewer there are, the nearer does wool approach to

Here is a still more minute description by Youatt, a great authority on wool: 'It consists of a central stem or stalk, probably hollow, or at least porous, and possessing a semi-transparency, found in the fibre of hair. From this central stalk there springs, at different distances in different breeds of sheep, a circlet of leaf-shaped projections. In the finer species of wool these circles seemed at first to be composed of one indicated or serrated ring; but when the eye was accustomed to them, this ring was resolvable into leaves or scales. In the larger kinds the ring was at once resolvable into these scales or leaves, varying in number, shape, and size, and projecting at different angles from the stalk, and in the direction of the leaves of vegetables—that is, from the course, to the land of the Southern Cross, where

root to the point. They give to the wool the power of felting."

This is the estimate of the chemical composition of good wool: Carbon, 50.65; hydrogen, 7.03; nitrogen, 17.71; oxygen and sulphur, 24.61. Out of a hundred parts, ninety-eight would be organic, and two would be ash, consisting of oxide of iron, sulphate of lime, phosphate of lime, and magnesia. What is called the 'yolk' of wool is a compound of oil, lime, and potash. It makes the pile soft and pliable, and is less apparent on English sheep than on those of warmer countries, the merino sheep having the most 'yolk.'

The fibre of wool varies in diameter, the Saxon merino measuring 11770 of an inch, and the Southdown, TTou. Lustrous wool, it is said, should be long and strong; but if it is very fine, it is not long. Strong wool may be as much as twenty inches in length. The wool of the best sheep adheres closely, and can only be removed by shearing; but there are varieties of sheep which shed their wool, as, for instance, the Persian, which drop the whole of their fleeces between January and May, when feeding on the new grass.

This, then, is wool, the first use of which for cloth-making is lost in antiquity. There is no doubt that the pastoral industry is the oldest industry in the world; for even when the fruits of the earth could be eaten without tillage and without labour, the flocks and herds required care and attention. The shepherd may be regarded as the earliest pioneer of industry, as he has been for centuries the centre of fanciful romance, and the personification of far from romantic fact. The old legend of Jason and the Golden Fleece is in itself evidence of the antiquity of the knowledge of the value of wool, and much as the mythologists make out of the legend, there are some who hold that it merely is meant to record how the Greeks imported a superior kind of sheep from the Caucasus and made money thereby.

Australia is now the land of the Golden Fleece, and millions of money have been made there out the only mammal known when Europeans discovered it was the kangaroo. Mr James Bonwick, a gentleman well known in Australian literature, has lately gathered together many records of the introduction of the sheep into Australia, and of the marvellous development of the pastoral industry there. We shall avail ourselves of the information collected by Mr Bonwick, in his very interesting book, The Romance of the Wool-trade (London: Griffith, Farran, &c., 1887).

But, first, as to the different kinds of sheep.

But, first, as to the different kinds of sheep. The Bighorn is the wild-sheep of Kamschatka, of which we lately gave some notes; and it may be taken for granted that all species of the domestic sheep were at one time wild, or are descended from wild tribes. When the Aryan Hindus invaded India, it is recorded that they took their flocks with them; but whether the wild-sheep still to be found on the hills of Northern India are the descendants of wanderers from these flocks, or descendants of the progenitors of them,

we do not pretend to say.

Chief among the domesticated sheep of the British Isles is the Southdown, whose characteristics used to be—although we are told they are changed somewhat now-thin chine, low foreend, and rising backbone, a small hornless head, speckled face, thin lips, woolled ears, and bright eyes. The wool should 'be short, close, curled, fine, and free from spiry projecting fibres.' Then there are the Romney Marsh, the Cotswold, the Lincoln, the Leicester, and the Hardwick sheep, each with its distinctive marks and value. The Welsh sheep have long necks, high shoulders, narrow breasts, long bushy tails, and small bones; the wool is not first-class, but the mutton is excellent. The Irish native sheep are of two kinds, the short-woolled and long-woolled; but Southdowns and Leicesters have been so long crossed with them, that their idiosyncrasies are no longer The Shetland sheep are supposed to have come from Denmark, but have also been crossed with English and Scotch varieties. In Scotland, the Cheviot and the Blackfaced are the two ruling types. The Cheviot is a very handsome animal, with long body, white face, small projecting eyes, and well-formed legs. The wool is excellent, as the 'tweed'-makers of the Border know, but is not so soft as that of the English Southdowns. The Blackfaced is the familiar form we see in the Highlands, supposed to have come originally 'from abroad,' but now regarded as the native sheep of Scotland. It is a hardy animal, accustomed to rough food and rough weather, with a fine deep chest, broad back, slender legs, attractive face, and picturesque horns. The wool is not so good as that of the Cheviot variety, but the mutton is better. Of course, English varieties have been largely crossed with the two native Scotch kinds; yet these still remain distinct, and are easily recognisable.

As long ago as the time of the Emperor Constantine, the wool of English sheep had a high reputation, and had even then found its way to Rome. Of English monarchs, Edward III, seems to have been the first to endeavour to stimulate the pastoral industry by the manufacture of woollen cloths and the export of raw wool. But Henry VIII, thought that sheep-breeding had been carried too far, and the farmers were making too

much money out of it; so he decreed that no one should keep more than two thousand four hundred sheep at one time, and that no man should be allowed to occupy more than two farms. In the time of Charles II. the export of both sheep and wool was strictly prohibited. As late as 1788, there were curious prohibitory enactments with reference to sheep; and the date is interesting, because it was the date of the settlement of New South Wales. There was a fine of three pounds upon the carrying off of any sheep from the British Isles, except for use on board ship; and even between the islands and the mainland of Scotland, or across a tidal river, sheep could not be transported without a special permit, and the execution of a bond that the animals were not for exportation. Indeed, no sheep could be shorn within five miles of the sea-coast without the presence of a revenue officer, to see that the law was not evaded.

It is not surprising, then, that the first sheep settled in Australia—the only great pastoral country that has never had a native variety—did not go from England. It is very curious that in Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania, where now lies a great portion of the pastoral wealth of the world, there never was any animal in the smallest degree resembling a sheep until some

enterprising Britons took it there.

The first sheep introduced into Australia were from the Cape and from India. The ships which went out with the convicts of 1788 had a few sheep on board for the officers' mess, which were presumably consumed before the Cape of Good Hope was reached. There some animals were procured for the new settlement. The Cape at the time was in the hands of the Dutch, who had large flocks of sheep and immense herds of cattle. The sheep they had were not imported from Europe, but were the native breed they had found in the hands of the aborigines when the Dutch colony was founded one hundred and thirty years previously.

The native African sheep is of the fat-tail kind. Wool was not then an item of wealth in the Dutch colony; but the fat tails were appreciated as an excellent substitute for butter. All over Africa and over a large part of Asia, varieties of the fat-tail species are still to be found. In Tibet they abound; and the Turcomans have vast flocks of them. But Tibet has also other varieties, and notably one very like the llama of Peru, with a very soft and most useful fleece, providing the famous Tibetan wool. In Palestine and Syria the fat-tail sheep is abundant; and of the Palestine breed it is recorded that they 'have a monstrous round of fat, like a cushion, in place of the tail, which sometimes weighs thirty or forty pounds. The wool of this sheep is coarse, much tangled, and felted, and mixed with coarse dark-coloured hair.'

Although the first sheep taken to Australia were from the Cape, the most important of the earlier consignments were from India, the nearest British possession to the new colony. Indeed, for over thirty years Australia was ecclesiastically within the see of the Bishop of Calcutta, and letters to England usually went by way of the Indian capital.

VIII. thought that sheep-breeding had been The Bengalee sheep are described as 'small, carried too far, and the farmers were making too lank, and thin, and the colour of three-fourths

of each flock is black or dark gray. The quality of the fleece is worse than the colour; it is harsh, thin, and wiry to a very remarkable degree, and ordinarily weighs but half a pound.' Not a very promising subject, one would think, for the Australian pastures, but the flesh was excellent; and climate and crossing of breeds work wonders.

That which gave value to the Australian breed of sheep, however, was the introduction of the Spanish merino, which in time found its way to the Cape, and thence to Australia. There is an old tradition that the famous merino sheep of Spain came originally from England; but it appears from Pliny and others that Spain had a reputation for fine wool long before the Roman occupation. The word merino is supposed by some to be derived from Imri, the fabled flock of Palestine; and by others from marino, or ultramarine, from the tradition of their having been brought by sea. Some writers believe that the merino came originally from Barbary, probably among the flocks of the Moors when they captured Southern Spain. The merinos are considered very voracious, and not very prolific; they yield but little milk, and are very subject to cutaneous diseases. Youatt describes two varieties of them in Spain, and the wool is of remarkable fineness.

About the year 1790, the Spanish merino began to be imported into the Cape, and a few years later a certain Captain Waterhouse was sent from Sydney to Capetown to buy stock for the colonial establishment. He thought the service in which he was engaged 'almost a disgrace to an officer;' but when he left the Cape again, he brought with him 'forty-nine head of blackcattle, three mares, and one hundred and seven sheep'—arriving at Port Jackson with the loss of nine of the cattle and about one-third of the sheep. Three cows, two mares, and twenty-four of the sheep belonged to that officer, and with this voyage he founded not only his own fortune, but also the prosperity of the great Australian colony. Further importations followed; and a Captain Macarthur, early in the present century, went home to London to endeavour to form a Company to carry on sheep-rearing on an extensive scale. He did not succeed, and returned to Port Jackson to pursue his enterprise himself. Eventually, he obtained the concession of a few square miles of land, and thus became the father of Australian squatting? He located himself on the Nepean River, to the south-west of Sydney; and to his industry and sagacity is attributed in great part the origin of the immense wool-trade which has developed between the colony and the mother-country.

And what is now the wool-wealth of Australasia? In 1820 there were not more than ten thousand sheep of 'a good sort' in New South Wales; and in the same year, wool from the colony was sold in London at an average of led to the circulation of fabulous reports of the profits to be made out of sheep; and there was quite a run for some years on squatting lots. In 1848 some Australians started sheep-running in New Zealand; and by 1860 the sheep in these islands had increased to 2,400,000. In these islands had increased to 2,400,000. In shire and Scotland it would take too long to tell. 1865, the number there had grown to 5,700,000; But a word may be added of a quite new in 1870, to 9,500,000; and in 1877, to 14,300,000. development of it at the antipodes. The Aus-

In 1886 the pastoral wealth of the whole of the Australasian colonies stood thus:

Colony.	Number of Sheep.
New South Wales	37.820.906
New Zealand	
Victoria	10,681,837
Queensland	8,994,322
South Australia	
Western Australia	
Tasmania	1,648,627

Total...... 84,222,272

At only ten shillings per head, this represents a capital of over forty-two millions sterling, without counting the value of the land,

But now as to the yield of the flocks. latest complete figures are for 1884, and are as

Colony.	Pounds of Wool.	Value.
New South Wales	. 171,612,279	£8,895,543
New Zealand	82,138,718	3,342,509
Victoria	61,369,000	3,878,620
South Australia	47,296,784	1,823,431
Queensland		1,889,504
Tasmania		453,567
Western Australia	4,272,948	249,255

Total...... 410,430,807 £20,532,429

The London prices of 'Australian greasy wool' have thus varied: In 1850, 11d. per pound; in 1858, 9½d.; in 1860, 1s. 2d.; in 1869, 1s. 6½d.; in 1871, 7½d.; in 1872, 1s.; in 1884, 11d. In 1884 the price of Lincoln wool in the same market was 10d. per pound.

The total importations of wool into England in 1885-86 were 1,819,182 bales, of which no fewer than 1,139,842 bales, or nearly three-fourths of the whole, came from Australasia. came from the Cape and Natal, 227,289 bales; India, 101,770; the Mediterranean, 79,433; Russia, 65,027; other European countries, 47,655; China, 2393; and the Falkland Islands, 6614 bales.

It would transcend the limits of this article to attempt to sketch the history and growth of the woollen industry in the manufacture of cloths. It is an industry, if not as old as the hills, at least very nearly as old as the fig-leaves of Eden; for we may assume as a certainty that the next garments worn by our forefathers were constructed in some way from the fleecy coats of these bleating followers.

In the middle ages, all the best wool was produced in England, and the woollen manufacture centred in Norfolk, although both the west of England and Ireland had also factories. There are in existence specimens of cloth made in these medieval days which show that the quality of the wool employed was not equal to that which we now use. The art of weaving is supposed to have been brought from the Netherlands; at anyrate there were strong political alliances between the English sovereigns and the weavers of Bruges and of Ghent. In these old days, when Norwich, Aylsham, and Lynn had the lion's share of the woollen trade, the great mart for English and foreign cloths was at Stourbridge, near Cambridge, where a fair was held which lasted a month every year.

How the woollen trade has extended to York-

tralians are not going to be content with growing the wool; they are also manufacturing it into cloth, turning out some millions of yards of woollen cloth per annum. What is to be the result? Will our colonial children take away from us the industry which we have monopolised for centuries? It may be so, and our consolation is, that it will be our own children who are succeeding to the inheritance.

#### RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

By the Author of 'Mehalah,' 'John Herring,' 'Court Royal,' etc.

CHAPTER L. -BOOTS AGAIN.

NEXT morning, Josephine found a cab awaiting her. Cable had paid her bill and sent the conveyance for her. He had given instructions to the driver to convey her along the Okehampton and Launceston road beyond the town to a point where, at the head of the first hill, stood a fragment of an old stone cross. She had fancied that he would have come with his van of calves into the cathedral yard, drawn up before the Clarendon Hotel, and had her box laden on the van there; but Richard Cable had too much delicacy under his roughness of manner to subject her to such a humiliation; she was to leave the Clarendon as she had come to it, in a hired conveyance, and as a lady; only when beyond the town would he receive her box and her on his van.

She reached the cross before him, and dismounted. When she opened her purse, the driver objected—he had already received his fare; the man who had ordered him had paid. Josephine had her box placed by the side of the road. A little inn stood near the cross, and the landlady good-naturedly asked her to step in—if she were waiting for the coach. 'No charge, miss; you needn't take anything.'

'Thank you,' said Josephine modestly; 'you are very kind; but I am not going by the coach. A gentleman—I mean a man who drives a van of calves, is going to pick me up.'

'Oh, you mean Dicky Cable. He often goes by our way.'

'Yes; I am going on with Mr Cable.' As she spoke, she saw the cob, and Cable limping at its side, ascending the red road cut between banks of red sandstone hung with ferns and overarched with rich limes.

'He looks very greatly changed,' said Josephine to herself—'oldened, hardened, and somewhat lame.'

Presently he came up. Rain had fallen in the night, and the red mud was splashed about his boots and the wheels of the van. The calves within put their noses between the bars and lowed; they were frightened by the motion of the vehicle; but they were not hungry, for they had been fed by Cable before starting. He scarcely said good-morning to Josephine; it was numbled, but he touched his hat to her. Then he shoul-

dered her travelling-box and put it on the top of the van. This van consisted of a sort of pen or cage on wheels; the sides and top were constructed like a cage, with bars of wood, and between the bars the air got to the calves, and the calves were visible. There was a seat in front, and the door into the pen was behind—it let down so as to form an inclined plane, up and down which the calves could walk, when driven into or out of the cage.

How was Josephine to be accommodated in such a contrivance? Was she to go into the cage among the calves, or to be slung under the conveyance between the wheels, or to be perched on the top, as in an omnibus? Richard pointed with his whip to the driver's seat.

'Am I to sit there?' she asked.—He nodded.

'Then where do you sit?'

He got upon the shaft, as a carter perches himself.

'I do not like to take your place,' said Josephine. 'You will be very uncomfortable there.'

'It is not the first time you have made me uncomfortable. Sit where I have put you. I must be off every few minutes when we come to a hill; then I walk.'

That was—he limped. His thigh was well, but he never could walk with it as formerly. It gave him no pain, and his movements were not ungainly, but there was a decided limp as he walked.

He was not in a mood for conversation. Josephine could touch him as he sat at her feet on the shaft with his back to her. He did not once look round; he went about his work, driving, walking, attending to the calves, as if he were quite alone. Nevertheless, he must have thought of her, for when he came to a piece of road newly stoned, he went leisurely, and glanced furtively behind—not at her face—to see that the jolting did not hurt her; and when a shower came on, without a word he threw his waterproof coat over her knees. Presently they came to a long ascent. He got down and walked. She also descended and walked on the other side from him. She wondered whether his silence would continue the whole way, whether he would relax his sternness.

The journey was tedious; the cob travelled slowly, and the stoppages were long, whilst farmers haggled with Richard over the price of the calves. The sale of these latter did not, however, begin till the road left the red sandstone and approached Dartmoor. The yeomen and farmers in proximity to the moor were a thriving race; they could send any number of young cattle to run on the moor at a nominal fee to the 'Moormen'—that is, to certain fellows who had the privilege to guard the vast waste of rock and down, of mountain and valley, under the Prince of Wales as Duke of Cornwall; for Dartmoor forest is duchy property though situated in Devon, and indeed occupying its heart. To the present day, it is about the borders of the moor that the old yeoman is still to be found, occupying in many cases his ancestral farm, the buildings of which date back three or four hundred years.

They consist of a large quadrangle; one side is occupied by the dwelling-house, that looks into the yard, but is divided from it by a small raised garden. The major portion of the yard or court is a pen for the half-wild cattle driven in from the moor; and about it are the stables and cowhouses, the 'shippen,' and the 'linneys'—the 'shippen' for sheep, and the 'linneys' for wagons and carts and the farmer's gig.

The worst seasons do not affect the yeomen round the moor; they must thrive, when they have free run for any number of sheep and cattle and horses over the downs, where the grass is always sweet, the water pure, and where disease never makes its appearance. All they have to concern themselves about is a supply of winterfood for the stock. Elsewhere, the depression in agriculture, the repeal of the corn-laws, killed off the yeomen; only on the moor-fringes do they thrive to this day as sturdy, as well-to-do, and as independent, and, it must be added, as delighting in law as of old. Dartmoor lay on the south and east, and the cold clay land of North Devon on the west; land also, as already said, that is excellent running and rearing ground for young cattle. Consequently, Richard Cable, as soon as he reached the frontiers of these two poor lands—one peat, and the other clay—found buyers, but not buyers who were ready to part with their money without a hargele over convers.

without a haggle over coppers.

It was not Richard who went after the farmers with his goods, as a chapman goes about among farmhouses with his wares; but the yeomen and farmers came to him. But when they came, they made poor pretences that they had chanced on him when bound elsewhere, or were at the tavern for some other purpose. The times of Richard's arrival were pretty well known. travelled slower than the news, as the thunder The men who came after rolls after the flash. calves were all alike in this-they had very red faces, and all filled their clothes to overflow. They had all loud and cheery voices, and a breezy good-humour not unmixed with bluster, bred of the consciousness that their pockets were well lined, and that they were petty lords on their own domains. In one thing, they, moreover, were all deficient—in the knowledge of the value of time. Josephine looked on with wonder at the business Richard did and at the way in which it was done. The scenery was lovely, so lovely that she enjoyed it in spite of the trouble in which she was. The ranges of tors, or granite peaks of the moor, its wildness and barrenness, contrasted with the richness of the country at its feet; now clothed in the many-tinted garment of autumn, gray desolation towering above pillowy woods of gold and amber, of copper and of green. What could be more beautiful? In her present weariness of expectation and disappointment, she longed to fly to the recesses of the moor, build herself a cell there of lichened granite stones, and there spend the rest of her days away from the sight and sounds of men.

At noon on the first day, the van halted at a small wayside inn, and Richard ordered dinner. 'There is but ham and eggs,' he said. 'Your ladyship must put up with that to-day. The ale is bad, but you shall have tolerable ginger

The night was spent at an old coaching iun, a large rambling place with vast stables. There she was treated to an excellent supper and to the best of rooms; but Richard did not sup with her, or indeed see her after their arrival at the inn.

Next morning he paid the account, and they started on their further course. Her boots had been well cleaned; not so those of Cable, which still bore the red mud splashes that had come on them when they were in the sandstone district

It was now clear to Josephine that Richard would not agree to a reconciliation; she must abandon the hopes she had entertained that he would unbend and yield. She also had made up her mind; and when they came to a hill, up which both walked, she went to him on his side of the horse. 'Mr Cable,' she said, 'you are at once kind and cruel. You provide for me very differently than for yourself, and make provision that I shall lack no comfort; but you do not give me a good word, and not a look good or bad.'

'Well,' said he, 'of whom have I learned to be cruel? You were scornful and offensive because I did not in a few weeks acquire your ways; and now I am better, I have learned something—that you have taught me—to be unfeeling and seek my own self-interest.'

'No; I was never either one or the other.'
He laughed contemptuously. 'Not unfeeling!'
'No—Richard, I mean Mr Cable—I was
thoughtless, but not unfeeling. I was not selfseeking, or I would not have married you.'

'You married me to suit a whim, and when you had me, the whim came to slap me in the face and sneer at my manners.'

She drew a long sigh; there was truth in this, and she did not contradict it.

'But we will not cry over spilt milk and strive to patch up broken eggs. The thing is done and sealed up and stowed away in the lockers of the

'Tell me this, Richard: are you so set against me in your own mind that you will not take me to your side again? Are we never to come nearer each other than as I sit on the box, and you on the shaft, with your back turned to me?' Is your face always to look away from me?'

'For ever and for ever. It is your doing.'
'I have trespassed against you, I know; but, I suppose, to all who trespass, forgiveness is due when sought with tears.'

'No,' he said; 'your trespass was too deep.'
'And I am to be for ever separated from you?'

'For ever.'
'Then—Mr Cable, if I am not to be regarded as a wife, I will owe you nothing. I have money, and I will pay for my lodging and food at the inns. I will not be indebted to you for anything.—What had you determined on for me at St Kerian?'

'I also have money; I will not let you want. You shall have all you need to live like a lady; you shall have a house and a servant; and you shall have half of all the money I earn, and I earn now a great deal.'

'I will not touch it—no, not a penny of it.'
'You are proud,' he said, scowling—' proud and wilful; headstrong always.'

'And you are proud, Mr Cable. There is the fortune of Cousin Gabriel Gotham—your father, lying untouched; the rents and dividends are accumulating. You will not have them, and I will not. Yes, you are proud, and I am proud also. I have some spirit left in me, though much is gone. I will live at St Kerian, as that is your wish; but I will not share your money—I will not touch any of it. I will work for my own bread, and not eat that of charity. I have a little money. Good Miss Otterbourne forced a five-pound note on me, and I have saved my wages. I will buy myself a sewing-machine, and live at St Kerian by my own hands and feet. I suppose there is sufficient vanity among the girls there to make them desire to dress beyond their station; and that the government schools have done their work effectually in giving them a distaste for doing their own needlework. So there will be an opportunity for me to pick up a livelihood, and to be indebted to none—to you least of all.'

'Proud' he muttered—'proud and wayward, as of old. I feed my calves. Why should not I feed you?'

Because I am not a calf.'

They walked on in silence some way. Josephine's blood was roused. After reaching the top of the hill, before mounting, she said in a less excited and resolute tone: 'Do not call me wrong-headed. I have my self-respect to sustain, and I cannot live on your charity if I may not bear your name.'

Again they drove on some little way—now over a down that commanded a glorious view of rolling land stretching far away to the west and north-west, and of rugged granite peaks, their sides strewn with overturned rocks, divided from each other by clefts, out of which rushed brawling torrents, coffee-coloured with the dye of the peat-bogs out of which they sprung.

of the peat-bogs out of which they sprung.

When they came to another rise, Josephine dismounted again and walked up the hill beside her husband. The hill was steep, and she walked bent forward, looking at the ground. 'Mr Cable,' she said, 'at the inn where we spent the night, my boots were cleaned, but not yours.'

my boots were cleaned, but not yours.'
'No,' he answered, with a short laugh. 'I was not there as a grand gentleman traveller, but as a plain trading wayfarer. They don't black the boots of such as me.'

'They are plastered with mud of many colours.'
Does it offend you that your driver has dirty

boots, my lady?'
'No, Mr Cable; but I think it would be pleasanter for yourself, if your boots were cleaned.'

'My boots! I remember what offence they gave you once. They would not take a polish. They were so steeped in oil that they might not come into your ladyship's boudoir! Are you sneering at my boots again?'

'No, Richard; I never sneer now.' She put her delicate hand over her brow and wiped it, and then got up into her place again.

Presently they came to a spring that gushed into a granite trough—a spring of such crystalline brightness, that looking down through the water was like looking through a magnifying glass. There was a button at the bottom of the trough, and one could distinguish the four holes in it.

'This water is very good and fresh; shall I give you some?' asked Richard Cable.

'No,' answered Josephine. 'I will take nothing from you, not even a cup of cold water. I will help myself. I will take nothing till it is offered in love.'

He looked hastily at her, and saw that her eyes were full of tears. He trembled, and lashed his horse savagely, and uttered something much like an oath. He was angry with the cob—it was going to sleep over its journey; and a horse that goes to sleep whilst walking is liable to fall and cut its knees. Richard Cable detected, or fancied he detected, somnolency in the horse, and he worried it with whip and jerk of rein till he had roused it to full activity and a trot, whereat all the calves began to low and plead not to be so severely shaken; but Cable had no compassion on the calves; he lashed into the horse, and made it run along as it had not run that day or last.

'It is all pride and wilfulness,' he said to him-

From sitting on the shaft with his legs hanging down, they were much splashed with mud by the horse, as it went through every wet and dirty place in the road; this was especially the case when it was trotting; and Richard, looking down at his boots, saw them caked with mud, layer on layer, or clot on clot; below was the red, then the white mud of the pounded granite, then the brown of loamy land, then black from peat-water, where the road traversed the down.

'They are a bit unsightly,' he said to himself.

'They are a bit unsightly,' he said to himself.
'And when I come to Sticklepath, where I put
up for the night, I'll mind and have them
dried over the fire in the kitchen; and I'll
clean them myself in the morning. She's right
—one ought to keep one's-self respectable.'

When they reached the place called Sticklepath, a hamlet with an inn, and a chapel
whitewashed and thatched with straw, and looking like a cottage, he ordered supper, and then
went after his cob, to rub it down with straw.
He was careful of his beast, and always attended
to his comforts and necessities himself. Then
he got milk for the calves; but when he came
out into the yard, he found Josephine there with
a pan of skimmed milk, dipping in her hand
and holding it to the hungry creatures, who
opened their pink wet mouths and mumbled her
hand till they had sucked off it all the milk.

'How proud she is!' muttered Cable, 'She does this out of wickedness—to pay me for having given her a lift in my van. She will owe me nothing.'

Before he went to bed, he took his boots to the kitchen and asked that they might be put where they would dry before morning, when he would brush them over himself. He slept soundly that night; and on waking, dressed himself, brushed the mud off the bottoms of his trousers, and then descended in his stocking-soles in quest of his boots. As he came down the back-stairs, he could look into and across the kitchen, and he saw behind it, in the back-shed that served the purpose of boothole and back kitchen, the figure of Josephine. She stood near the door, with the fresh morning light streaming in on her, and white pigeons flying about outside, and perching near the

door, expecting the morning largess of crumbs. She had her sleeves turned back, exposing her beautiful arms, and—she was blackening his boots.

#### SOME HINTS TO AMATEUR ACTORS. MAKING-UP.

What amateur actor thoroughly understands the art of making-up? There are many who think they do, but who generally succeed in producing a different impression upon their audience; and when a performance is given under professional superintendence, the wise course is usually followed of hiring an artist from the perruquier to perform the necessary transformations. fessional actors dispense, as a rule, with the services of any such auxiliary, and there seems to be no reason why amateurs should not do the same. All that is needed for the purpose

extends to what colours must be used in makingup the face for different characters; and the imagination should teach how those colours should be applied in order to produce the desired effect

of changing one's appearance is a little know-ledge and a little imagination. The knowledge

at the proper distance.

In the first place, we have to remember that the actor is to be seen in an artificial light, where, except in burlesque or pantomime, he wishes his face to present a natural appearance. In order to judge of the effect he is to produce, it is therefore necessary that he should make-up by the same light as that in which he is to perform. To make-up by candle-light for a gaslight performance would be a great mistake; for there is probably as much difference between the colours of these two lights as there is between that of gaslight and of the light produced by electricity. Colours which look perfeetly natural by gaslight, appear, when seen by daylight, to be hideously overburdened with yellow. The fact is that all artificial lights possess the power of 'killing' yellow, some in a greater and some in a less degree; so that we must always remember to add a certain proportion of yellow to any pigments whose effect by daylight we desire to reproduce upon the stage. A person ignorant of this will struggle ineffectually to impart freshness to the colour of his complexion by the aid of white alone, and only succeed in producing what professional critics contemptuously characterise as a 'dirty make-up.' This property which gaslight possesses of 'killing' yellow probably furnishes the reason why a clear and healthy complexion looks muddy and haggard if exhibited in the full glare of the footlights. It explains, in fact, the necessity for making-up, even when the actor does not wish to alter the character of his face.

Before making-up, the actor should dress for his part and put on his wig, if he has to wear one. These preparations will enable him to judge of the effect he is producing far better than if they were postponed until the completion of the make up. The face should previously be washed in order to remove any perspiration which would prevent the colours from adhering smoothly to the skin. It is first necessary to powder the may sometimes be fastened down with a little face and neck to the required tint for the spirit gum, which must be applied before the soap general complexion.

violet powder or pearl powder with which a little powdered chrome has been mixed—how much, the judgment must decide—with a little red. If the character is a youthful one and the complexion clear and delicate, vermilion in the powdered form is the proper red to use. For sunburnt soldiers or dark-skinned foreigners, Armenian bole (a dark reddish brown) is to be preferred. Combinations of these two reds in suitable proportions with yellow and white will give all the varieties of complexion likely to be

The next step is to rouge the cheeks. should be done with vermilion applied by means of a hare's foot. If the complexion is dark brown, vermilion will still be necessary if any warmth of colour is to be imparted to the cheeks, as the addition of more Armenian bole will only make the complexion dull and heavy. The red should be applied close up to the eyes -higher up than it appears in nature—the effect of the strong contrast of colours being to give the eyes a more brilliant appearance. A little red should also be applied under the eyebrows, to counteract the cavernous appearance caused by the shadows thrown upwards by the footlights; but the eyelids should not be reddened unless an expression of grief or age is desired. The marking of the eyebrows is frequently overdone by amateurs, who over-estimate the effect of distance in toning down strong lines. An eyebrow pencil, which should be dark brown or black, may be used either to increase the length or the thickness of the natural eyebrows. By increasing their thickness we give a sterner and more masculine expression to the face; but their natural length should not be increased unless it is conspicuously deficient. The expression of the eyes is greatly assisted by a thin line close under the lower eyelashes. This line should be dark brown or black, but it is only necessary in a theatre or a large hall. At a drawing-room performance it is better omitted. For many parts, also, it is necessary that the nose should be treated so as to bring the face into harmony with the desired characteristics. This requires some skill and

If any false hair is to be put upon the face, this should be done before the colouring is completed. False hair is made to adhere by means of liquid 'spirit gum.' The gum should be laid upon the face with a camel-hair brush, and the hair should then be applied and pressed home with a damp towel. The hair is easily pulled off again after the performance; and the remains of the spirit gum may be removed with the aid of a little grease, which will prevent any subsequent soreness of the skin. Most actors prefer vaseline for this purpose; but spermaceti ointment, or even lard, will do equally well; and the writer once used salad oil with a perfectly satisfactory result.

If the actor has a moustache of his own which he wishes to hide, this is a delicate and difficult task to accomplish. The best way is to rub the two sides of the moustache down with a moist cake of soap until the hairs all adhere flatly to the face. If the ends persist in sticking out, they the required tint for the spirit gum, which must be applied before the soap. This should be done with is laid on. When the gum is dry, the soap should

be passed over it. The use of the soap serves two purposes: it sticks the hair down flat against the face, and it forms an adhesive surface for the powder afterwards to be applied. The operation must be performed before the complexion is madeas much time as possible should be up, and as much time as possible should be allowed for the soap to dry. Practice alone can make a person an adept at concealing his moustache, and of course some of these ornaments are so thick and bristly that they obstinately refuse to be effaced at all.

The art of 'lining' the face to simulate the wrinkles of age is one very imperfectly understood. Frequently does the amateur performer draw a labyrinthine meshwork of thin dark lines, which only convey the effect of a dirty face when seen upon the stage. The point to decide is rather how few than how many wrinkles to mark upon the face. A few broad touches partaking more of the nature of shadows than of mere lines, will often give an effect which would be destroyed by any attempt at a more minute treatment. lines should be made with dark red, not black. An ordinary water-colour cake and a small brush are the implements needed. The natural wrinkles of the face will afford the best guide to where the artificial ones are to be painted, although, of course, they must be varied according to the character to be represented. For example, in marking the 'crows'-feet' in the outer corners of the eyes, a jovial expression is given by drawing the lines downwards, and a serious or mournful expression by drawing them upwards. It should further be borne in mind that if the light is strong, the lining will require to be strong in proportion; but in performing by an imperfect light, the lining should be subdued as much as possible.

If a wig with a bald front is to be worn, it must be carefully fixed before the face is made-up. The bald front is joined to the face by the aid of 'wig-paste.' This consists of a pinkish colouring matter combined with wax; consequently, it readily melts with warmth. A little of the paste should be rubbed upon the forehead and also upon the inside of the bald front. The latter should then be fitted to its proper position in front, and the wig should be carefully drawn over the head. No attempt should be made to adjust the bald front after the wig is on, as this will invariably spoil the set of it. When the wig is on, some wig-paste must be rubbed over the joint between the bald front and the forehead. The complexion must, of course, be made up to match the colour upon the bald front, and the latter must be powdered to conceal any glossiness which would mark a distinction between it and the face. If the actor's moustache or whiskers have to be whitened, a moist cake of soap should be passed over them, to enable the powder to adhere to them. We must remember to temper our white with yellow in producing the effect of gray hair, unless we wish to represent a cold bluish gray.

We have described some processes of makingup with the ordinary powders which may be obtained at any chemist's shop. Of late years, grease-paints - which are manufactured in the same manner as wig-paste, only in various colours—have come largely into use. These grease paints are sold, like wig-paste, in sticks at fivepence or

sixpence apiece. The grease-paint may be applied to the face by first rubbing it in the palm of the hand, where any desired combination of colours can be mixed. Grease-paints are not liable, like powders, to be disturbed by perspiration; and by their use, the process of making-up the face to match the bald front of a wig is greatly facilitated, and they are therefore much in request by actors who play 'old men and character business.' A small stick of dark-red grease-paint' cut to a point with a penknife does admirably for lining the face. These paints can be removed from the skin easily with the aid of grease, but they should not be applied to the hair. believe the composition of these paints to be no difficult art, and we have heard that an eminent London actor always makes his own grease-paints. As regards what can be purchased ready made, we prefer the sticks of German manufacture.

#### THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW.

A STORY IN NINE CHAPTERS.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER, T.

'I HOPE to goodness, dear Lady Cheshunt won't disappoint me at the last moment. Her presence would give quite an eclat to the affair. she is so eccentric and forgetful—at least so I am given to understand—that little dependence can be placed on anything she promises.'

After what Mr Roding has done for her nephew in obtaining for him such an excellent appointment in the City, it would be very un-

grateful of her not to come.'
It would be just like her not to do so. nephew has got the appointment, and I have no doubt that is all she cares about. And yet, I do so wish she would put in an appearance, although she is only a baronet's widow, and is deaf and disagreeable into the bargain. Barker and Mrs Wignall will both be here, and I know for a fact that neither of them has been able to secure any one of higher standing than a Dean's daughter at their dinner-parties.—Well, we can but hope for the best. I sincerely trust that the dining-room of our next house will be nothing like so cramped in size as this one.

'Surely, you are not thinking of leaving this house already! You have only been in it since

last June.'

'That may be,' said the elder lady with a nod of her head, which she meant to be full of significance; 'but Mr Roding has said several times of late that he doesn't like this neighbourhood. Now that he is coining a fortune so rapidly, he thinks we ought to aspire to something higherthat, in fact, we ought to get into a different "set." He even hints at a mansion in Tyburnia or West Kensington; and I myself often feel that I am scarcely in my proper sphere in these suburban circles, however exclusive they may try to make people believe they are.'

The person who enunciated this candid expression of opinion was Mrs Matthew Roding, of Chesterfield Villa, Tulse Hill. She might have been two or three and thirty years of age, and was not without considerable pretensions to good looks; but as against those pretensions must be

set down her vanity, her affectations, and a selfishness so transparent as to deceive nobody. Although it was still early forenoon, she was as overdressed as she always was. She would not merely have been offended, she would have disbelieved any one who told her how much more attractive she would have looked in a simple morning robe, and minus her rings, chains, and bangles, than in the befurbelowed and beflounced dress, with its long rustling train, which she was now wearing. But not to every one is it given to appreciate the charms of 'sweet simplicity.

Her companion was a brown-haired, browneved girl of twenty, Mary Nunnely by name. She was a distant relative of Mrs Roding, and was the orphaned daughter of a country doctor who had died in impoverished circumstances. When, after her father's death, and with only twenty pounds in the world, a home was offered her by Mrs Roding, Mary gratefully accepted it, and here she was still. But Mrs Roding knew quite well what she was about in making the offer in question. The world gave her credit for doing a charitable action, which is a charge that all of us can bear with equanimity; while at the same time she obtained a companion for herself, whom she could snub or make much of, as the whim might take her, and a governess for her only child, at a much less cost than the market price of that commodity. Fortunately for herself, Mary had one of those happy dispositions which not all the little slights and snubs to which she was subjected, disagreeable though they might be and were at the time, had power either to sour or harden. The sunshine might be clouded for a little while, but that was all; a few raindrops might fall, but April showers are gone almost as quickly as they come. Then, again, Mary was not without certain compensations, of which Mrs Roding knew nothing; of what nature these compensations were, we may learn later on.

Scarcely had the last envelope been addressed, when there was a sudden disturbance and irrup-Through the open window which looked on to the lawn came prancing, with an activity which belied his apparent years, a very tall, gaunt, bony, white-haired old man, with massive aquiline features, bushy eyebrows, and keen, deepset, cavernous eyes. He was dressed in a black tail-coat and pepper-and-salt trousers, with a black silk neckcloth, and a high pointed collar. On his back he was carrying a boy some five or six years old, in one of whose hands was a tin sword; while the other held a toy trumpet, on which he was sounding a fanfare with all the breath at his command. The old man in question was 'Grandad' Roding, aged seventy-two this very day; the youngster was his grandson Freddy. Grandad just now was supposed to represent a flery Arab steed, while Freddy was a gallant knight riding away to the wars.

Mrs Roding's hands went quickly up to her ears. 'Child, child! do you want to drive me crazy!' she cried. 'Do at once cease that horrid noise.

'It ain't howid; it's bootiful,' answered Freddy the bold; and with that he blew another blast, louder than before. Then to his steed he said 'Whoa!' and proceeded to dismount on to a

slightly blown. Mrs Roding looked as black as a thundercloud.

Turning to his daughter-in-law, as soon as he had recovered his breath a little, Grandad said: 'I have come to thank you, Matilda, for the pretty posy I found on my breakfast table this morning: it shows you have not forgotten what day this

'I don't know what you mean "by a pretty posy," answered Mrs Roding in her most ungra-cious manner. 'Certainly, it was no present of mine: neither do I understand your allusion to what day this is.'

'Ah, then, if the posy didn't come from you, I can give a good guess who it did come from ; and his eyes turned meaningly on Mary, who, however, was busy affixing postage stamps and did not seem to hear a word.

Turning again to Mrs Roding, Grandad went on: 'If you have forgotten what day this is, or don't care to remember, I may just remind you that it's my birthday. I'm seventy-two years old to-day—sev-enty-two.'
'Ah, indeed. Well?'

'Nothing much. Only, I want you to do the same to-day as you did last year, and the year before that. I want you and Matthew to come and dine with me in my room, and

'It is quite impossible-altogether out of the question, Mr Roding; so you needn't say another word. My husband and I are engaged to dine out this evening in Upper Brook Street, where we expect to meet a number of distinguished

'Ah, in that case, as you say, not another word is needed. Still, I'm sorry; but that matters to nobody but myself.—Come, sonny, let's off to the wars.' He bent his long back; and Freddy, standing on a chair, remounted his gallant steed; and away the two ambled out on the lawn, Freddy blowing a parting blast of defiance as they went. It was noticeable that the child never went near his mother, nor, after his first remark,

nddressed a single word to her.
'Tiresome old man!' remarked Mrs Roding as soon as the two were out of hearing. 'But he can't expect many more birthdays at his time of life. He's getting quite into his dotage; and the way he spoils that child is altogether outrageous. I must really persuade Matthew to insist upon his living in a little cottage somewhere in the country, with an old woman to look after him.

As there was nothing in this remark that seemed to call for any reply from Mary, she made none to it. Presently she said, in her quiet way: 'Had I not better go and post these notes at once, and then most of them will get delivered in the course of the afternoon?'

Perhaps it would be as well to do so, seeing the time is so short. I must consult Mr Roding about the menu. He's quite an hour past his time this morning. I never knew him to be so late before.'

Scarcely had the words left her lips when Matthew Roding entered the room. At the same

moment, Mary Nunnely left it by another door.

Five minutes later, Mary was speeding down the street to the nearest post-office. It was a bright spring morning, and the fresh air and sun-shine brought out the delicate roses in her cheeks, The steed sat down on another chair, which, when she was indoors, were less seen than

suggested. As she was turning a corner rather quickly, she nearly ran into the arms of a young man who was coming with rapid strides in the opposite direction. They both started back in amazement, and then they both laughed: Mary blushed as well.

'Why, Ruff!' exclaimed the astonished girl.

'Why, Mary, my darling!' cried the young man; and then somehow he got possession of her hand. 'It's the luckiest thing in the world that we should have met in this way.'

'Why is it the luckiest thing in the world?'

asked the girl demurely.

Let me turn and walk with you, and then I

will tell you,' was the answer.

Ruff Roding was the son of Matthew Roding, and was secretly engaged to Mary Nunnely; but this was a fact of which no one save Grandad was cognisant.

But before proceeding further, it will simplify matters to explain, as briefly as may be, the position of the different members of the Roding family with regard to each other at the time

we take up their history.

Some fifty-five years previously, Abel Roding, a rawboned country youth, fresh from school, the second son of a small Cumberland 'statesman,' found himself thrown, by no wish or will of his own, into the great seething vortex of London life. There was no room for him at home, and he had come all the way to London Town to fill the situation of junior clerk in the counting-house of Messrs Dibble and Tyson, oil and flax merchants, Bankside. In the service of this firm he had remained, without any thought of change or wish to try to better his fortunes elsewhere, till his fiftieth birthday had come and gone. Then Mr Dibble died—the other partner had died twenty years before—and Dibble junior, who preferred club-life at the west end to looking after such yulgar commodities as oil and jute in the east, was glad to benefit by the long experience of Abel Roding and take him into partnership. Five years later, Abel was in a position to buy out Dibble junior, and take over the business into his own hands. This he did, but without changing the long-standing title of the firm.

His home-life during all these years had not been without its changes. At the age of two-andtwenty he had married, but only to lose his wife some three or four years later. She left him with a son two years old. This child, Abel, not without many pangs of regret at having to part from him, despatched to his old home among the Cumberland fells, where there were plenty of warm hearted women-folk to look after the motherless boy, and where he would grow up hearty and strong amid the wind and sunshine of the moors. After this brief episode, Abel Roding's domestic life settled down into a routine from which it never varied for forty long years. He rented a couple of rooms in a quiet street off the City Road, with windows that looked on to the New River, which at that time had not been covered in. These rooms were consecrated to him by the memory of his young wife, and not even after the oil and flax business had become his

own did he care to leave them.

times the 'bus conveyed him. He never varied more than a couple of minutes in his time of leaving home, and his return might be predicted with almost equal certainty. He always dined at one place, a little, dingy, out of the way tavern, where even on the brightest day in summer a glimmer of gas was needed. Two or three evenings a week he spent a couple of hours in the bar-parlour of a quaint, old-fashioned tavern in the Essex Road, which since those days has been transmogrified into a flaring gin-palace of the most pronounced type. Here a little knot of congenial spirits were wont to assemble, nearly all of whom were brothers of the angle: Islington, of old called 'merrie,' was always noted for the number of its disciples of the 'gentle craft.' Over churchwarden pipes and a few modest 'goes' of grog, matters piscatorial and political were discussed with equal gusto, minnows and ministers both coming in for their due meed of criticism. By half-past ten the company, gently mellowed, had broken up and gone discreetly home, like good citizens who knew they had business to attend to on the morrow. On other evenings, Abel stayed quietly at home with no company save to on the morrow. that of his beloved fiddle. He had a fair ear for music, and some taste into the bargain, and, as he expressed it, could play sufficiently well to please himself, which was all that was needed. The music of his choice was in the main that of dead and gone and all but forgotten maesiri of the French and Italian schools of the last century. He was apt to look askance at compositions of a more modern date. He remained faithful to the loves of his youth, and desired to know none other.

Every autumn he went down to Cumberland for a week to see his boy. The lad grew up strong, wilful, impetuous, and boastful; there was a strain of blood in him which it was difficult to believe he could have inherited from his staid, thrifty, shrewd, yet unambitious ancestors on his father's side. Young Matthew Roding would never have been content to spend his life within the narrow confines of a Cumberland valley. Byand-by it came to the question of a career for him, and Abel was utterly puzzled what to do with the lad. Fortunately, the difficulty soon solved itself. From a distant connection came the offer of a situation in a stock and share broker's office in Liverpool. It was an offer that young Matthew jumped at. Even at that early age, the one ambition of his life was to live and die a rich man, and now his foot would be planted on the lowest rung of the ladder he meant to climb. So to Liverpool he went.

Several years passed, and, to all appearance, Matthew Roding had done nothing to justify the ambitious dreams of his youth. He was a clerk at a hundred pounds a year, and nothing more. At an early age, he committed the imprudence of marrying a girl as poor as himself; but his married life, like that of his father, was not of long duration. In a few years he was a widower, and left, as his father had been left, with one son, who in due course was sent to Cumberland to be there brought up; and so more years went by.

Except when the weather was very bad, Abel. This youngest member of the Roding family—accompanied by his stout gingham, walked to and Ruff by name—proved to be a born artist, fro between his lodgings and the office. At other although those around him either would not or

could not recognise the fact till the lad was well on into his teens. He began to draw men and women, horses, cows, and sheep, after a rude but intuitive fashion, before he could either read or write; and as he grew in years the faculty grew with him. When he was fifteen years old his father sent for him. A stool had been found for him in a Liverpool counting-house, and, much to Ruff's disgust, he was made to feel that there was no option left him but to accept it.

Meanwhile, Matthew Roding had married again, and this time his wife brought him a dowry of five thousand pounds. With this sum for a basis, he began to speculate boldly, and in the main successfully. In a little while, he threw up his situation and took to himself a partner, of like proclivities to his own. The new firm called themselves 'financial agents;' but in reality they speculated largely on their own account, and at length Matthew Roding's dream of a fortune seemed on the high-road to be realised. He had not, however, calculated on one possibility, which was that of having a rogue for his partner. During a brief holiday which the state of Matthew's health compelled him to take, this man absconded, taking with him not merely the firm's balance at the bank, but every negotiable security he could lay hands on. At forty-five years of age, Matthew Roding found himself a ruined man. The blow was a terrible one.

In the meantime, matters had gone anything but smoothly between Ruff and his father. The lad hated the drudgery to which he was condemned, but his father persistently kept his nose to the grindstone. He had no belief in Ruff's ability as an artist, and scouted the idea of any son of his attempting to earn a livelihood after a fashion which to him seemed little better than disreputable. Then, again, Ruff's stepmother had from the first taken a strange dislike to him: it was the narrow jealousy of a narrow-minded woman; and that did not tend to make home more attractive to him. At length the inevitable climax came. An election was at hand, and party feeling ran high. Certain clever caricatures and jeux-d'esprit, which attracted considerable attention at the time, were traced home to Ruff Roding, and the consequence was an explosion. The firm by whom Ruff was employed happened to be on the opposite side-the side caricatured-and they at once gave the audacious young satirist notice to quit; while his father sternly forbade him ever to cross his threshold again. Nothing daunted, the young man set out for London, determined to seek his fortune there with the help of that gift which nature had so evidently implanted within him. But before that happened, he had set eyes on Mary Nunnely.

Ruff's grandfather received him kindly, and applauded the resolution he had taken, much to the young fellow's surprise. They had not met since Ruff left Cumberland; but before that, on the occasions of Grandad's annual visits to the north, they had been much together, and each had conceived a strong affection for the other. Ruff had brought a few pounds with him to London, together with a portfolio full of sketches and water-colour drawings of various degrees of merit, or demerit; and he proceeded to establish himself in a third-floor-front in that portion of

by struggling geniuses in his particular line. He had taken lessons for some years in one of the Liverpool night-schools; but he knew how defective his education in that respect still was, and he at once set about remedying it. He husbanded his resources to the utmost; but his tiny store of sovereigns slowly dwindled, and at times even his sanguine spirit began to despair. By-and-by, however, he contrived to dispose of a few of his water-colours, of course at a ridiculously low figure, and he was also enabled to earn a few precarious shillings by his drawings for one or two papers, chiefly of the 'penny dreadful' kind. Later, but not till his struggle had lasted for three long years, he found more permanent and lucrative employment on some of the higher class of illustrated papers and magazines.

Every Sunday, Ruff made a point of dining with his grandfather at Islington. Grandad and he got on famously together, and the old gentleman was never tired of listening to the account of the young man's struggles and adventures during the week; and yet, strange to say, he never even hinted at opening his pursestrings for the other's benefit. Probably, he was not without reasons which seemed good to himself for his apparent penuriousness. As for Ruff, he had only the haziest notion of what his grandfather's position in life really was. He had a vague recollection of having heard that the old man had succeeded to a business of some kind; but, judging from his surroundings and mode of life generally—he never failed to grumble if his bus fares for the week amounted to more than ninepence-Ruff concluded that the business in question was probably that of a small shopkeeper in some out-of-the-way nook of London. He was altogether incurious in the matter, and the old man never spoke about his private concerns. No one would have been more amazed than Ruff Roding had he been told that his grandfather's cheque for ten thousand pounds, or it may be for double that amount, would have been duly honoured by his bankers.

When Matthew Roding found himself a ruined man, he went up to London to consult his father, who at that time was sixty-nine years old, but by no means looked his age. The result was that Matthew accepted the position of managing clerk to his father at the same salary that had been paid his predecessor, who had lately died. Half a loaf was better than no bread, and the situation would afford Matthew breathing-time while waiting for

something better to turn up.

Abel, who had seen but little of his son during the past twenty years, had never rightly gauged the ambition of the latter—an ambition which rendered a life of plodding industry, even though there might be substantial gains at the back of it, utterly distasteful to him. If Matthew Roding ever conquered Fortune it must be by 'leaps and bounds;' his father's old-fashioned mode of doing business had no charms for him.

Matthew's knowledge of his father's business transactions, or of the probable amount of his income, had only been a little less vague than that of Ruff; consequently, he was more than surprised, he was amazed, when he came to look into the books and to sum up in their totality the entries he found there; but his amazement had a large the west-central district which is most affected element of the agreeable mixed with it. If figures

spoke the truth, his father must be a much richer man than he had ever imagined him to be. The bank pass-book told him nothing except the amount of deposits and withdrawals; but to what purposes the latter were applied he had no means of ascertaining, his father's private ledger being sacred from every eye but his own. Matthew began to have visions of a possible partnership before he was much older, and of something better still when his father's span of days should be finally run. He began to respect the old gentleman as he had never respected him before, and to feel an interest in the fluctuations of oil and hemp which would have seemed impossible to him three months previously. Having a definite end in view, he resolutely set himself towards the attainment of it. He dressed as soberly as Abel himself, and, to all appearance, lived almost as penuriously—but only in appearance. He reached the office as punctually in the morning, and stayed as late in the afternoon as his father did; but his evenings were his own, and he spent them after his own fashion. And so a twelve-month went by, and then Abel Roding made the one great mistake of his life.

Ever since his start in London, it had been the wish of his heart to be able one day to retire with a competency, great or small, as the fates might determine. He was seventy years of age; his son had taken to the business in a way that both surprised and delighted him; surely now, if ever, was the time for him to carry out his long-cherished wish. He was not a man to do things by halves when once he had made up his mind. Instead of taking Matthew into partnership, he determined to make the business over to him in its entirety, and secede from it altogether himself. A month later, Matthew Roding, to his unbounded astonishment, found himself sole master of the situation, with a balance of ten thousand pounds transferred to his name at the bank—the frugal savings of his father's lifetime. One or two stipulations Abel made: the first was, that the name of the firm should in nowise be changed; and another was, that Matthew should find board and lodging for him under his own roof, free of charge, for the remain-

ing term of his life.

## THE CENTENARY OF THE FIRST ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

THE month of August last marked the centenary of the first successful ascent of Mont Blanc, by Horace Benedict de Saussure; and the inauguration, this summer, of a monument to the Swiss savant at Chamouni was consequently made the occasion of a popular demonstration in his honour. How much Saussure did towards resuscitating the obscure valleys of the Arve and Chamouni from oblivion, the following brief sketch of his life and scientific work will show.

Saussure was born in 1740; and at an early age he was the associate of such men as Pictet the astronomer, Bonnet the philosopher and mathematician, and Albrecht Haller of Berne. At the age of nineteen, when still a student at the Geneva Academy, he wrote a work on the Nature of Fire. Becoming acquainted with the investi-

gations of J. Pitton de Tournefort and the great Linnæus, the young Professor of Mathematics commenced the study of botany. In 1762 he became Professor of Philosophy. About the same time, electricity began to engage the attention of the scientists of the period. After studying the works of Franklin, Volta, and Nollet, Saussure invented, in 1784, a portable electrometer, which he used in his investigations of aërial electricity. Saussure was a great traveller, and in 1768 he visited France, Belgium, and England. The year 1772 found him in the scientific circles of Paris. Subsequently, he travelled in Italy, visiting Tuscany, the Italian islands, and Rome, where he was historian, antiquary, naturalist, and artist at the same time. He then proceeded to Naples and Sicily, where he climbed Etna, the craters of which supplied scientific work for him. Everywhere he carried with him his meteorological and hygrometrical instruments and the indispensable hammer, collecting whatever seemed interesting to him. On returning from his travels, he collected his experiences and gave them to the world.

Saussure's greatest merit consists in his study of the Alps, in which branch of investigation he was the pioneer, taking observations on air-pressure, temperature, light, and electricity on their heights, which are still used at the present day. At the opening of the eighteenth century, a perfect travel-fever seized upon savants, and the latter gradually penetrated into the Alpine world. The Alps of Savoy were the least known. The fertile and beautiful valley of the Arve was visited from Geneva; but the valley of Chamouni, lying at the foot of Mont Blanc, remained almost a closed book. And yet this valley is one of the most wonderful of the Alps. It is far from any route of communica-tion, almost isolated, trending in a direction from north-east to south-west, from twenty to twenty-five miles long, and only about a mile wide. It is watered by the Arve, and bounded on the north-east by the Col de Balme, on the south-west by the Lacha and Vaudagne, on the north by the Brevent and the chain of the Aiguilles ranges and by Mont Blanc (15,732 feet). The village of Chamouni, which at that time was inhabited by chamois-hunters and shepherds, was poor and little known. In the summer of 1741, two Englishmen (Pocock and Wyndham) penetrated into the obscure valley and made it known to the world. From that time, the number of visitors increased. Twenty years later, two Englishmen made the first attempt on Mont Blanc, but did not reach the region of snow. Saussure, in his eagerness to study the Alps, also paid a visit to the valley, and ascended, within a radius of about two hundred and fifty square miles of the Alpine world, a number of peaks of average height. On August 1 to 3, 1787, finally, he made, in company with his servant and eighteen ex-perienced guides, the first successful ascent of Mont Blanc, which undertaking he describes in his charming pamphlet, 'Relation d'un Voyage abrégé à la Cime du Mont Blanc en Août 1787

Up to 1834 the mountain was ascended only seventeen times, after that year more frequently, and now ascents are of common occurrence. This summer, the highest point of Mont Blane

was reached by two Russian ladies, the sisters Gortchakoff; they made the ascent in twenty hours. The ladies, who were accompanied by two guides, were enthusiastically received on their return to Chamouni, and almost buried in flowers. Amongst the 1032 persons who, up to the present year, have scaled Mont Blanc, there are a few other instances of ladies having successfully made the ascent. Englishmen are most largely represented in the crowd who have successfully ascended the mountain. Since Saussure's ascent, many routes have been discovered by which the summit may be reached much more easily and more quickly. At the present day, Chamouni is a beautiful village with many hotels, and is visited every year from June to September by thousands of travellers. The inhabitants of Chamouni are indebted for their present prosperity to the intrepid traveller and scholar whom they have honoured this year.

#### OUR HOLIDAY GHOST.

Two years ago, last July, my better-half, one morning after breakfast, came and placed her arms affectionately on my shoulders, and gazing into my face, made the portentous remark: 'John, dearest, I don't think you are looking half well.'

'Really, my love!' I replied with composure;

for I had never felt better in my life.

'No, dear. You look jaded and worn-out rather. You have been sticking too close to that horrid work of late, and I am sure you want a rest.'

Now, experience had taught me that these spontaneous manifestations of sympathetic concern on the score of my health-which by a strange coincidence had recurred about the middle of every summer of our five years of married life-were the invariable preliminary to a proposal for a stay of some weeks in the country or at the seaside; so, with a prompt and commendable appreciation of the situation, I rejoined: 'That is to say, you mean that you are tired of Carlisle, and would like a change, eh? Well, I have been thinking about it myself, to tell you the truth. I suppose we must go somewhere. And what is the favoured spot that your ladyship would like to patronise this summer?'

'John, you are an old dear!' answered my wife with seeming irrelevance, but with great fervour. Then taking up a newspaper, she continued: 'Look here-what do you think of this?' pointing

to the following advertisement:

'Seaside Lodgings .- Porthpenllwyd, Pembrokeshire. To let, for any period between three and six weeks, during the temporary absence of the owner, a comfortable Cottage, furnished. Suitable for small family. Beautifully situated on St Bride's Bay, in a village of three hundred inhabitants. Bathing and fishing excellent. Use of boat. Every convenience. Terms moderate.

—Apply X Z, the Post-office, Porthpenllwyd, R.S.O.

'What, in the name of fortune,' I exclaimed, possesses you to think of going to an outlandish place with an unpronounceable jaw-breaker of a name like that? Why, it will take us two days at least to get there; and when we do of blooming heather and gorse for three-quarters get there, we may find ourselves in the midst of a of a mile inland. Mr Jones (alias X Z), a

land of barbarians, in the etymological sense, who won't understand a word we say without an interpreter. You would be tired of it in less than a week, and find it slower than Silloth.'

'Impossible,' said she emphatically, as the recollection of a month spent at that watering-place rose vividly before her mind. 'No, dear; I thought it would be such a thorough change for You know I've always longed to go to Wales. And if the inhabitants are barbarians, as you call them, so much the more fun; we can have all the sensation of being on the continent, and getting misunderstood, for less than half the expense!—Besides, I don't think it is such an outlandish place. I believe it is this Porth outlandish place. I believe it is this Porth—what is it?—that I have heard Ethel Austin speak of as one of the quaintest, most delightful old-fashioned villages you could find. It was Porthsomething, anyway; and I know my cousin Tom, who is in India, once went down as far as St David's Head, and simply raved about St Bride's Bay for ever afterwards. And I thought, dear' (insinuatingly), 'you always said you liked a quiet place, and that the racket of a fashionable

resort was no change for you,' &c.
I caved in. To make a long story short, the matter ended, as every sensible reader has foreseen it would, in my writing to X Z (a gentleman, it turned out, of the uncommon name of Jones), and settling, after satisfactory inquiry, to take the house for a month from the beginning of August. Accordingly, we left Carlisle at the appointed time, a party of four; the other two being Master Jack-the junior member of our family, a sturdy young gentleman of the mature age of three and a half—and his nurse, Maria Emma (pron. 'Mariaremmer'), who was his constant and devoted

attendant.

I resist the temptation to expatiate on the events of our journey, or to launch forth into detailed description of our travelling miseries, which culminated in the seemingly interminable ride in a crowded old-fashioned stagecoach along a road the nature of which has already been sufficiently and graphically expressed by the laconic description, 'Sixteen miles and seventeen hills.' Very novel and romantic it was no doubt, to sit on the box of a last-century coach, with the horn of the postillion tootling merrily away to awaken the echoes all around, and the crack of the driver's whip combining with the sound of his terrific guttural objurgations to stimulate the flagging energies of the horses to activity; while away to our left stretched the calm blue expanse of St Bride's Bay, sparkling and scintillating into myriad gems in the golden beams of the setting sun, as we sped up hill and down dale along its shores. All very poetical and stimulating to the imagination, no doubt. But one appreciates these things better when they do not come on top of a day and a half's dusty railway travelling, and when one is not in a frame of mind which is far more concerned about supper than scenery

Well, we arrived at Porthpenllwyd at last, and found our cottage all our fancy painted it, and more. It was beautifully situated and no mistake, standing by itself, and overlooking a placid creek a furlong wide, which wound its way in a graceful curve between lofty cliffs, covered with a wealth pleasant-looking old bachelor of fifty, was there to receive us, and did the honours that night with great courtesy, leaving on the following morning, after showing us round generally, and seeing that we were comfortably settled in our temporary abode.

Of the first week of our stay there is not much to record except the usual series of seaside enjoyments-the perfection of bathing in water as clear as crystal, boating and fishing of every kind in abundance, plenty of beautiful scenery to keep my wife's brush abundantly employed (Laura is fond of sketching), plenty of bright shells on the beach to be gathered diligently by the assiduous Mariaremmer for John junior's delectation—in short, everything calculated to satisfy and delight people who can enjoy life under conditions of Arcadian and primitive sim-I will not dwell on these events, but hasten on to the climax of my story.

On the eighth day, I think it was, after our arrival, my wife, who had gone down to the village, according to the established usage of Porthpenllwyd, to inquire for letters at the postoffice; came rushing into the house in a breathless state of excitement. 'O John, who do you think

is in the village?' Well, I should imagine, the Shah of Persia at

least, or perhaps the Prime Minister, I suggested.

f Don't be provoking. No; Ethel Austin is here. She came last night, and was being driven to SP David's. She has an aunt living there. But the horse fell coming down the steep hill leading into the village, and she and the driver were pitched out. Fortunately, they were more frightened than hurt; but the shafts were broken and they couldn't go on; so she stayed at the inn all night.'

Dear me, what a thrilling adventure!'
'Yes; and I've made her telegraph to her aunt to say she is not coming just yet, as she has found us; and she is to stay with us for a few days. She can have the middle room. Won't it be

jolly to have dear Ethel here?'
'Oh, very, my dear. She will be nice company for you. But who'd have thought of her turning up in this unexpected kind of way?' This Miss Austin had been my wife's bosom friend at a London boarding-school, and they had kept up the intimacy loyally ever since. She was now about eight-and-twenty, and being of a warmhearted sentimental nature, had lapsed, for want of a husband, into that gushing type of tender womanhood which indulges in idealistic theories of life, and is fond of discoursing largely about 'sympathies,' and 'affinities,' and 'attractions,' and other subtle agencies of the same mysterious kind. She was also a firm believer in spiritualism. I often used to wonder how her intense and effusive nature, which poured itself forth periodically in sheets of densely written notepaper, could receive enough nourishment from Laura's brief matter-of-fact epistles to keep alive the sacred flame of affection between them in her heart. But such, it seemed, was the case; and Laura was, I know, glad to see her. So, about noon, her travelling trunk arrived at the cottage, followed shortly after by its owner, who received a very hearty welcome from both of us, Laura declaring that she would have to stay a fortnight at least. And in this way Miss Austin became a temporary member of our small and happy family.

As I said, that lady was a firm believer in spiritualism, of which we soon found she was a most aggressively zealous advocate; nor was she backward in proclaiming her views for our edification both in season and out of season. amused me to argue with her and draw her out upon this subject, she used to get so eloquent and enthusiastic.

One evening—she had been with us about a week, perhaps—we were sitting, we three, in the cosy little front sitting-room of the cottage, looking out upon the sea in the twilight. It was a glorious night; and the harvest moon just rising above the Gribin hill opposite streamed in through the windows and lit up parts of the room with a 'dim religious light,' leaving the rest in strong shadow. Jack had been put to bed, and Mariar-emmer was sitting sewing in the next room. Miss Austin was holding forth with her customary

enthusiasm on her pet topic.
'You may sneer as much as you like,' she was saying, 'and marshal your materialistic arguments with all your ability; but you will never persuade me that the dwellers in the spirit-world do not still feel an interest in the scenes and associations with which they were once familiar. tions with which they were once familiar. Why, then, should not they be able, being untrammelled by any physical restrictions, to return and hold converse with those who were and are dear to them, and to make their presence known by certain external and material indications?

'Well, it rather puzzles me—it may be my obtuseness, of course—but I can't quite make out how a spirit can make a noise, for instance, by rapping its shadowy knuckles on a substantial wooden table; or what interest a staid and solemn ghost can take in playing frivolous pranks with fiddlestrings and slate pencils.

'Scoff away now, you unbeliever,' she retorted;

'perhaps even you will be convinced some day.'
'Pooh—never. You may be sure that'— My sentence was cut short by a crash as of falling crockery, followed by a scream from the region of the pantry, and the next moment the door of the sitting-room was unceremoniously burst open by Mariaremmer, who appeared with a look of terror on her white face and a candle in her trembling hand.

'O master, missus!' she gasped, 'that I should

ha' lived to see this night.'
'What's the matter?' we chorused.

'There's evil sperrits in the pantry,' said she, in

a horror-struck tone of voice. 'Rubbish!' I exclaimed. 'The only spirits in the pantry I know of are good spirits—Home & Brindle's best Scotch, in fact'—forcing a joke. 'Maria Emma,' I proceeded sternly, 'if you have been meddling with those spirits, and let one of the bottles fall'—

'No, no, no,' interrupted she eagerly; 'not them sperrits at all, but them other sperrits what Miss talks about, what raps and makes noises. So true as I'm a-standin' on this blessed spot, just now as I was a-carryin' a plate into the pantry, I heered somethin go rap, rap, rap, like that, three times. It did give me such a turn, and the plate dropped from my hand, and went all to smash on the floor. If I'd a known as we was a-comin' to a house with The sentence uncanny things like that in it'-

terminated in a display of suggestive pantomime. Mariaremmer's feelings were too strong for words.

Miss Austin looked very much interested, and turned to me with an unmistakable expression of triumph in her face. Laura was plainly alarmed : and I must confess to a momentary sensation of creepiness' myself. Sitting in the dark and talking about ghosts is calculated to give an eerie feeling even to the most strong-minded of sceptics, and Mariaremmer's interruption had certainly come with an appropriateness which was, to say the least of it, startling. I tried, however, to let no trace of my weakness appear in my voice as I banteringly remarked to Miss Austin: 'I hope you are pleased with the effects of your preaching. Here's Maria Emma so affected by your observa-tions on spirit-rapping and such things, that she can't go into the pantry without breaking plates under the influence of the delusion that she hears ghostly noises.'

'Hadn't we better investigate for ourselves,' said Miss Austin, in a tone of mild confidence, before we pronounce it to be a delusion?

It was evident from her manner that she really believed this to be a supernatural demonstration for my benefit to vindicate the truth of the manifestations which I had been deriding.

'By all means,' I said, with an assumption of eagerness. 'We'll all go together.'

Mariaremmer protested at first that nothing on earth should induce her again to visit that awful spot, but finally acquiesced, 'if missus would go first,' which Laura heroically consented to do.

So we marched in procession to the pantry. took the lead, armed with the kitchen poker (this was in deference to the combined entreaties of my wife and the servant, though for my part I could not see what advantage a poker would be in the event of an encounter with a ghost; but it seemed to give them a feeling of security); Miss Austin came next, Laura and Mariaremmer bringing up the rear. When we got there, everything was perfectly quiet and in its normal condition. Nothing revealed itself to eye or ear to indicate the presence of anything out of the Nothing could have looked more common. prosaic and of this world than the empty beer-bottles and the cold remains of the shoulder of mutton we had had for dinner. Decidedly the most ghostly-looking object in view, to my thinking, was a lean fowl of scraggy aspect which hung dejectedly from a pothook in the ceiling, and certainly presented a very unsubstantial appearance, viewed in connection with the thought of its presentation at table in the near future to satisfy

the needs of four hungry people.

'Well,' I laughed, 'I hope your minds are at rest now. There's nothing here, you see.—Silly girl!'—to Mariaremmer—'what a fright you've

given yourself and us about nothing.

'Indeed, sir, it was something,' she protested.
'Nonsense! Mere fancy. If there are any spirits here,' I went on boldly, 'I call upon them now to signify their presence in the usual way—and be quick about it too, or they won't have us for an audience.'

Rap, rap, rap, rap, followed by a sort of scraping, creaking noise, was the immediate response, as if in direct answer to my audacious challenge.

My heart jumped to my throat. The women

screamed; Mariaremmer fled precipitately; Laura stood her ground, clinging desperately to Miss Austin, who turned to me and said solemnly: Are you convinced now?

'Not yet. I must see and hear more.—It may be only the mice,' I said feebly, and fully conscious that the explanation sounded very lame and in-

'Mice don't make a noise like that,' said she. 'I am sure,' she went on with conviction-'I am sure it is a messenger from the unseen world. I wish I were a medium, and knew how to address it.'

'So do I, if it would lead to a solution of this

mystery.

'Hark! there it is again.'

And again we heard the same noise as before, an irregular knocking, as on some metallic substance, which produced a resonant hollow kind of sound, varied at intervals by the same rasping, scraping noise which we heard at first.

'O John, let's go away from this horrid house at once!' implored my wife with a tremble in her

'We can't go to-night anyway, my dear, and this knocking is harmless enough, in all conscience,' I said, my courage beginning to return. 'And if Miss Austin cannot lay the ghost she has disturbed, I am determined to take no resttill I have fathomed this mystery.

The knocking was heard more vigorously than

'Poor spirit!' sighed Miss Austin sympathetically; 'how eager it seems to unburden itself of the message with which it is charged. And alas! there is no one who can relieve its pangs and interpret these mystic symbols. How I wish my friend Mrs Anson were here. She is a medium. I will write for her to come to-morrow.'

'No-o-o, please,' shivered Laura. 'Perhaps the ghost won't stay if it finds it isn't understood here, and may go somewhere else. We don't want any

medium-do we, John?'

'Certainly not, my dear. We won't have Mrs Anson here. I don't mean to encourage ghosts to hang about 'these premises.' Renewed interruption-this time only the scraping noise was

'I'll eat my hat,' said I vehemently, after a pause, 'if that noise doesn't proceed from rats; though how on earth a rat could make those other noises and rattle away like a telegraph operator or a pair of eastanets, I must own, gets over me for the present.—Yes, and it comes from that corner too, I added after a moment, pointing to a stone bench, the space under which was occupied by some empty bottles and an old broken filter.-Wait a minute. If it's rats'-And I turned with a sudden resolution towards the door.

'Where are you going?' asked the others.
'To borrow Captain Lewis's dog. I think he'll

be more use than a medium.

'What sacrilege!' said Miss Austin, horror depicted on her face. 'Fancy! Setting a dog at a spirit! Something dreadful will happen to us, I am sure.'
'Oh, don't leave us!' implored Laura.

'You wait in the front parlour; I shan't be gone five minutes;' and off I went.

Captain Lewis was our nearest neighbour, and lived about fifty yards away—a jovial old salt, who had retired from his profession a few years before, and settled down for the remainder of his days in Porthpenllwyd, his native place. He willingly consented to lend his little rough terrier Cymro for the purpose of the rat-hunt, which I told him I thought was on hand, and came himself to see the sport.

'If there's any vermin there,' said he, 'I'll back Cymro against any dog I know to give a good account of himself.'

So we returned to the scene of action once more.

Miss Austin refused to sanction our outrageous and sacrilegious proceedings by her presence, and Laura went up-stairs to comfort Mariaremmer, who had betaken herself to her room and hidden herself under the bedclothes, where she lay in momentary expectation of some terrible denoument to the events of that night.

No sooner had we got into the pantry and let the dog loose, than he went straight up to the corner I had indicated, and sniffing all round it, commenced barking, and showing other signs that

his game was afoot.

'Something there, evidently,' said the captain.
'Stay,' I said. 'I'll move the old filter out of the way, for the dog to have a better chance;' and I lifted it up and placed it on a slab at the 'Now, then, Cymro, other end of the room. good dog.

Strange to say, however, 'Cymro, good dog,' took no further interest in that corner, but began capering wildly round and flying up at the slab on which I had placed the filter.

'Bust me!' said the captain after a pause, with more force than elegance, 'if I don't believe there's something inside that old concern.'

'Wait a minute,' I rejoined. 'Just keep the dog quiet.' Then I put my ear to the outside of the filter. In a few seconds I heard unmistakably the tap, tap, and the scraping noise close to my ear. The mystery was solved. The ghost was indeed a rat, inside the filter. The question was, how had it got there, and how could it make that noise? On closer examination, we found that the filter was without a tap, and that the hole where the tap ought to be was choked up by some-thing hard and roundish. This turned out to thing hard and roundish. This turned out to be the joint of a good-sized bone about four inches long; and the conclusion was forced upon us that, incredible as it may seem, the rat had abstracted this bone from one of the dishes, carried it to the hole, and succeeded in dragging its burden in after itself until the thick end of the bone got too big for the passage, and stuck fast, thus making the rat a prisoner in its extraor-dinary retreat. The bone did not fit the hole all round where it was stuck, but was only in contact with the filter at two places, so that, while sufficiently tight to resist the efforts of the rat to expel it or drag it in altogether, the bone was still loose enough to admit of a lateral movement as on a pivot when touched at the other end; and thus it was that the frantic struggles of the imprisoned rat produced the mysterious noises which had given us all such a start

I was not long before informing the other inmates of the house that we had captured the ghost, and I could not help adding maliciously to Miss Austin: Do write for Mrs Anson come; we shall want her to interpret its mystic

symbols.

We did not think it safe to trust to Cymro's skill and liberate the prisoner in the semi-darkness, so we placed the filter bodily in a tub full of water, and wishing the captain good-night, retired to rest. Next morning, we extracted the dead rat from the filter, and all the family gathered round with interest to look on its remains.

'Here lies the ghost of the pantry,' said I, 'more a ghost now than he was when he imposed on us

last night.'

'Only to think, now!' said Mariaremmer. 'O you wretch, what a fright you gave us!' said my wife.

'Let me play wif his tail,' said Master Jack.
Miss Austin looked rather foolish, but said nothing; and during the remainder of our stay, the taphole of the filter was carefully bunged-up with a large cork.

#### INCOMPLETENESS.

Nor he who first beholds the aloe grow May think to gaze upon its perfect flower. He tends, he hopes; but ere the blossom blow, There needs a century of sun and shower.

He shall not see the product of his toil; Yet were his work neglected or ill-done, Did he not prune the boughs and dig the soil, That perfect blossom ne'er might meet the sun.

Perhaps he has no prescience of its hue, Nought of its form and fragrance can foretell; Yet in each sun-shaft, in each bead of dew, Faith, passing knowledge, tells him he does well.

Our lives, O fellow-men! pass even so. We watch and toil, and with no seeming gain : The future, which no mortal may foreknow, May prove our labour was not all in vain.

But what we sow we may not hope to reap, Perfect fruition may not seek to win; Not till, work-weary, we have fallen asleep, Shall blossom blow, or fruit be gathered in.

Let it be so. Upon our darkened eyes A light more pure than noontide rays shall shine, If pain of ours have helped our race to rise, By just one hair's-breadth, nearer the divine.

Upward and outward, plant-like, life extends; Grows fairer as it doth the more aspire; Never completed, evermore it sends A branch out, striving higher still and higher.

Because so great, it must be incomplete. Have endless possibilities of growth, Strength to grow stronger, sweetness still more sweet,

Yearning towards God, Who is the source of both. CATHERINE GRANT FURLEY.

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#### CURIOSITIES OF CHESS.

By the Rev. A. Cyril Pearson, M.A., Author of 'One Hundred Chess Problems.'

Public interest has of late been aroused by reports in the daily papers of the great match for the chess championship of the world, and space was spared, in spite of the absorbing claims of party politics, to record the progress of this famous fight. It will be well if we can help to strengthen the impression thus made in favour of this king of games by cracking for our readers some few chess-nuts, mindful ever, as we search into musty volumes, of the saying old and true that 'Sweetest nut hath sourest rind.'

Our game has found its way to us from the far East, and is not akin to any Greek or Roman game of chance. Although its votaries are comparatively few, chess may claim to have been universal. and its board and men have long formed what has been called a common alphabet, the factors of a language understood and enjoyed by men as widely separated as the palanquin-bearer, who reflects how he may best deliver a crushing mate to a pebble King on squares traced on Indian sand, and the Icelandic bishop who sits within his walls of solid snow, and with a block of ice for table, whiles away the tedium of a polar night. Let us briefly trace some of the many sources from which writers have sought to derive its history and origin.

There does not seem to be much to choose between the claim of one Xerxes, a Babylonian philosopher in the reign of Evil-Merodach, and that of Chilo, the Spartan, one of the seven sages of Greece. Some have ventured to ascribe the honour to Palamedes, prince of Eubea, who flourished at the siege of Troy, and who may, therefore, have had ample leisure for the elaboration of a mimic siege. We find from more than one authority that the game may have been invented as a last resource by a general whose soldiers were on the brink of mutiny. It is said that Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, turned it to good account at such a crisis; and that a Chinese

mandarin, some nineteen hundred years ago, was able thus to soothe his troops, when they had become clamorous for home, and to reconcile them to their winter-quarters by proposing this amusement for their vacant hours, until, with the return of spring, they could take the field again, better fitted by their friendly contests for the stern realities of war. If, however, we are to believe Chaucer, it was

Athalus that made the game First of the chess—so was his name—

an assertion supported by Cornelius Agrippa, who tells us that Attalus, king of Asia, was an inventor of games. Finally, a manuscript in the Harleian collection gives us to understand that Ulysses (the crafty one) was first in this field. So many have been these claimants, that Herodotus gravely records the fact that the people of Lydia did not profess to have taken any part in the planning of board, or moves, or men.

We are prepared to find, in a game of which the true source is as uncertain as was that of the river Nile, that there have been different methods and manners of conducting it. Thus, in the Hindu game, four distinct armies are employed, each with their King, not ranged in the style of that four-handed chess which has been to some extent revived within the last few years, but shorn of their strength, so that each force consists of half the usual number; and marked by this further peculiarity, that each corps counts among its fighting-men a King, an Elephant, and a Knight, who slay, but cannot be slain.

In the Chinese game, which boasts the sounding title Choke-Choo-Kong-Ki (the play of the science of war), a river runs across the centre of the board, which their Elephants (equivalent to our Bishops), may never cross; and there is a fort, beyond whose limits their King may never pass.

In the Persian game, the Ferz (our Queen) advances one step forward on the opening move, in company with its pawn, thus taking up a position whence it can review and regulate the general attack. After this initial move, it can only

advance or retreat by one step at a time in a diagonal course.

Though, as we have seen, it is vain to attempt a proof from so many contradictory premises, and we must leave the actual origin of chess an open question, there can be no doubt at all that it dates as far back as any intellectual pastime that is known to us. We must be content to allow China, India, Persia, and Arabia to contend for the honour of having rocked Caissa's cradle, satisfied on our part to know that the Queen of chess, grown to maturity, has held sway in Europe for many a long year. There is in existence a book upon the subject written by a Dominican friar in the year 1200, and we are told on good authority that in 1070, a certain cardinal, of evidently narrow mind, wrote to Pope Alexander II. to report that he had had occasion seriously to reprove a bishop for indulging in a game of chess. The poor pre-late pleaded that this was no game of hazard; but his superiors took a sterner view, and ordered him to repeat the Psalter thrice, and to wash the feet of twelve poor persons, in penance for his offence.

To times quite as remote as these we must refer some extremely curious chessmen which were found in 1831 in the island of Lewis, and placed in the British Museum. It seems probable to those who understand such matters, that these men, which are curiously carved, were made from the tusks of walrus, about the middle of the twelfth century, by some of those hardy Norsemen who then overran the greater part of Europe. The Hebrides were then subject to invasion by the Scakings, and were tributaries to the throne of Norway till the year 1266; we may therefore con-jecture that these relics of early European chess were part of the stock of some Icelandic trader whose vessel was lost at sea; and that these ivory men, which are of various sizes, and must therefore have belonged to several sets, were washed ashore, and buried by the sand for nearly seven centuries.

Hyde dates the culture of this game on English soil from the Conquest, because, as he points out, the Court of Exchequer was then established; but there is an earlier record which informs us that when Bishop Ætheric obtained admission to Canute the Great upon some urgent business about midnight, he found the king and his courtiers engaged, some at dice, and others at chess. From a similar source, we find that the game was turned to a very practical account indeed in those times, for when a young nobleman wished to gain permission to pay court to the lady of his love, the fond parent commonly made trial of his temper by engaging with him over the chessboard. A ludicrous old print of somewhat later date represents a garden-party of six ladies and as many gentlemen grouped round a table, at which one of either sex is standing in a most striking attitude pretending to play at chess, while the others amuse themselves in pairs with the languishing deportment of lovers, and seem less interested in the game than an owl which sits upon a rail, with one eye on the board and one upon the company; while three rooks (appropriate birds) are busy in the background with

their own affairs.

It does not need the pen of a ready writer to

however humble a degree of excellence, the preeminence of chess among indoor games of skill. As a test of temper and patience, it has peculiar merits, though there have been some notable instances in which these good qualities have failed. Is it not recorded for our warning how 'John, son to King Henry, and Fulco fell at variance at chestes, and John brake Fulco's hed with the chest-borde; and then Fulco gave him such a blow that had almost killed him; and in another chronicle how 'William the Conqueror in his younger yeares playing at chesse with the Prince of France, losing a mate, knocked the chesseboard about his pate, which was a cause afterwards of much enmity between them.

Nor are ensamples lacking of the abuse of patience. The same authority who has written of the fiery Fulco gives us the following account: 'There is a story of two persons of distinction—the one lived at Madrid, the other at Rome—who played a game of chess at that distance. They began when young, and though they both lived to a very old age, yet the game was not finished. One of them dying, appointed his executor to go on with the game. Their method was: each don kept a chessboard, with the pieces ranged in exact order, in their respective closets at Madrid and Rome; and having agreed who should move first, the don informs his playfellow by letter that he has moved his King's pawn two moves; the courier speedily returns, and advises his antagonist that, the minute after he had the honour to receive this, he likewise moved his King's pawn two paces; and so they went on.' It would doubtless have turned the brain of either of these two worthy dons if they could have been present on any of the occasions in recent times when a game has been begun and finished by telegraph between places far apart in the course of a few hours.

In conclusion, let us lay before our readers some words of excellent advice published by one Arthur Saul, two hundred years ago, which all chess-players may profitably lay to heart: 'Do not at no time that thou playest at this game stand singing, whistling, knocking, or tinkering, whereby to disturbe the minde of thine adversary and hinder his projects; neither keepe thou a-calling on him to playe, or a-showing of much dislike that hee playeth not fast enough; remembering with thyselfe that besides that this is a silent game, when thy turne is to play thou wilt take thine owne leasure; and that it is the royall law so to deal with another as thyself wouldst be dealt withall.

### RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER LI.-ISHTAR.

RICHARD CABLE reascended the stairs unheard. and unseen. He was irritated at what he had observed. 'How proud she is!' he said. 'There is no breaking her stubborn spirit. She does this to pay me for her carriage.

It is a curious fact that we are prone to note and condemn in others the vice that mars our own selves. We are always keen-sighted with respect to the mote in our brother's eye, especially prove to those who are real chess-players, in when it is a chip off the beam in our own eye

I have known a woman, who was a mischiefmaker with her tongue throughout a neighbourhood, declare that of all things she abhorred was gossip, and that, therefore, she avoided So-and-so as a scandal-monger. The conceited man turns up his already cocked nose at another prig; and the talker is impatient of the love of chatter in his friend. I once knew two exceedingly talkative men who monopolised the whole conversation at table. The one invited the other to make a walking expedition with him of a month; but they returned in three days. 'I could not stand B, said A; 'I was stunned with his tongue,' —'I refused to go on with A, said B; 'he talked me lame.' The girl who sings flat, criticises the lack of tune in a companion; and the man who paints badly is the first to detect the blemishes in another's picture; and I am quite sure my most severe critics will be those who have written the worst novels.

Richard Cable was convinced that Josephine was proud and self-willed; and everything she did, every act of submission, every gentle appeal for forgiveness, was viewed by him through the distorted medium of his own pride. Indistinctly, he perceived that she was asking him to be received back on his terms—that she was ready to make every sacrifice for this end; but he could not or would not believe that she was acting from any other motive than caprice. pride was hurt because he had left her, and she sought to recover him, not because she cared for him, certainly not because she would be more considerate of him, but to salve over her wounded self-love.

An uneducated man, when he gets an idea into his head, will not let it go. He hugs it, as the Spartan lad hugged the fox though it bit into his vitals. There is no rotation of crops in his brain. The idea once planted there, grows and spreads, and eats up all the nutriment, and overshadows the whole surface, and allows nothing to grow under it, like the beech, which poisons the soil beneath its shadow with its dead leaves and mast cases. A man who has undergone culture puts into his head one idea, and as soon as it is ripe, reaps and garners it, ploughs up the soil, puts in another of a different nature—never lets his brain be idle, and never gives it up permanently to one idea or set of ideas. Or rather—his head is an allotment garden, in which no single idea occupies the entire field, but every lobe is used for a different crop, precisely as in an allotment every

variety of vegetable is grown.

Now, Richard Cable had had the idea of Josephine's haughtiness so ploughed into his mind that he could harbour no other idea. It grew and spread like a weed, and poisoned the soil of his mind, so that no wholesome plants, no sweet herbs could flourish there. It overmastered, it outgrew, it strangled all the fragrant and nutritious plants that once occupied that garden-plot. Its roots ran like those of an ash through every portion, and spread over the entire subsoil, that nothing else could grow there, or could only grow in a stunted and starved condition. So, with singular perversity, Cable resented the conduct of Josephine in cleaning his boots, and he attributed

and he started up the steep hill; then he exclaimed: 'Whatever have these folk at the inn been about with my boots, that they shine like those of a dancing-master? Then he went through a puddle, and came out with them tarnished and begrimed. He did not look round at Josephine, who made no remark, but next morning cleaned his boots again. After that, Cable kept them in his bedroom. He would not have them cleaned by Josephine.

All the calves were disposed of before Launceston was reached; and as the load was light, the horse rattled on with the van at a better rate. When they drew near to St Kerian, Cable said: 'I have written beforehand to my mother and told her my intentions. She will have arranged lodgings for you, where you may stay on your arrival. After that, as you are wilful, you must suit yourself; but I could not drop you from the van in the street with nowhere to go to. Even the calves are not treated thus each goes to its allotted cowhouse. I have told my mother to engage the lodging as for an acquaintance of hers—acquaintance, understand, not friend—and to pay a month in advance.'

'That,' said Josephine, 'I will not allow.' She opened her purse. 'What has been spent, I will refund.'

'I do not know what the sum is,' said Cable angrily. 'I insist on paying this. Afterwards,

pay as you will.'

'I will not allow it,' said Josephine vehemently. 'No; indeed, indeed, I will not. If you choose to acknowledge me then, I will take anything from you, and be thankful for every crumb of bread and drop of water; but if you will not, then I will set my teeth and lips, and not a crumb of bread or drop of water

of your providing shall pass between them.'
'Yourself — yourself still; wilful, defiant, proud!' he said, with a frown and a furtive glance at her over his shoulder. Then he shouted rather than spoke: 'Why will you not enjoy the estate and money bequeathed to you? It is yours; no one will dispute it with you.'
'I will not touch it,' answered Josephine,

because I have no right to it.'

'You have every right: it was left to you.' But it ought never to have come to me. It was properly, justly, yours.'
'I will not have it!' shouted Richard. 'You

know that. I am too proud to take it.

'And I also; I am too proud to take it.' We are both proud, are we? Flint and steel, we strike, and the sparks fly. It will be ever so strike, strike, and the sparks fly.'

'When I reach St Kerian,' said Josephine, 'I suppose, if you continue in this unforgiving mind, I shall see nothing of you?'

'Nothing.' 'It is hard to put me there alone, without friends, a stranger.'

'I came there a stranger, and have now no friends there.'

But you have your children. With them you need no outsiders; but I am quite alone.

will let me see the dear little ones?'
'No,' he answered; 'I will not let them come near you, lest they take the infection.

her act to unworthy motives. He said not a 'Richard,' said Josephine very sadly, and in a word about his boots till the van was in motion low despondent voice, 'it seems to me that we

have exactly altered our positions; I was once full of cruel speeches and unkind acts, and you bore them with singular patience. Now, it is you who are cruel and unkind, and I do not cry out, though you cause me great pain.

out, though you cause me great pain.'

He did not answer her; but he said: 'I will not be seen driving you into St Kerian, as I would not be seen driving you out of Exeter. You shall get out at this next inn. It is respectable and clean. You shall stay the night there, and to-morrow come on with the carrier's vagon.'

wagon,'
'Will there be no one to receive me and show me where I am to go? O Richard! you are treating me very cruelly.'

'I am treating you as you deserve,' he answered.
'My mother shall await your arrival and show you to your lodging.'

He drew up before the tavern, that stood by itself where roads crossed. He took down her box and then something else from the inside of the van.

'What is this?' asked Josephine. 'It is not mine; but it has "Cornellis, passenger, St Kerian" on it; and—it—it looks like a sewing-machine.'

'It is a sewing-machine.'
She stood and looked at him. 'You mean it as a present for me. You bought it in Launceston, because I said I would work as a dressmaker and so earn my livelihood.—No; I will

not take anything you give me: send it back.'

He stamped with impatience. 'How perverse and proud you are!—You do not alter; you are always the same. I do not give you the sewing-machine. My poor little crippled Bessie shall give it you. Each of my children has a savingsbank book, and for every journey I make, some of the profits go into their little stores. Bessie shall pay for the sewing-machine out of her money. It shall be withdrawn from the bank for the purpose.—Will that content you?

Josephine thought a moment, and then, raising

Josephine thought a moment, and then, raising her great full eyes on him, she said: 'Yes; I will take it from Bessie.—Richard! if, as you assert, I was the cause of her being injured, yet I am very sure her gentle little heart bears me no malice. You have told her that I crippled her, you have taught her to hate me'—

'No,' answered Cable hurriedly; 'I have not spoken of you, not uttered your name since I left Hanford. The children have forgotten your existence.'

'Let little Bessie come to me and I will tell her all. I will take to myself the full blame, and then—she will put her dear arms round my neck and kiss me and foreign me. But you'.—

and kiss me and forgive me. But you'—
'But I,' interrupted Cable, 'am not a child. Bessie does not know the consequences, cannot measure the full amount of injury done her. If she could, she would never, never forgive you; no'—he broke his stick in his vehemence—'never! If she had a head to understand, she would say: "There are hours every day that I suffer pain. I cannot sleep at night because of my back. That woman is the cause. I cannot run about and play with my sisters. That woman did it, I shall grow up deformed, and people will turn and laugh at me, and rude children peint at and mock me. That woman brought this upon me. I shall see my sisters as young maidens, beautiful and admired, only I shall not be

admired. That woman is the cause. I shall love with all the fire of my heart, that grows whilst my body remains stunted, my woman's heart in a child's frame—but no one will love me; he whom I love will turn from me in disgust and take another in his arms. I owe that also to this woman."—If she foresaw all this, would Bessie forgive you and love you, and put her arms about you and kiss you? No; she would get up on her knees on your lap and beat your two great eyes with her little fists till you could not see out of them any more, but wept out of them brine and blood? Then he mounted the driver's seat in front of his van, lashed the horse, and left her standing in the road before the inn with her box and the sewing-machine.

Thereupon, a strong temptation arose and beset Josephine. Why should she go on to St Kerian? —why sojourn there as a stranger, ignored by her own husband? Why should she bow to a life of privation of the most trying kind, intellectual privation, if nothing was to be gained by it? She had reached the first shelf in her plunge, and the golden cup was not there. Now, she was diving to a second and lower shelf, and she saw no prospect of retrieving what she sought on it. The shelf on which she had first lodged was in shallow water, within the light of the sun; it was not so far removed from the social and spiritual life of the cultured class to which she belonged, as that into which she was now called to descend. On that other shelf there was ebb and flow, and now and then she could enjoy the society of her social equals, if not to converse with them, to hear their cultured voices, see their ease of manner, and enjoy the thousand little amenities of civilisation which hang about the mansion of a lady of position. She had been there as a mermaid belonging to both regions, half lady, half servant; and very unpleasant, not to say repugnant to her cultured instincts and moral sense, as she had found the lower element which had half engirdled her, there was still an upper region in which she could breathe. Now she was to be wholly submerged. to go down to the depth where only the unlettered and undisciplined swim, where only broad dialect is spoken, coarse manners are in vogue, and life is without any of the polish and adornment found in the world above the water-line. In the upper air, when she floated, she could hear the birds sing and see the flowers, and smell the fragrance of the clover and bean fields; below, she would hear nothing but strident tones, see nothing but forms uncouth, smell nothing but what is rank. Why should she make this second plunge? Why—when she clearly saw that on this lower platform the golden goblet did not lie? Would it be a final leap? Would it necessitate a further descent into gulfs of darkness and horror? No; hardly that. Intellectually, there was no further dive. She could hardly find a voice below the ledge of the unreasoning, unread, untrained. Below that was the abyss of moral defect, into which she could not fall.

In the old Assyrian poem of Ishtar, the goddess is represented descending through several houses into Hades, and as she approaches each, the gatekeepers divest her of some of her clothing, till she reaches Abadon, where she is denuded of everything. Josephine was something like Ishtar—she was forced in her downward pilgrimage, at

every mansion of the nether world, to lay aside some of her ornaments acquired above. She had set forth with her mind richly clothed; she was a refined and accomplished girl; passionately fond of music, with a delicate artistic taste, a love of literature, and an eager mind for the revelations of science. If she had an interest that came second to music, it was love of history—that faculty which, like music and colour, is inherent in some, is wholly deficient in others. To some, the present is but a cut flower, of fleeting charm, unless it have its root in the past, when at once it acquires interest, and is tenderly watched and cultivated. The historic faculty is closely allied to the imagination. It peoples a solitude with forms of beauty and interest; it builds up walls, and unrolls before the fancy the volume of time, full of pictures. The possessor of these gifts is never alone, for the past is always about him, a past so infinitely purer and better than the present, because sublimated in the crucible of the mind.

Now, what struck Josephine above everything in the under-water world into which she stepped was the inability of its denizens to appreciate what is historical. They seemed to her like people who have no perspective, like half-blind men, who see men as trees walking. They had no clear ideas as to time or as to distance. Brussels and Pekin, foreign cities about equidistant, and Iceland and Tierra del Fuego, foreign islands in the same hemisphere. The Romans built the village churches; but whether the classic Romans or the Roman Catholics, was not at all known: nor was it certain when Oliver Cromwell stabled his horses in the churches, whether in the time of the Romans, or in the Chartist rows; neither whether Oliver Cromwell were a French republican or an Irish papist. Turkeys came of course from Turkey, of which, probably, Dorking is the capital, because thence came also some big fowls; and necessarily Jerusalem artichokes are derived from the holy city, or else why are they called Jerusalem artichokes? In literature it was the same. Below the water, the denizens had heard of Shakspeare, but didn't think much of him; he didn't come near Miss Braddon. Swift—yes, he wrote children's stories -Gulliver's Travels and the Robins. Thackeray! he was nowhere-not fit to hold a candle to Mrs Henry Wood; there were no murders in his tales. In this subaqueous world, music was not; if there had been stillness, it would have been well; but in place of the exquisite creations of the great tone masters, sprang a fungoid, scabrous growth of comic song, Villikens and his Dinah, Pop goes the Weasel, and revivalist hymns. Josephine in descending so low left behind her everything that to her made life worth having. She must cast aside her books, lay down her music, her painting; and be cut away from all communion with the class in which all the roots of her inner life were planted. Was she called on to do this? What would come of the venture?

But then came another question: Could she go back? To Hanford Hall and to her father? No; she had taken her course with full determination of pursuing it to the end. She would not return. She must follow what her heart told her was the right thing to do, at whatever cost to herself. Ishtar would lay aside every adornment, only not the pure white robe of her moral dignity.

Before the last house, she would stand and wait, and not tap at that door, wait, and lie down there and die, rather than return except at the call of Richard.

#### CHAPTER LIL.-THE SECOND SHELF.

Mrs Cable was waiting before the door of the St Kerian inn, where hung the sign of the Silver Lowl, when Josephine arrived. She received her with stately gravity and some coldness. The old woman saw that her daughter-in-law was greatly altered. Her girlishness was gone; womanhood had set in, stamping and characterising her features. She was thin and pale, and did not look strong.

not look strong.

Mrs Cable led her to the village grocer and postmistress, a Miss Penruddock, and showed Josephine a couple of neat plain rooms, one abovestairs, a bedroom, and the other below as a sitting-room. Everything was scrupulously clean; the walls were whitewashed, the bed and window furniture white, the china white, and the deal boards of the floor scrubbed as white as they could be got. Josephine's box was moved upstairs, and the sewing-machine put in the parlour below. Her landlady was in and out for some little while, to make sure that all was comfortable, till the sorting-time for the letters engaged her in the shop. The atmosphere of the house was impregnated with the odour of soap, tea, and candles—a wholesome and not unpleasant sayour.

Bessie Cable remained standing in the bedroom; her tall form looked unnaturally tall in the low room, of which the white ceiling was only seven feet above the white floor. 'Is there anything further you require?' she asked. 'I promised my son that I would see that you were supplied with every requisite.'

Josephine looked at her, and drew beseechingly towards her, with her arms out, pleading to be taken to the old woman's heart. But Bessie Cable's first thought was for her son, and she could not show tenderness where he refused recognition.

'I am sorry to receive you thus,' said Mrs Cable; 'but I cannot forget how that you have embittered my son's life, not only to himself, but also to me, his mother. I had looked forward to a peaceful old age, with him happy, after the storms and sorrows of a rough life. But he ship-wrecked his peace and mine when he took you. I daresay you are repentant; the rector told me as much; but the wrong done remains working. One year's seeds make five years' weeds, and the weeds are growing out of the sowing of your cruel line.'

lips.'
'You also!' cried Josephine.—'Is no one to be kind to me—all to reproach me?'

'You must make friends here.'

'But you—will you not be my mother, and my friend?'

'Your mother—no. Your friend!—not openly. That I cannot be, because of my son; but I will not refuse you an inner friendship. I believe that now you intend to do right, and that you have acted well in coming here.'

'You think so?'

'Yes; I am sure you have. You could in no other way have shown that you wished to undo the past.'

'I am glad you say that; oh, I am glad! Yesterday, I had a terrible moment of struggle; I was almost about to go away, and not come on here. Now you have repaid me for my fight by these words.'

Bessie looked steadily and searchingly at her. 'I have had years of waiting for what could never come. I had ever an anguish at my heart, like a cancer eating it out. But that is over. It was torn out by the roots in one hour of great struggle and pain, and since then I have been at case within. You have now your pain. Mine was different from yours. Mine grew out of a blow dealt me. Yours comes because you have dealt blows. There is nothing for it but to bear the pain and wait. Some day the pain will be over; but how it will be taken away, God only knows. I thought that mine would never go; but it went, and went suddenly, and I have felt nothing since. No medicine can heal you—only patience. Wait and suffer; and in God's good time and in His way, the pain will be taken away.

Josephine suddenly caught the old woman's

hand and kissed it.

'Do not-do not!' exclaimed Bessie, as if

frightened.

O Mrs Cable, said Josephine, I will wait.

And now, tell me another thing. I have said that I will receive nothing of Richard till he will acknowledge me. I know I have acted very wrongly, but I think he is too unforgiving.

'It is not for me to judge my son or to hear any words of condemnation from you.'

'I do not wish to condemn him; but I feel that his justice is prevailing over his mercy.

Who hardened him?

'I—I did it; and I am reaping what I sowed. I own that. But, as he will not receive me, will not season anything he offers me with love, am I wrong to refuse to accept aught of him?'

Mrs Cable did not answer immediately, but resently she said: 'No-you do right. I did presently she said: 'No-you do right. the same. I would not touch anything; but then my case was different; I was the wronged, not the wrongdoer.

'More the reason that I should refuse,' said

Josephine with vehemence.

Again Mrs Cable considered; then said: 'Yes, that stands to reason; the wrongdoer gives to the wronged one to expiate the wrong, the wrongdoer does not receive from the one wrongedthat would aggravate the offence.

'I am glad you see this,' said Josephine.—
'Now—what have you paid for my lodgings?
He said you had given a month's rent in

advance.

Mrs Cable coloured. 'You shall not pay that; indeed, you shall not. I engaged the rooms.'
'Because he asked you. I will not stand in

his debt.'

'I cannot receive money from you,' exclaimed Mrs Cable. 'It would burn my fingers.'

Then Josephine knelt by her box and opened 'We will come to an agreement another,' she said. 'There is something in the bettom of my trunk—the only poor remains of my finery I have brought with me. You shall take that, and some day it can be cut up or adapted for Mary. Perhaps Mary may be married that the dresses will have to be fitted; then you —and then she shall have my old wedding dress, may touch them and speak to them; but you

I brought it from Hanford with me, not that I intended ever again to wear it, but it served me as a remembrancer. In it I was married, and in it I gave the last offence to my husband. In it I gained him, and in it I lost him. But I shall require it now no more. Take it, and do with it what you like. The silk is very good; it was a costly dress. Richard is building a new house; the driver pointed it out to me as I came along—do not think he had any notion how nearly I was interested in it. He said that Richard Cable came poor to the place, and will soon be the wealthiest man in it. When he has his grand new house, his little girls must dress well as little ladies; and Mary, when she is married from it, may wear my wedding dress. I trust she will be happier than I have been or am likely to be.' She looked up from the box. How large her eyes were, full of expression and intelligence-beautiful eyes, and now looking unusually bright and large because she was tired and thin and sunken about the sockets of the

'Have you been unwell?' asked Mrs Cable.

'No-only unhappy.

'It takes a great deal of unhappiness to kill,' said Bessie meditatively. 'I thought sometimes I could not live, so great were my sorrow and shame.

'I do not care much whether I live or die,' said Josephine. 'Life is very full of trouble and disappointment, of humiliation and self-repreach to me.'-Then, in an altered voice: 'Will you take the dress?'

'Yes,' answered Mrs Cable, still studying her

face-'yes-Josephine.

A smile played over the face of the still kneeling girl. 'It does me good to hear my Christian name again,' she said. 'At Bewdley, I was only "Cable." I should be thankful now for Joss-ephine, though once I scorned to be so named.' She replaced her clothes in the trunk and laid the white silk dress on the bed. 'What is that? That is one of Richard's old

handkerchiefs,' said Mrs Cable.

'Yes,' answered Josephine, lowering her head. 'I found it in the cottage after you were all gone. I will do up the dress in it, if you will promise to let me have the old blue handkerchief again. I-I value it. I once laughed at it-just as I laughed at my name pronounced incorrectly, and at his boots; and now—it is otherwise. the handkerchief; let me have it again. 1 value

Then Mrs Cable took Josephine's head between her hands and drew it towards her; then checked herself, and thrust her off, and said: 'I cannot, till my son acknowledges you; it would not be

just to him.

Josephine sighed. The colour had fluttered to her cheek and her eyes had laughed; and now the colour faded and the laugh went out of her eyes. Am I not to see the children? she asked.

'I cannot forbid you seeing them,' answered Bessie Cable; 'but you are not to make their acquaintance and be friendly with them. You shall make them all a new set of gowns and frocks; you shall have their old ones as patterns, but must make them a size larger, as the children are growing—that is, all but Bessie. I suppose that the dresses will have to be fitted; then you must not kiss them or be friendly with them. Speak to them only about the fit of their clothes.'

'I am very hardly treated,' said Josephine.
'You must consider—you have brought it on yourself.'

'Yes, I have done that, and I must bear my pain.—I shall see little or nothing of Richard?'

'Little or nothing, and he will not speak to you. He is away a great deal now. We see him only at intervals; and when he is at home, he wishes to be left undisturbed with his children.' Then, once more, Mrs Cable asked if Josephine had all that she needed; and left, with the white silk dress tied up in Richard's blue handkerchief, when assured that nothing further was required except that which she was not empowered to give.

#### THE 'B. M.' NEWSPAPER ROOM.

THE new Newspaper Room, or 'White' wing, which has been recently added to the library of the British Museum, and which also includes additional accommodation for the departments of Prints and Drawings, and Manuscripts, is one with which, perhaps, the outside public ought to be made better acquainted. To regular 'readers' its advantages are at once apparent. In the present circular reading-room, erected in 1857, and without doubt the finest room of its kind in the world, it was, previous to the erection of the present Newspaper Room, a most formidable task to consult, say, a one or two years' file of a daily London or provincial newspaper. Now, however, this is all altered; and with specially constructed tables and desks, and with ease and quickness of supply, an immense saving of time and trouble has been effected.

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'I am glad you say that; oh, I am glad! Yesterday, I had a terrible moment of struggle; I was almost about to go away, and not come on here. Now you have repaid me for my fight by these words.

Bessie looked steadily and searchingly at her. I have had years of waiting for what could never come. I had ever an anguish at my heart, like a cancer eating it out. But that is over. It was torn out by the roots in one hour of great struggle and pain, and since then I have been at ease within. You have now your pain. Mine was different from yours. Mine grew out of a blow dealt me. Yours comes because you have dealt blows. There is nothing for it but to bear the pain and wait. Some day the pain will be over; but how it will be taken away, God only knows. I thought that mine would never go; but it went, and went suddenly, and I have felt nothing since. No medicine can heal you—only patience. Wait and suffer; and in God's good time and in His way, the pain will be taken away.

Josephine suddenly caught the old woman's

hand and kissed it.

Do not-do not!' exclaimed Bessie, as if

frightened.

O Mrs Cable, said Josephine, I will wait. —And now, tell me another thing. I have said that I will receive nothing of Richard till he will acknowledge me. I know I have acted very wrongly, but I think he is too unforgiving.

'It is not for me to judge my son or to hear any words of condemnation from you.'

'I do not wish to condemn him; but I feel that his justice is prevailing over his mercy.'

'Who hardened him?'

'1—I did it; and I am reaping what I sowed.
I own that. But, as he will not receive me, will not season anything he offers me with love, am I wrong to refuse to accept aught of him?

Mrs Cable did not answer immediately, but resently she said: 'No—you do right. I did presently she said: 'No-you do right. the same. I would not touch anything; but then my case was different; I was the wronged, not the wrongdoer.

'More the reason that I should refuse,' said

Josephine with vehemence.

Again Mrs Cable considered; then said: 'Yes, that stands to reason; the wrongdoer gives to the wronged one to expiate the wrong, the wrongdoer does not receive from the one wrongedthat would aggravate the offence.

'I am glad you see this,' said Josephine.—
'Now-what have you paid for my lodgings?
He said you had given a month's rent in

advance.

Mrs Cable coloured. 'You shall not pay that; indeed, you shall not. I engaged the rooms.'
'Because he asked you. I will not stand in

his debt.'

'I cannot receive money from you,' exclaimed Mrs Cable, 'It would burn my fingers.'

Then Josephine knelt by her box and opened it. 'We will come to an agreement another way, she said. 'There is something in the bottom of my trunk—the only poor remains of my finery I have brought with me. You shall take that, and some day it can be cut up or adapted for Mary. Perhaps Mary may be married —and then she shall have my old wedding dress.

I brought it from Hanford with me, not that I intended ever again to wear it, but it served me as a remembrancer. In it I was married, me as a remembrancer. In it I was married, and in it I gave the last offence to my husband. In it I gained him, and in it I lost him. But I shall require it now no more. Take it, and do with it what you like. The silk is very good; it was a costly dress. Richard is building a new house; the driver pointed it out to me as I came along—do not think he had any notion how nearly I was interested in it. He said that Richard Cable came poor to the place, and will soon be the wealthiest man in it. When he has his grand new house, his little girls must dress well as little ladies; and Mary, when she is married from it, may wear my wedding dress. I trust she will be happier than I have been or am likely to be.' She looked up from the box. How large her eyes were, full of expression and intelligence-beautiful eyes, and now looking unusually bright and large because she was tired and thin and sunken about the sockets of the

'Have you been unwell?' asked Mrs Cable.

'No-only unhappy.'

'It takes a great deal of unhappiness to kill,' said Bessie meditatively. 'I thought sometimes I could not live, so great were my sorrow and shame.

'I do not care much whether I live or die,' said Josephine. 'Life is very full of trouble and disappointment, of humiliation and self-reproach to me.'-Then, in an altered voice: 'Will you take the dress?

'Yes,' answered Mrs Cable, still studying her

face—'yes—Josephine.'

A smile played over the face of the still kneeling girl. 'It does me good to hear my Christian name again,' she said. 'At Bewdley, I was only name again, she said. 'At Bewdley, I was only "Cable." I should be thankful now for Joss-e phine, though once I scorned to be so named.' She replaced her clothes in the trunk and laid the white silk dress on the bed. 'What is that? That is one of Richard's old

handkerchiefs,' said Mrs Cable.

'Yes,' answered Josephine, lowering her head. 'I found it in the cottage after you were all gone. I will do up the dress in it, if you will promise to let me have the old blue handkerchief again. I—I value it. I once laughed at it—just as I laughed at my name pronounced incorrectly, and at his boots; and now-it is otherwise. I value the handkerchief; let me have it again.

Then Mrs Cable took Josephine's head between her hands and drew it towards her; then checked herself, and thrust her off, and said: 'I cannot, till my son acknowledges you; it would not be

just to him.

Josephine sighed. The colour had fluttered to her cheek and her eyes had laughed; and now the colour faded and the laugh went out of her eyes. Am I not to see the children?' she asked.

'I cannot forbid you seeing them,' answered Bessie Cable; 'but you are not to make their acquaintance and be friendly with them. You shall make them all a new set of gowns and frocks; you shall have their old ones as patterns, but must make them a size larger, as the children are growing—that is, all but Bessie. I suppose that the dresses will have to be fitted; then you may touch them and speak to them; but you must not kiss them or be friendly with them. Speak to them only about the fit of their clothes.

'I am very hardly treated,' said Josephine. 'You must consider—you have brought it on vourself.

'Yes, I have done that, and I must bear my pain.—I shall see little or nothing of Richard?' 'Little or nothing, and he will not speak to

you. He is away a great deal now. We see him only at intervals; and when he is at home, he wishes to be left undisturbed with his children.' Then, once more, Mrs Cable asked if Josephine had all that she needed; and left, with the white silk dress tied up in Richard's blue handkerchief, when assured that nothing further was required except that which she was not empowered to give.

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WHITE, A.D. MDCCCLXXXIII.; and it is interesting to notice the exact words used by Mr White in his will: they are as follows—'The money and property so bequeathed to the British Museum I wish to be employed in building or improving upon the said institution; and that round the riggs of some part of such building or

this money is otherwise employed, then over or upon that which has so employed it, the words "GULIELMUS WHITE Arm. Britanniæ dicavit 18be carved, or words to that import. It is a little vanity of no harm, and may tempt others to follow my example, in thinking more of the nation and less of themselves.' The sentiments thus expressed may well be commended to the consideration of those who have more riches to leave behind them than proper ways of fitly disposing of them. There are certainly not many ways of better obtaining a desirable immortality at so cheap a price as the endowing or building of a public library or an educational institution.

The various departments of the new building enumerated above are now in full working order, and available to readers daily as follows: May and avaluate to readers daily as follows: May to August, till six P.M.; March, April, September, and October, till five P.M.; November to February, till four P.M. If, however, a reader should desire to peruse a volume of newspapers or of parliamentary Reports—which are also now in the new room—he has simply to notify the fact to the superintendent, and at closing-time the volume desired will be sent into the large reading-room, where the reader can have it at his disposal till eight o'clock in the winter months, and seven o'clock during summer.

As the reader passes through the corridor leading to the Newspaper Room, an attendant outside rings a bell, and he is confronted by an official, who inquires what papers are wanted. In a very brief space of time the volumes are laid before him, and a ticket taken for each, which is retained entirely. Not a moment is thus lost; and as the tables are fitted with the most approved desks or supports, writing materials, and other necessaries, the reader can start work almost instantly. Of course, as under the old rules, only bound volumes of newspapers are available, so that, so far as weekly or provincial journals are concerned, they can only be had in yearly or half-yearly volumes. London and provincial daily journals, however, are generally bound up in two-monthly volumes, and are therefore more readily available.

#### THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW.

#### CHAPTER II.

Ir was not without some natural regret that Abel removed to his new quarters, and vacated the humble rooms which had been his home for nearly half a century. He and Mary Nunnely at once became firm friends; and for the child Freddy he conceived an almost passionate fondness, as old people frequently do for very young children. As for Mrs Roding, she was all smiles and honeyed words, and seemed as if she could not do enough for 'dear Grandad;' while Matthew continued to go to and from business as soberly and punctually as heretofore. His house was an unpretentious one in a quiet street in Canonbury, so that Grandad was able to spend his evenings as usual at his favourite tavern in the Essex Road. But this state of things was too good to last. It was one of those years when an epidemic of speculation spreads far and wide, seeming to be in the very air men breathe; when the blood of every

one who has money to invest, and of many who have none, goes up to fever-heat; when every day blows its own gorgeous bubble, and no scheme is too rash or improbable to be greedily clutched at; when one bogus Company after another is gaily launched, and, like an argosy with golden sails, floats joyously for a little while over summer seas which are as treacherous as they are sunny. After a time the tornado bursts. One argosy here and there comes safely into port; the rest founder in open sea, and ruin and desolation find their way into ten thousand homes.

It was scarcely to be expected that Matthew

Roding, who was a born gambler, should escape the prevailing contagion. His blood simmered; his fingers itched; his sleep was troubled with strange dreams; in his waking hours he saw

visions; the fever was upon him. In such piping times there seemed to him no reason why he should not turn his ten thousand pounds into a hundred thousand, or into as many more, for the matter of that. The feast was spread before him; what a fool he would be to stand by and watch others devour it, and he starving His previous experience at Livermeanwhile! pool stood him in good stead. He entered the arena a trained combatant. His first successes served still further to turn his head. Deeper and deeper he plunged: thousands of others were doing the same. He joined the directorate of several new Companies; he even 'promoted' two or three schemes on his own account; in the City he began to be talked about as a rising man. Meanwhile, the business at Bankside was left more and more to take care of itself. began to hate to go near the place. He took an office in Throgmorton Street on his own account, gorgeous with mahogany and plate-glass. Here, with the assistance of a confidential clerk, he transacted his financial business; and here his new City friends were always sure of finding a magnum of champagne of some famous brand. His sober, somewhat old-fashioned garb was dis-carded in favour of one much more florid and effective. But of all this not a whisper reached Abel. The old man noticed that his son was gayer in his attire, but that was all; Matthew went and came with the same regularity as heretofore. The first intimation of change burst on him like a thunderclap. It was his daughter-in-law who broke the news to him one morning after breakfast. Matthew had taken a villa at Tulse Hill, and they were going to remove there in a fortnight's time, she told him. He merely said: 'Very well. At my time of life I don't know that it matters greatly where I live.'

his heart he knew that it did matter. Abel opened his eyes very wide indeed the first time he went over the new domicile. It was a staring red-brick edifice of fifteen or sixteen rooms, standing a little way back from the road in its own grounds. Carte blanche had been given to an eminent furnishing firm to fit it up from garret to basement, and they had not neglected their opportunity. Everything was in strict accordance with the latest canons in such matters, as laid down by the highest—and most expensive—authorities. In the coachhouse, Grandad found a brand-new brougham for the master of the house, and a brand-new victoria for the mistress of the house; and in the stables, two

brand-new horses. He could scarcely believe that he was not walking in a dream. The house had originally been occupied as a Seminary for Young Ladies, and a classroom had been built out at the back, with windows looking into the garden. This out-building had now been divided into two rooms, with a door leading from one to the other, and a side-door opening into the garden. The rooms in question had been fitted up for Grandad's sole use and occupation. A short passage with green baize doors shut them off from the

rest of the house.

His daughter-in-law herself introduced him to be rooms. 'Think how cosy and comfortable the rooms. you will be here, with no one to disturb you or interfere with you, she said. 'You can come and go just as you like. You can smoke your pipe in the garden all day long. You know I strongly object to the odour of tobacco in the house. And then there is a door at the end of the garden by which you can get out into the lanes and fields at the back. You were always fond of rural rambles, I think. Sarah, the housemaid, will wait upon you and bring you your meals. We shall dine at seven in future; but I know you like your cutlet and pudding not later than half-past one. I have had the furniture brought from your other rooms, because I am sure you are fond of old associations. Nothing has been forgotten that could in any way conduce to your comfort.'

'Nothing—nothing,' said Grandad dryly. Then in a lower tone he muttered: 'Buried alive—

buried alive!'

Mrs Roding's sharp ears caught the remark, but she chose to ignore it. Really, old people are often excessively tiresome and difficult to please. As soon as he was left alone, Grandad sat down in his easy-chair; his head sank forward, and he covered his face with his hands. 'Fool-idiot that I have been!' he exclaimed. 'I might have known what would come of it.' He sat thus for a long time, and then he wept, for the first time since he had stood by his wife's

grave, more than forty years before.

But next morning he was as brisk and chirpy as ever. Whatever thoughts might be at work in his mind, he kept them to himself. He and Freddy had a romp in the garden after breakfast, and then, towards noon, Grandad, with hat and coat elaborately brushed, sallied forth, and hailed the first 'bus that was bound for London Bridge. How his heart warmed when he found himself in the Borough High Street! He had not been there since he retired from business. How strange everything looked, and yet how familiar! Quitting the 'bus at the bridge foot, he walked through the Market, where the salesmen had not yet forgotten him, but touched their hats and bade him good-morrow, as in days gone by. The old man's heart swelled within him. His errand to-day took him to a certain humble chophouse in an obscure street off Bankside, where he knew that within five minutes more or less of a certain time he would not fail to find the person of whom he had come in search. The individual in question was Peter Bunker, his old and faithful clerk and bookkeeper, who had been in the service of the firm for upwards of forty years. And there of a surety he found Peter, in one of the little partitioned-off boxes in the two; their talk was confined to the leading

which he dined six days out of seven, year in and year out. He was a little, prim, closely shaved man, about fifty-five years of age, with the defer-ential manners of one who all his life has filled a subordinate post and has no expectation of ever filling any other. He started to his feet with wide-open month when he saw Abel's tall, gaunt figure enter through the swing-doors and advance along the narrow aisle with its sanded floor, peering keenly from side to side as he did so. 'Mr Roding—sir!' was all the little man could gasp as their eyes met.

Abel's hand went out and gave the other's a grip that brought tears into his eyes. 'It's such a fine day, Bunker, that I thought I would drop in and have a chop-and-mashed with you,' he said cheerily. 'I knew to a tick when to find you here. I don't know whether you or

St George's keeps better time.'

Little more was said till Abel had finished his chop. Bunker surmised that there must be some good reason for his old master's visit, but could only wait till he should be told what it was. 'And now we will walk as far as Bilbo's and see whether he has any of his famous old port left. You must steal an hour from business this afternoon, Bunker, in memory of old times.

So to Bilbo's they adjourned, which was no great distance away. There they found a quiet corner where they could talk without being over-heard. Then was Bunker duly enlightened as to the reason of Abel's visit, which was simply to obtain from the old clerk a trustworthy account of the present condition of the firm and business matters generally, now that a year had elapsed since the reins of power had been transferred to other hands. The story told was one that might well have moved Grandad to the depths of his being. Whether it did so or not, Bunker had no means of knowing, for his auditor was one of those men who may be touched to the quick without betraying it either by word or look. He sat and listened to Bunker's recital as quietly as though it were the most matterof fact narrative in the world. He sipped his wine in a leisurely way, now and then interjecting a quiet 'Oh, indeed,' or 'Just so,' with an occasional question to elucidate some particular point; but for the most part listening in silence, with eves that were half veiled under their shaggy brows.

After that first occasion, Abel made a point of seeking an interview with Bunker once a month; of those meetings no mention was made to Matthew. Grandad went quietly on his way, seeming to see and know nothing, and becoming day by day more of a nonentity in the establishment at Tulse Hill. Nearly all his meals were now taken alone in his own rooms, except when he could snuggle Freddy and Mary in to tea on those afternoons when Mrs Reding happened to be out shopping or visiting. Often a week would pass without he and his son setting eyes on each other. His daughter-in-law had succeeded to admiration in her scheme for isolating him from the rest of the household. On Sunday, however, Matthew always made a point of sitting for half an hour with his father. On these occasions, no mention of business matters ever passed between

questions of the day, for of late, since he had so much time on his hands, Abel had become a great newspaper reader. No hint ever passed his lips that he had the slightest knowledge of anything respecting which he was supposed to know nothing. So month passed after month, and, if it were possible, Grandad became more than ever a cipher in the household; while Matthew Roding, like a swimmer buoyed up with bladders which a pin-prick may at any moment cause to collapse, ventured farther and yet farther into the deep waters of speculation, on whose surface the sun still shone and balmy zephyrs played, while no cloud even as big as a man's hand uplifted itself like a menace above the horizon.

And so we come again to Grandad's seventy-second birthday, and to Ruff Roding and Mary, whom we left so long ago walking together in the direction of the post-office.

"Why is it such a lucky thing that we have met this morning?' asked Mary for the second time.

Because, as you may or may not chance to know, this is dear old Grandad's birthday, and I have made up my mind, despite both my father and my charming stepmother, to spend it with him. When I nearly fell into your arms just now, I was puzzling my brains as to how I should be able to obtain access to the enchanted castle without the ogress who has laid such a ban on me having the slightest suspicion that I was there. Happily, you have solved the difficulty for me.

'Expliquez-vous, monsieur.'

'As soon as you get back to the house, you must see Grandad and tell him that I am coming. Then, when the coast is clear and nobody about, either you or he must unlock the door at the bottom of the garden that opens into the lane, and there you are don't you see?'

'The audacity of young men, of painters especially'-

'Is something that surpasses belief.'
'Mrs Roding will be sure to hear of it through

one channel or another.'

'I don't care a rush if she does—after it's over. I've a right to visit my grandfather, especially on his birthday, and no one shall hinder me from doing so. A parcel addressed to him will be left at the house in the course of an hour or so. It's only a game-pie and one or two other trifles. We shall be as jolly as sandboys.—But oh, Mary, my darling, do-do contrive somehow to dine with Grandad and me! Tell a whopper for once. Say you want to go somewhere—shopping, or anything—then go out as usual; and I'll let you in ten minutes later through the garden door.'

Mary shook her pretty head. 'Indeed, sir, I shall do nothing of the kind, not even for the honour of dining with you.—Perhaps, if Grandad were to ask Mrs Roding'——

'I'll get the old boy to do it. She can't be

such a curmudgeon as to refuse him on his birthday.-You don't ask me what I've got in the parcel under my arm."

'I was always taught that little girls should

never ask questions.

That doesn't keep you from being inquisi-tive; so, to save you from dying of curiosity, I'll and keep large packs of dogs to wage war upon tell you. It's a little water-colour sketch I've them, and were paid liberally for the skins they

done, as a birthday present to Grandad, of an old water-mill close to where he was born. I've heard him say that when he was a boy he would stand by the hour watching the slowly turning wheel and the white flashing water; and whenever he goes down to Cumberland he never fails to visit the old mill.'

'He will be delighted with it. It will make

him feel that he is not quite forgotten.

Dear old boy! I wouldn't for the world have him feel that he is neglected.—But I've some-thing else to tell you. As the gourmands are said to do, I've kept my bonne bouche till the last. I've good news, my pretty one—great news—glorious news! "Special edition." Can't you guess what it is?'

Mary turned a face to him that blushed, and paled, and then blushed again. 'You've not'

she said, and then stopped.

'Yes, I have,' he laughed. 'That's just it.'
'You've not sold your picture, Ruff!' she

gasped.
'Haven't I, though! But I have, and get a American millionaire—a splendid fellow.—No haggling; cash on the nail.—Molly, my darling, we'll be wed in six months from to-day, or my

name's not Ruff Roding. Rum-ti-tum-tootle!'

If they had happened to be anywhere but in the public street, he would have taken her in his arms and kissed her then and there.

#### RABBIT CRUSADING.

Many of our readers will probably have heard and read much about the ravages of poor 'bunny' upon the sheep-runs of New Zealand, Victoria, and other colonies; but some particulars of the manner in which 'the pest' has been dealt with with a view to its suppression may prove readable. Let us then endeavour to give some description of a rabbit-war, so to speak, of which we had some experience. The work was carried on upon a run of one hundred thousand acres in the South or Middle Island of New Zealand, which had become so overrun with rabbits that the sheep-flock had been reduced from eighty thousand to forty-five thousand, through the inability of the land to support the larger number, owing to the amount of grass consumed by the rabbits. It is commonly related on the station that, about five years before the time of which we are writing, it was a difficult matter to find a rabbit anywhere on the run, and that the manager once reproved one of his men for taking out a gun to try and shoot one of these animals, saying, that if the rabbits were indiscriminately hunted, it would soon be were muserimmately numbed, to would soon be impossible to get one for dinner. And yet so great was the increase during these succeeding five years, that the owners of the station found the carrying power of their land reduced by nearly one half, and were at their wits' end for a remedy.

Various means were tried for reducing the numbers of the rabbits. Men were engaged to breed ferrets on the run and turn them loose; other men were allowed to camp upon the run obtained; while others were similarly encouraged to kill them with guns. But notwithstanding all these measures for their suppression, the rabbits continued to increase till their numbers seemed limitless.

In the early days of this trouble, the squatter concerned himself only about the slaughtering of bunny, and paid no heed to the value of the skins. It was the custom to pay those engaged in killing them a certain price, from a penny up to two shillings and sixpence—according to the thickness of the rabbits on the land—for each tail or pair of ears brought into the homestead. In this regard there is a story told of two parties of 'rabbiters' who were engaged upon adjoining runs, on one of which the owner paid for the tails delivered to his storekeeper, while on the other a similar price was paid for the ears. These worthies hit upon the device of meeting at the boundary fence and exchanging ears for tails. Thus, each gang was paid for all the rabbits killed upon both runs, and hence every rabbit killed was paid for twice. This nefarious practice was carried on for some time before the victimised securities discovered the french

squatters discovered the fraud.

In course of time the value of the skins was recognised; and now millions are shipped annually to the London market, where they command a good price, and are made up by the manufacturers into a large variety of articles of female adornment, such as muffs, capes, trimmings, and the like; besides which, it is said that the skin is tanned and made up into an imitation kid. Besides the common gray rabbit, so well known in England, there are in New Zealand some very pretty varieties. Notably, there is what is known as the 'silver gray.' The fur of this species is a mixture, in varying proportions, of black and white tails. For these, nearly double the price of ordinary skins is paid by the skin-dealers. Besides the silver grays, which are sometimes almost white, and at others nearly black, there are also many pure black rabbits, and a few quite white. There are also in some parts black rabbits

with brown spots.

The method of taking and preparing the skins is as follows: the skin (jacket) is taken off without being split up in the usual way. The skinner places his foot upon one hind-leg, and holding the other in his left hand, slits the skin with his kuife across from leg to leg; he then disengages the skin from around each hind-leg, and planting his foot upon both of these, pulls the whole skin up over the body of the rabbit, precisely as a footballer takes off his buttonless jersey. The skin is thus turned inside out; and a skilful skinner will, with a sharp pull, unless the rabbit be very old and tough, strip the whole skin, dragging the head and fore-paws through without any further aid from his knife. But in some cases he will have to cut round the neck and fore-paws before he can disengage the hide. The speed with which men and boys who are accus-

is almost incredible.

Having taken off the skin, the rabbiter, unless he wants it as food for his dogs, leaves the carcase lying where he found it; and again turning the skin so that the fur side is outward, strings it upon a strap hanging round his neck, or upon his belt, and goes on in search of more spoil.

toined to the work can strip bunny of his jacket

The methods already spoken of, shooting, and hunting with dogs and ferrets, having proved wholly inadequate to meet the case, other methods had to be sought; and at last the expedient of laying poisoned grain was hit upon. In the direction of poisoning, many experiments were made with different and uncertain results. Carrots prepared with arsenic were used, and are still in great favour in many parts, and both wheat and oats were 'phosphorised,' as the professional rabbiting term goes. At first, the poisoned grain was placed upon the ground indiscriminately in large heaps, with the result that many sleep and cattle ate it and were killed. This seemed to present an insurmountable obstacle to its use; but further experiments led to the plan of putting down the grain in small quantities in each place, not greater than a tea-spoonful, which resulted very successfully. Oats are generally used in preference to wheat. This was the method by which poisoning with phosphorised oats is carried on, as observed by the writer on the station referred to above. Provisions were made for employing twenty-five men constantly for twelve months in laying poison. These, provided with four large tents, measuring ten feet by twelve feet, and under the supervision of the headshepherd, were set to work upon a carefully devised plan. In these days of 'wire-shepherds,' as they are called—that is, wire-fences—termed wire-shepherds because they take the place in a large degree of shepherds or 'boundaryxeepers,' who in the old days had to be employed by the squatters to keep the sheep from straying in far greater numbers than at the present day— a sheep-run is always divided into a number of sections, often several thousands of acres in extent, called 'paddocks.' The 'poisoning gang' would be taken to a convenient camping-place in one of these paddocks and there quartered. A well-sheltered nook would be selected contiguous to a creek, of which there were several on the run, and here the camp would be pitched. The four tents, for which the poles, pegs, and all necessaries would be carried from camp to camp, would be set up; quantities of dry lern, reeds, creepers, or grass, as the locality might provide, would then be cut and spread upon the floor for bedding; and on the top of this each man would spread his blankets. To each tent six men were apportioned, four of whom had to lie side by side across the inner half; while the other two lay in like manner, occupying one half of the outer portion.

Now to attempt a description of the method by which bunny was attacked. Let us suppose that it was planned first to poison, say, No. 1 paddock. Some weeks before the war began, the bulk of the flock were turned into this paddock to eat the grass close down, so that the rabbits should have but little choice of food when the poisoning began. Next, the camp was pitched in this No. 1 paddock; and then, the sheep having been moved on to the paddock next intended to be operated upon, work was commenced in earnest. The poisoned oats were prepared at the home station, and sent out to the rabbiters upon packhorses. At one time, the oats and phosphorus were boiled together in an open vessel; but as the fumes were found to be injurious to the men who superintended the operation, cylindrical boilers with

hermetical covers were contrived revolving upon an axis. These cylinders, lying horizontally between upright stanchions, and turned with a crank, each capable of holding about two sacks of oats, were filled with a mixture of grain, phosphorus, and water in certain proportions. The cover having water in certain proportions. The cover having been sealed up, a fire was lighted beneath the boilers, which were kept slowly revolving while the contents boiled for a certain length of time. The poisoned oats thus prepared having been brought to the scene of operations, the next business was to distribute them for the delectation of poor unsuspecting bunny. For this purpose, each man was provided with a semicircular tin about six inches deep, with a diameter of about eighteen inches. Each tin was fitted with an overarching handle, passing from the centre of the diameter, or flat side of the tin, to the centre of the circumference, or curved side. Through this handle a strap would be rove, by which means the tin could be slung over the shoulder in such a way that the flat side might rest against the bearer's left hip; the semicircular shape being designed for convenience in carrying. Each tin would hold from fifteen to twenty pounds of oats —nearly half a bushel. Each man carried in his right hand a light stick about two feet six inches long, with a piece of tin bent in the shape of a spoon, and about the size of a teaspoon, fastened to one end. Thus accoutred, and with a tin bottle full of tea, and a little bread and meat in a handkerchief, slung to his belt, for the mid-day meal, the rabbiter would 'fall in' after breakfast every morning at eight o'clock to begin the day's work.

On completing one paddock, drays would be sent from the home station to transport the whole of the impedimenta to the camping-place in the next, and so on from time to time. Nothing but absolutely perpendicular cliffs, which were sometimes met with, was allowed to divert the line of march. Sometimes the men would be climbing up steep mountain sides, at others picking their way gingerly, at no small risk of breaking their limbs, along the faces of steep sidings and cliffs; and anon they would be crossing creeks or threading their way through clumps of bush' (wood). At times, when a piece of country had to be attacked where there was very heavy tussock-grass or scrub, a day or two would be given to burning off' before laying the poison.

So much for the business of putting the poison down for the rabbits. Now what about securing the skins? For this purpose, a contract was let to three men, who, in the guise of 'camp-fol-lowers,' as they might be termed, followed the rabbiters from place to place. These men were provided with tents and wires for stretching their skins, and were paid by the station owners one-and-sixpence a dozen for all skins brought in properly dried and tied up in dozens. The contractors employed two boys to help them; and all five used to spend the day from early in the morning until nearly dark scouring the country over which the poisoners had passed the day before, and taking the skins from the carcases.

The collections of skins daily would none hundred and fifty up to three visions. vary from one hundred and fifty hundred per head, men and boys, according to the abundance of the rabbits in different properties. The gatherings would rarely fall short of change hundred and fifty a head, from which it will be seen that these men were earning handsome wages. The writer on one occasion walked six miles, to and from a certain patch of ground that had been poisoned a day or two before (three miles each way), and skinned one hundred and twenty rabbits between breakfast-time armid-day. The skins collected do not represall the rabbits killed. Many hundreds die ur ground, and numbers are torn to pieces be hawks and seagulls, which congregate in d, and mous numbers from all directions upon 'sot'. country.'

From the foregoing, it may be seen ast it.

necessary for making an accurate stat a and got

ravages of the rabbit really mean, thou Ruff!' tunately, we have not all the figur

first glancing at the loss to the strangain, through the reduction of its flock, fellow, through the reduction of its flock fellow. Not thousand to forty-five thousand ly, my darling review roughly the weekly cost a to-day, or war alone: Overseer, being the tum-tootle a 'paid' yearly hand. Twente anywhen twenty-five shillings each, 120 a have tal, man to prepare poison, 11, an and there included this one men at seven shillings each this one men at seven shillings each that per mile equal to the same twenty-five busings and twenty-five busings and twenty-five busings and twenty-five busings and the same twenty-five busings and twenty-five busings and the same twenty-five busi oats, so equal to and twenty-five busic equal to superior and twenty-live busic two shillings and sixpence, £28, 2s. 6d.; phorus (quantity used and price not known), had £5; bonus to men for collecting skins—say, men and two boys collect three hundred if the daily-for week, nine thousand, or seven hun with and fifty dozen at one shilling and sixplable. £56, 5s. Thus, roughly speaking, this station was expending weekly £138, 9s. 6d. in protecting itself against loss from the continual increase of the rabbits, which threatened soon to take entire possession of the whole country. From this total have, of course, to be deducted the proceeds of the skins in London, which may be calculated, we think, after allowing for all shipping and home charges, at about two shillings and sixpence per dozen. This would shillings and sixpence per dozen. This would give £93, 15s. to be deducted from £138, 9s. 6d.; leaving a weekly charge upon the station of £44, 14s, 6d. But this, it must be remembered, is a very rough estimate, and is probably a good deal below the actual cost. In allowing a collection of three hundred skins per man and boy daily, we have probably far exceeded the mark; and it will be seen that any material reduction here would alter the figures considerably. Then, again, the estimate of seven shillings per head for rations is probably an under-statement, as is also the item of five pounds for phosphorus. Moreover, no estimate has been made for wear and tear of tents, cooking utensils, horse-flesh, drays, and harness, &c.; nor for wages of men packing, counting, pressing, and carting the skins, and getting firewood and so on.

Then, upon their return to camp, they would all lave to sit up far into the night stretching and a serious matter the 'rabbit' pest' is to the cleaning the spoils of the day.

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It should be mentioned that in Australia the rabbit skins are of no value whatever, because, owing to the warmer climate, they are not so heavily furred as in New Zealand. The ultimate result of the crusade we have endeavoured to describe was highly satisfactory, the run being virtually cleared of rabbits for the time being. Nevertheless, it will be a perpetual charge upon the station to keep them under, as a year or two of neglect would bring about again the same state of things. And this is true of the greater part of the South Island of New Zealand and many parts of Australia. rabbits are a constant source of anxiety and annoyance, and unflagging vigilance is necessary to keep them in check.

#### THE LOST ISLAND.

A LEGEND OF ORKNEY.

Most people have heard of the Standing Stones of Stennis in Orkney. In a silent circle they stand amid the solitude of the moor, silvered with the lichens of dead centuries. Tourists come and gaze on them, picnic beneath them, and speculate vaguely as to how they came there. Antiquaries also gaze, and proceed to evolve from their inner consciousness some theory to account for the origin of the stones. But the annals of the countryside have no legend of the race which raised them. All over the islands are the vestiges of some busy tribe who dwelt half underground, and have left to the worms and the rats their buried dwellings, known now as 'Brochs.' Yet the strange fact remains, that, while these peoples are utterly forgotten by their successors, the still earlier tribes, who made terrible the islands of old, have left their traces in the popular legends with which the Orcadian children are kept quiet in the long dark winter evenings.

There lies on a moor not very far from Stennis a huge stone, which was flung by a giant in the island of Hoy at his enemy Cubby Ruo, in Rousay, full ten miles off. That stone must have been there for generations before those which have outlasted man's memory at Stennis, and yet the very name of the man through whose quarrel it came there is unforgotten. Cubby Ruo was a bit of an engineer in his way, and determined to raise a connecting mound between his own island of Rousay and the smaller isle known as Wyre or Veira. In the pride of his strength he took too great a load of earth and stones in his creel, stumbled and fell, and lies to this day under the mound which he was carrying.

His island of Rousay seems to have been a favourite haunt of giants, fairies, and supernatural people of all kinds. It is separated from the Mainland of Orkney by a narrow strait, through which runs a furious tide. At certain hours of the day, two tides meet here, and their meetingplace, known as Enhallow Roost, is one wild whirl of foam and leaping spray. In the middle

The name is commonly held to mean 'holy isle,' and to have been given the island from the fact that on it was erected a very early Christian chapel or hermitage. It seems just as probable, however, that the name is derived from Hela, the old Norse goddess of death. Be that as it may, tradition tells that Enhallow was once an invisible island, only appearing amidst the foam of the roost at certain times, and vanishing again before it could be reached by mortal foot. It came to be known in Rousay-how, we have not been able to discover—that if any man seeing Enhallow took iron in his hand and kept his eyes fixed on the island till he landed upon it, he would reclaim it from the sea for ever. This was done at last, and Enhallow has remained visible and tangible ever

But for the adventurous there is hope still. Somewhere near Enhallow there lies another island, unseen of men for more years than can be reckoned. This is the story of its last appearance, as told me by a native of Rousay, one who has seen the fairies and heard the wild strange music of the sea-folk.

One day, very many years ago, a young girl went up to the hill opposite Enhallow to cut peats. Her day's work done, she was sitting resting on the heather, when a strange man came up to her. After a little talk, he asked her to go with him; and though she refused at first, he gained such power over her that he made her come. When night came and she did not return, her people became alarmed, and set out to seek for her. High and low the whole island was searched, but no trace found of the missing maiden. The wonder passed away, and matters fell back into their old course. Some matters fell back into their old course. time after this, the father and brothers of the lost girl went out to fish. They were somewhat to the west of Enhallow, when a thick fog fell on the sca, so thick they could not tell where they were. At last their boat touched land; and on going ashore, they found themselves, as they thought, upon Enhallow. Going a little inland, however, they found that they were on another island, for they saw a big house before them. On coming up to this house, they found, to their surprise, none other than their lost daughter and sister in the person of the goodwife.' She took them in and gave them food, and told them she was married to a 'sea-man' and living with him here. As they were sitting, the door opened, and 'a great brown wisp' came rolling in and went 'ben.' (A 'wisp' is a huge ball of twisted heather-rope, which is used in Orkney for thatching purposes.) In a few minutes a handsome young man came 'but.' He was introduced as the husband of the young woman, and welcomed her friends very kindly. Two more wisps came in while they waited, and from each of them came forth a sea-man, who had been out fishing. When the men had to leave the house, the father asked his daughter to return to Rousay with him; but sile refused, saying she was too lappy with her husband to leave him. She gave her father, however, a knife, and told him while he kept it his fishing would never fail, and he would be able to visit her when-ever he wished. After a tender farewell, the of the roost lies the little green isle of Enhallow. Rousay men pushed off into the mist; but the

old man somehow let the knife slip, and it fell into the sea. In a moment the boat touched land on Rousay; but the island and its mistress have never since been seen.

#### HYDROPHOBIA.

OF all the diseases to which man is liable, hydrophobia, the disease which follows consequent upon the bite of a rabid animal, is surely one of the most dreadful. Its associations in our mind are such that the very mention of its name is sufficient to cause an involuntary shudder. There is the sickening and often prolonged uncertainty, after one has been bitten, as to whether the disease will manifest itself or not; and then, when once the symptoms declare themselves, the horrible certainty of a most awful death. Yet, though the deadly characteristics of the disease are so well known, until lately but very little was understood as to its real nature, and as a consequence, there were no means for its certain cure or prevention, once the virus was present in the system. The most erroneous ideas prevailed, and indeed many of them still prevail, with respect to hydrophobia. For instance, it is supposed by many that it is more prevalent in hot than in cold weather; but this is not so, for it is known in the arctic as well as in the torrid regions, though, strange to say, it is not known, so far as can be ascertained, in Australia or New Zealand. Again, the mad dog is not afraid of water, as is often supposed, but would drink if it could: it is the spasms in its throat which prevent its doing so. Then, there was the popular superstition—which seems now, however, to have nearly died out-that if a perfectly healthy dog bit a person and afterwards went mad, the person bitten would also go mad and die. It would be difficult to say how many dogs, quite innocent of any taint of hydrophobia, have been sacrificed to this unreasoning superstition, the natural corollary of which was, that the life of any person bitten by a dog was in danger until that dog had been killed. Gradually, however, these and other kindred errors and misconceptions have been dying out; but it was left to M. Pasteur to discover the much needed means of successfully dealing with hydrophobia; for successful his method must be admitted to be, seeing that he has given such proofs of the efficiency of his treatment, and seeing, too, that these proofs have been tested, and admitted as correct by a Committee appointed by the Local Government Board of this country to inquire into M. Pasteur's treatment of the disease.

M. Pasteur's method of treating hydrophobia is by inoculation, or vaccination, as we may term it. He ascertained that if a healthy animal were inoculated with a portion of the virus taken from the spinal cord of an animal which had died of rabies, it would contract the disease in the same

one rabbit was inoculated into a second rabbit, virus from the second into a third, and so on, the strength of the virus increased; and the period of incubation was therefore shortened, until, from about fifteen days in the first instance, it was reduced, after a cultivation of the virus through fifty rabbits, to seven days. Now, the virus taken from the spinal cords of any of these rabbits would, if inoculated into a healthy animal, produce rabies; but if the cords are suspended in jars containing dry air at a certain temperature, the virus is gradually weakened or attenuated without decomposition taking place, until, after a certain period, it is no longer capable of producing rabies. By this process it will be seen that virus would be readily obtained of various degrees of intensity, ranging from an almost harmless nature to the highest point of virulence. By a series of experiments, M. Pasteur established the all-important fact, that if a dog or other animal were inoculated with a portion of this attenuated virus, and inoculated on each succeeding day with virus of a greater strength than that used on the preceding, it would be rendered non-liable to

This interesting fact has been most clearly proved by experiments made in this country by Mr Horsley, the Secretary of the Committee appointed by the Local Government Board. All the experiments, it may be here stated, were rendered painless by means of ether or chloroform. Six dogs were 'protected' after the method observed by M. Pasteur, or, in other words, they were inoculated with virus from the spinal cords of rabbits which had died of rabies, using on the first day a cord which had been dried for fourteen days, and on each succeeding day a cord dried for one day less, until a fresh cord was used. These six protected dogs, with two unprotected dogs and some unprotected rabbits, were then, after being made insensible with ether, bitten by rabid dogs, or by a rabid cat, on an exposed part. The results were conclusive. A protected dog bitten by a dog paralytically rabid escaped scot-free; while an unprotected dog, bitten a few minutes afterwards by the same rabid animal, died paralytically rabid. About four months afterwards, another of the protected dogs was bitten by a dog furiously rabid; he also escaped; while of four unprotected rabbits bitten at the same time and by the same dog, two died of rabies. This was the case with another of the protected dogs and some unprotected rabbits bitten at the same time: the dog lived, the rabbits died. Some six months after being inoculated, two other of the protected dogs were bitten by a furiously rabid dog; and on the same day, by the same dog, an unprotected dog and three unproteeted rabbits were bitten. The unprotected dog and two of the rabbits died of rabies, while the protected dogs remained well. The sixth of the protected dogs was thrice bitten on one day by a furiously rabid cat, and a month afterwards by a furiously rabid dog, and again, in another month, by a second furiously rabid dog. It died ten weeks after it had been bitten on the third occasion, though not of rables, but of diffuse eczema, from which it had been suffering during the whole way as though it had been bitten by a rabid of the time it was under observation. To make animal. He found, too, that, by a series of inoculations through rabbits, the intensity of the virus of the dog's remains was made, when no signs was increased; that is, if the virus obtained from of rabies could be found; and two rabbits inocu-

lated with virus from its spinal cord in the usual way exhibited no signs of rabies while alive, nor could any signs of such be discovered when, several months afterwards, they were killed. The dog could not, therefore, have died of hydrophobia. The results of these experiments demonstrated in the most effectual manner the fact that animals can be protected from rabies by inoculating them according to M. Pasteur's method. The duration of the immunity thus conferred has not yet been ascertained; but during the two years which have passed since it was proved, there have been no signs of its limitation.

But such experiments as we have just recorded could not, of course, be tried upon human beings; and as M. Pasteur's method is not practised in this country, its success could only be judged of by examining the results of its application by M. Pasteur himself. Between October 1885 and the end of December 1886, M. Pasteur inoculated two thousand six hundred and eighty-two persons; but to take all these cases in the lump, as a means of ascertaining the value of his treatment, could not be considered a sufficiently accurate test, because of the difficulty there is in estimating how many, out of a certain number of people bitten by dogs rabid and supposed to have been rabid, would have died of hydro-phobia if not inoculated. Much depends upon the number of bites, and as to whether they are inflicted upon the bare flesh or through clothes; in the latter case, the teeth of the animal may be cleansed in their passage through the clothes. Again, the bites of dogs are not equally dangerous, for cases have been known of a dog biting as many as twenty persons and only one of the number dying; and on the other hand, one dog biting five persons and all dying. Then, one dog biting five persons and all dying. too, cauterising and other modes of treatment may prevent a fatal result. All these factors of uncertainty existing, it was necessary, in order to arrive at a just estimate of M. Pasteur's treatment, to investigate personally some of his cases.

He was quite willing that this should be done; and accordingly, the cases of ninety persons were personally inquired into in Paris and the neighbourhood by the English Committee. An analysis shows that out of these ninety cases there were thirty-one of which there was not sufficient evidence to prove that the dogs were rabid; but in the remaining fifty-nine the Committee found that the persons had been bitten by undoubtedly rabid dogs, and that out of these fifty-nine there were twenty-four persons who, after being bitten, had not been treated by cauterising or in any other way likely to prevent the action of the virus. That M. Pasteur's treatment has been efficacious is proved beyond any question by the fact that not one of these persons died from hydrophobia. How many would have died if not treated by M. Pasteur, it is, of course, impossible definitely to state. From observations made of persons bitten by dogs believed to be rabid, and not inoculated or otherwise treated, various estimates as to the number of deaths from hydrophobia have been made, varying from five to sixty per cent. If we take the ninety cases at the very lowest estimate, namely, five per cent, this will give at least four deaths; but seeing that twenty-four persons were

bitten on naked parts by undoubtedly rabid dogs, and not treated in any way, the Committee consider that no fewer than eight persons would have died. It cannot but be admitted that this estimate is indeed very low; in fact, to most people it will appear much too low.

But the two thousand six hundred and eighty-two cases treated by M. Pasteur from October 1885 to the end of December 1886 offer a still further proof of the efficacy of his treatment. Taking the lowest estimate of the per-centage of deaths from hydrophobia among persons bitten by dogs supposed to have been rabid, and who were not inoculated, namely, five per cent, it follows that at least one hundred and thirty persons out of the two thousand six hundred and eighty-two should have died; whereas the number of deaths has been thirty-three only, thus showing a saving of close upon one hundred lives. These results may be clearly verified by comparing with them the results of certain groups of M. Pasteur's cases. Thus, out of two hundred and thirty-three persons treated by him, who had been bitten by dogs proved to have been rabid, either by inoculating other animals from them, or by other people or animals dying after having been bitten by them, only four died; whereas, without inoculation, it would be fair to estimate that at least forty would have died. Then one hundred and eighty-six persons were bitten on the head or face by animals proved to have been rabid, only nine of whom died after being treated by M. Pasteur, instead of at least forty. Again, there were forty-eight bitten by rabid wolves, and of these only nine died; whereas, without inoculation, it would have been expected that about thirty would have died-the deaths following bites from rabid wolves being, of course, much more numerous than from dogs.

From the end of December 1886 to the end of March 1887, M. Pasteur inoculated five hundred and nine persons bitten by animals proved to have been rabid, and out of these, only two have died, one of whom had been bitten by a wolf a month before being inoculated, and he died after

only three days' treatment.

From January 1886 to April 1887, M. Pasteur has treated one hundred and twenty-seven persons from this country, including one hundred and one bitten by dogs proved to have been rabid. Only four have died, and in one case the death was certified by the English medical man to have resulted from pneumonia. Another of the deaths is scarcely to be wondered at, seeing that the man was repeatedly intoxicated during the whole of the time he was under treatment.

In conclusion, it may be interesting to note how the inoculation of the modified virus acts so as to avert the disease of hydrophobia. Three suppositions have been entertained as to its nature and action. First, that the virus is a living matter, which, when introduced into the system in a modified form, eats up something in the system necessary for its existence, so that, should strong virus capable of producing death be afterwards introduced, it finds nothing to feed upon, and cannot therefore develop. Second, that the weakened virus educates the system to withstand the stronger. Third, that while the virus increases in the body of the inoculated person, it also produces a substance which checks and finally

This action may stops altogether its own growth. be observed in the yeast plant, which as it grows produces alcohol in saccharine solutions, the alcohol presently stopping the growth of the yeast plant itself. M. Pasteur takes this third view, believing that the virus, when present in the system, produces a substance which is in fact its antidote. This being so, the spinal cords of animals which have died of rabies contain both the virus and its antidote. The cords are dried previous to being used, as previously explained, the potency of the virus being thereby reduced to a greater extent than that of the antidote; and each day a fresher cord is used for inoculation, which, though more virulent than that used the preceding day, still contains a larger portion of the antidote, so that, as the treatment proceeds, the latter is able to choke the growth of the virus before it has reached its full incubation period. On this theory it can be seen how it is possible for a person to be bitten by a rabid animal and yet escape; for it is evident that if he can only withstand the action of the virus up to a certain point, the antidotal substance will stop its further development.

#### RINGS IN TREES NOT A TEST OF AGE.

WE learn from the Lumber World that Mr R. W. Furras, an agent of the United States Forestry Department, who has given much attention to the age of a tree as indicated by rings, as well as to the period at which trees of different species stop growing, and that at which the wood is at its best, has reached some conclusions of general interest. He says: 'Concentric or annual rings, which were once accepted as good legal evidence, fail, except where climate, soil, temperature, humidity, and all other surroundings are regular and well balanced; otherwise, they are mere guesswork. The only regions within my knowledge where either rings or measurements were reliable indications are in the secluded, even, and regularly tempered valleys of the Southern Pacific coast. Annual measurements of white elm, catalpa, soft maple, sycamore, pig-hickory, cotton-wood, chestnut, box-elder, honey-locust, coffee-tree, burr and white oak, black walnut, osage orange, white pine, red cedar, mulberry and yellow willow, made in South-eastern Nebraska, show that annual growth is very irregular, sometimes scarcely perceptible, and again quite large; and this has attributes to the difference in research. this he attributes to the difference in seasons. As trees increase in age, inner rings decrease in size, sometimes almost disappearing. Diminished rate in growth after a certain age is a rule. Of four great beeches mentioned in Loudon, there were three, each about seventeen feet in girth, whose ages were respectively sixty, one hundred and two, and two hundred years. Mr Furras found twelve rings in a black locust six years old, twenty-one rings in a shell bark-hickory of twelve years, ten rings in a pig-hickory of six years, eleven rings in a wild crab-apple of five years, and only twenty rings in a chestnut-oak of twenty-four years. An American chestnut of only four years had nine rings, while a peach of eight years had only five rings

Dr. A. M. Childs, a resident of Nebraska from 1854 to 1882, a careful observer for the Smithsonian Institution, who counted rings on some

soft maples eleven years two months old, found on one side of the heart of one of them forty rings, and no fewer than thirty-five anywhere, which were quite distinct when the wood was green; but after it had been seasoned, only twenty-four rings could be distinguished. Another expert says that all our northern hard woods make many rings a year, sometimes as many as twelve; but as the last set of cells in a year's growth are very small and the first very large, the annual growth can always be determined, except when, from local causes, there is in any particular year little or no cell-growth. This may give a large number on one side. Upon the Pacific coast of North America, trees do not reach the point where they stop growing nearly so early as those of the Atlantic coast. Two hundred Two hundred years is nearly the greatest age attained on the eastern side of the continent by trees that retain their vigour; while five hundred years is the case of several species on the western coast, and one writer is confident that a sequoia which was measured was two thousand three hundred and seventy-six years old! At Wrangel, a western hemlock, six feet in diameter at the stump, was four feet in diameter one hundred and thirtytwo feet farther up the trunk, and its rings showed four hundred and thirty-two years. But in the old Bartram Garden, near Philadelphia, not more than one hundred and fifty years old, almost all the trees are on the down grade. The oak, which is England's pride, and which at home is said to live one thousand years, has grown to full size and died in this garden; and the foreign spruces are following suit. Silver firs planted in 1800 are decaying. The great difference in the longevity of trees upon the western and eastern coasts of continents in the northern hemisphere seems to be due to the warm, moist air carried by strong and permanent ocean currents from the tropics north-easterly, in both the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, which makes the climate both moist and equable in high latitudes.

#### BEYOND.

AUTUMN is dying; Winter is come;
Dead leaves are flying; the rivers are dumb;
The wind 's like a knife—one's fingers grow numb;
There is snow on the mountain, ice in the pond.
Winter is with us, but Spring is beyond.

The Old Year is dying; its glory is dead.

The days are all flying—their glory has fled.

The bushes grow bare, as the berries grow red:

There is snow on the mountain, ice in the pond.

The Old Year is dying, but the New is beyond.

We are all growing old, and life slips away.

There is bare time for work, and still less for play;

Though we think we grow wiser, the longer we stay;

But there's life in us yet—no need to despond;

This world may wax old, but heaven is beyond.

B. G. J.

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#### IN THE TURNIPS.

A BLUE haze rolls away in the distance, like a spotless fleece from millions of rain-diamonds. The fields shine in silver armour, not plain, but filigreed and incrusted with a marvellous cunning beyond the art of man. The sun peeps down into the glowing funnel, shining against the purple mist as on a cerulean wall. Cobwebs, elastic needles, shooting and contracting in the glorious sunshine, spun lines of sheeny floss, bar the way from hedge to hedge, where the purple saffron -the crocus of autumn-lurks, mandragora to the velvet-backed bees. In the air there is a sharp crack of frost, so faint as to be scarcely discernible, though it glows in our veins as no champagne can do; and over the streams hangs a pall of pearly nebulous haze, which covers the broad fans of the water-lilies with a gleaming coat. A brace of wildduck splash and dabble in the quiet pool under a bending ash sapling, inverted now, like rainbowcoloured cones, as they reach for the bleached water-celery in the flood below. Yonder, a moorhen rides upon the water, a square black speck; we can hear a coot piping in the belt of reeds, no longer vivid green to the needles, but seared halfway down, as if a breath of fire had scorched them. Forget-me-nots, the paler blue variety, the myosotis probably, bloom here luxuriantly, some of the star-shaped heads large as a shilling; what with ash-berries, wild geraniums-still lingering in the sheltered hollows—late grasses, ruddy leaved anemones, late blue-bells, and the long trails of the bramble, its leaves burnt, and fused from pale primrose to delicate rose-pink, a late bouquet can be gathered.

Last night's frost has caught the bramble leaf. Here is one with veins of dull red gold, shaded away to the main sinew a flushed scarlet, through all the gradations of colour—ether blue, rose madder, and saffron. A chilled tortoiseshell butterfly lies on the leaf, its wings closed, the segment of a leaf almost itself, till it is held up to catch the fragrant warmth; it gradually expands and flies upwards. Close by, under a clump of

dry moss, there is a tiny hole in the bank, a murmurous hum in the air, as a colony of orangetailed bees, with bodies softer than the sheeniest plush, dive in and out, some clean and bright, others covered with a fine powder, a yellow dust that goes to help the waxen cells. Some of the same colony have found their way to the thistle-bloom, where they crawl, drugged and helpless, like a Malay under the dangerous fascination of a pipe of opium.

The mist rolls away as we drive along, till the whole panorama lies before us. On either side, hills rise clad to their crests with trees, the leaves commencing to turn, the transformation more apparent when they are backed by belts of dark firs. The ashes are blackening already, the sycamores are a mass of yellow, showing strong against the copper beeches. In the orchards there is a sombre brown coating where the fruit gleams warm gold or crimson-streaked, pale waxen yellow or glowing red, the imperial purple on the plums making contrasts all too inviting. A squirrel in the hazels pauses in his nimble flight to contemplate us with his dark eyes; yellowhammers in their winter plumage flit along the gorse bushes. There is a bloom upon it still, no longer virgin gold in colouring, but faint as late primroses. We are nearing our destination. The sun has climbed up higher; it will be hot presently, though the dew still lies thick in the shade. Cattle, sleek, russet-coated, stand kneedeep in the straw; there is a rush, a bark of welcome from a cluster of dogs, and our host stands at his gate, with a smile of welcome to greet us.

Breakfast is laid for us in 'the study,' an apartment which, with the exception of a complete set of Bailey and the Gentleman's, contains not a single volume of any kind. Our host has a brown face, a keen gray eye that will get but little 'wiping' to-day, one that can look along the barrels of a sixteen-bore to some purpose. There are some half-dozen guns, worn smooth in the barrel as hammered silver; a pile of cartridges at one end of the oak table; at the other, a cloth laid with

covers for three-welcome sight, after our ninemile drive. As we take our places, the dogs bound in: a splendid retriever, black and glossy as ebony, with a ripe red brown on his loins; a pointer, dappled with splashes like a strawberry; a young setter, half-made as yet, thin as a whipping-post, and eager as an excited child. The eggs and ham smoke on the board, some fragrant coffee throws out an aromatic smell; but our host, a good old-fashioned conservative, holds to the cold beef, and swears by his tankard of homebrewed. Thirty miles a day across the stubble or the grass meadows have inured him to stronger potions than we dare to take. Lucky Rusticus, with the clear brown skin and hearty laugh, who has never known a day's illness or a day's sorrow in the whole course of his thirty-five years.

In the lanes there is deep red mud, churned by wide-wheeled wains; and swaths of corn hang from the hazel wands, bending now under the weight of nuts in russet sheaths; distantly, the hum of a thrashing-machine makes drowsy murmur. Here is a stubble-field, fresh reaped, where a long string of geese march in search of golden grains, and over the brow of which a hare scuds, startled by our heedless footsteps. Close against us, an orchard lies, laden with fruit, the grass vividly green; dew spangled where the sun cannot reach down to the sloping boles of the lichenclad trees. A great green woodpecker, called here a 'heckle,' bright green and lemon-yellow, taps upon the trunks like a postman's knock, undisturbed by our approach. Round the tree he goes in spiral gyrations, higher and higher, till, with short piping screams, he flashes away to the distant woods. In the corner, there is a sudden whir; a dusky glimpse of brown wings, as a covey of birds clear the hedge; bang, bang! go the guns, and out of the waning flight two seem to stop, as if held by some unseen power, and fall to the ground. One we find stone-dead in the fallow; the other is utterly lost, as if by magic. The black setter stands at length over a tuft of grass no larger than a man's hand, a maryellously small space for our wounded bird to hide itself; and there it is found.

We are in the turnips at last—a goodly crop, lying east and west in even rows, with a bloom upon the broad leaves, and dewdrops like liquid diamonds shaking in the purple-laced edges as our feet disturb them. In the centre of the field, a solitary figure is standing, fork in hand, a stalwart countryman, only moving in short steps, as if there was some great weight attached to his limbs. Strange that the feet formed to follow the plough through the fallow, the scythe through the grass swaths, should inherit from his sires, or generate for himself, the seeds of the agricultural labourer's greatest curse—rheumatism. But where the land is deep and red, and where pasture does not predominate, the demon lurks in every moist hedgerow or drenched clover-field. See

Hodge dressed at his best on the gala days of rustic fairs, and, young or old, you may see how the enemy steals upon him.

But Giles, in spite of his rheumatism, has a sportsman's heart. He pauses in his uncongenial toil, and, leaning on the long handle of his fork, stares at us with the honest disconcerting contemplation a genuine Simon-Pure countryman can alone assume. The workings of his mind are not particularly rapid; then, without a word, he raises his hand, pointing stolidly to a distant corner, where the roots are thickest, and the shade from a copse throws a grateful shadow. dogs have settled to their work now, making smaller circles in front of us, till at length the pointer stops, as if frozen into stone, his nose cast to the wind, every lithe muscle and elastic sinew rigid. A few steps farther, and there is another mad whirring of wings. Bang, bang! go the guns. The blue smoke drifts away in spiral coils, a handful of feathers floats in the air, and two brace and a half lie dead upon the turnips. A hare starts madly across a bare patch, going down the wind, then suddenly stops, turning three complete summersaults, and lies a mass of golden brown fur, stiff and still. And we have not been walking more than half an hour as yet!

In the seed-clover there is a murmurous hum, as from a million bees. The purple bloom is nearly off; the tops are brown and seared, though in the rich undergrowth there is a perfect carpet of honey-yielding flowers; first of all, the white and purple clover, rich in nectar as the blue belt of hoarhound that stripes the golden state of California. Here, carlier in the season, the screaming plover has nested, the lark has found a resting-place, or the whinchat has laid her speckled eggs. Clouds of small birds rise at our feet out of the rich feeding-ground, their spectre-flight contrasting now and then with the heavy whir of a well-fed pheasant winging his noisy way to the woods. The bees are busy to-day; the honey-gatherer in his useful brown coat, the great orange-tail with noisy hum of doing much with scant result, the black velvet-backed bees-all are here, making their harvest before the coming winter. Another fortnight, and the last feast of flowers will be over, though the sun is hot overhead and summer fills the air. But they know, with that marvellous instinct, as the hawkweed knows of the coming storm, or the seabirds scent the distant gale. Over the whole of the dead seed-heads they flit like an invading army; and with them come the homely birds, waiting now for the flushed berries in the hedgerows to ripen under the warm breath of the September sun.

Here is a long rambling hedge over a warm south bank, against a field of ripe, pungent smelling hops. There must be trees of some half-dozen growths in its entire length—blackthorn, hedgerow elms, alder, dwarf-oak, hazel, and hawthorns, with masses of wild-rose, sloaberry, luscious bramble, and shining dewberry at the foot. Here in itself is material enough for a lover of nature to write a volume. The profuse clusters of red-black hawthorn berries are seen beside the vivid scarlet hips of the straggling dogrose, or, as the children here call them, 'soldiers;' sweet to the taste when they are

scooped out, and the furry seeds taken away. The berries have all their ripeness and richness of colouring, like seasoned mahogany, but without the final polish that brings out the beautiful graining of the wood; their polish will come from a few more drenching dews, followed by a touch of hear-frost, and consummated finally by the pale November suns. They hang in coronets of shining necklaces, untouched as yet by the birds; the leaves are turning brown behind them, though the hazel tassels are still a sheeny emerald. Behind them you can see how the conflagration of the woods burns with a luminous shine, not so deep as it will be presently, but still enough to present a harmonious haze of beautiful tinting; an artist's despair, the consumption of nature, like a lovely woman with the scarlet flush upon her cheek. The deep sap-green of the hops, like a living wall, stands behind, touched plentifully by a pale sulphur yellow where the fruit has ripened. If you will take the dry seeds and place them under a strong microscope, you will see nuggets of virgin gold, so bright and clean are they. It is all silent now; a few days later, and the green solemn stillness will be alive with labour, picturesque and wild, and noisy with a babble of strange tongues, utterly unlike our deep west-country accent.

Passing away to the right, we come to a piece of 'rough,' a tangled mass of fern, and gigantic thistles with heads like bursting cotton. There thistles with heads like bursting cotton. There is a chatter of birds; the red flash of bullfinches, the golden flit of a cloud of goldfinches in the air, others perched upon the thistle branches, hundreds of them making a yellow splash against the sombre brown. Two men crouch down near a cage containing a call-bird; already they have gleaned a goodly feathered harvest, for by them is a wire prison in which half a score of frightened songsters rush and flutter, as if they would beat their hearts out against the cruel bars.

The sun is high up overhead in a cloudless sky; nature seems to have changed her rosy aspect since we started. Autumn of the cherry cheek and purple brow seems to have stolen from Summer-loth to depart-a charm or two to deck her glowing beauty. Past two now, and in a sheltered corner lunch awaits us, sportsman's fare—bread and cheese, a few slices of cold meat, sparkling eider, and bright home-brewed ale in stone jars. Ten brace of birds lie on the brown turf, with three hares, some rabbits, and, in contrast to them, the sheeny blue of the wood-pigeon's plumage. If you look at the dogs as they sit waiting for their turn, you can see how their black eager noses turn to the wind and quiver, like the muzzle of a stag in the ferns. Behind us is another field of roots, where the partridges are calling; and if you strain your ears, you can catch the whistle of a snipe in the reeds. For nearly five hours we have been walking over hill and dale, and yet there is a freedom of step, an elasticity of limb that nothing seems to tire. The cream of the day is still before us; the birds are lying well, and many a patch of clover and turnip still remains unbeaten; evidently, we are going to have a day to be marked in sporting

the ring of a distant woodman's axe. Under a giant oak, on the short thymy turf, a fox lies sporting with her cubs. Tread softly, and see Reynard at home—three of them altogether; they roll over and over, a mass of reddish-brown fur, showing their white teeth. Close by, a bloodstained mass of feathers lies, and with them a half-eaten rabbit. Unconscious of danger, they play around, till one of us treads too eagerly on a dry twig; then, as if by magic, there is a rush, and they are gone. What a marvellous instinct these pariahs of nature have for scenting danger! Over the very spot a cock-pheasant struts in the full beauty of his sheeny plumage, his burnished neck and golden-blue crest in vivid contrast to the white ring round his neck. A host of his hens follow behind obediently, tame almost as the barndoor fowl now; but docile as they are, lazy of flight and hard to scare, they will come rocketing over the bare oaks fast enough in another month, when the roaring equinex has beat upon the woods, and the naked oaks rock before the gale. See them coming down the wind then, with a scud like a seagull, and you shall not know them for the same halfdomesticated birds.

The sun begins to slope down in the similitude of a glowing copper shield; the breeze grows fainter and dies in the fern fronds; a bright flush touched with rose-pink warms all the western sky, making a golden tracery finer than the most delicate lace behind the pines. All along the east it is a steely blue, with the cold mists rolling up with the crescent moon. A tiny stream runs through a broken meadow, full of thorn-bushes, reeds in feathery clumps, and broadleaved flags of the yellow iris. Earlier in the spring, about Eastertide, it was one waving mass of orange-coloured bloom from the nodding datfodils. Here are scattered birds from the frightened coveys-conics racing away right and left; a snipe or two with quick zigzag flight, and on the quiet pool a brace of moorhens. The acorna are falling fast; they crunch under our feet; a polished brown at the dome, a pale saffron where the cups have held them. Under every bank, half hidden by the coarser plants, the hartstongue throws out its long burnished leaves; beech and oak fern are abundant; though it is so far south, you can gather a button-hole of white and purple heather. Here and there are giant mushrooms-not the round white domes of the watermeadows with their chocolate linings, but wide, spreading fungi, in shape like a parachute, coloured like oak bark, and black underneath; gigantic puff-balls incrusted with tiny dots, upon which the dew lies like a cluster of jewels, all full of sap now, though, later on, the children racing home from school will kick them with eager feet, to see the brick-red dust fly out of these natural snuff-boxes.

Every yard we cover holds something new. Here at our fect is a moving dome of moist brown earth. Kick it over quickly, and out glides a black little engineer, soft as the daintiest sealskin, astonished to find himself in the light—the mole, perhaps the most hard-working of nature's miners. He loses no time in idle regret; see how quickly memory with a white stone.

Presently, we skirt a belt of woods, still and gone. Man makes war upon him in blind quiet, save for the challenge of a pheasant or ignorance, as those black spots hanging from every bough of yonder willow can testify. This one must have worked hard; an uplifted mass of turf, an irregular line some forty feet long, mark his track. Like the worms, they are splendid drainers; yet every farmer will tell you they are his greatest pest.

Let us count our bag, for the light is waning fast; the woods begin to loom nearer; a conflagration as from a thousand coloured fires rages in the western sky. Thirty brace and a half of partridges, five hares, a score of rabbits, a couple of landrail, and a brace of pigeons. And above this, a walk of nearly forty miles in some of the grandest scenery the west country affords. The grandest scenery the west country affords. The keeper shoulders his gun, and bids us a respectful good-night as he drops sundry coins into his capacious pocket. Limbs are not so elastic now, and visions of warm baths and clean linen rise in refreshing vision before the mind's eye.

Look at the sunset for a moment: every colour is there from indigo to golden. How many pigments can an artist count upon his palette?-Perhaps fifty at best! Here we have a thousand delicate gradations, infinitely blended, so that the keenest eye cannot discern the marvellous grades, the infinitesimal shadings that in one small space cover the whole gamut of colour. There is no coldness with it; everything is glowing bright, bathed in sunlight, that most wonderful varnish which develops every minute variation. Then, every passing moment brings some change; a tiny cloud no bigger than a man's hand, one minute is snowy white, then rose-pink with golden edges; fading to saffron, to chilly gray, to pale, lustreless indigo. Other cloudbanks, a while ago like piled-up snowdrifts, change to burning mountains on the crest, and sun-kissed valleys in the hollows; many of them might be plated cobwebs, so marvellously fine their tracery is. Long before we reach our destination, they are all cold gray, with a burning fire upon the horizon, as if a forest in the west had burned itself away to the ground and was dying in sullen embers. In the east, the rising mists have lost their coldness, as the moon touches them with a silvern floating vibration like a sea at flood. She has lost all her pallor now; her face is polished with a metallic lustre, as she shines upon tree and moor and fell, making ghostly shadows in the rickyard; upon the white gates, behind which welcome lights gleam, and the sheep-dog barks a welcome to the ingle nook.

#### RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER LIL CONTINUED.

MANY days passed, and Josephine sat in her little parlour working at the frocks for the seven girls-frocks !- gowns for the elder children, who grew apace. Through her window she saw them pass, tall, beautiful maidens with fair hair. like corn, as yellow and as shining, and eyes blue, and cheeks like wild-roses. Among the dark-haired, dark-eyed, and sallow-skinned natives, they were looked at with surprise and a little envy. They kept themselves aloof from the village children—

not that they were proud, not that they shared their father's prejudices, but that they had enough of companions among themselves. They were an attached family; they had been nurtured in love, and the love their father had poured into their infant hearts had filled them and overflowed towards each other. They had, indeed, their little quarrels, but they passed like April gusts, leaving the sunshine brighter after the cloud, and the landscape fresher for the shower.

Then, at times, Josephine's work fell from her fingers, and she sat with the needle in her hand, poised and motionless, looking before her. was not the historic muse who then visited her and raised a mirage picture of castles and knights jousting, and gay ladies looking on in the most picturesque of costume; or of tapestried chambers, in which walked Van Dyck figures with long hair and Steenkirks, and rapiers clinking and spurs jingling, and lapdogs of King Charles's breed snapping-it was a muse who is nameless, a Cinderella muse, thrust aside by her sisters, and clean forgotten, the Muse of Unfulfilled aspirations, clothed in white with a hawthorn crown, and eyes filled with tears, and bare feet dripping

blood. What were the visions raised before the brooding mind of Josephine, sitting at ease in the enchanted palace, sent to sleep and made motionless in the midst of work? The picture brought up by the magic wand of the muse was a humble one-of a little cradle, in which lay a sleeping babe, with one small hand out, and a coral resting on the quilt; of a baby snuggling into her bosom at night, and sobbing, and being patted, patted, patted by the hour, and talked to half-pitifully, half-wearily, to coax it to sleep; of a child growing up, standing at her knee and learning to thread beads, and whilst threading, repeating, 'Once upon a time, when Jenny Wren was young;' of a young maiden—like Mary in growth and beauty and sweetness and innocence, looked up to and loved by all the village, and adored by her mother, who only lived and thought for her. Her day-dream went no further. Oh, if she could have had a child to love and labour for, to cherish and talk to, to kiss and laugh to and weep over!—her solitude would not have been so depressing, her pain not so unrelieved. Bessie Cable had endured years of suffering, yet what was hers to that of Jose-phine, for Bessie had her child to love? She looked for the time when the fair faces of Richard's daughters passed her window, and her ear was alert to catch every tone and inflection of their sweet voices, whenever they came into the shop to buy the groceries needed for their home.

When they came to be fitted on, her slim white fingers trembled, and she could not well see what were the defects to be remedied, because her eyes were clouded. Finally, the seven dresses were finished and sent to the cottage, and then each had a little packet of sweet things neatly wrapped up in the pocket; for that the children came and thanked Miss Penruddock, for they supposed the

kind shopkeeper had put them there.
With such dear children about him, Richard

had a home complete in joys, and he needed not another inmate. He could dispense with his wife, who was not the mother of these lambs; surely, he did not imagine the solitude of the girl, who was without an associate of any kind.

After Josephine had done the frocks, other work came in. The servant-maids at the parsonage wanted this and that; and then some of the farmers' wives sent for her to come and work at their houses. She found that thus only could she obtain continuous work. At the farms she was well treated, given plenty of food, somewhat coarse, but wholesome, served in a rough way, and partaken with the labouring men from the land. There was also plenty of conversation going on, but it was wholly confined to local gossip—the misdoings of this young woman, the shameful conduct of the parson in preaching at So-and-so, and the favouritism of the schoolmaster among the children. The maladies of the family, of the cattle, of the ducks and hens, were discussed with intolerable prolixity, and with a breadth of language unsuitable to the narrowness of the subject. The costume of the continental peasant is a century behind the fashion of the present. The Black Forester wears the knee-breeches and long coat and waistcoat that were the dress of gentlemen in the time of our great-grandfathers; and the Tyrolean peasantess wears the short bodice of our great-grandmothers. We have no costume in England—slopshops everywhere kill costume—but we have social habits, and the habits of our lower middle class, of the yeomen and the tenant-farmer, are those of our great-grandfathers; they crack the same free jokes, and their wives laugh at them, as our great-grandmothers laughed; and they drink till they are merry, and upset their light carts coming home from market; and fall into the ditch, just as our great-grand-fathers tumbled under their tables. The wives are thrifty, and great at cordials and supplies of linen; and they as girls had worked samplers, which they retain in married life framed on their walls, to be tokens of their skill with the needle; just as did these ancient ladies in our dining-room who look down on us out of their tarnished frames and through cracked varnish.

In the eastern counties, the old race of small farmers and yeomen have well-nigh disappeared, or rather they bid fair to disappear, before the gentleman-farmer with his thousand acres; but the agricultural depression which has cut down these big men has spared the little, and they are reappearing again. In the west of England there are very few mammoths, only small men, and the small men make the money and stand the stress

of hard times.

The class among which Josephine went was quite different from that in the servants' hall at Bewdley. That class was one of the spoiled tools of luxury, young men and girls transplanted from cottages where they had lacked everything but the barely necessary, to a house where they lacked nothing, but rioted and surfeited on abundance. In their homes they had been subjected to the rough moral control of village opinion; in the hall, they were a law unto themselves. They had been brought up in freedom and frankness; and they found themselves in a region where they must practise dissimulation as part of their qualification. They resembled wild-flowers

brought into a forcing-house, treated with strong manures and much bottom heat. But where Josephine now went, it was among wild-flowers in their natural element; they were fresh, strong, rough-stemmed; not brilliant or choice, but natural. In the servants' hall, an atmosphere of absurd affectation had prevailed: Mr Polkinghorn talked of his ancestors; and the maids languished, minced their words, and imitated the easy motions of the ladies they saw. In the farmhouse, the fresh air blew—all was natural and hearty-but the fresh air was somewhat charged with the reek of stable and cowhouse. From the farmer down to the servant, all were blunt, dull, noisy, ignorant, free in their talk, but with a healthy downright sense of the just and moral, and with great kindliness of heart and readiness to assist one another. Josephine was obliged to carry her sewing-machine when she went to the farmhouses, scattered at considerable distances from the 'church-town' where was the post-office where she lived. As the winter drew on, the nights were dark and the weather stormy. She was often wet through and tired, and the burden of the sewing-machine was almost more than she could bear. She did not like to ask to be assisted with it; the sturdy country girls thought nothing of such a weight, and did not mind a wet through and a trudge in the mud, so that she was not volunteered assistance.

When she reached her lodgings, she was sometimes so exhausted that she flung herself on her bed, too fagged to take off her wet things; and thus she would have lain and fallen asleep, had not the kindly postmistress looked after her, and insisted on her getting up and putting on dry clothes. Every Sunday morning early, she went to the cob cottage in the lane that led to Rosscarrock, with a little basket in her hand, and laid on the window-ledge of the children's room seven little bunches of flowers—rosemary and mignonette, a monthly rose and marigold, such simple flowers as she could beg of the farmers' wives where she worked on the Saturday. And every Sunday the seven girls went to church with these flower-posies in their bosoms-the pixy present,' they called them, and always wondered whence they came; and little thought that they came from the strange young woman with the wonderful voice, that the vicar's wife had lately taken into the choir. Did Richard guess? He asked no questions; but his mother said to him, when he happened to be home on Sundays: 'Do you see these pretty posies? The little maids found them again this morning on their window-sill.—Smell them, Richard; how sweet they are-they scent the room.'

'We shall have grand flowers when we come to Red Windows,' he said.—'No; I will not smell them: they give me a headache; take them

away.

Then winter-frost killed most flowers; but the feathery seed-heads of the travellers joy, with bramble leaves of carmine and orange and gamboge and sap-green, with a rose-hip or two, made nosegays as beautiful and rich as any made of flowers, and these were laid as had been the bunches of blossom.

Christmas morning came, and Josephine started from her bed as the day began to break. She had made seven of the prettiest little posies of white chrysanthemums, which had flowered on untouched by frost, and they were surrounded

by the green fronds of the crane's bill.

What was that? Her heart stood still, as, undressed, in her night-attire, with a white bunch in each hand, and her dark hair down her back, she stood listening. What was that? A sound she knew well, but had not heard for long. Again! What was it? In the room or outside? Then a cry of joy. 'My Puffles! my Puffles! You dear one! Who has brought you here?'

Her bullfinch, in the cage, that she had sorrowfully parted with at Bewdley, was in her window. Who had brought it her? Who had thought of her sorrowing to be without her bird? Who but he who had let it go and caught it again!

That Christmas Day, clear and sweet rang out the voice of Josephine in the song of the angels,

and her heart beat with hope.

#### CHAPTER LIII .- RED WINDOWS AGAIN.

The house progressed. By Christmas, the roof was on; then the plasterers and the carpenters went to work, not fast, but leisurely. They kept holiday on Christmas Day, and on Old Christmas and at New Year; and they knocked off work early on Saturdays, and came to work late on Mondays. They had much information to impart to each other, and all were called together te consult on every detail. When it was wet weather, they came and looked at the work and went away; and charged half a day's work for looking on the work and deciding to do nothing. When the masons were ready to build, the stones were not ready for them to build with, or the mortar was not mixed; so they waited and talked, and charged for having been on the spot with nothing to do. When it came to plastering, they were short of laths or short of nails, or short of sand or short of lime - short of everything except reasons for doing nothing. So with the carpenters. They went to work to do the thing the wrong way; and when it was done, and they were convinced it was wrong, they went to work and pulled it to pieces again; and recommenced doing it in another way. When the rain fell or there was frost, masons, plasterers, carpenters, plumbers, and painters wanted to work outside, and saw clear reasons why it was impossible to do anything inside; and as the rain hindered or the frost prevented, they went away with their hands in their pockets and sat under a shed, looking at the front of the house and the rain or the frost; and charged for their desire to work when it was not possible to work. When the sun shone and the air was warm, they wanted to work indoors, and there were unanswerable reasons why the work out of doors could not be got on with. However, in spite of all these difficulties, the house pro-However. gressed, but progressed so slowly as to astonish even the masons and carpenters and plumbers and plasterers and painters themselves, and to comfort them greatly. They were not going to kill the goose off-hand that laid the golden egg,

but pick him to pieces feather by feather.

The plumbers laid the lead, and the masons walked over it with hobnailed shoes, making holes in it, which required a revision and a patching with solder of the lead which was quite

new; and when the glass was put into the windows, the carpenters drove planks through the panes, necessitating new glazing. And the ironnonger brought grates that would not fit the chimney-pieces, and invoked the masons to pull out the mantel-pieces again and put them in afresh. Then he made holes in the plaster for the bell-wires so ragged and so big that the plasterers must needs come and mend them up again. Lastly, the glazier put his hand into putty or white paint and smeared a circle in the midst of every pane, to give work to a woman to clean the windows.

The painter performed wonders; he coloured all the woodwork of the house flesh-colour, and called that priming. Why it should be primed flesh-colour, he did not say. I remember how that there stood over the market hall in Launceston—and it stands there still—a clock on which are two figures with hammers, that strike the hours and the quarters. Many years ago, the civic authorities ordered the repainting of these automata. Then a painter went up on a scaffold and primed them, after the manner of painters, flesh-colour. The mayor issuing from the Guild Hall saw this, and was frightened, or shocked, and with mayoral mantle and gold chain of office about his shoulders, ran up the ladder and said: 'What are you about?' We don't want to have Adam and Eve here.'

'I'm priming, your Worship, answered the painter, as you were primed afore you drew

on your clothes and insignia.'

Now, it is reasonable enough that figures representing human beings should be coloured pink first, and painted with clothing to taste, afterwards; but why windows? Why doors? Why

skirting-boards?

A recent writer on Natural Law and the Moral Order holds up to scorn the hermit lobster, which does not build its own shell, but seeks a readybuilt house into which to slip. The writer of that book never had to do with the erection of a manse for himself, I presume, or he would have taken off his hat and bowed to the hermit lobster, and pointed him out as an example of instinct

so acute that it reached wisdom.

Richard Cable had accepted the builder's rough estimate of cost and of the time the house would take in building, and had left a margin; but soon found that the margin should have been as wide as that in an edition de luxe book or of a modern funeral card. A builder can always discover reasons for spinning out the time, and espe-cially the expense. Cable found, before the house was done, that he had spent all the money put by for it, and was obliged to borrow for its completion and for the furnishing; and this did not improve his humour. He had not allowed the house to be built by contract, because he knew very well that what is built by contract is badly built; and that if he were to pay an overlooker to see to his interests, the masons and the carpenters, and the plumbers and glaziers, and slaters and painters, would give the man an acknowledgment to overlook their bad work. So he had his house built by day-work, and then it was to the interest of the men to do their work in the most substantial and thorough manner, because that is also the most slow and costly manner.

When Cable was on his way back from each

journey, he thought within himself: 'Now I shall see a great advance in the work; I have been away three weeks.' But on his arrival he required good-nature and faith to see that a proper amount of work had been done; and good-nature and faith fail when disappointed repeatedly. However, the house was finished at length and furnished furnished quietly and scantily, because the money ran short. Richard was not alarmed. He knew he would earn the necessary sum, but he was sore at having to borrow. The consciousness of being in debt was new to him, and fretted his already sore spirit. It took the zest off the pleasure of having a grand new house of his own. He had no difficulty in getting the money advanced by the bank; he was pretty well known to be a man who made gold by turning it about in his hands. It flattered his pride to be able to borrow so easily, and yet it galled him to know that the house was not absolutely his own till the debt was cleared away.

The house was finished; and it had seven red windows in the upper story, and three on each side of the door below. To the door led a flight of slate steps, and the door opened into a spacious hall. The house looked larger than it really was, because it was shallow. The hill rose too rapidly in the rear to allow of much back premises. In the garden was a summer-house, as he had seen in his dream, painted green, with a gilt knob at

the top, very fresh and shining.

When the house was complete, and ready for him, he arrived from Somersetshire; and in the evening, when the children were in bed, his mother put the key on the table. 'There!' said she, 'To-morrow we leave this old cottage for the new house. Richard, why not take possession of it with a new heart? You are in the wrong now. She has been here many months, and all speak well of her. She works for her living, and works hard. There are no pride and stubbornness left in her; all that has passed from her into you; and the gentleness and pity and meckness are gone from you into her.'

He moved impatiently. He took up the key and threw it down; then he pushed it from one side of the table to the other, and his face was sullen. 'Mother,' he said, 'I would not allow another to speak to me of her. It is enough. You have said your say. I have suffered too much from her. I have said it. We

are parted for ever.'
You have not seen her.' 'I do not choose to see her.'

'But you should. She is greatly changed, and looks weak and frail. You do not think that the great alteration in her mode of life must hurt her. She is like a flower taken out of a garden and put on the moor, where every wind blows her about, and every animal that goes by tramples on her.'

Who has dared to touch her? asked Cable,

flaring up.

'I do not mean that any one has purposely wronged her; but she is in a place and among people who do not understand her, and she cannot endure rough handling. She is too delicate, and it will kill her.'

What do you want, then? If I give her money, she will not take it?

\*Not if it be given churlishly.

'Churlishly! Are you also turned against

'You are acting wrongly. I would not say so to another; I would not let her suppose that I reproached you; but in my heart I think it. I also went on for years harbouring my wrong, and believing that I could never forgive it; but the time came when I was forced to forgive; and you, Richard, you also must do the same.

'You have said this before. I cannot listen. I shall go away again;' and he put his hat on

his head and went forth.

Next day, the few things required to be removed from the cottage were carted to the new house; but Richard would not move into it till evening, when no one would be about to observe the

migration.

The sun had set when they all started for Red Windows, the father leading, then Mrs Cable and little Bessie, and the rest two and two, the twins of course together. The youngest carried their toys, a battered doll, a wooden horse; and the elder, sundry treasures that could not be intrusted to other hands to transport. The evening was still, soft, and summery; bats flew about and screamed ear-piercingly. The hedges were full of foxgloves and wreathed with honeysuckle. Glowworms shone in the banks, jewelling the way, as pixy lamp-bearers welcoming them to their new home. The procession moved slowly, because Bessie was heavy to carry, and because Susie could not walk fast. It moved silently, because the children were depressed in spirits, sorry to leave their little rooms and garden-the known for the new, the loved for strange.

Cable spoke; but his voice startled him and the rest. He felt not as if he were being advanced in position, but as if he were going to execution. He turned and looked at his mother. 'Let me carry Bessie now,' he said .- 'What are

you whispering?'

'I was not whispering. 'I saw your lips moving.'

'I was repeating to myself some words that kept coming up in my mind, like a cork in water.

"What words?"

'Merely a text, and I cannot say why they rise.'

'What is the text?'

'He shall lay the foundation in his first-born, and in his youngest shall he set up the gates.'

'What do you mean by that?'

'I mean nothing; but I cannot get the text

out of my head. It seems to point'—
Cable laughed. 'This is mere superstition, mother. You have Cornish blood in you. Besides, the foundations are laid and the gates set up, and

nothing has occurred.'

She said no more, nor did he; but the words she had spoken did not help to cheer him. Presently, he found his own lips moving; he was repeating the ominous words; and a fear fell on him lest they might apply not to the bare walls and wooden gates, but to the domestic life in the new mansion—a new life to be built up amid new surroundings and in a new sphere. For, indeed, Richard by this move mounted the social scale. In the cottage, he was but a cottager; in the grand new house, he was transferred to

As Josephine went down, he the middle class. went up.

He opened the garden gate, and the feet of the little procession trod the newly gravelled path. There were flower-beds, but no flowers; a lawn, but the grass was battered and cut up with the traffic of the builders. They came to the flight of steps; and Cable went up, put the key in the door, and tried to open it; but the wood was swollen, and the door stuck. He put his knee to it and forced it open, and the noise reverberated through the empty house like thunder. Then the children came in. The air within smelt of lime and paint. He struck a The children match and lighted a paraffin lamp. looked round in astonishment, but expressed no pleasure; they shivered; the night-air had been cold, but the interior of this new house seemed colder still.

In the dining-room, a cold supper was laidlamb and salad, whortleberry tart, and cream, blancmange—'Shaky trade, that is bluemange,' the woman called it who had cooked the supper, an old cook from the parsonage, married in the

'Sit down,' said Richard. 'Eat heartily your first meal in Red Windows.'

But the children were not hungry; his mother did not care to eat, and he himself had no appetite. He forced himself to take lamb, but he could hardly swallow it. The children were silent, looking about them at the walls and ceiling, and the chimney-piece with the mirror over it.

'Well,' said Cable, 'as no one seems hungry, the

sooner to bed the better.'

So they parted for the night.

Next morning, he was in his garden.

blacksmith appeared at the gate.

'Neighbour,' said he, 'glad to see you well quartered. I'm sorry I haven't been over the house; the iron-work was not given to me, but to a Camelford man. I'd have served you better. However, I bear no malice. I should like to see over the box, if you've no objections.'

'Box! What box? Do you call a mansion with seven windows on the front in the upper story and six below—a box? I have objections to show my box, as you call it.'

'Oh, I meant no offence,' said Penrose. 'I'll

come another day.

'This is not a showplace,' said Cable curtly. The next to come was the innkeeper. 'Halloh! Mr Cable! Shake hands. Glad to see you. We've lost our guardian-died the other day; so we've had a vestry meeting and elected you

guardian of the poor, unanimous'
'I—guardian of the poor! the poor of St
Kerian?' He laughed bitterly. 'No one cared for me and watched over me when I was poor and ill. Why should I care for your poor and be their guardian, now I am rich?

Come, Cable, don't be sour. Give a sovereign, and we'll have the bells rung for your housewarming.

'Not one penny. It concerns no one but myself and my family that I enter Red Winclows.

The taverner shook his head and went away Then his mother came to him, and said: 'Richard, why do you not meet the St Kerian people in a friendly way, when they make the first step

towards good-fellowship? Why do you refuse the hand that is held out for yours? Why should you be angered that they look on you now with other eves than those with which they saw you enter the parish? When you broke stones on the road, what was there in you to attract their esteem? When they saw your love and care for your children, they respected you; and when they found you were making money, they acknowledged that you had brains. Was not that natural and reasonable and right? When you were poor, with seven hungry mouths crying for food, there were others worse off than yourself, and what sympathy did you show them? When a crippled beggar came through the village, did you rush after him, take off your hat, and offer him hospitality? Why, then, are you angry with the St Kerian people because they only begin to touch their hats and notice you, now that you are well off? You are well off because you have talents above their level, and this they recognise.'

'I wonder what she thinks, now that we are in our house, when she sees the smoke rising from the chimneys, and the windows lighted

up?'
'She thinks that a cottage where love is, is better than a thirteen-windowed mansion where

there is hardness of heart and pride.'

Richard did not answer; he walked away, and went about his grounds and planned improvements, and seated himself in his garden-house, and tried to believe he was happy. At night, when alone, he sat again in his summer-house with the door open, and looked down at St Kerian, which lay in the valley, with a gossamer veil hanging over it, the vapour in the air condensing above the stream. The church tower stood out like ivory against the black yews. He could see the chimneys of the parsonage, and the glitter of the tiny conservatory flashing the moonbeams back. He heard the soothing rush of the water in the mill 'leat' running the waste water into the river. In the wood behind, the owls were hooting. On such a night as this he had stood at his cottage window there below, two years ago, and resolved to realise his dream. He had accomplished what he had determined, and was he satisfied? He strained his eyes to see the old cottage; but it was dark; but, through the soft haze, he saw one golden pin-point, from where the post-office stood. Was that her light? Was she sitting there, at the window, looking up, out of the valley, at his grand house, on which the moonlight shone? What were her thoughts?

Richard Cable's breast heaved, and a choke came in his breath. He turned his face away and looked at the hills, at the gray moor frosted with moonlight, at the deep sky, and tried to spell stars in it, but could not, because of the suffused light. Then his eyes went back to the golden speck, the one spangle of yellow in the cold scene of white and gray and black. Then he stood up, and sat with his back to the door, and looked into the gloom of the interior, and down at the rectangular ollong patch of white, like snow on the floor, laid there by the moon. But he could not long study that. He turned on his seat, and once again the golden speck shot into his brain and down into his heart. where it fell like a spark and burnt him, that

he uttered a suppressed cry.

'It is all stubbornness and pride,' he said, rubbing the bench with his hand, as if to polish it. 'She is determined to show me that she can do without me. What does my mother mean by saying the rough life is killing her? She has chosen it out of obstinacy, to spite me. If I were to give her five pounds a week, she would throw them down at my feet. I can do nothing. If she is determined to kill herself, she must do so. She is proud. Why is her light burning now? She is working on late, that she may earn money and do without help. It is flint and steel striking, and the spark—there it is, and it is burning me.'

#### THE OLDEST CITY IN THE STATES.

FIFTY-THREE years after the bold Spanish navigator Ponce de Leon had landed on the pine and palm covered peninsula that bars the Gulf of Mexico from the great Atlantic, and called it Florida—and fifty-three years before the Pilgrim Fathers set their feet on Plymouth Rock away in the far north, a Spanish expedition under the command of Don Pedro de Avilas disembarked from their old galleons on St Augustine's Day 1565, and made their camp upon the shore, where they ultimately built the town named after that great saint—the first, and consequently the oldest, of all American cities. And to-day, a very queer old place this city is; there is nothing like it in America; there is nothing so quaint and medieval in any city of that great continent. The oldest street remaining is but seven feet broad, and the balconies that project from the upper stories of the houses well nigh touch. You can easily shake hands with your opposite neighbour, should you be on sufficiently familiar terms to do so; and if one is not, and the vis-à-vis be vindictive, it would be better for a householder who is at the same time a lover of peace, to go farther up the street !

St Augustine is situated on a wide and shallow bay, across the mouth of which there lies the long narrow island of Anastasia. The town stretches along the shore for over a mile, and is protected from the ravages of the sea by a solidly built seawall, which is sufficiently wide on the top to form a pleasant lounge for the inhabitants in the cool of the evening. About half-way along the irregular line of houses that faces the sea there opens a fine large square, the Plaza de la Constitucion. This Plaza, which is several acres in extent, is surrounded by buildings, a few of which are of great interest—notably, the cathedral of St Joseph, the old slave-market, and the two fine obelisks that are respectively commemorative of the granting of the old Spanish constitution to the city, and of the services performed by the St Augustine soldiers who fell when fighting in the Confederate army. On the latter monument there is a quaint inscription: 'They have crossed the River, and rest under the shade of the trees.

At the eastern end of the Plaza, and overlooking the harbour and sea-coast, there stands the old slave-market, now happily disused, and only remaining as a relic of the state of things befor the War. There are no walls—simply a deep roof

supported on fourteen pillars, seven a side, and surmounted at one end by a cupola, from which there rang the notes of the bell that announced a sale of slaves. The building is about fifty feet long and thirty feet broad. As one stands under the shadow of the roof and looks out on the gay aspect of the Plaza, thronged by rich and welldressed people from the North, with here and there a sauntering, staring, and unmistakable Briton, it is difficult to retrace the last generation backward to those days when the sleepy old Spanish town was periodically aroused by the clangour of the bell that bade the people gather together to examine and buy human flesh and human lives for household chattels. It is difficult to picture the huddled group of frightened negroes -husbands and wives, parents and children fearful of being separated—in the St Augustine of to-day. Quaint and old-world-like as it is, the progress of the last decades has set its print upon the place, and the darkest blot on these genial southern scenes has been removed for ever.

On another side of the Plaza is the old cathedral. It has a well-designed west front, and a Moorish belfry for four bells, each in a separate nichethree below and one above. They are the oldest bells in America, and upon one is the date of 1689. Inside the cathedral there is an imposing high-altar, with a great solid silver lamp hanging before it and continually burning; and on the south wall of the nave is a queer old picture representing the first mass said at St Augustine. Reared on an improvised platform, an altar is depicted, adorned with crucifix, candles, and missals. The priest is elevating the Host, and his assistant is ringing the Sanctus bell. Gathered around, the armed warriors of Don Pedro are bowing low before the sacred sign; while the trumpeters and standard-bearers, and the ships in the offing with their cannon, are saluting the moment of consecration. The interest of the picture is heightened by the surrounding palm-trees and the groups of friendly Indians, who, with awe and curiosity, are imitating the action of the white men.

The great feature, however, of St Augustine is Fort Marion. It is built near the edge of the shore, and is defended from the sea by high and massive ramparts, which form, like the seawall of the town, a favourite promenade for the St Augustine folk. Fort Marion, which in the time of the Spaniards successively bore the names of San Juan de Pinos and San Marco, and only received its present name from 'Uncle Sam,' when Florida was bought from the Spaniards by the United States early in the present century, is a fine specimen of military engineering. covers about four acres of ground, and its walls, which have Moorish turrets at the angles, are over twenty feet in height and twelve feet in thickness. It is built on rising ground, and com-mands the sea-entrance as well as the city and harbour. Like all the old buildings of St Augustine-the cathedral, the city gates, the convent, seawall, and old houses—it is built of coquina, which is a shell conglomerate formed by the action of the sea-water upon the shells and sand. An immense quantity of this conglomerate is found on Anastasia Island, where all the coquina used in St Augustine has been quarried.

The outside view of Fort Marion is imposing,

and the interior is extremely interesting. From the outer ramparts a drawbridge leads to the gateway of the fort. Over this gateway there is a large slab of stone engraved with the Spanish arms. Passing through, one comes into an open court about a hundred feet each way, which at the present time is almost entirely occupied by the wigwams of the imprisoned Apaché Indians. Some five hundred of these redskins are kept here by the United States government. They were taken captive by the various expeditions sent against them in Arizona, New Mexico, and the neighbouring territories, where for many years they have been a danger and a terror to the white settlers. All of these Indians were taken redhanded in their war against the whites, and are accordingly imprisoned for an (as yet) undeter-mined period. The attitude of the United States government toward the Indians is peculiar. They are not regarded as foes or as rebels, but as troublesome and ignorant children or wards. The position of the government is that of a parent or guardian; and while the Indians that are taken prisoners are kept for many years, if not for their lives, in that condition, they are well looked after, and are paid for the work which they are required to do. Most of the children are removed from their parents and sent to semimilitary schools, where they are taught English and the elements of education together with some useful trade.

These Apachés, like Indians generally, are taciturn, but 'cute;' they appreciate the value of the dollar as highly as any 'Down-easter' dees. They are allowed to sell the bows and arrows rude musical instruments, moccasins, toys, and other simple things that they make, to the visitors at St Augustine, who while away a good deal of their time in watching them at their work and games. Their chief amusements are shooting with the bow, which even small children do with marvellous skill; indulging in a game somewhat like quoits; and playing on a rough sort of fiddle, made out of a large bamboo cane, with a minute fiddle-bow. From this simple three-stringed instrument they manage to get a barbarous kind of melody. Many of the shooting-bows they make have the English alphabet painted on them in black paint and various shades of ochre; and in other ways they are proud of showing-off their attainments in the English language. The writer bought one of these bows for a dollar, and a bamboo fiddle for fifty cents. The latter is curiously painted in geometrical patterns with red, blue, and green colour on a ground of yellow ochre. Some of the Apachés are very clever at embroidering leathern quivers, belts, and moccasins with coloured silks, wools, beads, and wire.

The incongruity of some of their costumes is amusing. The great ambition of an Indian seems to be to possess a flannel shirt and a pair of high boots. It is comical to watch a silent and solemn-looking Indian, highly ochred, strutting about in a flannel shirt, a huge blanket, high boots, and a perfect innocence of anything in the way of breeches! On the other hand, some who have these desirable articles of apparel, are shirtless and bootless! There are indeed few who have not in one way or another supplemented their wardrobe by incongruitles acquired by barter or gift.

Queer enough it seems to see these Indians living comfortably and apparently happily within the old Spanish fort; for many a time in the past has this courtyard, with its bastions and casemates and embrasures, been thronged with panic-stricken refugees from the city, and hundreds of excited soldiers strenuously resisting the attacks of foes. Englishmen as well as Indians have repeatedly and unsuccessfully attacked Fort Marion; but the old order of things has indeed passed away. Of the hundred guns that once formed its armament, not a half remain, and the garrison of to-day is still smaller in proportion. The dark dismal dungeon underground, the iron cages hung upon the wall, and the chains, with iron bracelets, that are attached to the floor, are no longer used for captured foes, and have fallen into decay. The days of tragic scenes are indeed over; and the only changes that pass upon the gray old silent fort are those that are made by the hand of time and the remorseless northern tourist!

#### THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW.

CHAPTER III.

MATTHEW RODING at this time was close upon fifty years old, but, like his father, he scarcely looked his age. He was a broad-shouldered, well-built man, with prominent features of a somewhat aquiline type. His dark hair and bushy whiskers showed here and there a silvery streak, and the crows'-feet at the corners of his cold gray eyes had become of late more numerous than he liked. He had a long upper lip, and a firm-set mouth, which, however, could on occasion break into a very pleasant smile. His laugh, though rarely heard, was mellow and spontaneous. His general air and expression were those of a strong-willed, self-opinionated man, who believed greatly in himself, and would strive his utmost to impose that belief upon others. He was carefully but not too showily dressed; in such matters he knew how to preserve a juste milien. An expensive orchid decorated his button-hole.

As soon as he entered the room, his wife rose and touched the electric bell. A moment later, a servant brought in a breakfast equipage for one person.

'How late you are this morning, dear,' said. Mrs Roding as her husband seated himself at table. 'I began to get quite fidgety about you.'

table. 'I began to get quite fidgety about you.'
'Had too much of that confounded Madeira last night,' he replied in his quick, laconic way. 'Made me as sleepy as a top this morning. I must fight shy of Madeira after the second glass in future.—Hasn't Grigson arrived yet?'

'I've seen nothing of him. At what time did you expect him?'

'At ten-thirty sharp, and now it's ten forty-five. What can the fellow be about?'

'Then you are not going to the City to-day?'
'No. Luncheon is ordered at the Star and Gaster, Richmond, for one-thirty sharp. First meeting of the Directorate of the Patent Asphalt Roofing Company. A pretty directorate, forsooth, if the world only knew it! What gormandisers some of those fellows are! Only provide them with plenty of turtle and champagne, and you can get them to put their names to anything?

Then, after a pause: 'Tilly, somehow your breakfast doesn't seem to go down this morning.' He was careful never to call his wife 'Tilly' except when they were alone.

'Is there nothing that will tempt you? I thought, perhaps'—

'No; can't eat; no appetite. I'll try a B.-and-S. presently.'

The Times on its arrival each morning was taken up immediately to Matthew Roding's room. He had brought it down under his arm, and he now began to run through the City article again. While thus engaged, a loud double-knock resounded through the house, and a few moments later the page brought in a telegram on a salver. 'Any answer, sir?' queried the youth.

'Wait,' said Matthew as he tore open the enve-

'Wait,' said Matthew as he tore open the envelope. Telegrams with him were matters of almost hourly frequency. His face flushed a little the moment he saw the enclosure. 'From Sandalar,' he muttered under his breath. 'Good news or bad?' Then to the page: 'No answer.'

The cablegram, for the message was from America, was written in a cipher, the key to which was contained in a small private memorandum book which Matthew carried in an inner pocket. Placing the key before him, and taking his pencil and a scrap of paper, he proceeded to translate the message letter by letter into the language of everyday life. When the translation was finished, it ran as under: 'Mine flooded. Will take months to pump dry. Will delay sending official message for three hours, so as to give you a start. You know what to do. Don't forget that I stand in with you.' The moment Matthew Roding had made himself master of the last word, he started up from his chair, a great light of exultation shining in his eyes. 'If Sandalar keeps his word, I ought to clear four thousand by this coup,' he said aloud. For the moment he had forgotten that he was not alone. 'Three hours' start—a hundred and eighty minutes. Not long, and yet it ought to be enough.'

His wife merely looked at him and said nothing. She knew that in business matters he was not a man to bear questioning even by her—nor, indeed, did such subjects possess much interest for her.

'If Grigson is not here in five minutes, I must go myself,' continued Matthew, as he crossed to the sideboard and proceeded to concoct a mixture of brandy-and-soda.

At this juncture, another knock was heard, and next minute a tall, fair, fashionably dressed young man was ushered into the room, who was carrying a bulky portfolio under one arm. It was Grigson, Mr Roding's confidential clerk. 'Sorry to be behind time, sir,' he said. 'Cabhorse slipped down just this side the bridge; had to walk a quarter of a mile before I could find another hansom.'

Mr Roding seemed scarcely to hear his explanation. 'I'm glad you've come,' he said.—'You have a cablegram for me, haven't you?'

'Here it is, sir. Arrived five minutes before I left the office.'

Matthew tore it open. It was a duplicate of the one he had already received. One had been sent to his private address, the other to his office earrings which I think would suit you admirably in the City, to insure that if one missed, the other

should reach him. Turning quickly on Grigson, who was emptying the portfolio of its letters, prospectuses, and documents of various kinds, Mr Roding said: 'I want you to rush off to the nearest telegraph office, and, without losing a minute, wire Bateson to sell every scrap of Yucatans he holds in my name. Tell him I shall expect him to have got rid of the last of them by two o'clock to-day.'

Grigson stared a little at his employer. Beg pardon, sir, but do you really mean Yucatans?

Of course you know, sir, that they went up an eighth yesterday, and may possibly go up another to-day?

'All that is known to me, and still I say sell—sell—sell without a moment's delay. Now, hurry off, because every minute's of importance. I'll run through the letters while you are gone.'

As soon as the young man had left the room, Matthew rubbed his hands gleefully and broke into one of his rare laughs, 'Four thousand pounds! Not such a bad morning's work—eh, Tilly?' he remarked jocosely to his wife.

'No, indeed, Matthew. I'm sure I don't know how you do it, but what you call "business" is all a mystery to me.'

Her husband said no more; he was deep in his correspondence.

Mrs Roding waited for her opportunity, as she was in the habit of doing whenever she had anything particular to say to her husband. 'My dear,' she said at length, as Matthew leaned back in his chair, tapping his teeth with his nails, as he had a trick of doing when turning over a doubtful point in his mind, 'I should like a few words with you about next Wednesday's dinnernarity.'

'They must be as few as possible, then,' he answered with a glance at the clock.

'I suppose you wish no expense to be spared?'
'Certainly not. Don't forget to have plenty
of ferns and exotics. They look well, and can
always be got on credit. I will hire a man-cook
for the occasion from the place where I lunch
in the City. I am especially desirous that the
dinner should be a success.'

'I wish, dear, you would spare me a cheque for the payment of the new piano. The bill came in quite three months ago, and I have had to put the people off twice within the last few weeks. And there's the two brougham horses not yet paid for. A man called yesterday, and was really quite insolent when I told him the

matter had escaped your memory.'

'Confound his insolence!' exclaimed Mr Roding with much emphasis. 'Is a man, whose whole mind and thoughts are immersed in immense speculations involving hundreds of thousands of pounds, to have his life worried out of him for the sake of a few paltry hundreds? Let the rogues wait. They know how to charge enough, in all conscience: cent. per cent. clear profit, if they get a fraction; and I shall not pay them till it suits my convenience to do so. Just at present, I want every farthing of my available capital for other purposes than to pay tradesmen's bills.—By-the-by, as I was passing Hunt and Roskell's yesterday I saw a pair of diamond earrings which I think would sait you admirably.

However, I ordered them to be sent on. The bill won't come in for six months, and by that time, if all goes well, a hundred guineas more or less will be a mere bagatelle.'

Mrs Roding rose and crossed to her husband's chair and kissed him: she loved jewelry almost better than anything else in the world. 'A month ago you promised me another pony to match the one in my basket carriage,' she ventured to observe as she went back to her seat.

'So I did. I've so many things to think of that I had quite forgotten it. I'll tell Grigson to try and find one for you; he understands such matters better than I do.'

At this moment in rushed Master Freddy. His first act was to climb on his father's knee, pull his face down, and kiss him. 'It's Grandad's birthday, pa!' he said. 'Won't you go and wish him many happy weturns? Grandad would like us all to go and have dinner with him in his room to-day. Why can't we, pa?'

'For shame, Freddy! How dare you burst into the room in that rude way!' said Mrs Roding, before her husband could interpose a word. 'Your manners are becoming more unbearable every day. It's high time you were sent to a boarding-school. I told your grandfather less than an hour ago that it was quite out of the question for your father and me to dine with him to-day. I can't think what put such a ridiculous notion into his head.'

The boy made her no answer, but stood with one finger pressed to his lips, staring at her with round, serious eyes.

'I'm busy just now, Freddy—very busy, as you see,' said his father; 'but I'll wish Grandad many happy returns later on.' Then he turned to his letters again.

Mrs Roding, with an imperious gesture, unseen by her husband, motioned to the boy to leave the room. He went without a word.

There was a minute or two of silence, then Mrs Roding said: 'Really, my dear—and I hope you won't think me prejudiced in saying so—your father is becoming more tiresome and troublesome every day.'

'I'm sorry to hear that,' remarked her husband without taking his eyes off the letter he was reading.

The way he spoils that child is insupportable. And then the vile odour of the tobacco he smokes seems to pervade every room in the house. Further than that, in fine weather he nearly always plays on his violin for a couple of hours in the garden, which, to say the least, must appear very strange and eccentric conduct to our neighbours.—Don't you think, dear, it would be doing him a genuine kindness if you were to find a little cottage for him a few miles out in the country—a cottage near a railway station and a church—with a nice bit of garden attached, in which he could potter about as he liked, and with some elderly person to look after his little comforts? I am sure that in such a place he would be far happier and more contented than he can ever expect to be here?

'I doubt that very much, Tilly,' answered her husband, whose attention she had now succeeded in arresting. 'Besides, a bargain's a bargain, and you know what I promised the old boy when he made over the business to me. Think, too,

of all that we owe to him. To do as you suggest would seem like the basest ingratitude.

'But if he himself were to suggest such a plan?'
'That would alter the case materially,' answered her husband dryly. 'But I don't in the least think he's likely to do that. I think you may safely count on him as a fixture—one of those fixtures one takes at a valuation.' He nodded and smiled at her, and then went back to his letter.

Mrs Roding said no more. She had gained her first point, and knew when to stop; but with her the project was only shelved, not done with.

This was evidently destined to be a morning of interruptions. Presently, a rat-tat-tat so loud and prolonged resounded through the house that Mrs Roding fairly jumped in her chair. 'Goodness gracious! who can that be at this time of the morning?' she exclaimed.

Her husband said nothing, but waited. 'Lady Pengelly!' he exclaimed in some wonderment, as he read the name on the card which a servant brought in a minute later.—'Don't know her from Adam. What on earth can she want with me?'—Then to the servant: 'Where is her ladyship?'

'In the small drawing-room, sir.'

'Say that I will be with her in one moment.' Turning to his wife, he added: 'It is probably you, my dear, she wants to see, not me. There's some so-called charity or other in the wind, I'll be bound. Many of these titled ladies are said to be most accomplished cadgers.'

But already Mrs Roding was deep in Debrett.

As Matthew entered the drawing-room, Lady
Pengelly rose and greeted him with an elaborate
courtesy. 'Mr Roding, I presume?'

'At your ladyship's service.—Pray, be seated, madam.'

She smiled, and sat down again. Matthew seated himself deferentially some distance away.

Lady Pengelly was a much faded woman of fifty or thereabouts; thin and angular in person, but exceedingly upright; with eyes and hair of no colour in particular, but with a thin, straight-cut mouth expressive of considerable determination and fixity of will. Her dress was worn and old to the verge of shabbiness. Mrs Roding—so she afterwards averred—would not have been seen in such a gown for the world; but then one of the two would have lent a distinction to rags, while Wörth himself would have failed to make the other look quite a lady.

to make the other look quite a lady.

'Before entering on the business which has brought me here,' began her ladyship in a pleasant but somewhat artificial voice, 'I must apologise for making my visit at such an unconscionable hour, and my only excuse must be, that knowing the best time to find you City gentlemen is early in the day, I was afraid I might miss you if I delayed my visit till after luncheon. Then, again, I have also to apologise for calling on you at your private residence instead of at your office. It was by the advice of Major Donovan that I did so. You know Major Donovan of course?

—Yes. Had I not found you here, I should have gone on to the City; but really, it was not very much out of my way to drive round by Tulse Hill. I had no idea it was such a charming neighbourhood.'

'I am pleased your ladyship has found me at home,' said Matthew, who was wondering more and more as to the object of her visit. 'As a rule, I leave for the City long before this hour, but fortunately to-day has proved an exception.'

Again her ladyship smiled, and inclined her head. 'And now for the reason that has brought me here,' she resumed. 'Knowing how valuable your time must be, I will endeavour to be as brief as possible. It has been intimated to me, through more than one source, Mr Roding, that you are connected, either as chairman or director, or in some other capacity, with several of the new Companies—or syndicates, don't they call them?—which have already appeared, or are about to make their appearance, before the public.'

Mr Roding gravely inclined his head.

'Such being the case, would it not be possible, may I ask, by bringing your influence to bear, to obtain for Lord Pengelly—whose income, I am sorry to confess, is a very limited one for a man of his rank—a position on one or more of the directorates of these new Companies, in return for the use of his lordship's name, which could scarcely fail to have considerable weight with the public, knowing, as the majority of people must who know anything at all of such matters, that he comes of one of the oldest families in the kingdom and is first-cousin to his Grace of Leamington?' She had leaned forward a little in the earnestness of her appeal, but now drew herself up, fixed her lips rigidly, and stared straight at Mr Roding.

The latter tapped his teeth with his nails thoughtfully for a few moments before answering. Then he said: 'As it happens, singularly enough, we are in want of a few good names to complete the directorate of a scheme of more than usual promise and magnitude which will be launched before the public in the course of a week or two. I shall have great pleasure in proposing Lord Pengelly's name to my colleagues for one of the vacancies in question. The duties, I may add, are not especially onerous. The Board will meet two mornings a week for a couple of hours, after which there will of course be a little luncheon.' Mr Roding paused, and twisted a finger in his watchguard.

'And the honorarium?' queried her ladyship eagerly in a voice that was scarcely above a ribisper

whisper.

'Will, in this case, be at the rate of five hundred guineas per annum, paid quarterly in advance. His lordship will, of course, have to qualify himself by taking up a certain number of shares.—But that is a little detail,' added Matthew with a smile, 'which may, I think, be safely left for me to arrange.'

'How can I thank you sufficiently, Mr Roding!' said her ladyship, her faded face flushing for a moment and then paling again. 'I was indeed well advised in coming to you.—You are married, I believe!—at least so Major Donovan gave me to understand.'

Matthew Roding bowed assent.

"Ah, in that case I must beg of you and Mrs Roding to favour me with your company at my "At Home" on Thursday next. I will take care that cards are sent you. Only a small party—the Countess of Clandooley and a few others,

to whom I shall be happy to introduce Mrs Roding.'

Her ladyship rose as she finished speaking; seeing which, Matthew did the same. 'Both my wife and myself will feel highly honoured in accepting your ladyship's invitation.' he said.

accepting your ladyship's invitation,' he said.

'By the way, there is one trifling detail which it may perhaps be just as well you should be made aware of,' said her ladyship, as if suddenly struck by an afterthought. 'Lord Pengelly is subject to fits now and then. Nothing in the slightest degree dangerous, or disagreeable to others. All he requires at such times is to have his neckeloth loosened and a little cold water dashed in his face, after which he will come to himself in five minutes. I trust that a circumstance so trivial will in no way militate against his position as a director?'

Your ladyship may make your mind easy on that score. We have two directors already who are nearly stone-deaf, and another who invariably goes to sleep five minutes after the meeting

has begun.'

So, with a few words of polite leave-taking, Lady Pengelly went her way, Matthew himself ushering her to her carriage, which he did not fail to notice was what he termed to himself an uncommonly shabby turnout.' Neither did Mrs Roding, who was peeping unseen through the blinds of an upper window, fail to notice the same fact. 'Very hard up, that's clear,' muttered Matthew to himself as he went back indoors. 'Of course, if it hadn't been for that, she would never have come near me. then, her husband's an earl-is he an earl, by the way, or what? Must ask Tilly; she's sure to know. Anyway, his lordship is first-cousin to a duke. A very good catch for our forthcoming prospectus—a capital catch!' He paused for a moment or two by the barometer in the hall, as if to consult it, but his thoughts were somewhere else. 'In five years' time, if things go on as swimmingly as they are going now, I ought to be worth half a million at the least. It took my father thirty years to make a few paltry thousands. We don't do things in that hundrum style nowadays. Five years hence I mean to write M.P. after my name. Later still, a title may follow. Why not? Money can do anything in these times. Sir Matthew Roding, of Cradin these times. stock, Cumberland, wouldn't sound amiss. He dug his hands into his pockets, and went back to his letters, whistling softly under his breath.

When he left the house half an hour later, he had forgotten all about Grandad and his birthday. After all, it was a mere trifle, and just now he had matters of much greater moment to occupy his thoughts.

#### THE NERVOUS ORIGIN OF COLDS.

UNDUE exposure to cold and damp is the only source of colds or catarrhs, in the limited estimation of popular opinion; and when it has provided stout boots, comfortable wraps, a serviceable umbrella, and a mackintosh, that authority has furnished a fully equipped weapon to beat off the unwelcome domestic complaint. When, as often happens, a cold is contracted in spite of these unimpeachable precautions, popular opinion is

puzzled beyond measure how to account for the remarkable circumstance.

Cold, however, is not the only factor in the production of catarrh. There is a collateral cause, and a most important one, in certain depressed conditions of the nervous system, which is too little known and appreciated. In healthy conditions of the nervous system, provided reasonable precautions are taken against cold, there is enough vitality in the organism to resist its injurious influence. The nervous system is, in fact, the guardian, controller, and prime regulator of animal heat or body temperature, and its slightest failure to fulfil its responsible duties—the least relaxation of its constant vigilance—renders us liable to fall a prey to cold.

The following supposititious cases will afford an illustration. An individual, who habitually drives about in an open conveyance with perfect freedom from catarrh, happens on one occasion to fall asleep when he is out, and the very next day has cold. The explanation of the phenomenon is to be found in the fact, that during sleep, nervous energy is lowered, and the system therefore less able to withstand the injurious effects of cold. If we assume that the individual was also in a state of intoxication at the time, the damage done by cold would be more serious, as the depression from alcohol is superadded to that of sleep. It is, therefore, not surprising to find that inflammation of the lungs is frequently contracted under such circumstances. We instinctively acknowledge the nervous depression during sleep, by taking the precaution to throw a rug over the knees before our forty winks on the dining-room sofa.

A timid woman comes home one night pale and ghastly with fright, having encountered a spectre clad in white, which she calls a 'ghost.' In a day or two she develops a cold, for which she cannot in any way account. Fear acts as a depressant to the nervous system, crippling its powers of resisting the action of cold; hence the phrase, shivering with fear.' Similarly, innumerable events of daily life tend to irritate, depress, or excite the nerves, and render them unfit for maintaining the body-temperature against the fluctuations of weather and climate. During these unguarded moments, a trifling exposure to cold or damp is sufficient to induce catarrh. It is desirable, therefore, that it should be generally known that stout boots, umbrellas, and wraps, though excellent preservatives in their way, are not by any means the only precautionary measures to be adopted; that we must endeavour to strengthen the nervous system, if it be defective; and that, when we are compelled to expose ourselves to cold or wet when the nerves are depressed from temporary causes, such as fatigue, anxiety, grief, worry, fear, dyspepsia, or ill-humour, we should be specially careful to guard against cold.

Let us now dissect the morbid condition known as catarrh, and verify, if we can, the theory of its nervous origin. What is a cold? To answer this question we must first explain what is meant

by animal heat. Man is what is known as a warm-blooded animal, that is, he possesses the capacity under all circumstances of maintaining an average uniform temperature. Whether he live in the frost-bound Arctic regions or in the burning deserts of Central Africa, the heat of the blood is the same. In summer and winter alike (if we except, perhaps, certain abnormal states of the body due to the excitation or depression of the vital processes in various diseases), the average temperature of the human body is 98.4° Fahrenheit. Now, this is a remarkable fact, as, in view of the peculiar source from which animal heat is derived, namely, from the combustion of used-up tissue with the oxygen of inspired air, it stands to reason that the heat of the blood cannot remain constant for five minutes together, as with every movement of our muscles we add coals to the human fire; and the regulation of all our movements, so as to preserve a uniform temperature, would be an utter impossibility. How, then, is the object achieved? The superfluous heat is disposed of by conduction and radiation in the capillaries of the skin, and by evaporation through the sweat glands and air-passages; and when there is no superfluous heat to dispose of, the skin contracts to prevent evaporation of moisture from the surface. Thus, when we exert ourselves, there is increased waste of tissue, and accordingly we both pant and perspire. When we are cold, on the other hand, the skin is very far from being moist, and contracts, presenting what is called the 'goose-skin' appearance. Now, these functions are under the immediate control of the nervous system. Cold acts on the latter in such a way that the vessels supplying the skin are constricted, and the flow of blood to the surface checked, loss of heat by conduction, radiation, and evaporation being thus prevented; while heat, on the other hand, relaxes the blood-vessels and favours the escape of heat from the body. It will thus be seen what an important part the nervous system plays in the maintenance of animal heat.

Whenever, owing to any derangement of the nervous system, the perfect maintenance of animal heat fails to be carried out, disorder ensues, the mildest form of which is a catarrh, namely, the blocking up of the skin or outer surface of the body, with the consequent transference of the excretion to the mucous or inner surface. The deleterious matter which ought to have been removed by the skin, irritates the blood by its retention there, and ultimately expends itself by the nose and throat. For example, if the nervous system be feeble, sweating would probably be induced, and a consequent loss of heat, irrespective of the needs of the body; in which case a cold would most probably follow. As a fact, there are many people with feeble nerves who readily perspire in the coldest weather, and are in consequence liable to frequently recurring colds. The nervous origin of colds also furnishes us with a clue to its treatment in the early stages. The whole history of a cold. shows it to be essentially and primarily a state of collapse, demanding early recourse to a stimulating plan of treatment. There is no more dejected mortal than a patient in the first stage of cold, and both his physical and mental condition point to nervous collapse. Hence, we believe the great success of camphor and ammonia inhalations in

the early stage. It has also been repeatedly found that two or three glasses of wine have cut a cold short, when taken at the first appearance of the

#### A TALE OF A TIGER.

UNLIKE most Anglo-Indians, I am nothing of a sportsman. Like the rest of my tribe, I have always possessed a Colt's revolver, with a sufficient complement of cartridges; nor have I ever been without a good central-fire, breech-loading doublebarrelled gun. But the former has, through all the years of my Indian career, waited mutely for the burglar, who, thank goodness, has never invaded my bachelor bungalow; and the latter has chiefly justified its continuance in my possession by giving my faithful bearer something to do in cleaning its almost unused barrels. When I say that my gun is a choke-bore, you will understand that it is more suited for snipe-shooting and the pursuit of ducks and plover, than for the destruction of larger game. However, I had been warned, before I began my Indian career, that opportunities of sport were likely to be thrust upon me without my seeking; and such I found to be the case in more than one instance.

In 1880 I was in camp at the foot of the Tipperah Hills. My tent was pitched under the shade of a vast banyan tree, and on the bank of a picturesque little hill-stream, close to the station where His Highness the Maharajah of independent Tipperah collects tolls from such of our fellowsubjects as cut timber in his vast forests. Hard by was the collection of thatched huts in which lived the Maharajah's agent, a Mohammedan gentleman of much local influence, hospitable, as almost all Indians of position are hospitable, especially to those in authority over them, plausible and pleasant in his manners, as Mohammedans nearly always are, and bent upon showing mewho was, alas, quite content to take him at his word—that he was as good and staunch a sportsman as any Sahib of them all. For days before my arrival, the hill-folk had been warned to look out for traces of tigers or bears; and it was with obvious pride and satisfaction that my friend announced to me, one lovely cool morning in December, that he had succeeded in putting nets round a patch of jungle in which lurked a fine tiger. There was nothing for it but to make a hasty breakfast, and to start with my trusty gun aforesaid over my shoulder for the agent's house. Unfortunately, the only cartridges I had with me were loaded, if you will believe me, with snipe-shot. I was loth to damp my friend's enthusiasm by admitting that I was insufficiently armed for a tiger-hunt, and I resolved to trust to his skill in forest warfare for the conquest of the tiger and the safety of our skins. To me was allotted the post of honour on the back of a small and, as it seemed to me, extremely nervous young elephant, whose movements were so erratic that it was as much as I could do to hold on to the ropes by which the 'pad' on which I sat was bound; and I was holding with might and main to my

I could not help wishing that I were gifted, like an Indian god, with an extra pair of arms for the due management of my weapon. To make matters more uncomfortable, the mahout, or driver, behind whose back I was perched, was either very cold or very frightened, for his teeth chattered dolefully, and, unlike most of his class, he seemed unwilling to talk.

We were a picturesque procession enough, as we started for the forest. I led the way on my elephant; next came my Mohammedan friend, with a gaudy skullcap perched very much on one side of his flowing and curly locks; over his shoulder was slung an ancient single-barrelled, muzzle-loading gun; and it was no small comfort to notice that, whatever my own inward doubts and tremors might be, my friend at least was full of enthusiasm and pleased anticipation of an exciting day's work. Behind him came two or three Mussulmans armed like himself; and the rear was brought up by a miscellaneous crowd of Tipperahs, Manipuris, and plains-people, who had been impressed as beaters.

It was a levely morning, bright, clear, and cool; and, even in my somewhat excited state, it was impossible not to admire the lovely glimpses of forest scenery which opened to our right and left as we made our way slowly up the bed of the little stream by which my tent had been pitched. Every now and again, we passed a small Tipperah village, the wooden houses raised, like those of all the Eastern hill-folk, on piles some six or seven feet above the level of the ground. In one, an ancient headman, gray and bent with age, advanced to wish us success in our effort to rid the country-side of a pest whose ravages had thinned the cattle of the neighbouring villages wofully; and as I acknowledged his salaams, I heartily wished that my place could have been taken by some one better armed and more skilful than myself. But soon the villages grew rarer; the patches of golden paddy, set in a frame of dark dense jungle, more unfrequent. We heard the clear shrill cry of jungle-fowl in the woods, and the cooing of innumerable doves in the feathery branches of the wild bamboos. Soon the path became almost impassable; and the elephant and its driver were busy tearing down branches and clearing a way for us through the dense undergrowth of tree-fern and gorgeous flowering creepers. Where the shade was densest, the air struck chill even to my well-clothed limbs, and I could sympathise with the tremors of my halfnaked mahout; and again, when we emerged into a clearing, deserted by the migratory cultivation of the hill-people, the sun struck fiercely, and rendered the protection of one's huge sunhat very grateful. At last, and, as I thought, only too soon, we reached the patch of forest which had been netted. The beaters disappeared by jungle-paths to right and left; the Massulmans climbed into convenient trees, and, with an occasional friendly shout to me, peered anxiously into the dense jungle below. Presently, we knew that the beating had begun, for we heard the distant sound of shouts and tom-toms, a sound which raised a strange elation and excitement even in my unsportsmanlike bosom, and, for a moment, I forgot that I had in my hands only a choke-bore gun londed with snipe-shot; that uncertain seat on a nervous and untrained elephant; and that, if the tiger charged, I should be in a situation of very considerable danger. Fortunately, there was not much time for thought, for the roar of voices and of drums came rapidly nearer, and my Mohammedan friends grew more eager and excited. At last, close on my right, and with startling suddenness, I heard the mighty roar of a tiger. Impelled by I know not what impulse, I managed to draw both triggers of my gun, and, almost simultaneously, I heard two other shots fired in rapid succession. But the proximity of the tiger and the sound of firearms were too much for the nerves of the elephant, or the mahout, or both, for the next moment I found that I had dropped my gun, and was holding on for dear life to the ropes, as the terrified beast beneath me plunged headlong through the forest.

How far we went before the mahout regained his control over the beast, I cannot say; and it is with unbounded thankfulness and wonder that I think, even now, of the escapes I had from the overhanging boughs and coils of clustering creepers through which we forced our headlong way. As often happens in situations of extreme peril, my mind was singularly clear and tranquil, and, amongst other incongruous thoughts, I remember wondering what a new Byron would make of the story of an Indian Mazeppa on a frightened elephant. At last, however, the mahout was able to guide the animal's movements; and after a long and weary journey—very slow, because we had to clear our way as we went—we emerged into the open paddy-fields. It was with a sense of inexpressible happiness that I saw my white tent cleaming myler the dark emerged in the sense of inexpressions. tent gleaming under the dark spreading branches of the banyan tree and saw my servants awaiting my return. But I was not a little astonished when I found that they were gathered round the body of a huge tiger, which they said the agent had sent over as the spoils of my gun. I had heard, it was true, of a desperate man who had slain a tiger at close-quarters by firing a charge of small-shot straight into its eyes. But I had fired almost at random and at a considerable distance; and an examination of the animal's body showed that it had been killed by a lucky bullet which had pierced its heart. My Mohammedan friend presently appeared in person, and loaded me with undeserved praises of my coolness and skill, and apologies for the unsteadiness of his elephant. It was obviously useless to tell him my real reasons for being positively certain that the magnificent beast which lay at our feet had not fallen to my gun; but I was able at last to persuade him that my elephant had turned to bolt before I could take a correct aim, and so to induce him, not very unwillingly, to accept the credit of the tiger's death. He insisted, however, upon giving me the skin, which lies before me as I write, a reminiscence of my most exciting tigerhunt,

I am older now and, I trust, wiser. Certainly, no consideration of pride or profit would now induce me to go shooting tigers with snipe-shot; and my only excuse for venturing to inlict the story of a very foolhardy adventure upon you is, that the tale is strictly true, and there lies the skin to this day to testify to it. If ever I go tiger-shooting again, it shall be with a good

express rifle in my hand; and if I ever mount an elephant, I shall take care to ascertain that he can stand fire.

#### ROBURITE: A NEW EXPLOSIVE.

A new explosive, bearing the name of Roburite, has recently been brought before the public by Dr Carl Roth, an eminent German chemist, and bids fair to rank eminently with the explosives at present holding the market. The advantages claimed for roburite, as compared with dynamite, gun-cotton, blasting-gelatine, &c., are increased explosive force combined with a safety that is not merely augmented, but is declared to be absolute; for the new explosive consists of two harmless compounds, which can be kept separate, and even when mixed, require a special fulminate detonator to cause explosion—concussion, friction, or fire being equally unable to effect this.

For mining purposes, roburite should rapidly push its way, for, in exploding, it emits no flame or spark liable to ignite firedamp or coal-dust; whilst the amount of noxious gases generated is so little, that no small advantage accrues from its employment in tunnels, shafts, and other confined places where the workmen frequently suffer from foul air. An eminent authority on such matters has declared his belief that the substitution of dynamite for gunpowder has added ten years to the lives of our miners, so injurious to the lungs is the smoke of the older explosive. A further advantage should accrue in this respect, if roburite obtains largely in our mines and realises the expectations of its introducers. Roburite, it is further stated, will not deteriorate by keeping, and is not affected by extremes of temperature. In appearance, the new explosive is sandy and granular, not unlike coarse yellow sugar.

A series of interesting experiments, recently made at the School of Military Engineering, Chatham, with roburite in comparison with guncotton, dynamite, and blasting-gelatine, proved satisfactorily the sterling qualities possessed by the new explosive.

#### EARTH'S LAST KISS.

EARTH'S last kiss to the dying day
Over the surf and the tawny sands;
Lips are parted, and far away,
A light goes down in the faint cloud-lands.
Earth's last kiss ere the autumn star
Shines like a jewel in Night's dark crown,
And dusty blossoms from you blue har
Sparkle and fling their radiance down

Earth's last kiss ere the seabirds scream
Summer's farewell from the wildflowers' height,
And winds steal forth from the cliffs' dark seam,
Moaning their musical last 'Good-night.'
Earth's last kiss, and the eyes are strained
And arms outstretched, for the gloom draws nigh;
But lips have met, and a love is drained—
Earth's last kiss, dearest love, good-bye.
CHARLES MACKENZIE.

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### HOLIDAY FRIENDSHIPS.

It is all over. The holiday outing, looked forward to for so long, has come and gone. The ever recurring query, 'Where are you going?' has been metamorphosed into, 'Where have you been?' Every other person you meet wants to know how you have enjoyed yourself; and whether, when you were here, you visited the crypt of this cathedral; and when you were there, you thoroughly explored the tower of that castle. One points out what you missed on the Matterhorn; another assures you, you have not exhausted the delights of Boxhill. 'Ah!' is the usual form, 'pity I did not know you were going; I might have put you up to a thing or two.' Still, deficiencies notwith-standing, you have to tell all about your doings. The interest taken in them is universal. They have a quite phenomenal attraction for your friends, which is only one degree less perplexing than the perpetual recital of other people's experiences at the best known of holiday haunts, to which you have to submit. This is the unfailing sequel of one's annual trip beyond the confines of daily toil. No one will let you rest; and only when you have exhausted your patience and satisfied a battalion of bores, are you able to escape from the purgatory of recounting your history during a month's absence.

Apart from this source of petty annoyance on your reappearance in workaday garb, ask yourself whether your holidays have fulfilled their roseate-hued promises. Have they brushed away the official or professional cobwebs, and imparted vigour to the frame and lightness to the heart? Have they, in a word, given you new strength to face fresh trials and overcome the big difficulties of a small world? They have doubtless done several of these things, but they have done something more. Kenelm Chillingly described love as a disturbance of the mental equilibrium. One may, of course, have no mental equilibrium to disturb; mental equilibrium is given only to the chosen few; but if you beast anything like an approach to a stable mind, a holiday is the one

thing to render it unstable, for a while at anyrate. You start of, seedy, perhaps, and with no thought save of enjoyment: you come back well and wretched. This may be your own fault, and the precise degree of wretchedness depends largely upon temperament; but wretchedness there generally is, nevertheless. You are dissatisfied; deny it, if you can; dissatisfied, not with the past, but with the present and the future. The only condition on which you can deny it is, that you have not realised the pleasure which you anticipated.

The reason of all this is perfectly simple. New sights, new life, new amusements, new faces, new friendships, new thoughts-these are the concomitants of a thoroughly happy holiday, and in proportion as they are appreciated, the return is made miserable. We come back to think of them, and to long for the time when we may go forth and meet them once more. Handsome men and pretty women-all more or less commonplace, it may be, but winning and kindly disposed—haunt the memory of those who have dined for a short time at a table where strangers meet and friends part. Vanity may have been flattered; self-interest may have been unduly watchful; or friendship pure and simple may have possessed the heart. You may have gone merely from one capital to another, from London dark and heavy, to Paris light and gay; you may have studied German life in Berlin or Vienna, or brushed shoulders with the modern Spanish hidalgo in Madrid, or wandered round that mystery of modern Europe, the Vatican, and marvelled at the self-incarceration—if that is not too strong a word—of its chief. You may have visited the Channel Islands, with their delightful admixture of British severity and French abandon; you may have bathed and lounged at Boulogne, or made yourself giddy on Alpine heights, or lived luxurious days in the shade of Southern orange groves; or even have idled in some not far-distant spot at home. It is all one. You get literally thrown off your balance, and come back to town with a

The table at which you are expected to sit, you are ungrateful enough to imagine, is not nearly so conducive to comfort and digestion as the one at which you have sat recently; the very chair on which you sit was not evidently intended for the reception of your goodly proportions; familiar faces are dull and uninteresting; old scenes have for the time lost their charm. And all this discomfort springs from a very vivid recollection of certain things said and done during a few weeks' sojourn from home.

Social relations are the chief elements of postholiday disquiet. Our holiday probably has been passed in the midst of a select and more or less unchanging circle of pleasant people. We have had nothing to do but explore the neighbourhood in which we have found ourselves, write one or two letters-a little business which meant torture -read a favourite novel, and gossip to any extent. Talk around the hospitable and cosmopolitan mahogany of the boarding-house or hotel has been of a character quite different from that indulged in at an ordinary dinner; the company has been thrown together not for one meal only, but for three or four meals daily during many days, and what would have proved a merely formal acquaintance at the one, ripens at the other into a close friendship-assuming of course that conditions are favourable to such friendship. Chief among these conditions is sympathy, and where sympathy obtains, it is a magnetism which draws soul to soul irresistibly and speedily. Your host or hostess seats you beside some one whom in an ordinary way you may not dislike, but who is the last person to inspire you with a strong personal regard. A little later, the freedom of the drawing-room shows where reciprocity of respect and sentiment exists. It would be a curious and instructive experiment to place a large company round a table at one meal, seating them quite haphazardly, and then to ask them, a meal or two later, to choose their own places. The transformation at the end of a day or two would be somewhat startling, and would almost certainly be an index to the true feelings of the company individually and collectively.

A good deal has been said at various times against chance acquaintances; but it surely has been every one's experience to 'run across' some really worthy person at a strange holiday-haunted table. With many people, it is a constant experience, and consequently a source of equally constant chagrin. They meet those whom they fancy they would care to have as friends always; they spend most of their time together, and of course enter more or less into each other's confidence. Then comes the end of the holiday, and the four winds of heaven scatter the companions of several days broadcast, placing the widest geographical gap usually between those whose friendship has been closest. The return to work is made with a distinct sense of bereavement. For some reason or other, it is deemed inexpedient to strike up a

correspondence; and it is in keeping with perverse human nature that the longing to know more of each other should be enhanced by the fact that they have determined it is wisdom to forget. Few attachments are stronger than those formed promiscuously, especially where a certain bashfulness has preceded actual introduction and conversation; and to lose friends in the first blush of unalloyed good feeling may be more painful than to lose old friends. With old friends is kept up a correspondence for a period at least; and if it is dropped, it is dropped so gradually that the intimacy fades almost naturally. The casual friend of the summer outing goes his or her way, and if a letter passes, it is written with a 'Whatis-the-use-of-it?' sort of philosophy. Some friendships made in this manner become continuous and remain close; but in the majority of instances, they are the facts of a week or two, and the failures of a lifetime.

One is prone to believe that these new-found friends would, if circumstances permitted, prove the nearest and dearest one has ever had. All the experience of life and of a dozen friendships does not open our eyes to the fact that even the best of us are human, and that the happy and cheerful colours under which we see our friends of the holidays are not probably always flying when the holidays are over. The truth is that our regard for them is nothing more than infatuation born of idleness and bred of environment. Almost everybody, even those who believe themselves to be suffering from some fatal malady, are so friendly and pleasant, it would be a little strange if one did not catch the contagion of their affability. Young men and maidens are especially unfortunate in the effects of their holidays. They may behave with the decorum which the British matron herself would approve; they probably never escape her vigilant eye, and the opportunities for a good flirt are reduced to a minimum. Nevertheless, they lose their hearts. The 'panting tenant' of their bosoms has not yet been hardened by harsh trials. It is still susceptible to soft words. To make young people forget each other as easily as they can be brought together, is the most difficult thing imaginable. They have a knack of calling up from the recesses of their memories the faces and voices which they have grown in a few days to like, and possibly to love, and there is no being so restless for a time after a congenial holiday as they. They do forget naturally, in the course of weeks, the keen delights of the companionship of a few days which was cut in twain as precipitately as it was entered upon; but whilst the memory of it is green, it is entirely destructive of youth's mental peace.
Young and old, rich and poor, we take it, find

Young and old, rich and poor, we take it, find something of this sort their general experience, and it is an experience to be commended. It shows the heart is in the right place. There are some men and women who never make real friends, or temporary ones either. They go away miserable, and they come back miserable. They are incapable of attachment, and make every one

feel inclined to give them a very wide berth. They are the bugbears of holiday life, and, luckily, are in a distinct minority. Even the bore, who will tell you all his affairs and give you the advantage of an overgrowth of second-hand ideas, is preferable to these unhappy creatures, who, forsooth! are on pleasure bent. Nothing satisfies them: they have not enough room for their elbows at table; they go without the mustard or the salt, because they will not place themselves under an obligation by asking you to pass it; they refuse to join in the good-will of the company in the drawing-room; they walk abroad alone; and the end is they make others miserable as well as themselves. Their absence is the only thing of which every one approves, and their departure for good comes like the bursting of the sun through recently clouded heavens. Thank God, these sad-souled grumblers do not constitute the many but the few among one's holiday friends. If they did, the conditions of holiday-making would be reversed, and the return home would be anticipated with as keen a joy as the departure from home now occasions in all true-hearted

people.

All this may seem to say that holidays are a mistake. Not so. The toiler of eleven-twelfths of the year need not be dispirited. There can, however, be no question that, for some, holidays are a really serious matter, and the end of them comes with the wrench which follows the severance of a love-engagement. The lovesick swain is a not much more pitiable object than the friend-sick holiday-maker. But only rarely does harm come of the trouble of either of them. The sympathies of the latter have undergone more than one sharp bout, and his mind has discovered the peculiar significance of topsy-turvydom. To dwell in unaccustomed rooms, to live by the side of unknown people, and to sleep in strange beds, literally turns him inside out; and there is truth in his remark, that it will be long ere his heart will forgive him for the tax he puts upon its self-control. He is, however, none the worse for a little shaking up on new lines; and the moral which he should draw from his holiday experiences is, to beware in future of chumming too thoughtlessly. This, for two reasons. In the first place, he has little or no means of ascertaining who his new friends really are; in the second, if they are thoroughly respectable and worthy, the chances are he may never see them again after the holidays. It is quite possible to get attached to a person during a week; and if one is to return home to think of friendships rudely severed, holidays become somewhat of a nuisance, and one wants a day or two to settle down to work, instead of coming back invigorated and ready for anything that may crop up. Not the holidays, but holiday friendships are the mistake; and if most of us were wise in the future, we should break with work for a spell away with the determination not to strike up friendships at the hotel or boarding-house table except for extraordinary reasons. It is more conducive to happiness not to know nice people intimately, than to know them intimately—the word is not too forcible—for one week, and have to forget them the next. This is n somewhat stern and not altogether courageous doctrine. That the hint will be acted on is no more to be expected than that love itself will cottage.'

vanish from the world; but if experience teaches anything, it is that holiday friendships-boardinghouse and hotel friendships, at least-are the joys of a day and the worries of a month.

#### RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER LIV.- 'NO FOOL LIKE AN OLD FOOL.'

'I suppose,' said Richard Cable to his mother, that she would not live in our old cottage? Not if I offered it her rent free?'

'The cottage is mine, Richard, not yours. Perhaps from me she would take it, but not

from you.

'Then you may offer it her.' He had his hands in his pockets; he drew them sharply forth and began to hum a tune—it was the mermaid's song from Oberon. When he thought of her, that tune came up with the thought. 'Mother,' he said, breaking off in the midst of the tune, 'now that we are in this house, we are in a different position, and the little girls must be suited to it. I've heard them talking just like the St Kerian children—with a Cornish twang, and I won't have it. They must have better schooling than they can get at the national school.'

'Will you send them away?' asked Mrs Cable in dismay, as her heart failed her at the thought

of parting with her grandchildren.

'No; they must not leave home; they must learn better here. They should be able to play on the piano, and to sing, and read French, and know something of all those concerns which young ladies are expected to be acquainted with.

'What! Are you going to bring a governess into the house to them?' asked Mrs Cable with dismay almost equal to the first at the prospect of parting with the children.

'No; I'll have no stranger here,' he answered.

'Then, how are they to learn?'

'Is there no one in the village who could teach them? I do not mean that they should be ignorant, or know no more than the labourers' children, because they will have money, and if they marry, they shall marry well.'
There is a long time to that, said Mrs Cable.

'Who can teach them?' asked Richard.

'There is but one person who can do this,'

she answered, after a pause.

'She must be well paid for her trouble. You must arrange all that. Only, I will not have this teacher come here; the children must go to her. Pay her what you like, and take her, whoever she may be. I do not ask her name; I want to know nothing about her; but if she teaches them, I will not have her too free with them : she must undertake not to kiss them, and coax them to love her. Do not tell me who she is; I do not want to know. I leave all that to you, but I make my stipulations beforehand?

'You mean this, Richard?' 'I leave it to you. I ask no questions. I want no names named. If the children are to learn the plane, this lady who is to teach them must have one on which they may be taught. I will order one at Launceston to be sent to the

'Very well, Richard.'

'I have hit on a great idea,' said he with a sudden change of tone. 'There is always a trouble about feeding the calves with the hand. I have ordered at Bridgewater a lot of stone bottles, like those for ginger-beer, but as large as foot-warmers for bed. And I've had a board put along each side of the calves' van, with holes in it, into which the bottles can be fitted. And then, mother, I've had tubes and nipples made for the bottles; and I pass these in to the calves through the bars, and they can all suck com-fortably as they ride along. I might take a patent for it, I fancy, if I chose.

But, Richard, to go back to the subject'-He interrupted her hastily. 'I'm go engage a boy; and when we come to a hill, he'll walk round the van, and if any of the calves, which are as weak in their intellects as babies, let the nipples out of their mouths, which they may do through the joggling of the van when the roads are fresh stoned, or they may do it out of sheer stupidity—then, I say, the boy will put them back in their mouths again, and fill up the bottles with skim-milk at our halting-places. I've always found the calves get very much pulled down by a journey, and now, with this contrivance, I reckon they will be very much pulled up.

But about the girls?

'I'm going to work on a grander scale altogether, and have a set of vans. I'm quite sure can carry on the business wholesale, and with this idea of the calves' sucking-bottles carried out into execution, I must succeed.

There was no getting anything more out of him relative to the education of the children. He was apparently now engrossed in the per-fecting of his arrangements for feeding the calves

out of bottles.

'It is wearing and exhausting to the hand,' he said. 'It gets like that of a washerwoman who uses soda—all cockled and soft, what with being in the milk and in the calves' mouths. I've tried the butt-end of the driving-whip, but it don't draw up milk, and the calves don't like the taste of the brass mount; so I've had to come back to the hand again. It is possible they may object to the vulcanised india-rubber at first, whilst it is fresh.' Then, abruptly he reverted to what he had spoken of before. Don't let her think that there's any favour shown in letting her have the cottage. It is done to suit my convenience. Last night, as I sat in my summer-house, I could see down into the village; and, I suppose, to annoy me, she had her lamp burning till late, and there is not a wall or a tree between the post-office and my garden, so that the light of her lamp shone right up in at my door, and sit how I would, I could not get away from it. It aggravated me, and I know I shall get no pleasure out of my summer-house like that. By day, she Il do something to annoy me if she has that window,

perhaps put red geraniums in it.'
'But Richard—it is a mile away.'
''L don't know what the distance is; it aggra-

expense and trouble of that-the having masons and carpenters and painters about the place again, will be so vexing, that I'd rather she went into our old cottage. It would be best for me, and she'd save money herself, for I don't mind the rent, as it is an accommodation to me. I couldn't move the summer-house under ten pounds.'

'And with regard to the matter of the chil-

'There is no favour there either,' interrupted Richard; and I beg you will let her understand that. I want them instructed, and there is no one here but the young ladies at the parsonage and herself fit to teach them; and you can ask the former to undertake the task; if they refuse, then you can offer it to the other one; she gets the job only because there is no one else available. Let her understand that. And mind, tell her, if I send a piano there—I mean, to the cottage—it is not that I give it her or lend it her; it is for my daughters to practise on; but I don't object to her playing on it at any other time, because I've always heard that a piano ought to be played on continually to keep it in tune. It would go badly out of tune if it were only used for the children's schooling, and that would spoil their ear.-Also,' continued Cable, 'there are some sticks of furniture, and some bedding and other stuff, and some crockery down there, which must be used to keep the damp out of them and the moth and the woodworm. There's no room up here for all these things, and they don't suit this new house; they are left down there to accommodate me; and if she does not pay rent, it is because we find it convenient to put some one in to keep the cottage dry, the mildew out of the furniture, and the moths from the bedding, and to keep the crockery from being chipped. Make her understand that; and if she spoils things, she'll have to pay damages. I do not know that I shan't put some more things into the cottage just to run the chance of their being injured by her, and so deduct the cost of the things spoiled from her wages. Then, without looking at his mother to see what she thought of his ideas, whether relating to the feeding-bottles for his calves or the education of his children, he went down into the valley to his old cob cottage.

He had put the key in a secret place—a hole in the thatch, that none but he knew of. He opened the door and went in and locked himself in. The cottage was in the same condition in which it had been left. The stools were round the poor little table, the armchair by the fire, and the ashes of the peat white on the hearth. Then he took off his coat, and went into the back kitchen and fetched a broom and a pail and a pan, and set to work to clean the house. He did not return to Red Windows all day. He was busy at the cottage. He scrubbed the floors and the little stairs; he brushed down the walls; then he got whiting at the grocer's and whitewashed ceiling and walls. He cleaned up the hearth and laid fresh kindling-wood on it, and hung a kettle to the crook over it. He paid repeated visits to the shop that day, and bought glazed calico and tacks and chintz and vates and provokes me past endurance. I shan't bought glazed calico and tacks and chintz and be able to sit there of a day, because of the muslin; and he nailed up curtains to the windows pelargoniums; nor at night, because of her lamp, and put blinds where there were none—'lest,' as I shall have to move the summer-house, and the of those windows and torment me.' Afterwards, he got a spade and dug up and tidied the garden. He did not desist from his self-imposed task till late at night, not till everything was done to his satisfaction. He was a man who loved tidiness. Next morning early, he left St Kerian. This time he went to Bewdley, where he had to bestow some cattle he had contracted to bring to the farmer on the home-farm of the manor.

When he came to the inn, he found Mr Polkinghorn there, who sprang up and saluted him with urbanity. 'How are we?' asked the footman; 'bobbish or not? And how is the

missus?'

'I am well,' answered Cable gravely.

passed over the second query.

'You haven't come in your travels yet on the manor of Polkinghorn, have you?' inquired the flunky. 'Because, if we could hit on that, there'd be some chance of our recovering the title-deeds, and being reinstated in our manorial rights. But-you see-till we know where it is, the Polkinghorns can take no step.

'How go matters with you?' asked Cable,

'Well, queerish,' answered the footman. 'You've heard the news, of course?

'News? I've heard nothing,'

'Not of our appointment to a bishopric?'
'You. No, certainly.'

'Yes, we are.

'What? The old lady?'

'Not exactly; but her brother-in-law, old Sellwood. I know him well; he's a nice old shaver. He's going to be a bishop down your way, at Bodmin. That is in Cornwall, is it way, at Bodmin.

'Yes.-He to be bishop! I do not look at

'Yes; he'll be bishop. I don't know that we care much about it. You see, the families of Sellwood and Otterbourne don't need it. They've lots of money, and a twopenny-ha'penny bishopric ain't much to them; especially a new affair, such as this. Why, I don't believe there's even a cathedral there, not a dean and chapter; and-I wouldn't take a bishopric myself where there wasn't a dean and chapter to sit upon. If you don't sit upon somebody, you're nobody. It isn't a man's headpiece that gives him estimation; it is his capacity elsewhere for sitting upon people.-What is it that makes Mr Vickary so much respected in our place? It is, that he sits upon us all. If he only sat on the button-boy, would he be held in such high honour? I put it to you, as a man of the world.

Cable made no reply.

'I think if I may volunteer a suggestion, said Polkinghorn, that I could give you one to improve your business.'

'Indeed?'

'I suppose you've curates down your way?'

Oyes, there are some.'
'When the bishop comes into quarters, there will be a demand for more—for lots.

'You think so?'

'I'm sure of it,' said the flunky. 'Now, add to your van of calves another of curates, and dispose of them down in Cornwall.—You'll excuse me; I am accounted a joker.' Then looking round, and seeing that Mrs Stokes was

is worse behind. We're about to have a regular revolution.

'Of what sort?'

'You'd never guess; and you're somehow mixed up in it.'

'How is that ?'

'About that affair of-your wife.'

'What about her?'-sharply.

'It seems she has a stylish sort of a father, called Cornellis.

'Yes; what then?'

'He came here after you took her away. He didn't appear whilst she was in our place. He's a gentleman, you know, and I suppose disapproved of her being in a situation; though, for the matter of that, I'm a Polkinghorn, and I'm in a situation. What a Polkinghorn can do, a Cable may.

'Never mind about that; go on.'

'Some folks have vulgar objections to situations. If they do object to them, they're not. gentlemen; as I take it, it is low.'

'What has Mr Cornellis done?'

'Done! You should ask, what is he going

to do?'
'Then I do ask that. He has not been to see his daughter where she is now.'

'Oh, I don't fancy he's particularly interested about her. I fancy she was made the excuse for his first coming here, and making our old girl's acquaintance. He's been here off and on a good deal since—a great deal too much for the liking of some of us; and if Miss Otterbourne had taken our opinion, she'd have sent him about his business long ago.—I beg pardon, if I offend.
is your father in-law.'
'You do not offend at all.'

'It was a bit of a come-down his girl marrying you, no doubt, and he cut her off and disowned her for it; but he seemed mighty interested about her after she was gone.

'He had not sufficient interest to pursue her, and see that she was well and comfortable and

in good hands.'
'In good hands! She was in yours, I suppose, comfortable! It seems to me you're not badly off. Besides, as you married her, she was your charge, not his.'

'What further has Mr Cornellis done?

'He has made himself a great favourite with the old lady; he humours her, andhere comes Mrs Stokes, and I don't like to talk. state secrets before her. I'll tell you later.—We were speaking of the bishop. Do you know Sellwood?

'I have spoken to our rector at Hanford.

'I can't say I'm intimate with him,' said Mr Polkinghorn. 'There are some people one can't be intimate with; though one may put out as many feelers as an octopus, there is no laying hold of them. I've taken his shaving-water to him, too.

This did not seem to interest Cable; he was anxious to hear the rest about Josephine's father. Presently, Mrs Stokes left the room, and then

Mr Polkinghorn resumed the subject.

'He's an insinuating man is your father-in-law; and when he found that the old woman was keen on the lost Tribes, bless you, he led her such a tally-ho! after them, it was just like not in the room, he said in a low tone: 'There as you play with a kitten, drawing a ball, or a

cork along the floor, and whisk and away went the old creature purring and frisking and snapping and clawing. It was quite pretty to see her. And I do believe that he persuaded her that he was the concentration of the Ten Tribes in himself, a sort of a mixed pickle-bottle of capsicum and gherkin, and cauliflower and onion—only put Eenjamin and Menasses, and Gad and the rest of em, for the vegetables, and a general Judaic flavour for the vinegar.'

What next?'

'I should like to know what are the circumstances of your father-in-law? Is he a man of substance or a soap-bubble-which?'

'I cannot say ; I suspect the latter.'

'So do I; and I fancy he will take care to make himself a comfortable nest somewhere. There was a goose and a gander on intimate the down off the breast of the goose to line a nest. He persuaded her to it, and the fond creature helped to strip her own breast; and the two birds smoothed the down into a very sning sort of nest. Well, will you believe me?—there came a late fall of snow and some very snug sort of nest. sharp weather, and through it all, the gander sat in the downy nest, and let the goose walk about and shiver in the snow, with her plucked breast quite bare.

'What do you mean by this?'
'Oh, I'm a wag, and I mean more than I put
plain words. There are parables to be read, in plain words. and the moral is easy understood by them as has brains. I don't feel sure that your fatherin-law has not the nature of that gander, and I'm pretty sure our old woman has that of the goose that helped to pluck herself.'

'Do you mean to say that he is helping himself

to her money?'

'I won't say that. But I believe before long he'll persuade her to pay for a marriage license, and then he'll take up his quarters in Bewdley and begin the plucking process. We won't it—none of us, We will go.'
'But—she is old enough to be his mother.' We won't stand

'There is no fool like an old fool.'

(To be concluded next month.)

#### FORS AND FOPPERY.

ALCIRIADES, whose powers of pleasing were such that, according to Plutarch, 'no man was so sullen but he would make him merry, or so churlish but he would make him gentle, was the earliest dandy of whom history informs us; and Beau Nash and George Brummell have been classed amongst the latest. But foppery is not dead yet, nor will it be until the end of time. We can, however, console ourselves with the fact that the foppery of to-day is of a much milder type than that which prevailed in the days of Lucullus, who, according to Horace, had five thousand rich purple robes in his house.

The earliest English dandies were, it appears, known as 'Fopdoddles.' Butler mentions them in his Hudibras. 'You have been roaming,' he

Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle, And handled you like a fopdoddle.

Coming to the time of the English Revolution, we find that the designation by which fops were known had changed several times. was a favourite amusement of dissolute young gentlemen,' says Macaulay, 'to swagger by night about the town, breaking windows, upsetting sedans, beating quiet men, and offering rude caresses to pretty women. Several dynasties of these tyrants had, since the Restoration, domi-neered over the streets. The Muns and Tityre Tus had given place to the Hectors, and the Hectors had been recently succeeded by the Scourers. At a later period arose the Nicker, the Haucubite, and the yet more dreaded name of Mohawk.

A little later on the Fop appeared. thus characteristically refers to the partiality of

women for the society of fops:

In a dull stream which, moving slow, You hardly see the current flow. When a small breeze obstructs the course, It whirls about for want of force, And in its narrow circle gathers Nothing but chaff, and straw, and feathers. The current of a female mind Stops thus and turns with every wind, Thus whirling round, together draws Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and straws.

In the time of Dr Johnson, the Sparks were in great force; while the Beau also flourished in the last century. He seems to have been something like Lord Foppington in Sheridan's A Trip to Scarborough-very choice in the matter of oaths. especially dainty in shoe-buckles—which were as large as the shoe could possibly support-ablaze with jewelry, and extremely fond of powder and patches; altogether, one of the most ridiculous

caricatures of a mum one can easily conceive.

Next we come to the Macaronies, who were so called because they introduced Italian macaroni at Almack's subscription table. Addison gives the following derivation. 'There is,' he says, a set of merry dolls whom the common people of all countries admire, and seem to love so well that they could eat them, according to the old proverb; I mean those circumforaneous wits whom every nation calls by the name of that dish of every nation calls by the hame of that dish of meat which it loves best. In Holland, they are termed "Pickled Herrings;" in France, "Jean Potages;" in Italy, "Macaronies;" and in Great Britain, "Jack Puddings." The transference of the word from fools and clowns to men of fantastic refinement and exaggerated elegance is, as has been well observed, a singular circumstance, of which philologists have not as yet given a satisfactory explanation. It will be remembered that Sir Benjamin Backbite in The School for Scandal applies the word 'Macaroni' to horses of a good

Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies; All others are clowns, but these Macaronies:
And to give them this merit, I'm sure is not wrong Their manes are so smooth, and their tails are so long.

Macaronies were, it seems, the The human most exquisite fops that ever disgraced the name of man, yet we are indebted to them for the introduction of the well-known dish so named.

Dandyism brings to mind the Dandies, who were probably in their prime in the 'palmy days' of the Regency. 'I like the dandies,' says Lord

Byron-they were always very civil to me; though in general they disliked literary people, and persecuted and mystified Madame de Staël. Lewis, Horace Twiss, and the like. The truth is that, though I gave up the business early, I had a tinge of dandyism in my minority, and probably retained enough of it to conciliate the great ones at four-and-twenty.' The Dandies, however, received a severe handling from Carlyle some years later. 'Touching dandies,' says he, in Sartor Resartus, 'let us consider, with some scientific strictness, what a dandy specially is. A dandy is a clothes-wearing man—a man whose trade, office, and existence consist in the wearing of clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, purse, and person is heroically consecrated to this one object—the wearing of clothes wisely and well; so that as others dress to live, he lives to dress. The allimportance of clothes has sprung up in the intellect of the dandy without effort, like an instinct of genius: he is inspired with cloth, a poet of cloth. A divine idea of cloth is born with him.

After the Dandies came the Exquisites and the Loungers, who did everything in a style of their own, and whose motto was, 'Look and die.' These fools fancied themselves great lady-killers. The Exquisites and the Loungers were succeeded by the Corinthians, who were fops of a more adventurous and rough-and-ready kind. The word is derived from Corinth, whose immorality was proverbial both in Greece and Rome. A Corinthian, according to Dr Brewer, was the 'fast man' of Shakspeare's period also, hence the reference in Henry IV.: 'I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy.' 'Snobs' was the designation by which the fops of the next generation were known. Thackeray, who has made us familiar with the word, gives the etymology of it as pseudo-nobs—that is, false or Brummagem nobles.

Two or three years ago, the Daily News, in a notice of Punch's Almanac, observed: 'Those who are curious in the matter of "neology" should note that in this number the word "masher" has finally usurped the place of "swell," just as "swell" superseded "dandy," which itself was the successor of buck, blood, Corinthian, exquisite, macaroni, beau, and numerous other kindred designations.' Partly in consequence of this and similar paragraphs in other periodicals, the origin of the word 'masher'—the term by which another generation of fops were known-was attributed to our old friend Punch. But Dr Charles Mackay says the word, which came to us from the United States, is of Gaelic origin, and was introduced into the country by the Irish immigration. It is derived from the Gaelie maise—pronounced 'masher'—and signifies fine, elegant, handsome, and was originally applied in derision to a dandy. This derivation cannot, however, be regarded as final, as the French marcheur, and other words, have been claimed as the origin of masher.

'Dude' and 'Chappie' seem to be the latest synonyms for fop, but the words do not appear likely to come into general use.

The foppery of great men has always been a

The foppery of great men has always been a source of amusement—sometimes of disgust—to their contemporaries. The curled and scented ringlets of Disraeli were laughed at by his polifical friends; and it is very probable that Julius Peckham, of which I will venture to ask your

Casar was also laughed at because he set the fashion of wearing earrings, which before that had been confined to women and slaves. Disraeli's letters, however, prove that he could laugh at his own foibles in dress. Like Byron, the great Duke of Marlborough was a dandy when young, but he lived to see the folly of his ways.

Whether the present generation is wiser than its ancestors is perhaps open to question; but there can be no doubt that foppery as an institution is dying out, although mild specimens of the genus may probably exist until the end of time

#### THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW.

#### CHAPTER IV.

LADY PENGELLY'S interview with Matthew Roding was not yet over, when a little, prim-looking, elderly man walked slowly up the road of which Chesterfield Villa formed such a pretentious feature, scanning the name of each house he came to, and evidently at a loss where to look for the particular one he was in search of. He had the timid and furtive air of a man who wishes to escape observation. In one hand he carried with evident care a small package, wrapped round with thin white paper. His face brightened somewhat when he came to Chesterfield Villa and read the name painted on the gatepost. The villa had two entrances in front—one for visitors, the other for tradespeople and servants. It was to this latter entrance that the stranger made his way, and, after a last glance round, ventured to give a timid tug at the bell-pull. His summons was answered by a supercilious youth in buttons, who, after eyeing the little man from head to foot, condescended to say: Well, and what may your business be?

'This is Mr Abel Roding's house, is it not?'
'No; it ain't. This is Mr Matthew Roding's house,'

'But Mr Abel Roding lives here?'

'He do.'

'Will you please tell him that Peter Bunker would like to see him for a few minutes on particular business?'

'Peter who?' queried the youth loftily.

After the name had been repeated, he turned on his heel and went off at a leisurely pace, leaving the old clerk standing outside. Not long had he to wait, however. Presently, Abel came hurrying along the passage, and seizing him by the hand and shaking it heartily, drew him in doors. 'Why, Peter, old friend, what has brought you this morning?—But not a word here,' he added in a lower tone. 'Follow me to my room.'

When they had reached Abel's room and the door was shut, Peter said: 'You must excuse the liberty I have taken, sir, in coming here this morning; but I couldn't rest till I had seen you. But first of all, sir, allow me respectfully, but with all sincerity, to wish you many—very many—happy returns of the day. I had not forgotten it, sir—not by any means. And here are a few flowers, sir, simple things, gathered fresh this morning out of my little garden at Peeckham of which I will venture to ask your

acceptance. Speaking thus, Peter stripped off the paper and displayed his modest offering. acceptance.'

Grandad took the flowers and buried his nose among them. Thanks, old friend, many thanks both for the good wishes and the posy, he said. 'I know both of them are from the heart, and that is everything. The scent of these gillivers carries me back sixty years. We had great bushes of them at home in the south croft. To smell them again brings back, sharp and clear, scenes and pictures I had all but forgotten.' There was a far-away look in his eyes as he spoke; then, having smelled at the flowers again, he crossed to the chimney-piece and placed them in a vase there, which he filled with water from a jug on the sideboard.—'And now, Peter, you have something more to tell me, he said as he 'You look went back and resumed his seat. troubled this morning.

'I am troubled, sir, deeply troubled. Mr Matthew—not that I wish to say a word against him—has given me notice that he is going to pension me off. He says that I am slow and out of date and too old for my work. He wants a younger man-a man with more dash and "go" in him, he says. Slow I may be, Mr Roding; but I'm sure, sir, very sure. I've been over but I'm sure, sir, very sure. I've been over forty years with the firm, and I hoped to die in harness. It would break my heart to be turned adrift.' The little man's speech ended in a quaver that was not far removed from

Grandad's brow had darkened ominously at Peter's recital. 'Too old, ch, Bunker?' he said. 'That's all stuff and nonsense. Why, you're not sixty yet. Just in your prime-just in your

'A hint has reached me, Mr Roding,' resumed Peter, 'which I think it only right you should be made acquainted with. It came to me through Twamley, our junior clerk, who is a particular friend of Grigson, Mr Matthew's clerk at his Throgmorton Street office. What Grigson gave Twamley to understand was, that Mr Matthew wants the business—our business, sir—specially worked up for a couple of years or so, with the view of finding a customer for it at the end of that time, his new business being so much more profitable and requiring all his time and attention.

'Oho! so that's the game, is it?' exclaimed Grandad. 'I had an idea there was something of that sort in the wind. What is it Shylock says in the play?—"Tis not in the bond." No; certainly that little item is not in the bond. He rose and began to pace the room slowly, his hands behind his back, and his chin nearly touching his breast. After a time he seem to touching his breast. After a time he came to a halt behind Mr Bunker's chair, and gripping the little man hard by the shoulder, he said: 'Make your mind easy, old friend; whatever else may happen, you shall not be turned adrift. That I promise you.'

Peter started to his feet and faced Grandad's tall, gaunt figure. 'O Mr Roding, sir!' he gasped. Not another word could he utter at the moment,

so full was his heart.

"Now that I've got you here,' went on Abel presently, 'I don't mean to let you go in a hurry. You must stay and dine with me; and we'll crack a bottle of wine together and have a palayer about old times. One doesn't have a birthday every week.

Mr Bunker looked frightened. 'O Mr Roding, sir, thank you—thank you very much indeed! But what would Mr Matthew say at my taking French-leave in that way? He would be sure to hear of it. And then there's yesterday's work to post up in the ledger, and'-

'Tut, tut! let the ledger go unposted for once; and as for Matthew—never fear. The cook and I are famous friends, and she's promised me a splendid plum-pudding in honour of the occasion. There will only be us two, Bunker—only us two. You wouldn't leave me to dine alone on my birth-day, would you?' There was a ring of sadness in the old man's voice as he put this question.
'I shall feel most honoured, I am sure, sir

if you think it will be all right at the office.'

But Grandad did not seem to hear him. was hoping Ruff would have come to-day,' he muttered, half to himself. 'But the boy's forbidden the house, and I suppose his pride won't let him come near it. Still, I wish—— Well, well!'

Bunker's ears had caught the name. He had met the young painter two or three times at Islington, and had conceived a great admiration for him. 'And how is Mr Ruff, sir, if I may make bold to ask?' he said. 'Quite well, I trust; and no doubt as full of fun as ever. He always used to keep us alive; didn't he, sir? But what a pity—what a great pity he did not enter the counting-house! I would have put him through double-entry and everything. I would have '-

'Bunker, you're an ass!' said Abel, turning quickly on him. 'Any idiot is good enough for a counting-house; but just you try to paint a tree, or a wall with a bit of ivy trailing over it, or my withered old phiz, and then see where you'd be! It's only genius can do that, sirgenius! I wish with all my heart the boy had

been coming to-day.'

For a little while Mr Bunker ventured on no further remark. Presently, as if to make amends for his curtness, Grandad crossed to the sideboard, and opening it, produced therefrom a bottle of wine and a couple of glasses. I know you like a drop of good old port, Bunker, and so do I—so do I. It's a sensible taste. I think you'll find this as prime as anything they've got at Bilbo's. It will warm the cockles of your heart, old friend!'

Before putting the wine to his lips, the little man did not fail for the second time to wish his former employer many happy returns of the day, Abel made him empty the glass, and the generous fluid helped to unlosen his tongue. This is very like your old room at Islington, sir,' he said presently, as his eyes wandered from one article of furniture to another. \* Puts me quite in mind of it, only of course the windows have a different look out.

'Yes; it was my daughter-in-law's idea to make it as like the old spot as possible, answered Abel dryly. 'Very kind and thoughtful of her, was

it not?'
'But you don't mean to say, sir, that you live in this room! I thought'—— Then he stopped in some confusion.

'You thought my home was in those fine rooms

on the other side of that green baize door, with their big mirrors, and their gilding, and their velvet couches and gimeracks? No, no; my daughter-in-law understands my simple tastes better than you, Bunker. This is my sitting-room, and there beyond is my bedroom, and I have them all to myself! Think of that! Oughtn't I to be a happy man?' There was a bitterness in his tone which struck dismay to the old clerk's heart.

'And all the grand furniture and everything in the house bought with your money, sir!' he could not help saying; but Grandad did not seem to hear the remark.

There was a long-stemmed, cherry-wood pipe resting against the corner of the chimney-piece; pointing to it, Peter said: 'I am glad to see, sir, that you still enjoy your tobacco.'

A faint flush mounted to Grandad's wrinkled cheek. 'And you, yours, I'll be bound, Bunker. I remember that you always were fond of your 'baccy. If I had known you were coming, I would have ordered in some of your favourite cut Cavendish. There's a nice summer-house in the garden, and we'll have a pipe together presently.'

'All among the earwigs and caterpillars, eh, sir? But you don't always smoke in the summer-house, do you, sir?' It was an innocent question, and asked more for the sake of saying something than for any other reason.

Grandad coughed and fidgeted a little before answering, 'Well, you see, Bunker, this is how it is. My daughter-in-law doesn't like smoking—thinks it's vulgar, and all that, which of course is nonsense. Then, if I smoke indoors, even with the green baize doors shut, she says she can smell it all over the house. You see, she's got a very sensitive nose, which may be a blessing or may not, as people think. So, for the sake of peace and quietness, Bunker—only for peace and quietness, mind you—I now do all my smoking out of doors.'

my smoking out of doors?

O Mr Roding, sir, that I should live to see the day when you would be frightened at a woman—you who used to be your own master and everybody else's! The wine had evidently imparted to the little man a degree of courage which he ordinarily lacked.

Grandad stared at him for a moment, then he said, but not roughly: 'Bunker, either you are an old fool or I am. Which is it?—But let us get out into the garden.'

Five minutes later, Bunker being a little distance away, trying to fathom the mysteries of a sundial, Grandad felt a light touch on his sleeve, and on turning, found himself confronted by

Mary Nunnely's smiling face.

'Just a word,' she said hurriedly in a voice that was scarcely raised above a whisper. 'When I was down the road half an hour ago I met Ruff—quite by accident of course. He is coming to dine with you to-day because it's your birth-day; but he doesn't want to create any unpleasantness with Mrs Roding. He will be outside the gate that opens into the lane at twelve o'clock, and he wants you to let him in when the coast is clear. It's terribly audacious of him, I know. Mr Roding has been gone about twenty minutes, and Mrs Roding has ordered the carriage to go shopping in. She will be away a couple of hours

at the least, and, for a wonder, she is going to take Freddy with her. But I dare not stay another moment now.'

Grandad had not been able to put in a word, and all he could now do was to stand and stare after the girl's retreating figure till it was lost to view. Then he turned, and as he did so, he muttered half aloud: 'So the boy's coming. He has not forgotten the old man, after all. Somehow, the sunshine seems to have grown brighter, and the air does not feel so chilly as it did a while ago. Well, well!—Now, I do hope that plum-pudding will beat every plum-pudding that was ever concected before.'

At five minutes past twelve, the garden gate was opened by Grandad with the key he always carried, for that was his usual mode of egress and ingress, and Master Ruff was smuggled into the forbidden territory. Over the greetings between the old man and the young one we need not linger. That they were affectionate and sincere on both sides may be taken for granted. Bunker and Ruff met as old acquaintances. Scarcely were the greetings over, when a servant brought in a small hamper containing the game-pie, together with certain other articles which had just arrived. Ruff made-believe to know nothing whatever about the hamper and its contents; but Grandad was not to be so easily imposed upon. In a little while Ruff began to grow fidgety and to look as if something were wanting to complete his contentment. Grandad, who was keen-sighted enough on occasion, divined at once what was amiss, and presently left the room without a word to either of the others.

No sooner had he gone than Ruff brought forth his painting of the water-mill, which till now had been sheeted in brown paper. He had not forgotten to bring some cord and a brassheaded nail; and in three minutes the picture had found a place on the wall, there to greet Grandad as a pleasant surprise on his return.

When the victoria had driven off Londonwards, with Mrs Roding and Freddy sitting in state therein, Mary went at once to the little morningroom in which she and the child spent the greater part of each day. She took up her sewing, feeling that she must occupy herself in some way; but swiftly as her needle moved, her thoughts flew to and fro a thousand times more swiftly. Her heart was in a flutter; in her cheeks the wild-rose tints came and went fitfully. Ruff had sold his picture, and had got a commission for another; that was indeed, as he had said, great news—glorious news! And then he had told her that he meant to make her his wife in six months from now. What news could sound sweeter than that in the ears of a girl who loved as she loved? And yet within the rose there lurked the inevitable canker-worm. What happiness it would be to be Ruff's wife, if only his father were reconciled to him and would consent to their marriage! But there was the rub. In time, the breach between Mr Roding and his son would doubtless be made up, especially now that Ruff was on the high-road to fame and fortune—for so, in happy ignorance of the thousand-and-one obstacles still to be surmounted, she believed him to be-but would such reconciliation ever come to pass should Ruff madly, foolishly affront in life by marrying her, a penniless dependent on his mother's bounty? Mr Roding was not on his mother's bounty? the kind of man to forgive such a mesalliance, as he would undoubtedly deem it to be. Wealth seemed to be flowing in upon him, bringing with it, as she divined already, ambitious dreams of many kinds, in some of which his son doubtless played a conspicuous part. For her to wed Ruff would be to drag him down from the golden future which shone so close before him; and then, perhaps, in years to come—who could tell?—he might tire of her, and regret the sacrifice he had made. No, never-never could she become his wife!

At this thought, two burning tears welled slowly from under her eyelashes. She stopped her needle for a moment, and as she raised her hand to brush them away, she saw Grandad standing in the doorway, regarding her with curious questioning eyes. The soft pile of the carpet had deadened the sound of his footsteps. With a little cry, Mary dropped her work and sprang to her feet as the old man came quickly forward. Then he drew her to him and kissed her softly on the brow. 'Come, come,' he said cheerily; 'of all days in the year, tears will never do to-day. The scapegrace has arrived; but he's got such a dreadful fit of the fidgets coming on, that I want you to come and try whether you can't soothe him back into gentleness. Why, the boy has sold his picture—as I knew all along he would and he's been asked to paint another; and I hear, as plainly as ever I heard anything, the sound of wedding-bells in the distance, and Why, what's this? The young baggage is actually crying, when she ought to be as bright and full of happiness as a morning in May!'

Still holding her round the waist, and stroking her hair fondly with one hand, he let her overcharged heart relieve itself silently for a few moments; then lie said: 'What is it that troubles you, my pretty? Tell me-tell Grandad. Sometimes we old folk are like wizards, and can weave spells and bring things to pass by the power of our magic in a way you youngsters never dream of. Tell me what troubles you.
O Mr Roding, Ruff and I can never, never

get married, quavered Mary as she drew herself away and wiped the tears from her eyes.

O ho! that's news indeed. And why not,

pray !-why not?'

Because Ruff is going to be rich and famous now, and his father would never forgive him, or be reconciled to him, if he were to marry a dependent, penniless girl like me.'

Is that all that troubles you?' asked Grandad

with a sort of contemptuous snort.

Mary did not answer, but her silence seemed to ask repreachfully: 'Is it not trouble enough for a girl who loves as I love?'

'Now, listen to me,' went on Grandad impressively; 'and then dry your eyes and try to put on your prettiest smiles. Before the year we are now in is dead and buried, Ruff Roding and his father will be reconciled; and, what's more, the latter will have given his consent to your marriage with his son. That which I promise I can perform, for I am one of those wizards I told you of just now.'

despatching the telegram which had so greatly puzzled him, he found the breakfast-room empty. Matthew Roding was still closeted with Lady Pengelly. Having the room to himself, Mr Grigson took up and glanced rapidly over such letters as his employer had already opened. There seemed nothing in them, however, that interested him. He was still ferreting among the papers, when he gave a great start and glanced quickly round. There before him lay a polished steel key of peculiar workmanship. Matthew Roding had laid it beside his breakfast tray when he came down, and had forgotten to put the when summoned to meet Lady Pengelly.

'The key of the private safe, by Jove!' ex-

the governor to let it out of his possession before. I've been waiting for this chance for four long months, and now it's come.-What a slice of

luck!

After another glance round and a moment of anxious listening, he produced from an inner pocket a flat tin box not quite so large as the palm of his hand. When the lid of this was removed, a cake of prepared wax was disclosed, on the yielding surface of which, a quarter of a minute later, his dexterous fingers had impressed a facsimile of the key, with all its intricate network of wards minutely and sharply defined. After this, it was the work of a moment to replace the lid and put back the box in its hiding-place. Then with his handkerchief he carofully wiped the key and put it back among the papers where he had found it. 'This may prove useful some day, or it may not,' he muttered. 'In any case, I now command the situation. You fly your kite very high, my dear Mr Roding, very high indeed. I admire your audacity, but sometimes tremble for the result. It is quite in the chapter of accidents that one day the string may break and your kite come down with a run. Ergo, the man who is wise prepares himself betimes for eventualities.'

When Matthew Roding went back after conducting Lady Pengelly to her carriage, he found his confidential clerk quietly gnawing one end of his moustache and, to all appearance, deeply immersed in the Times.

(To be concluded next month.)

#### THE ITINERANT OLD-BOOKSELLER.

THE itinerant vendor of old books going about with his humble stock-in-trade from town to village and from village to town, is a character whom one now seldom encounters. The fairs and markets at which he used invariably to appear being themselves to a great extent now obsolete, the individuals of the species who remain to the present day have ceased to move in regular orbits. But they do still make their appearance at odd times, after long intervals, their stock being usually laid out and disposed of after nightfall by the light of a flaring paraffin lamp. And what a stock! Were any intelligent person to linger over it a few moments, out of curiosity, he would wonder how any human being would travel about with such a heap of When Mr Grigson got back to the villa after trash. But doubtless a livelihood can be aked

out in this as well as other lowly pursuits; and certainly a sale carried on in the open air under like conditions would not produce remunerative prices for books of a superior description. At anyrate, the trade in these is in the hands of a very different class of people, out of whose fullness it was that this motley collection was formed ; for when the itinerant old-bookman desires to make up a stock, he calls upon the respectable members of the trade, and inquires in quite undisguised language whether they have any rubbish to sell him. They do usually have plenty; but if it is not yet separated from the valuable stock, preparatory to being sold for waste paper, then it is not worth while for the shop or stall keeper to leave his customers and business to attend to the wishes of his humble compeer. But occasionally the latter does bag a heap of odd and tattered volumes for less than the lot would have realised if the seller had stuck to his first intentions regarding it, because in this case fellow-feeling steps in and modifies the bargain.

The kind and quality of the stock-in-trade gathered together in this way may be judged of. The items which it comprises must after all, sooner or later, come into the hands of the waste-paper merchant, and the intervening transaction, instead of changing their destiny, only postpones it. By the light of the blazing, sputtering lamp they are now once more to be dispersed; and as it would be difficult to dispose of the various volumes on their own merits, fascinating and wholly fictitious ideas of their contents are communicated to the bystanders. The man into whose temporary possession they have passed is usually a coarse-featured individual, sometimes with but one eye, sometimes squint-eyed, sometimes afflicted with a defective articulation; but almost always he wears on his face a look of roguish cunning, suggestive of a fund of Hibernian humour which very soon shows itself in the reckless descriptions about to be given of his literary wares. Taking up a moderate-sized book, which might be, so far as his very mixed audience can judge, either a volume of travels, a treatise on trigonometry, or a last-century novel, he begins as follows: 'Now, gentlemen, here is a book you can all read. Here is a volume that will keep you laughing while you are reading it. How much for this book, full of valuable knowledge and amusing entertainment? I won't ask ten shillings for this volume, nine shillings, six, five, half-a-crown—here, I'll take a shilling for this lot-one shilling, a sixpence, threepence -here, I'll take twopence for it.

At this too early stage in the downward scale of price, the book is bought by a ploughman, and turns out to be a catalogue of the books in some library or another. Ashamed of having been done, the purchaser slinks away out of the crowd amidst the jeers of those nearest him; while with complacent leer and an audible chuckle, the seller pockets the price and reaches down for another Tot.

relation to whom it stands in much the same position as Oliver and Boyd's Edinburgh Almanac does to the Scottish community at large. This volume, which was never of use or even intelligible to any human being except a lawyer, is disposed of thus: 'Now, gentlemen, I have to bring before you a really superior lot of goods. If any gentleman wants a bargain, now is the time. The Parliament House Book, containing the lives of eminent statesmen. Who bids for this superior work? I don't ask twelve shillings and sixpence for this really valuable book, ten shillings, five shillings—here, I'll take one shilling for this work. One shilling. Are you all done? Here—six, five, four, I'll take threepence for the Parliament House Book, containing the lives of eminent statesmen.—Are you all done? Here—I'll take a penny for it.—Sold again!'

A soldier is the buyer in this instance, and he gets a bargain, though he only uses the leaves for lighting his pipe, for there must be three hundred of them at least.

Grammars, English and Latin, Euclids, arithmetic-books, and all kinds of old educational works, always form a conspicuous feature in the pack, and find purchasers. Odd volumes of some well-known historical work are also readily disposed of, especially if they contain one or two engravings. Let an odd volume of Hume's History of England, having a picture of Queen Mary's execution for a frontispiece, be held up, and a dozen people will shout for it as soon as the minimum price has been named. This the seller of old books knows, and he supplies the demand by producing 'Another of the same lot, gentle-men;' 'Here's another left;' 'One more, gentle-men;' 'One more;' 'One more left, gentlemen'— until the lot is cleared away with breathless rapidity. Sermons are numerous, but are quite neglected. Books of Tales and Adventures are readily sold; but, as a rule, they are in a sadly defective and tattered condition. Over the drier volumes, a glamour derived from the realm of fiction is thrown to make them go off. One of the fraternity, who was in the habit, till within quite recent years, of visiting a certain northern city, used to wind up his summary of the contents of every volume, no matter what it was, with this sentence, which he rolled in his mouth with peculiar unction: 'And Nero's Golden Palace a full account of Nero's Golden Palace and

all the Roman emperors.'

Probably not the very maddest bibliophile would dream of stopping a little while within the precincts of the paraffin lamp, in the dim hope of securing a prize. In his estimation, the books which the mongrel-looking specimen of humanity is actively dispersing, in exchange for the coppers that shall provide him with supper and a bed, are mere rubbish; and doubtless, from his point of view, they are so. But biography compels us to admit that haply one or two of these odd volumes may find their way into the hands of some poor creature, young in years as yet, and neglected by all around, but whose soul withal is athirst for knowledge. By such a one they will be welcomed as rays of light coming from that distant world to which The next volume happens to be, say, an old his heart aspires with indefinite longing, yea, Parliament House Book, an annual statistical work with painful aching; and so the sputtering of use only to the legal profession in Scotland, in

metamorphosed in our eyes, not all improperly, let us hope, into a real though humble representative of the great, ever-burning, inextinguishable 'Lamp of Learning.'

#### RED-INDIAN METHODS OF DEER-CAPTURE.

DEER-HUNTING, as is well known, forms one of the chief employments of the numerous tribes of Indians who roam over the vast territory of North America. It is equally well known that the flesh and skin of these animals constitute the staple articles of Indian food and clothing respectively. Although the wants of the Indians in these two particulars are identical, the means adopted to supply them are not so, but often vary considerably. To secure the valuable prey by shooting, either with gun or bow, is common to all the tribes. In hunting the moose, the Eskimo and the Montagnais depend mainly upon their fleetness of foot and their skill in throwing a sort of elongated harpoon; and when once upon the track of the deer, they rarely fail to encom-pass its death. The writer knew two young men of the Montagnais tribe who left their wigwam in the morning, travelled a distance of forty miles into the interior, discovered and captured a deer whose carcase weighed nearly two hundred pounds, and returned with their spoil in the space of about twenty hours. An effective but cruel device which is much used, particularly by the Indians who live on the confines of the pale-face territory, and also by the white settlers themselves, is to place a large noose, usually of stout rope, in rabbit-snare fashion, between two trees on each side of the deer-track at the same distance from the ground at which the animal carries its head, which, when proceeding through the forest, is thrown back upon the shoulders.

The Co-Yukon Indians of Alaska kill the moose in large numbers while swimming across the Yukon river during their periodical migrations, 'manœuvring round in their birch-bark canoes till the animal is fatigued, and then stealthily approach and stab it in the heart or loins.' Another and more ingenious mode of capturing deer adopted by these Indians is thus described by Mr Whymper in his Travels in Alaska. 'A kind of corral or enclosure, elliptical in form, and open at one end, is made on a deer-trail, generally near the outlet of a wood. The further end of the enclosed space is barricaded; the sides are built of stakes, with slip-nooses or loops between them. Herds of deer are driven in from the woods, and trying to break from the trap, generally run their heads into the nooses, tighten them, and so get caught, or are shot whilst still bewildered and running from side to side. Near the opening, it is common to exect piles of snow with "portholes," through which natives, hidden, shoot at the passing deer.'

natives, hidden, shoot at the passing deer.'

We will notice lastly the 'deer-fences' of the once numerous and powerful but now extinct Beothic nation, the aboriginal inhabitants of Newfoundland. They are thus described by Mr Harvey in a recent interesting book on Newfoundland: 'The deer-fences were made by felling the frees along the ridge of the river's bank without chopping the trunks quite asunder, taking care that they fell parallel with the river.

each tree having been guided so as to coincide with and fall upon the last. Gaps were filled up by driving in stakes and interweaving the branches and limbs of other trees. They were raised to the height of six, seven, or ten feet, as the place required, and were not to be forced or leaped by the largest deer.' It is interesting to notice that large portions of these deer-fences still remain in some parts of the interior of Newfoundland, principally, however, in those lying to the north-east and north-west, the usual headquarters of the Beoths. The intrepid Cor-mack, when travelling in Newfoundland, saw those which lie on the bank of the river Exploits, and in the narrative of his expedition he thus refers to them: 'What arrests the attention most while gliding down the stream is the extent of the Indian fences to entrap the deer. extend from the lake downwards continuously, on the banks of the river at least thirty miles. There are openings left here and there in them, for the animals to go through and swim across the river; and at these places the Indians were stationed, to kill them in the water with spears, out of their canoes, as at the lake. Here, then, connecting these fences with those on the northwest side of the lake, are at least forty miles of country, easterly and westerly, prepared to intercept all the deer that pass that way in their periodical migrations. It was melancholy to contemplate the gigantic yet feeble efforts of a whole primitive nation, in their anxiety to provide subsistence, forsaken and going to decay. There must have been hundreds of the Red Indians, and that not many years ago, to have kept up these fences and pounds.

# THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

An American scientist, Professor Leeds, during an investigation into an outbreak of typhoid fever, is said to have discovered a peculiar property in Upon examining the water-supply in the district in which this epidemic occurred, he found that it was swarming with bacteria, a few drops containing many thousands of living germs. To this water he added a small amount of alum, the proportion being only half a grain per gallon, a quantity which we need hardly say would be tasteless. He found that not only did this minute addition cause a precipitation of all foreign matter, but that the germs were reduced to a few specimens which were all of a large form. By filtration, this alum-treated water was rendered perfectly clear of bacteria. The experiment is one of great importance; and if the results obtained are found, upon repetition, to be certain, a great discovery has been made. Of course, we cannot say that the disease in question was actually caused by the presence of these germs in the water, but it is certain that such germs are always plentiful when disease is common.

The Natural History Museum at South Kensington is, as far as its contents are concerned, rapidly approaching completion. It has just been enriched by two very fine ornithological collections, perhaps the finest which have ever been made —namely, that of the late Marquis of Tweeddale, and that belonging to his nephew Captain Ramsay.

Captain Ramsay's own collection has been made during an extended military career in Eastern lands, and it includes specimens of birds from Afghanistan, the Indian peninsula, the Andaman Islands, Burmah, &c. By these additions, this fine Museum will receive specimens of birds which before were only conspicuous by their absence. In addition to the birds, there is a large library attached to the Marquis of Tweeddale's Collection; and the value of this and the specimens together is estimated at fifteen thousand pounds; but of course their real value to the country from an educational point of view cannot be priced.

The Pneumatic Dynamite Gun, which has been noticed before in our columns, has lately been subjected to some very exhaustive trials at Fort Lafayette, New York. The Secretary of the United States navy had placed at the disposal of the Company which has been formed for dealing with this weapon, an old schooner, which was moored at about two thousand yards from the fort. After two shots of blank shells had been fired, in order to find the range, the gun was loaded with a charged missile containing fifty-five pounds of explosive gelatine. The result of this shot was to give the old vessel a terrible shaking, and, as was discovered by those who boarded her immediately after the explosion, to injure her severely and cause serious leaks. With succeeding shots the vessel was broken up into matchwood. A photograph taken instantaneously, just as one of these explosions occurred, shows the vessel with the hull raised up several feet above its normal position. This picture thus exhibits in a curious manner the peculiar liftingpower of the explosive employed. A writer in one of our service journals maintains that some kind of international agreement will have to be come to for the prompt execution of the inven-tors of new weapons; otherwise, he urges that the whole naval question will be once more upset, and millions must be spent in a new direction. This reminds us that there are many true words

spoken in jest.' The Zoological Gardens, London, have just received an addition to their magnificent collection of an animal which has not yet been seen there. This is a young gorilla, its exact age not being known. When first exhibited, it is said to have shown great shyness before the visitors and refused to eat: but it seems now to have got over its disinclination for food, and eats nearly any kind of fruit which is offered to it, but more especially seems to be fond of pomegranates. It may be remembered by some of our readers that a baby gorilla was some years ago exhibited in London; but it speedily succumbed to the rigours of our climate. It is to be hoped that this new and interesting acquisition at the Zoological Gardens may be more fortunate, although it has come to us at a time of year which is rather risky to an inhabitant of tropical Africa.

The importance which attaches in the present day to the art of photography may be gauged to a certain extent by the fact that a column and a half of the *Times* newspaper has lately been devoted to a description of the Photographic Society's annual Exhibition in London. While there was nothing very novel or of a startling character in this Exhibition, yet the visitor could not and signed testimonials as to what they considered

help making one or two observations which seem to point to certain advances in the art. In the first place, the old method of printing photographs in silver seems to be on the wane; and this is not a subject for regret, for it is well known that such prints are subject to discoloration and fading. the present Exhibition, photographs printed in salts of platinum—which give permanent results largely predominate. Another thing which is noteworthy is the amount of wall-space taken up in this Exhibition by pictures produced by processes which adapt photographs to book and newspaper illustration.

The manager of the Brighton Aquarium states that the octopus has become so rare on the neighbouring coasts that his collection is now reduced to one specimen of this interesting creature. But, according to Mr A. W. Tuer, both varieties of the octopus or cuttle-fish are plentiful just now outside Falmouth harbour, where, a short time ago, this gentleman caught a large number. In this country, the octopus, possibly on account of its repulsive appearance, is not used for food; although foreign seamen, especially Spaniards, look upon it as a delicacy. Mr Tuer was venturesome enough to try for himself whether the octopus was palatable or not. He says that he had one curried, and found it excellent, and that it was not unlike tender tripe. English fishermen value the creature only as a bait for other fish.

When the present systems of electric illumination were in their infancy, one great difficulty which inventors found in adapting the light to domestic uses was the necessity for finding some instrument by which the amount of current utilised could be measured, in the same manner as gas is registered by the gas meter. Several electric meters have been devised, but they are generally of rather complicated construction. Professor George Forbes has recently contrived one which is both simple in construction and efficient. Its principal part is a spiral wire of the shape of a large watch-spring, the two ends of which are connected with binding screws, so that the apparatus can readily be attached to any source of electric supply. The electric current in traversing this wire causes it to become heated, and has the effect of causing the air-currents in its neighbourhood to be heated as well. By this means, a system of ascending air-currents is established. These ascending currents are made to act upon a small and delicate horizontal windmill, which is in connection with a train of toothed wheels which move the hands on a couple of dials. These hands indicate the number of revolutions of the windmill, which are proportional to the amount of electricity which causes the iron spring to become hot. The meter will be exhibited at the Electrical Exhibition which is now being arranged for by the Electrical Society in New York.

It is not long ago since there was exhibited in London a so-called electrical lady. Upon touching her hand, arm, or face, the visitor received a distinct electric shock, which shock continued so long as his hand was in contact with the lady's skin. According to the showman who exhibited this curiosity, the lady was deaf and dumb, and therefore she was not in a position to hear or a genuine natural phenomenon. Some light, however, is thrown upon the matter by the confession of a boy who was lately in the same business as the electrical lady, and who is now said to be in New York acting in the more prosaic character of a compositor in a printing-office. This boy has lately explained how it was all done. He says that strips of zinc were laid under the cocoa-nut matting which served as a carpet for the visitors, and also under the carpet upon which he stood. The matting above the zinc was kept constantly wet, a circumstance not likely to be detected by the visitors. By the help of an electric battery and an induction coil, a circuit was completed when any of the visitors touched the boy. The effect of this constant current was too much for the nerves of this youthful prodigy, and after a time he was obliged to retire.

It is not often that the real cause of an explosion in a powder-mill comes to light, for the very good reason that those who could best explain how it occurred have been the first victims. This, however, is not the case with the explosion which took place in September last at the Lowwood Gunpowder Works, Lancashire. Two men on that occasion unfortunately lost their lives. It seems that one of them was in the act of using a sledgehammer upon an iron key or wedge, and that one of his blows struck a spark which inflamed some explosive dust. The catastrophe may be described as a deflagration rather than an explosion, and no injury would have resulted if the two men had not been cramped up in a small space, from which they could not readily escape. They died within twenty-four hours of the explosion, but not before they were able to give an exact account of what occurred. It seems that a large amount of this explosive dust had accumulated in the upper portion of the building, which had not been periodically washed out, as it should have been. The dust formed in the manufacture of the gunpowder had settled on all places where a settlement was possible, and had formed incrustations which took fire in the way explained.

It is said that four hundred thousand tons of Thomas slag are annually ground into fine powder for use in German agriculture. This slag forms a valuable fertilising agent, from the fact that it contains a large amount of phosphate of lime. The process, of which it is a by-product—that of Messrs Gilchrist and Thomas—consists in the elimination of phosphorus from crude iron before the conversion of that metal into steel. From experiments which have lately been made by Professor Wagner of Darmstadt, it would seem that this tertilising agent is of far more value than those in common use. But its efficacy depends on the degree of fineness to which it is reduced, and the experimenter named urges that it cannot be ground too finely. In this form, it is very easily decomposable, is much more easily taken up by the roots of plants, and is more easily dissolved than if it is supplied to the ground in a coarse condition. The slag contains a certain proportion of iron; but this has no prejudicial influence. In using this fertiliser, it should be ploughed in deeply, in which case its beneficial effect will be felt for a number of years.

From a recent Report by the consul of the United States at Copenhagen, a good deal can be gleaned concerning Danish butter. Complaints

have for some time been made that Danish butter -once considered the finest in the world—has gradually deteriorated, exporters affirming that only about one-fifth of the butter made is as good as it used to be. In the Report referred to, the decline in quality is admitted; and the two main causes of the falling-off in the quality of the butter are given as follows: In the first place, the fodder of the cows is different from what it used to be; the swedes and turnips—which were always before avoided, as giving a pervading taste to butter—are now commonly used, together with brun, cotton-seed cakes, &c. The other cause of the deterioration is said to be the want of that care and attention which are so essential in all dairy operations. In past times, it was common for travelling instructors to go from farm to farm in Denmark in order to teach the people the best way of doing their work. This system has long been given up, and the dairykeepers, This system like a great many other people, think they are sufficiently skilled, and require no further education. Another cause given for the failing quality of the butter is the prevalence of large dairies, which in recent years have been established all over the country, and in which individual care

and interest are not too prominent.

The British Medical Journal calls attention to a new form of milk adulteration in our own country. It is pointed out that trade journals contain numerous advertisements of preservatives for milk which will prevent that fluid from turning sour, and by which means it can be kept from day to day without loss. These nostrums are generally compounds of boracic or salicylic acids, and sometimes of bicarbonate of soda. Although these preparations are not actually poisonous, their constant absorption in small doses cannot but be prejudicial to health. Another form of adulteration is indicated in the use of colouring matter, the basis of which is annatto. The advantage to the dealer in using these colouring agents is, that milk which has been thinned by being deprived of its cream has the semblance of richness given to it by the addition of the colour. We are reminded that natural milk is white rather than yellow, except in the case of a few breeds of cows, such as the pure Alderney. But as long as the general public demand a product which is yellow, the trade is sure to comply with their wishes. The same remarks will hold good with regard to butter, which in its pure state is generally white, rather than yellow.

The incandescent gaslight, to which we devoted some little attention a few months back, seems to be making steady and satisfactory progress in the country. It has already been adopted at two London theatres, and at the Instrument Room at the General Post-office. It is also in use at Madame Tussand's Waxwork Exhibition and at Willis's Concert Rooms, London. Its adoption at the Bank of England is contemplated. We are indebted for this information to the Gas and Water Review.

it should be its beneficial in fayour is that which embodies what is known as the 'regenerative principle.' In these lamps, of which there are two or three varieties in the market, the products of combustion are consumed, and the burner is constantly fed with a stream of

heated air produced by the action of the lamp itself. In this way, a much higher degree of efficiency is obtained from the gas used; while at the same time there are no unburnt particles of carbon escaping to blacken ceilings or to work destruction upon books and furniture. The latest pattern of this form of burner is known as 'Thomas's Patent Regenerative Lamp.' Its general form is that of a small sunlight enclosed in a glass globe. Its air-supply is so broken up into thin streams by the peculiar construction of its parts, that the oxygen is supplied to it to the best advantage. Further particulars can be obtained from the Patentees, 55 and 56 Minories, London, E.C.

Mr Ellis Lever, who is ever active in the interest of our coalminers, has again called attention to the number of mining disasters which occur annually in this country. He tells us that the number of deaths from colliery accidents average twelve hundred a year, a large proportion of which are due to explosions of firedamp. There is every reason to believe that in the near future Mr Lever will have no occasion to deplore this great loss of life, for electric safety lamps for miners' use are now almost within reach.

The Secretary and Manager of the Edison and Swan Electric Light Company has recently published some information on this subject. In April last, this Company placed a number of their portable electric lamps on trial in certain mines in South Wales, where they were submitted to regular and daily testing. The miners were so delighted with these new lamps, that they declared that if the authorities did not provide them, they would pay for them themselves. In the end the owners of these very mines (Watts, Wood, & Co.) have ordered two thousand four hundred electric safety lamps to be manufactured, and there is no doubt that the force of public opinion will cause all other mine-owners to follow this noble example. The Edison Company claim the prize of five hundred pounds which was so generously offered by Mr Ellis Lever for the best and safest miners' electric lamp.

Those who are engaged in the management of dynamos and other electrical machines know to their cost that their watches get magnetised by these machines, and are soon rendered bad timekeepers, if not altogether useless. Various methods have been from time to time suggested for either preventing this magnetisation of the steel parts of watches or of demagnetising them after the injury has occurred. A watchmaker of Geneva has now succeeded in discovering an alloy of a metal which is quite unaffected by magnetism or cor-rosion, and which will at the same time answer the purpose of steel for watchwork. This metal is one of the platinum group called Palladium, and so far as we know, it has not been utilised before in any practical way, except perhaps in photography, possibly on account of its rarity and consequent cost. Balances and balance springs made of this alloy are said to have the necessary hardness, and in other ways are fitted for use in chronometers and watches. The invention is one

of great importance.

As we have before indicated, the cheapening of the metal aluminium by modern methods of production has caused it to be extensively used in the firth, the bed was of limestone, out of

manufactures from which it was previously excluded by its cost. Among the purposes to which it has recently been applied is the manufacture of plates for dental uses. It is said that when these plates are made from the pure metal they give better results than ones of rubber, and are of course far less in cost than those of gold. The metal is perfectly tasteless, and is at the same time extremely light and strong.

#### AN OLD FORTH TUNNEL SCHEME.

SUBMARINE tunnels are now an established fact. They have been successfully constructed under the Thames, the Severn, the Mersey, and elsewhere, and the practicability of such a means of communication beneath the bed of the English Channel is no longer matter of dispute. If Scotland is not yet possessed of one of these monuments to modern engineering skill, it is not because the idea is a new one to Scotsmen. So early as the beginning of the present century-in 1806-it was proposed that a subterranean roadway should be formed under the Firth of Forth; and if the project had been carried out, it would have been the first of the kind in the history of the world, at least since Semiramis is said to have diverted the course of the Euphrates until she had constructed an arched way over the bed of that river.

The Forth Tunnel was to afford an easy and agreeable way whereby the farmer north of the firth could drive his grain in his own cart to the Edinburgh market, the Highlander find a short cut with his cattle to the Lowland fairs, and the traveller escape the horrors of the mal do mer and other inconveniences. The principal ferries on the Forth were between North and South Queensferry, and between Leith and Kinghorn, or rather Pettycur, at the western end of Kinghorn; but powers had also been taken to make ferry-ports of Burntisland and Newhaven. Necessarily, the labour of loading and unloading merchandise, and of embarking and disembarking cattle for so short a voyage, was great, while it tended to the detriment of the goods and increased expense to the shipper. The tedium of awaiting tides, traffic, and weather was no less irritating to the traveller. All this was to be obviated by the proposed tunnel.

The chief promoters of the scheme were James Miller, M.D., and Mr Vazie. No difficulty was anticipated in carrying out the design, as the geological features of the coast gave indication of a satisfactory medium under water. Immunity from inundation was insured by the fact, that already the bed of the firth was extensively tunnelled from both sides in coal-mining operations without incurring the inroads of the sea. The place chosen for the enterprise was not, as one would naturally expect, the narrow strait between North and South Queensferry where the Forth Bridge is now being constructed; the water was there too deep, and the underlying bed of whinstone too hard for cutting. This whinstone rock extended as far west as the Bimar Rock, Rather more than a mile farther up the firth, the bed was of linestone, out of

which formation rises the Dove Craig, or the Du Craig as it is called in the ordnance maps. But neither was this rock suitable for tunnelling purposes. Between these two beds of whinstone and limestone, however, there was supposed to lie a fine bed of freestone, similar to that contained in Rosyth Quarry, out of which the materials for constructing the docks at Leith were taken. Here, then, it was proposed to locate the tunnel, which, starting from the neighbourhood of Rosyth Castle, would trend shorewise until a depth of about seven fathoms below the shore was reached; then passing beneath the firth, would still descend to a depth of between twenty and thirty fathoms at the centre, as at this part of the firth the depth of the water did not exceed ten fathoms. The exit from the tunnel on the south side of the firth was to be a little way west of the Lintmill Burn, about half-way between South Queensferry and Hopetoun House.

The tunnel, if it had been constructed, would have been about two miles in length, and throughout fifteen feet broad and fifteen feet high, with an arched roof. Footpaths three feet broad were to be constructed on both sides, the remaining nine feet to be the carriage-way. The tunnel was to be lit either with oil lamps, or preferably, if it could be done, with 'hydrogen gas or inflammable air from pit-coal.' To expedite the traffic, twin-tunnels were suggested—one for coming, the other for going. The cost of the coming, the other for going. The cost of the whole, including engines and pumps for keeping the tunnels dry, was estimated at one hundred and sixty or seventy thousand pounds, which it was proposed to raise by the floating of a Company with a capital of one hundred and fifty

thousand pounds.

But would it have paid? The promoters thought there was no doubt about that. amount of the revenue from the ferry at Queensferry was not ascertainable, but was set down by some at three thousand pounds a year; while others placed the amount at six thousand pounds. An estimate of the proceeds from the tunnel is furnished in the following: 5200 carriages, at 5s. each, £1300; 12,000 horses, at 1s. each, £600; 13,000 carts, at 2s. 6d. each, £1625; 20,000 cattle, at 9d. each, £750; 12,000 sheep, at 3d. each, £150; 80,000 foot-passengers, at 2d. each, £366, 13, 4d. ellewsee from sheep, at 3d. each, £666, 13s. 4d.; allowance from government for mails and the passage of soldiers, £1000. Total, £6091, 13s. 4d. Besides this, the promoters thought they would draw off much of the traffic from the other ferries, as well as from such centres of industry as Dunfermline, Kirkcaldy, Dundee, Montrose, with the return traffic from Glasgow and the west. Altogether, a revenue of sixteen thousand pounds was considered safe for the first year, which would pay a dividend of nearly ten per cent; while experience in cases where bridges had taken the place of ferries showed the certainty of a great increase of traffic. and consequently of profits.

The scheme was influentially supported at the time. But nothing came of it. Why it fell through, history, so far as we know, records not. But if Scotland missed the honour of leng the first to present to the world the practical achievement of a sub-aqueous tunnel under the Firth of Forth, she is now being

honoured in the connection of the opposite shores of that firth by the grandest and most stupendous engineering operation even of modern times—the Forth Bridge.

#### A VOICE FROM THE WOODS.

I WANDER through the Autumn woods, And watch the slowly waning year Die out in splendour, far and near, Amid the chill November floods.

Ripe acorns drop, leaves gently fall, The earth with dim decay is rife; Yet in decay lurks hidden life-Life that shall burst grim Winter's thrall,

And throb and glow through Nature's heart; Thrill with new joy each leafy brake, And all the wood to rapture wake In which each living thing hath part.

The broad oak springs where acorns die : Far down beneath the wintry snow A pulse of life-or swift or slow-Beats evermore, unceasingly.

As one keen shaft of arrowy light, Shot o'er the hills at rosy dawn, With fiery splendour crowns the lawn That lay but now in cloudy night;

So, 'mid our brightest hopes' decay, When storm-clouds darken all the sky, Some gleam of immortality Shines in from far eternal day.

Winter but tells of coming bloom; And Spring of lusty Summer sings, Of Bird and Bee on happy wings, Of starry nights, of flowers' perfume.

And now, where mellow silence broods, I hear a voice far off, yet clear, Echo repeats it : 'She is here!' Among the lonely, waning woods.

I pace in joy the leaf-strown glade. And She walks with me, hand in hand, A dweller in that unseen land Where Time is not, nor sun, nor shade.

B. C. J.

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#### THE FELLOWS GO HOME.

As the time for the Christmas holidays draws near, who, remembering his youth, will have the effrontery to maintain that it is worth while to grow up? How gladly would many men-men of substance, with limitless pocket-money and endless opportunities for amusing themselvesgrow down again into their former discarded selves, just for the sake of being able once more to look forward with the old uproarious delight to the near and nearer approach of that most blessed of oases in the dull monotony of school-life, the Christmas holidays. It would be doing an invidious and ungracious thing to contrast against them the other holidays of the scholastic year; still, in all frankness, we must confess to a particular kindness for the December vacation, regarding it, that is, from the schoolboy's point of view. Easter is all very well; summer, with its seaside delights, its wholesomeness and length of radiant days, is not by any means to be dismissed unthankfully, or remembered without the satisfaction that comes of satiety; but winter-why, it is the paragon of holiday-times, the first and foremost of festivals.

We are very far from indulging in the sentimental longing of certain elderly gentlemen, who, recalling in after-life a few of the salient and isolated pleasures of boyhood, forgetful of its tedium and the unappreciativeness which comes of immaturity, look back with regret to their knickerbocker days, and sigh to be once more in a turndown collar. There are, when all is said and done, just as many thorns in an average schoolboy's existence as in an average business man's, and they prick him just as sharply; and yet they both ignore the other's troubles; and while the boy longs to grow up, fondly anticipating the time when the Doctor's cane and frown will have no terror for him, and he shall be old enough to encounter Æschylus and Bully Smith on more equal terms, and floor them both, the man reverts regretfully to his one-sided recollections of boyhood, and would gladly barter his you see, as the holidays were so near. Perhaps

manly privileges of pipe and tailcoat to be a boy again.

From months it has fallen to weeks, and from weeks at length to days, and not so many of them now before the jail door is flung open and the 'fellows' are on their way home. To be sure, 'jail door' is not what you might call a complimentary figure of speech, and one feels in using it that some sort of apology is owing to the worthy Doctor for casting a slur on the unimpeachable respectability of his establishment; but none the less the fellows are prone to regard themselves in the light of scholastic jail-birds, for, like Sterne's starling, they 'can't get out' while the term lasts, unless, indeed, as it sometimes happens to the more fortunate, they have the signal good luck to be taken sick of a fever or a smallpox. But now, as the year turns the corner into the month of December, the jail-birds begin to look forward hopefully to the prospect of immediate liberation on a scholastic ticket-of-leave. The lower forms make haste to throw off allegiance to their books, and under the elevating influence of the approaching enfranchisement, are inclined to be rebelliously jolly even in the awful presence of the Doctor himself. Exercises are prepared anyhow, or, with that wonderful reliance on a beneficent and resourceful providence which is among the most prominent and beautiful characteristics of boyhood, the fellows shelve them altogether, and trust to inspiration for some plausible excuse.

'Not prepared your work, Brown?' demands the third master, with an ominous calm. 'How's

Brown Minor looks about him on the floor for an excuse; not finding one, he assumes a muchinjured expression and mutters sulkily: 'Don't know, sir.'

'But you must know, sir!' retorts the third master sternly. 'Come, why didn't you prepare that exercise?

After another gloomy pause, Brown suddenly breaks out into a smile, and, with genial audacity, explains that he thought it hardly worth while,

the third master, who, you may be sure, is hungering like any lad for the winter holidays, has still a fresh recollection of his own young days, in which happy case he checks himself in a grim smile, and lets off Brown Minor, for this once, with a reprimand and a warning. Perhaps, however, he is not of such stuff as youth is made of, and has endured too much torment at the hands of boydom to be any longer tolerant of their foibles and faults; and then there is nothing for it but a short and agonising interview with the Doctor in his study after school-hours, from which the delinquent Brown returns scowling, with disordered toilet. The upper forms, more mindful of their dignity the more intimate their relations with the Doctor, still retain a semblance of discipline, and pretend not to be every bit as glad at the approach of the vacation as the younger fry, who go about bellowing that popular doggerel:

This time ten days, where shall I be? Not in this Acadamee— Hooray!

Brown Major, whose exalted position in life as a sixth-form boy will not, of course, allow him to hold much intercourse with his brother the Minor, is softened at the thought of holidays and home; and after school, is found engaged in affable and condescending that with his brother on the prospect of the good times they may expect to be enjoying very shortly. Brown Minor grows loquacious over the joys of skating, and adds, as a brilliant after-thought, to the catalogue of anticipated amusements, 'Pantomimes!' Big Brown assents cordially to the skating, but hesitates dubiously on the subject of pantomimes, feeling more than doubtful as to whether the enjoyment of such puerile shows altogether consorts with his high destiny as a sixth-form fellow.

Even the advanced Latin and Greek class, which condescends to occupy itself only with the selectest and most incomprehensible of the classics, under the immediate tuition of the Doctor himself, and habitually wears tailcoats, and is vaguely reported to be able to turn anything into Greek without the aid of a dictionary—even this cream of the top form hails with satisfaction, and perhaps a rhyming Latin ode or two—its approaching emancipation from the long-winded orations of that most specious of advocates, Tully Cicero, and the idiomatic scurrilities of Aristophanes. They are heartily sick of the maligned Murena and that atrocious scoundrel Verres, and in the depths of their sixth-form souls, they long to exchange the sonorous Æschylean verse for the frivolous prattle of that other fellow's pretty sister

whom they met at tennis in the summer.

From reckoning up the days, it has come now to counting the remaining hours of scholastic servitude. The fellows are seized with a wild craving for packing up. Such books as they are doomed to take home for study during vacation are buried deep at the bottom of their trunks, where it is not improbable they will lie, if not in clover at anyrate in clothes, till boys and boxes once more return into captivity. Trade revives spasmodically, and the prices of coveted commodities suddenly attain a premium. Those fellows who are luckily possessed of funds, taste the joys of the capitalist, and compete successfully with emptier pockets for the possession of

the white mice, railway keys, watchcases, police whistles, paint-boxes and jack-knives, which form the bulk of the merchandise of schoolboydom. the bulk of the merchandise of schoolboydom. At last the glorious day itself arrives when the mountains of lugguge are piled up in the hall, and the fellows in their greatcoats crowd forward with ill-concealed joy to shake a farewell hand with Mrs and Miss Doctor. One or two only, of the higher Greek class, who have fallen docile victims to the yellow hair and charms of the Doctor's daughter, wear dejected faces, and flush with embarrassment when their turn comes to bid adien to the Adored One. Tomson Major has even gone to the extreme length of wheedling one of the maids to smuggle an unsigned Latin ode Ad Flaviam, of his own manufacture, charged with high sentiment and false quantities, into the work-basket of his inamorata. But even Tomson Major forgets all about his unrequited love in the excitement of the journey to the station in the imposing file of cabs. As the procession moves off, the 'slaveys' wave valedictory sheets from the windows of the deserted bedrooms, and the smaller boys cheer shrilly in reply. When the train steams up, there is a stampede for the reserved compartments, those being most affected in which no master travels to preserve order. It is bitterly cold—but what of that? Who ever heard of a fellow grumbling at the cold on the way home for the holidays? If it is snowing hard, so much the merrier, for some of the more mischievous fellows consider it a joke of the first water to let a platelayer on the line have a snowball full in his eye from the window of a flying train, and to watch his impotent indignation rapidly dwindling in the distance. At the intermediate stations where any of the fellows alight, there is cheering and to spare, especially if a pretty sister or a swell 'turn-out' meets one of the boys. And when the Captain of the school cricket club or football team quits the train, what a storm of cheering greets him from the throng of familiar faces crowding at the windows! Gradually, the train is lightened of its noisy freight, and the fellows grow quieter as their number diminishes and the tedium tells on their spirits. Swathed in rugs, the Doctor dozes fitfully under his newspaper. Tomson Major turns up his coat-collar and tries manfully to warm himself with thoughts of love. Brown Major falls asleep in spite of his tall starched collar, and dreams that he is Verres and has got Cicero down and is kicking that illustrious classic in the stomach. The train stops at its terminus. The Doctor wakes up, stops at its terminus. shakes hands with his small remaining band of scholars, who are hastening away in cabs, and takes the next train back again, alone. The fellows have all gone home.

### RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

By the Author of 'Mehalah,' 'John Herring,' 'Court Royal,' etc.

CHAPTER LV .- TO THE GALLOPERS.

CAPTAIN EDWARD G., my paternal great-greatuncle, was a notable horseman in his day. Astley, the founder of the equestrian theatre that was the delight of boys in my youth, but which has

passed away with Sadler's Wells, Vauxhall, and the Colosseum, Regent's Park, was in his troop, and from him acquired his skill in horsemanship. Among Captain Edward's feats was one in which the pupil never equalled his master. He threw down the several gold links of a chain at irregular intervals along a high-road, and then, striking spurs into his horse, galloped over the course, and as he came to a link, swung himself down, picked it off the ground, recovered his position in the saddle, and so along the whole road, till he had collected in his left hand without exception all the scattered links.

The modern novel-reader emulates the achievements of Captain G., and the novel-writer is expected to distribute the several links of connection of his story along the ground at such regular intervals and in such conspicuous places as shall facilitate the reader's picking them up. The author must, moreover, well water and roll the way, and make it very straight, and be content if the gallopers over his course succeed in picking up some, though not all, of his story-links. The reader is essentially a Galloper. He, or, more generally, she, goes at the novel with dug-in spur and slashing whip and jerk of rein. The words are flown over as blades of grass, the chapter heads are passed as telegraph poles; away goes the galloper through page after page, faster, ever faster; there is no time for breathing or looking about; the descriptions are splashed through, the conversations skimmed, the moralisings skipped, the less important incidents are jumped; nothing is considered but how to reach the end as fast as possible, with a fair sample of links in the hand.

Now, consider! The writer has to write for these Gallopers. Is not the thought sufficient to take all heart out of him? An experienced writer who for a lifetime has catered for the reading public, and knows their proclivities as Sir John Lubbock knows earthworms, and Miss Ormerod knows blight, said to me: 'You will never become a popular novelist until you alter your style. You set before the novel-reader moral problems hard to unravel, and make your terminations sad. The novel-reader wants neither to be made to think nor to be made to feel.' In a word, I must lay myself out for the Gallopers. Lay myself out for the Gallopers! Is there a form of degradation deeper to which a literary man can descend? I must let myself be watered and rolled as a tennis-ground, to be raced over by the hundred thousand with voided brains, vapid hearts, mule-witted, caprice-led, the purposeless, pulseless, nerveless, characterless, without a noble aim or a high ambition, without having felt the needle-point, and had an are begun about their sheep-heads of the golden nimbus of self-abnegation.

No; I will not lay myself out to be trampled by the idle feet of the ignoble herd of Gallopers. Let them turn aside when they note my ruggedness. I will throw up ridges and sink pitfalls, and be humpy and lumpy. Let them take the profanation of their tread off earnest work.

It is not the thoughtful and those with pursuits in life who are the novel-readers; it is the vast multitude of the do-nothing, whose whole aim is distraction, who read to kill thought, to kill distraction, who read to kill thought, to kill if looking into the summer sky. The children healthy feeling, serious purpose, good resolution are all grown, and they are all, moreover, vastly

tion, generous impulse-to kill God's precious gift of Time. Shall I lay myself out for such as they? I can understand Faust selling his soul to the devil for youth; or the architect of Cologne Minster for fame, or many another for wealth. But there is an infamy worse than that, and that is the sale to the Galloping novel-reader. Asmodeus, Mephistopheles, Satan, call him what you will, is an Intelligence; but the modern novel-reader, Gwendoline or Edith, or Mabel or Florence, whatever her name be, is a soap-bubble, void of everything but an evanescent exterior iridescence. Lay myself out as a rolling-ground for these bubbles blown along by the wind! God forbid! I would tear myself to pieces with my own hands rather than stoop to such baseness.

So-if I choose to force uncomfortable thoughts on my readers' minds—I will. If I choose to end my story unhappily—I will. I consider my own

standards, and measure my work by these.

In the Compère Mathieu, a French story of last century, the penultimate chapter shows us the hero in prison, brought there by a logical sequence of events, chained hand and foot, with the gallows preparing for him outside the jail. In the final chapter we are abruptly introduced to the compère at large, esteemed, and wealthy. The reader asks naturally, 'But how has this sudden transformation come about?' The author answers: 'I know no more than you do. My publisher told me that readers desire a novel to end happily, so I have ended mine happily. If the termination does not fit on to the events that go before, that is your affair, not mine.'

I will not say that my publishers and my readers are so exacting as to force me to do this; but they hit me very hard on another point. Both insist on a story being three volumes in length. Now, when Richardson wrote, he was allowed to occupy seven volumes with the affairs of Sir Charles Grandison, and of Clarissa Harlowe, and so leisurely to unfold his story and develop his characters. We authors now have not this liberty, and we are forced to crush our story into less than half that length. To do this, we are obliged to do our work imperfeetly; we cannot follow the thread of the story evenly to the end, and show every stage in the history of our herces and heroines. As characters are moulded and grow, we want time and leisure to exhibit the growth and indicate the process of modelling; but we have our hands tied by the inexorable system of three volumes. My readers I am not addressing the Gallopers, whom I have scared away, and who are careering wildly, purposelessly elsewhere, kicking up their heels at me, as the ass at the sick lion-my readers-my few left, who are also my special friends-must excuse me if I am forced to carry them hastily over a twelvementh, or to put into their hands some of the links of the chain, without many words.

Mr Sellwood has been consecrated Bishop of Bodmin; and Mr Cornellis has married the old lady, Miss Otterbourne, and is engaged plucking his goose, and lining his nest with her feathers. Mary Cable is growing up into a tall, beautiful girl, with eyes so blue and full of sun, that when she looks into the face of a man, he is dazzled, as improved by the teaching they have received at the cottage from Josephine. But as to any approximation between their father and Josephine, there was none apparent; in that particular all was where it was.

Mary was the pride and joy of her father's heart. He loved all his children, but he was most proud of Mary, and justly; her equal was not to be found thereabouts. That the young men looked after her and admired her, was right; it was her due, but, thought Richard, she shall be given to none of them. Not one of them deserves such a treasure. Cable continued at his business. With seven girls to provide for, he must make a good deal of money; and all the money he made, he put away in the Duchy Bank, paying off in instalments his debt on the house. His improved position brought him more in contact with the people of St Kerian than before, when he was a poor stone-breaker on the roadside. His sourness disappeared, but in its place came pride. He spoke with the farmers and tradesmen, and they respected him, his talents, his practical good sense; but the barrier between them was not wholly broken down. He had no intention that it should be. Towards his own children, he had always been kind, and indeed indulgent; but the change in his temper, his hardness, sternness, bitterness towards those without, had gradually and imperceptibly affected his conduct towards his own within his household. He was kind, indeed, and indulgent still; but he lacked now what he had possessed of old, when he had had a childlike spirit, that perception of the requirements of joyous children's souls, full of exuberant life, which is that which endears elders to their children. If he would have made his daughters happy in his society, he should have sought happiness in himself, laid up there a store of it, from which to distribute to all who sought it at his hands. But instead, in the granary of his heart was a harvest of much ill seed.

One day, Mrs Cable said to him when he was alone: 'I don't know what you think about it, Richard, but it is right that you should know that young Walter Penrose is mightily taken up with Mary. He's a fine fellow, and nobody can say a bad word of him. He has been some few years in Launceston, and now he is home again, and is likely to follow in his father's shop, after the old blacksmith gives up. As children, they have always had a liking to each other, and now he is here, I see he is after Mary. In church, it seems as though he could not keep his eyes off her; and whenever she goes into the village, he is sure to be in front of the blacksmith's shop to have a talk with her. She is very young yet, only seventeen; but—she must marry some day; and if you see no reasons against it, they might come to an understanding, and wait a twelvemonth.'

Then Cable's wrath foamed up. 'I do see reasons against it,' he said. 'I see what this means. Because I have worked and made money, and the St Kerian people can't break into the bank and rob me of my money there, they set their sons on to follow my girls. I suppose the saddler's son, and the cobbler's boy, and the uniller's, and the chimney-sweep's, if there were one, would all be looking for a seventh of my earnings, by snapping up one of my daughters,

and so I should have moiled and toiled for St Kerian folk, that they might spend?

'But if the girls should like the lads. There is nothing against Walter Penrose; and I believe that Mary'—

'It is enough that I will not have it,' said Cable impatiently. 'She likes what I like, and has no desire beyond my will.'

One Sunday afternoon, after church service, old Penrose the blacksmith came out through the graveyard alongside of Cable. The girls walked behind, Mary with Martha; then the twins Effie and Jane, who were inseparable; and then the rest. The blacksmith was a fine man, broad-shouldered, big-handed, with very black eyes, but soft as velvet, and black hair the colour of the culm in his smithy—now, however, dusted with gray, as though ash had got among it. Instead of turning away at the gate to go to his home, he walked on with Cable. He did not live adjoining his smithy. The shop was on the road to Red Windows. Penrose talked a good deal; Cable answered, but was not a great speaker. All the better company—he was a good listener. Penrose talked about this and about that, and Cable nodded. He was wondering why the blacksmith accompanied him beyond his own house.

Presently Penrose said: 'Well, Mr Cable, I reckon we're getting on in life, and want to see the young people settled. I know my missus be mad set on it, and I should be glad to have my son fixed here. He knows his trade, and there's plenty of work to keep both him and me.'

Cable jerked his head impatiently.
'My Walter is a proper lad; though I'm his father, I say it. You may look round St Kerian and you'll hardly find a better; and the maiden he fancies'——

Then Cable stood still and turned, and looked down the road; he saw the little group that followed had been invaded. Young Walter Penrose was there, between Martha and Mary; but his eyes and his words were directed only to Mary. All the blood in Cable's body spurted to his face, and his eyes glared like the blacksmith's forge when the bellows were in full blast. What do you mean? I he asked hoarsely

'What do you mean?' he asked hoarsely.
'I mean this,' answered Penrose, 'that my Walter has set his heart on your Mary, and I reckon the maiden is not contrary. I'm agrecable.'

able.'
The colour went out of Cable's face; his lips assumed a livid and bitter appearance. 'Indeed,' he said, 'you are agreeable, are you? I'm not.' He turned; he had reached the gate to his garden; and he beckoned the girls to come on. He saw the blacksmith shake his head as he met his son; then he saw the colour disappear from Mary's cheek, and when she came to the gate her head was drooping, and, if he could have seen her eyes, he would have seen them full of tears.

After that, it seemed as though a bar of ice had formed between him and his eldest daughter—a bar which no sun-ray of love could melt. The gentle Mary said not a word. She was meek, obedient, docile as ever; but she did not meet her father's eye with her former frank smile, nor seek his society unsolicited.

Martha became petulant, pouted, and seemed

to harbour a wrong, and resent it. Effie and Jane, the twins, looked on him with shyness, and when he came upon them laughing and talking, they became silent, and answered his questions with manifest timidity. Had his children ceased to love him? No; but they had begun to think of him as one who might stand between them and perfect happiness, one who might spoil their brightest schemes.

Cable became more morose. He watched Mary. He saw that she was unhappy; that she was becoming pale and thin; the joy of her life seemed withered, her eyes had lost their sparkle, and the dimple rarely formed now about her lips. 'I see what it is,' said Cable to himself. 'She will not forget that young Penrose, till she has found some one else to regard. I'll talk to Jacob So he rode over to the Magpie at Corve.

Pentargon.

Mr Corye was a prosperous man. Cable, who had had such close dealings with him, knew that he had put by a good deal of money. More-over, Cable could not forget the debt he owed to Corye for having put him on the road to make his fortune. Corye owned a very considerable farm, as well as the Magpie inn. Of late, he had purchased a second farm, and helped by Cable, he was fast becoming the most prosperous yeoman of his district. He kept on the inn more out of habit than for necessity. Shortly after this visit to the Magpie, Jacob Corye and his son Joshua were invited to supper at Red Windows, and then Cable and his two elder daughters were invited to spend an evening at Pentargon. Little Bessie had been failing of late, complaining of her back, looking pinched in face, white and frail.

'I have asked Mr and Mrs Corye,' said Richard Cable, 'to let Bessie go to them for a bit. Do you not think, mother, that the sca-air may brace her up? You see, here we have our backs to the winds that blow over the Atlantic; but at Pentargon, she will draw them into her lungs, fresh

off the water.

'No doubt it will do her good,' answered Mrs Cable. 'But who is to be there with her?'

'Mary or Martha.'

'But Mary or Martha cannot stay there long; and I think you should give Bessie six weeks, or, better, a couple of months by the sea, before the winter sets in.

'Mary cannot remain at Pentargon above a

fortnight,

'Then,' said Mrs Cable, and looked her son hard in the eyes, 'let her go with the child. She will care for her-as a mother; and it will do her good also. She is looking weak and frail, as if she were wasting away. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and the body breaks down under

a sick heart.

'Make what arrangements you will, but do not consult me,' said Richard. 'Jacob and I have a fine scheme on hand. It was his notion, but he did not see his way to getting it clearly worked out till I helped him. It is to build a large hotel on the cliffs, and to advertise it well; and then there will be streams of people come there all the summer and autumn for the splendid air and scenery. There is to be a flight of steps cut in the rock down to the bay, where there will fixed on Mary, and that he let fall some of the then be a first-class bathing-place. Jacob will staples. Mary hung her head; she did not speak,

make many thousand pounds by the speculation, see if he does not, and I shall venture my savings in the same. It is sure to answer.'

'You think of nothing save making money,'

sighed Mrs Cable.

Now, occasionally, on Sundays, young Joshua Coryo came over to church at St Kerian, and walked back with the Cable girls as far as the gate, when Richard asked him to step in and have tea with the party before riding home to the Joshua came over ostensibly to bring Magnie. Richard tidings of his little Bessie, who was at Pentargon, and to beg she might stay on there. The child was not well, weak, but ceased to complain, and enjoyed the fresh air. The young person who was with her was most attentive and gentle with the feeble child.

'I don't want to hear about her,' said Cable. 'Tell me about Bessie; and what your father has done further about the hotel. I've a notion, tell him, that it must be called Champagne Air Hotel, because the air you breathe on those cliffs goes sparkling and effervescing down your throat into your lungs. And, I fancy, the name would

Young Joshua Corye was a steady, decent young man, with a very fresh-coloured round face, and small brown eyes. So fresh-coloured were his cheeks that if they had been skinned, they could not have been redder. He was a dull young man; he could talk of harriers and badger-hunting, and rat-catching and rabbit-shooting, and boating, but of nothing else. He always were very tight half-trousers, half-breech, buttoned over the calf from the knee to the ankle.

Cable was very keen on the idea of the Champagne Air Hotel, and he had pitched on Joshua Corye for Mary, because he was quite sure the hotel would prove a vast success. Old Jacob would pocket a great deal of money, and the fortunes of the young people would be made. Of late, batches of knapsacked young men and gangs of athletic old maids had taken to walking along the north-west coast of Devon and Cornwall, and the accommodation was scant for visitors. Cable schemed a coach in connection with the Exeter and Launceston coach, which would carry passengers right on to Champagne Air Hotel. It might be made a sanatorium, a great bathing establishment. The possibilities of making money out of it were numerous. Jacob Corye had his own farms, and could supply his hotel from his farms, and so create a market in his midst.

Now that Bessie was at the Magpie, Richard did not go over and see her; but he was eager to hear tidings of her. Before she went there,

he frequently rode over; now, not at all.

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'I know it—who better?—as well as I know by your manner that you have brought dishonour on the house. And so yonder innocent lad's patrimony is to be the price of your absolution. Why not go to your fine friends for money? Is it a greater sin to rob them than rob an indulgent father? Go to your faithful friend from Normanton yonder, the immaculate Edgar, who would prate of love and honour, whilst the doors of all honest men are shut in his face-ask him for the money.

'This is vulgar prejudice,' Arundel exclaimed, stung into retort by these bitter words. 'If the man you speak of was in England, I should not be here to ask this favour of you now.'

'I believe that,' said Secretan. 'You would not come unless you were forced to do so.'

'Edgar would help me cheerfully enough, only he is away, no one knows where, upon one of his mad expeditions. It is a matter of life and death with me-a debt of honour to be met-a debt so large that I have arranged for three months in which to raise the money.

On my honour, you have been sustaining the family reputation! And who is the fortunate individual who has been astute enough to get the better of so accomplished a dicer and card-player as Arundel Secretan?

Lord St Devereux—a name, I believe, known

blackleg and notorious roué. By the blood of my ancestors, but you have been figuring in noble company !- And the amount?'

'Nearly thirty thousand pounds, so far as I can

recollect.

'And which the immaculate St Devereux will never get, returned Secretan with the same grim quietness. 'I have done enough, and more than enough. St Devereux and a son of mine together! Borrow this money-beg it-steal it if you like, but never mention it to me again, or I shall forget our ties of blood and strike you where you stand.

The younger man rose quietly, a ghastly pallor on his cheeks. He hesitated for a moment ere he spoke again. 'You will not deny me a night's shelter?' he said.

'No; Woodside will hold us both. Stay here while you may; come and go at your pleasure. My penance will be the contemplation of my own handiwork. Your penance has yet to come.

Arundel Secretan walked up the open staircase, past the frowning ancestors he had dishonoured, with white set face and glittering eyes; past his wife's room, to the apartment they had prepared for him. His social excommunication had come he had read the death-warrant in his sire's determined aspect. For more than an hour he sat in silent thought. There were pens, ink, and paper on the table, and as his troubled gaze fell upon them, his brow cleared a little and he began to write. The writing lasted till nearly midnight, till at length the broad sheets were folded and addressed to the friend whom his father had just maligned so bitterly. Then the writer rang his bell, and told the servant to send his man, Silas Brookes, to him. He came, silent and lynx-eyed, listening respectfully to his instructions. He was to start on the morrow for Italy; walk, ride, fly, or crawl, anything so long as the precious packet was delivered into Edgar Warren's hands without an hour's unnecessary delay. Silas Brookes took the packet and the accompanying purse of gold without a word, and saddling a horse in the stable, rode out into the night upon his errand.

So this rarely faithful servant turned his face eastward, and nothing was heard of him for many days. Arundel Secretan meanwhile lived a quiet retired life, rarely appearing at meals, and when he did so, the set frown was on his brow, the haunting anxiety in his eyes. He seemed to shun society, even that of his wife and child, though Alice's love was not of the kind to be killed by any coldness or neglect; but he had so strangely changed, so hard and cynical, that her gentle nature turned from the politely sarcastic phrase as from a blow. Two months went by; the leaves had fallen from the trees, the earth was bound in iron bonds, a thick sheet of snow lay in the forest drives and over the desolate lawns. The Yule-log was trimmed and placed outside the great hall door; the red holly-berries and sickly white mistletoe hung on picture and spear and armour. There was a sound of joyous revelry in the servants' hall, echoing faintly in the great diningroom, where the silent two sat over their weary repast—a Christmas Eve without love or harmony, but a moody silence, till the sharp ring of a horse's hoofs outside roused a little languid attento you.' tion. Arundel Secretan heard the sound, and reason to me in years gone by as a disgraced to his feet, a great shout bursting from his lips. tion. Arundel Secretar heard the sound, and rose

building.

Silas Brookes stood in the hall, a fine white powder upon the cape of his riding-coat, and sternly silent, as if his absence had only been for an hour. He bowed his head to his master's glance of interrogation, and signified that the latter should lead the way. Once up-stairs in Secretan's chamber, his natural reserve gave

way.
'I saw Mr Warren,' he said, still standing, and speaking mechanically, as if repeating a lesson. 'He has been, nay, he is very ill, sir; but he was pleased to hear from you, the more that he has a presentiment you will never meet again. And then he read your letter.'

The listener laid his hand upon his heart, as if to check the violence of its beating—there seemed to be a band of iron round his forehead, crushing

into the heated brain, 'Get to the point!' he exclaimed. 'The answer—the answer!'

'I saw him read every line, and smiling in the way he used to smile when anything amused him. "Give my compliments to your master," he said, "and tell him that even I cannot make bricks without straw. It is a lesson I have been trying to learn from the Jews without much advantage

'And that was all he said?' asked Secretan calmly, though the reply was so like the man, he knew it must be so. 'Nothing more?'

Nothing more, sir—not a word. 'And that man was my friend and my debtor!' These were the last words Arundel Secretan ever spoke. Without further hesitation, he drew his rapier from its sheath, and turning the point towards his heart, threw himself full upon it. And there they found him in the morning—dead, with a great pool of blood upon the floor; and in due course he was buried with his fathers. But every Christmas Eye a light is seen in the dormer window in the west wing, and a shadowy form paces the passages with a stain upon its breast. This was the tale Silas Brookes had to tell, only once, with a strange agitation and restlessness, for he had loved his master in his own strange method, and grieved for him to this day. And so, year after year, the ghost walked on Christmas Eve, though Myles Secretan would have none of it, vowing that Arundel, his ancestor, disliked home too much to make a permanent habitation of the half-ruined west wing.

#### GUNPOWDER EXPLOSIONS.

Some few miles to the north of Agra, between the rivers Gauges and Jumna, stood, in the early part of this century, the town and fort of Hatrass. The town was the centre of the dominions of an independent rajah, and was separated from the fort by a distance of less than half a mile. The town was one of great strength, and the fort was not less strong in its defences. The walls were thick and high, strengthened by several immense basions; while ditches thirty yards wide and twenty-five deep, with five feet of water, sur-rounded both the town and the fort. The con-duct of the rajah, Dyaram Jacoor, had given cause

of complying, but afterwards refused the demand. A considerable force was therefore despatched against him, under the command of Major-general Marshall. The town was first attacked. The batteries poured into it an incessant shower of bombs, shrapnell shells, and Congreve rockets. The courage of the defenders was far inferior to the strength of the fortifications, or the besiegers would have found their undertaking very difficult, if not impossible. As it was, in three or four days, before any important breach had been made. the garrison evacuated the town and took refuge in the fort. On entering the town, which they could do only by means of scaling ladders, the besiegers found the gates barricaded with stones and immense bales of cotton.

The full force of the cannonade was now directed upon the fort, the defenders returning the fire with much energy. They seemed deterthe fire with much energy. They seemed determined to resist to the last. The British general nobly offered to guarantee the preservation of their property, if they would send their wives and children to be guarded out of the rajah's dominions. They were deaf to all his entreaties, and were resolved to face the worst. The worst soon A dire and unexpected calamity saved them the horrors and sufferings of a protracted siege. A large shell from one of the British mortars penetrated the great powder-magazine of the fort; a tremendous explosion was the result. The store of powder in the magazine was immense, the accumulation of many years, amounting to at least four thousand maunds, of eighty pounds each, or three hundred and twenty thousand pounds avoirdupois. The magazine consisted largely of stone vaults, extending far under ground. This will account for some of the phenomena, and for the distance to which the agitation of the ground extended. It is supposed that many of the garrison, with the major part of the women and children, had sought refuge in these vaults from the British shells, which were very destructive, and that many of these were entombed beneath the ruins of the

The English guns suddenly ceased firing, few knowing why, until the dreadful explosion almost paralysed every observer. From the narrative of an officer, we cite a few interesting particulars: 'I was on a working-party with one hundred men, and had just arrived in the tool-yard, about three hundred yards from the left of the trenches, when I was thrown flat on my face by some violent shock of the earth. Before the general shock, the earth seemed in violent convulsions. The walls surrounding the tool-yard were propelled forward from the fort and fell to the ground. Stones bricks pieces of wood and ground. Stones, bricks, pieces of wood, and, nearer the fort, bodies and limbs, were to be seen soaring in the air in all directions. For the moment, consternation and dismay were depicted in every face. When I arose, I felt much alarmed; the earth seemed still to move under me; and at twenty-five deep, with five feet of water, surrounded both the town and the fort. The conduct of the rajah, Dyaram Jacoor, had given cause
of apprehension to the East India government as
to his designs against some of their possessions,
Accordingly, in 1817 he was summoned by the
Marquis of Hastings to dismantle his fortifications
and distand his troops. At first he made pretence tary alarm, there was an indistinct buzzing that the grand magazine of the enemy had been blown This report having reached my ears, I ran, or rather rolled, along the trenches, and was informed that their grand magazine had really been blown up by one of our shells. Again looking towards the tomb of destruction, what a sight met the eye! The smoke which arose from the ruins seemed to be a solid and substantial structure, gradually and majestically ascending to the skies, bearing on its top variegated volumes of vapour, that seemed to ride upon it. From this ascending mountain were ever and anon vomited forth sheets of vivid fire, and glittering sand fell in showers upon the spot. Through this dense but really unsubstantial mass, was to be seen the setting sun, spreading his luminous beams through the gigantic phenomenon; and the beauty of the sight was beyond human fancy to imagine. This tremendous volume of smoke seemed to rise almost perpendicularly, bearing off a little with the wind, which scarcely breathed. When it had ascended so that the sun was visible under it, the mass above changed colour, and you might trace on it the most brilliant rays of the rainbow. This continued ascending in various forms, until at last it was lost in the distance; after which every eye was directed to the destruction below; and the sight was frightful indeed. Heads, bodies, legs, arms, hands, spears, guns, muskets, planks, and colours, lay indiscriminately among the piles of ruins.'

The shock was so terrible that it was distinctly felt at Meerut, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. The interior of the fort, some four or five hundred persons, horses, and cattle of all descriptions, were destroyed; but the defences of the fort were very little injured, so that the firing on the part of the besieged was soon renewed, and kept up the remainder of the day with even greater spirit. This was a ruse, however, to cover the intended evacuation of the fort, which took place the same night. Many of the fugitives were cut down by the British; but many made good their escape, among whom was the rajah himself. The fort and the town were afterwards completely

dismantled. Many of the cities and towns on the European continent have passed through great vicissitudes. The ravages of war, pestilence, floods, and fires, have all by turns wrought great miseries, and produced untold suffering in not a few of them. The history of some has been written in blood and fire, of which in some instances traces yet No one of them has suffered more, however, than the fine old city of Leyden. The sieges it had endured, the plagues which had visited it, the fires which had ravaged it, had left their scars; but the most terrible calamity which has befallen it, at least so far as its suddenness and destructive forces are concerned, is an explosion which took place on January 12, 1807. An explosion had taken place some three centuries or more before, but it was not nearly so destructive in its character as this more recent one. On the above-mentioned day, a vessel, containing two hundred and fifty barrels of gunpowder, was proceeding from Delft to Utreeht, and stopped for a while at Leyden. It was moored to a tree in the Rappenburg Canal, which passes through one for absent children. Numbers of these were dug

trading-vessels and pleasure-yachts, the crews of which were all unconscious of the deadly freight of the vessel lying near them. Just as the sun was setting, by some means which have never been determined, the entire cargo of powder exploded. A student who was passing along a street in full view of the canal witnessed the terrible catastrophe, and he was the only one who saw it and lived to relate the circumstances. 'I saw the vessel,' says he, 'torn from its moorings; a stream of fire burst from it in all directions; a thick black cloud enveloped all the surrounding parts and darkened the heavens, when a burst (explosion) louder and more dreadful than the loudest thunder instantly followed, and vibrated through the air to a great distance, burying houses and churches in one common ruin. For some moments, horror and consternation deprived every one of his recollection, but a universal exclamation followed of "O God! what is it?" Hundreds of people might have been seen rushing out of their falling houses and running along the streets, not knowing what direction to take, many falling down on their knees in the streets, persuaded that the last day was come; others supposed that they had been struck by lightning; and but few seemed to conjecture the real cause. At last, when the thick black cloud which had enveloped the city had cleared away a little, the awful truth was revealed.'

Then followed a scene of the greatest consternation and distress. Such of the inhabitants as were not seriously hurt hurried to seek their friends and assist the sufferers, while sounds of distress and sights of horror rose on every side. The destruction was terrible. Within a circle of fifteen hundred yards, or a little under a mile that is, two hundred and fifty yards on every side from the focus of the explosion—every building was levelled, with the exception of a church spire and a large house; the latter, however, threatening every moment to fall. At a little distance beyond this line, houses were seen in every stage of demolition, some completely unroofed, some half demolished, and some wholly destroyed. Still farther from the centre, windows, shutters, and doors were demolished, and the slates and tiles were stripped from the roofs, marking the severe but diminished force of the shock. At the extreme limit of the destructive influence, the damage was mostly confined to the windows, the glass of which was uniformly shivered into fragments, which were scattered about in all directions.

Amidst this dreadful chaos of material things, there were to be seen men and women in the bitterest anguish, wringing their hands, as they sought among the blackened and mutilated corpses their partners in life or their beloved offspring; while, mingling with the cries of the bereaved rose the wails, the groans, and the appeals of the wounded, the half-buried, and the dying. The occasional fall of ruined houses and other buildings varied the catalogue of horrors and the awful chorus of misery. Children suffered very severely. In the street along which the canal runs in which the disaster occurred, were five large schools; at

the time of the explosion these were crowded with scholars. To these places parents rushed to seek of the finest streets in the city. Near it were out of the ruins; some seriously injured, some only slightly, some crushed and mangled so that it was hard to recognise them. It was a heart-rending sight to see parents digging among the ruins for their missing children, often spending their efforts for naught, or to recover a body blackened and dismembered and recognisable only by the clothes. Some of the children, as is not seldom the case in such calamities, were almost miraculously preserved. Very many of them, however, perished.

To add to the direness of the calamity, a fire broke out among the ruins, and raged so fiercely that the remaining part of the city was threatened with destruction. Happily, help was not wanting, as numbers of the inhabitants came to attempt to rescue the buried and suppress the fire. Shortly afterwards, too, people began to arrive from the country around, as the explosion had been heard

at a distance of fifty miles.

As night set in, the horrors of the scene were increased. The wind rose, and the weather was tempestuous. Added to the falling of houses, the shricks and groans of the injured, the blackness of the smoke, the roaring of the wind, and the raging of the flames, were the lamentations of those who had lost husband, or wife, or children, or friends by the explosion. Some were paralysed with astonishment and fear; others were so excited that they knew not what to do or how to act; but the majority retained their presence of mind and worked away with a will.

The Hague is not many miles from Leyden. Louis Napoleon was then king of Holland, and he was at the former place when the explosion occurred. The city was shaken as by an earthquake; and the stupendous column of flame, which rose to a great height for about thirty seconds, and was succeeded by the lurid blaze of the fire convinced the people that something dreadful had happened. The king despatched an aide-de-camp to make inquiries. On the return of the messenger, he himself hastened to the doomed and terrorstricken city, ordering all the soldiers in the nearest garrisons to attend without arms. First setting the soldiers to work to suppress the flames and extricate the wounded, offering a reward of ten ducats for each one rescued, he next made arrangements for the reception and treatment of the injured in the neighbouring towns and in the palace, erected in a wood outside the city, which was thrown open as an asylum for the homeless. By means of fire-engines, the flames were at length suppressed; and the king returned to the Hague, to collect money to relieve the distress of the sufferers and secure their subsistence.

Order was soon restored. The inhabitants and their many helpers were divided into classes, irrespective of rank, and told off to different departments of work; and the ruins were soon removed outside the boundary of the city. The keel of the vessel which had conveyed the destructive material was found imbedded in the earth, far from the canal; the anchor was found in a field outside the city; and a large piece of lead had been projected into a distant street.

The explosion overthrew more than two hundred houses and other buildings, and seriously damaged six hundred more. Three hundred people were killed, and two thousand more wounded. Among the former were two professors at the university; and among the latter

one professor, who afterwards died from the injuries he had received.

Contributions for the relief of the sufferers poured in from all parts of Holland; and though the English were at war with the Dutch, a subscription list was opened in London for the assistance of the Leydeners, which realised several thousand pounds. They were efficiently helped, also, in other ways.

The Dutch government undertook the city debts, exempted the citizens from the payment of certain taxes for a number of years, and extended the privileges and honours of the university. Thus encouraged, the Leydeners soon rebuilt their city; and it was not long before prosperity rewarded their endeavours, and helped to efface the marks of their suffering and loss.

# THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW.

A STORY IN NINE CHAPTERS.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER V.

Six months had come and gone since Grandad's birthday, during which time a startling change had come over the spirit of Matthew Roding's dream. How this change, which affected not him alone but thousands of others, first began to make itself felt, no one seemed to know. Little fitful puffs of air that came and went quickly, seeming to emanate now from one point of the compass and now from another, but which, to the eyes of experienced mariners, betokened worse to follow, began to ruffle and flutter the sunny waters of speculation. Then the sky became slowly overcast and the wind of rumour began to blow, moaning and whispering ominously among the rigging of the hundreds of fair argosies which not long ago had left port laden with golden hopes. Of these, some took alarm at once, and ran for the nearest shelter; while others, confident in their seaworthiness, only clapped on more sail and stood boldly on their course.

Then, one morning, came a thunderclap that startled everybody. One of the most widely known firms in the City-a house which had withstood many a storm in years gone by, and against whose stability not a word had ever been whispered-had failed suddenly and without warning, with liabilities estimated at upwards of a million of pounds, and—which seems an almost inevitable corollary in such cases—had brought down several lesser houses in its fall. Then, indeed, the tornado burst in all its fury. One of those periods of wild and unreasoning panic set in, when men walk about as if afraid of their own shadows, and each one regards his fellows with an eye of suspicion. It was a time of disaster and ruin to thousands, to be talked of with bated breath in years to come.

It was scarcely to be expected that Matthew Roding's shallow bark, steered though it was with consummate skill, should escape unscathed when so many nobler craft had foundered in open sea.

It had indeed been sorely buffeted, and although nearly everything had 'gone by the board,' it still contrived to keep affoat, and Matthew stuck manfully to the helm. There were times when he was not without hopes of ultimately weathering the storm; but there were other times when despair weighed heavily on his heart, and he felt like a man waging a hopeless fight against

The ten thousand pounds with which he had made a second start in life less than three years ago, which was to have been merely the foundation of the colossal fortune he intended to build up, had, together with a few other thousands, the result of some of his earlier and more cautious ventures, been gradually but surely swallowed up by the insatiable quicksands among whose fatal mazes, in the mad race for gold, he had rashly ventured. For, if Matthew Roding had been the means of other people losing their money, he had lost his own as well; if, through his representations, they had pinned their faith to certain speculations which in the end had turned out to be little better than gigantic swindles, he had pinned his own faith in the same place for every one to see. He had, in fact, been outwitted, and made a cat's-paw of, by men far keener and more unscrupulous than himselfmen who, in the wild scramble for wealth, had everything to hope for, and neither fortune nor reputation to lose.

At Chesterfield Villa, meanwhile, everything, to all outward appearance, was going as merrily as a marriage bell. True it is that there was a great scarcity of ready-money in the establishment, and that the tradespeople were on the eve of revolt; but of that the guests who ate Matthew Roding's excellent dinners or crowded his wife's drawing-room knew nothing. Indeed, if they had been aware of the fact, they would not have cared one iota so long as the hospitable doors remained open to them; and it may be that more than one of them were in a like pre-

dicament themselves.

For some time past, Mrs Roding had not been without her suspicions that all was not so well with regard to her husband's affairs as appeared on the surface, and, to do her justice, she had more than once hinted, in terms as strong as she dared use to him, that she would willingly retrench her expenditure if he wished her to do so. But of this Matthew would not hear. He pooh-poohed her half-implied fears, and told her that if she would only attend to the matters which concerned her, he knew how to attend to those which concerned him. The truth was that he could not afford to make a less show in the eyes of the world than he had hitherto done. It would never do to let people suspect on what a sandy foundation his prosperity was built; confidence must be maintained at any and every cost. He was like a runner who has entered himself for a race in which he has staked all he holds in the world. Come what may, the pace must be kept up, even though he should drop

dead at the winning-post.

Whether Mrs Roding were convinced or not, she made-believe to be so, and plunged more deeply still into that whirlpool of so-called 'pleatheir cares by day, only to have the ghosts of them, in yet more fearful guise, haunt their

pillows by night.

Through the influence of Lady Pengelly, Mrs Roding had been 'taken up' by certain fashionable or semi-fashionable people at the West End; but the experience had not proved altogether such a blissful one as she had anticipated. At Tulse Hill she was a personage of some importance, whereas in the drawing-rooms of Belgravia she found herself to be little better than a nonentity. Now, Mrs Roding was of that frame of mind which does not like to be looked upon as a nonentity anywhere, and, after several morti-fying experiences, she came to the conclusion that it is better to reign among your own tribe, however insignificant that tribe may be in the estimation of the world in general, than to live at Rome and be a nobody. One advantage, of which we may be sure she duly availed herself, had accrued to Mrs Roding from her brief contact with the fine fleur of Society: she was in a position to excite the envy-not to speak of feelings still more uncharitable-of all her 'dear' friends and acquaintances by favouring them with a full, true, and particular account of her adventures in fairyland-how Lord Pengelly took her in to dinner on two occasions; how she had driven in the Row with her Ladyship, and had had all the celebrities of the day pointed out to her; how she had been to the Countess of Clandooley's garden-party, and what a sweet, amiable creature her daughter, the Lady Grace, was. And so on—and so on; with an ever-present undercurrent of wonder that people of rank and fashion should dress so plainly, and talk so informally, and be altogether so little different from the 'common herd.' Like the conjurer's famous bottle, the topic seemed an inexhaustible one, and it was inexpressibly soothing to her feelings to be able to dilate on it to her heart's content.

Grandad was as hale and hearty as ever, leading his customary quiet and uneventful life, to all appearance heeding nobody, and heeded by none Mary and Freddy always excepted. He read his newspaper, and played on his fiddle, and smoked countless meditative pipes in the garden, and had surreptitious interviews with Bunker two or three times a month, the latter having been duly reinstated in his former position with the firm. Now and again, he penetrated as far north as Bloomsbury, and looked in for an hour or two at his grandson's studio, where he enjoyed the society of the young fellows who were in the habit of dropping in there of an afternoon. Of his son, he nowadays saw less and less. It almost seemed as if Matthew avoided him of set purpose, but of this Grandad spoke no word to any one. When Matthew and he were together, their conversation, as if by mutual consent, was confined to outside topics; but whether one week or three had elapsed since they saw each other

last, Grandad seemed never to call to mind.

Mrs Roding's scheme for banishing Grandad from his son's roof had for the present fallen into abeyance. For one thing, her recent raid into fashionable life had occupied so much of her time and thoughts, that many minor matters -of which this was one—had of necessity been sure' in which so many people contrive to drown laid aside for the time being; but she had by no means abandoned her project or given it up as

hopeless.
The breach between Ruff and his father stood just the same as it had done for so long a time past. For any mention Matthew ever made of his son, there might have been no such person In the eyes of the as the latter in existence. father, the son had, if not exactly disgraced himself, proved himself unworthy of further recognition or consideration by the mode of life he had deliberately adopted; for in all matters connected with art, in whatever form it might find its outcome, Matthew Roding was a thorough-going Philistine. He would buy pictures to hang on his walls because it was the correct thing to do; but for the man who painted them he had only a sort of pitying contempt; and that a son of his should sink so low as to choose of his own free-will to earn a living by daubing canvases, seemed to him nothing less than monstrous.

Ruff Roding had told Mary Nunnely, in his impetuous way, that, now he felt his feet firmly planted on the ladder he meant to climb, he had made up his mind they should be married in six months' time; and he would have carried out his intention, despite his father and every one, had not Grandad, when spoken to on the subject, dumfounded him by saying: 'If I were you, lad, I wouldn't do anything rashly. You've plenty of time before you; better bide awhile.

This rebuff, coming from a quarter whence he least expected it—for Grandad had been in the confidence of Mary and himself all alongtook the young painter considerably aback.

'But why wait, Grandad?' he queried, a little hotly. 'I've put away a bit of money, as you know; and as soon as the picture I'm now at work on is finished, there will be a lump more to add to it. Mary and I only intend to begin housekeeping in a very humble way. Dear girl! I believe she would be happy with any one she cared for in a cottage at ten pounds a year. And then, when I have the responsibility of a wife and a home resting on my shoulders, it will nerve me on to work still harder than I do now; and I've often heard you say what a fine thing plenty of hard work is for a young fellow. Then there's another point which, now that we are on the subject, I may as well mention —although Mary and I agreed to keep it a secret till the wedding came off—and that is this: when Mary and I are man and wife, we want our dear old Grandad to come and live with us. Although he never says a word about it, we know that he can't be happy where he is now, and we have the audacity to think he would be so with us. At anyrate, it wouldn't be the fault of the two people in the world who love him best, if he were not. So now, Grandad, why should we bide awhile? Why not get married "right away," as the Americans say, and have done with it?

Grandad's face worked strangely for a moment or two before he answered. 'You young folk are always in such a desperate hurry about every-thing, he said; but when you are in love, as Tell me, now, has Mary said anything to you about a certain promise I made her six months

Not a word. I never knew you had made

her a promise of any kind,' said Ruff, with wide-

open eyes.
'I hardly supposed she would tell you, but one can never be sure what these kittenish creatures will or won't do. However, now that I have mentioned it, I suppose you will give the girl no peace till you have wormed it out of her, unless I tell you first. What I promised was this: that before, or by the end of this year you should be reconciled to your father, and that he should give his consent to your marriage with Mary. Was I wrong, then, in asking you to have patience and wait awhile?

Ruff sat staring at Grandad for a little time, as if bereft of the power of speech: then he drew a long breath, and said: 'And you promised all that! Is the age of miracles, then, not yet over?

The old man's only answer was a sort of inward chuckle. Then the two charged and lighted their pipes with as much solemnity as though engaged in some sacrificial rite, and puffed away in silence for some minutes.

Ruff was on the tenter-hooks of curiosity; but he knew something of Grandad's peculiarities, and that he was not a man who cared to be closely questioned.

In a little while Grandad knocked the ashes out of his pipe and rose to go. Then, laying a hand on his grandson's shoulder and looking him straight in the eyes, he said, in almost the very words he had used to Mary: 'Have no fear. That which I promise I can perform.' And that was the only satisfaction the young man could obtain.

On a certain October evening, Matthew Roding reached home in a hansom cab somewhere between nine and ten o'clock. It was one of those evenings on which his wife held one of her 'small and early' gatherings. Mrs Roding's parties were very popular, and were always numerously attended. Lights shone in nearly every window, and a lady, with a very shrill soprano voice, was tearing the last popular ballad to tatters, to the accompaniment of a violin and piano, as Matthew's cab drew up at the door. Gaiety of any kind, or even the mere semblance of it, was as far from his mood this evening as light is from darkness. He had spent an extremely harassing day in the City, and his sole desire just now was to escape unnoticed to his own room and there shuthimself up from every one. On his way home, he had been revolving in his mind a certain train of circumstances which had occupied much of his thoughts during the last few weeks. What Bunker had told Grandad on the latter's birthday respecting certain information which had come to his ears of Matthew's intention to dispose of the business at Bankside, had proved to be founded on fact. The business had fallen off fully one third since it had come into Matthew's hands, and his intention had been to work it up afresh as far as possible, and then to dispose of it to the highest bidder. But the Fates had proved unkind. Affairs of late had gone so much awry with him, that, in order to enable him to meet certain pressing liabilities, he had found himself compelled to put the Bankside business into the market without delay. The firm was one of long standing, and the business, or as much of it

as was left, being found to be sound at core, a customer soon presented himself. Everything went on satisfactorily, and the negotiations were all but completed, when suddenly the customer that was to have been, drew back, and refused to proceed a step further in the matter; in addition to which, he absolutely declined to assign any reason for his sudden and unaccountable change of front. There was nothing for it but to put up the business a second time, which was accordingly done, and before long a second would-be customer presented himself. But again at the last moment the affair fell through, precisely as the first one had done; nor in this case, any more than the other, was any explanation forthcoming. Matthew Roding was confounded; he felt as if he were being made the sport of some malignant sprite, who was slowly but surely hounding him onward to his doom. It may be that Grandad might have been able to furnish him with a solution of the mystery, had Matthew taken him into his confidence, but that was the last thing he thought of doing. The money he had looked forward to of doing. The money he had looked forward to obtaining from the sale was of the utmost importance to him; he had counted upon it as a certainty; the lack of it would increase his difficulties tenfold. Ruin, and not merely ruin, but disgrace, loomed imminently before him. The disgrace, loomed imminently before him. The iron courage which had hitherto sustained him was beginning to give way at last.

After letting himself into the house by means

After letting himself into the house by means of his latchkey, he beckoned to the page who was standing in the hall. 'Don't let any one know that I am at home,' he said; 'I have letters to write, and must not be disturbed.'

There was a back staircase for the servants' use leading to the upper floors, and of this Matthew now availed himself. The music came to him in fitful bursts when some distant door was opened for a moment. What a ghastly mockery it sounded to him, knowing how close he stood to the brink of ruin! Were all his toilings and strivings, if they had proved successful, to have had for their end and aim no other object than this?—that his wife should be able to array herself like a peacock, and to 'entertain,' with a degree of lavish profusion which would cause every one there to envy her, a number of people for whom she cared nothing, and who cared nothing for her in return. 'A noble ambition, truly!' muttered Matthew to himself with a sneer. And yet he could count as many men as he had fingers, all known to him, whose ambition seemed never to soar any higher than that.

On his way to his 'den,' he had to pass his child's bedroom. The door was half open, and seeing a light and hearing voices, he looked in. Mary and Freddy were its sole occupants, the latter robed in his nightgown, just ready to be popped into bed. It was past his usual hour, but he had been to a children's party and had not long reached home.

'Papa, papa!' he cried, clapping his hands gleefully as soon as his father's head was protruded through the doorway, 'do tum in and hear me say my pwayers. Mamma never will hear me; she's always so vevy, vewy busy; but you'll hear me to-night, won't you? I never forget to say "God bwess papa."—Do I, Mawy?'

He ran to his father, his little white feet gleam-

He ran to his father, his little white feet gleam- unusual ing like marble on the dark carpet, and drew the air.

him into the room. Matthew sat down, controlled thereto by some impulse, which he was powerless to resist. Then the child knelt beside him, and placed his little palms together and said his simple prayers. The hard, worldly man was moved as he had not been moved for years. When the child had said his last 'Amen,' he snatched him up in his arms, imprinted halfadozen kisses on his 'eyes, his cheeks, and his lips, and then setting him down, left the room quickly without a word.

The strains of a waltz floated to his ears as he passed on to his room; the dancers below were footing it merrily; an icy wind seemed to chill him to the marrow as he paused for a moment at the head of the stairs, unknowing what he did, to listen.

#### HOUSEWIVES' WISDOM.

Not very long ago, the present writer was visiting a friend at his suburban residence, and while sitting in the open air on a kind of balcony which ran behind the house at the head of the garden, his attention was called to the great number of smuts—or, as they are called in London, 'blacks'—which rolled about in flocks upon the stone floor of the balcony with every breath of wind. To compare small things with great, they resembled a vast herd of buffaloes dotting the extensive plain of the floor, and wandering in droves and herds upon its even surface. To my friend's housekeeper, their appearance suggested an idea of a different sort. 'I think we shall have a storm,' she said, 'there are so many smuts about.'

'Very likely,' thought the writer, 'though I do not see the connection.'

The day, however, was sultry and close; a gray yellowish haze obscured the sky, and there was very little breeze stirring. It looked, in short, as if we were about to have a thunderstorm; the heavens were ominous of it; and one seemed to feel the oppressiveness of an atmosphere overcharged with electricity.

On thinking the matter over, an explanation of the housewife's remark suggested itself. The recent experiments of Dr Oliver J. Lodge have shown that smoke is rapidly condensed in air which is highly charged with electricity, and this fact might very well account for the falling soot. Dr Lodge fills a bell jar full of dense fumes from burning turpentine, and in a few minutes causes it to deposit in flakes of soot upon the sides and bottom of the jar by simply passing the discharge from an electrical machine through it. The method has been practically applied to the condensation of lead-fumes in Wales; and the explanation of its efficacy is, that the particles of smoke becoming electrified, accumulate upon the sides of the vessel. The same action may take place on a larger scale in the atmosphere when charged with electricity; and hence the unusual falling of 'blacks' when 'thunder is in

There are probably many sayings and practices of common life which can in this way be traced to a scientific source; and an interesting chapter on old wives' wisdom might perhaps be written. On this occasion, however, we shall only refer to one or two other instances which come to mind. The first of these is also of an electrical nature, and concerns the curious custom of drawing the blinds of a room down on the approach of a thunderstorm, and removing the looking-glass from its place on the toilet-table before the window, to place it face downwards on the bed. This is a very old practice, done by rote, and usually without any understanding of the reasons for it on the part of those who do it. The object, of course, is to guard against being struck by lightning; and the hidden reasons are in all probability the following: The blind is drawn down to keep out the flash, which is at least of a startling character, and may even be so powerful as to injure the eyesight; the looking glass being coated with a metallic amalgam of mercury, exposing a conductor in the path of the electric discharge to the 'earth,' is calculated to draw the lightning. When it is taken from the window lightning. When it is taken from the window and placed face downwards on the bed, it is, in fact, very well insulated; for the thick layer of woollen blankets on which it is laid, and the glass face, tend to isolate it electrically from the floor or the walls, which may be regarded as parts of the 'earth.' The prone position of the metallic surface is also less likely to draw the lightning discharge downwards than when the mirror is placed vertically, because there is then a shorter length of conductor in a vertical direction.

Another superstition of the household, if it can be called such, is to place the poker in front of a fire which is burning low, in order to quicken and make it burn up. The poker is leaned against the ribs with its head on the hearth, and its point inclined over the top bar of the grate. In spite of much scientific scepticism, housewives as a rule believe in the efficacy of this device for making the fire 'draw;' and we think they are very likely right, as we shall attempt to show. The poker, passing as it does in front of the grate and leaning against the bars, gets warmed up, and conducts heat from the front of the grate to its point, which is situated in the air above the fire. Now, the warm point of the poker must rarefy this air to some extent, thereby causing a greater draught from below and up the chimney. The increased draught causes the fire to burn more briskly, the poker gets warmer and the draught intensified until the fire is blazing brightly.

The habit of covering the front of a fire with a sheet of paper in order to kindle it up, is also traceable to the increased draught caused through the fire itself from below; but it is neither so puzzling nor so scientific as the artifice of the poker.

Talking of fires, one often hears it said that the 'sun has put the fire out,' and verily the blackened coals and gray ashes often seem to testify to the assertion. But why should the sun's rays extinguish a fire, as if the solar orb were jealous of the lesser luminary? For this reason, perhaps, that the sunbeams warm and rarefy the air around the fire, thereby producing conditions unfavour-able to the energetic combustion of the coal. The able to the energetic combustion of the coal. The Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Pater-excidation of the carbon by the carbon is dimin- nester Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

ished in the rarer atmosphere and the feebler draught. The fire, therefore, gradually languishes and goes out.

#### THE CURSE OF GOLD.

There is a singular superstition in the mining districts of America that the discoverers of hidden treasures in the bowels of the earth are sure to meet with a violent end. Many instances are from time to time adduced in support of the statement, and go far to show that numbers of adven-The original turers literally die in their shoes. proprietors of close on forty successful mines have been accounted for in this way. Twelve were shot, three were ingulfed, while the rest disappeared in the cities of Dakota and New Mexico, and were never heard of afterwards. George H. Fryer, from whom the Fryer Hill Mine had its name, committed suicide in Denver. Two years before his death, he possessed one million dollars; Two years the expenses of his funeral had to be paid by the authorities. The discoverer of the Standard Mine in California was swallowed up by an avalanche. Colonel Storey, another wealthy miner, was killed by the Pyramid Indians. William Fairweather, who brought to light the hidden treasures of Alder Gulch, came to his death by drinking and riotous living. A yet more terrible end had William Farrell in a hospital at San Francisco. He had discovered the rich mine at Meadow Lake; but hundreds of deceived gold-seekers surrounded his bed, 'gnashing and grinning so horribly that he could not die.' The owner of the Homestake Mine became a highwayman; one day he attacked a mailcoach, but the attendants shot him dead. John Homer of the Homer Mine spent his last cent, and then put a bullet through his brain. 'Doughnut Bill,' Old Eureka,' Ninemile Clarke,' died literally in their shoes, being killed in saloon Montana Plummer, who discovered one of the richest mines in the world, and was sheriff for a time, died on the gallows.

The Serial Story in Chambers's Journal for next year will be,

# THIS MORTAL COIL.

By GRANT ALLEN, Author of 'In All Shades,' &c.

# 'HOPE.'

A SONNET ON THE PICTURE BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

Thou sittest blindfold on a world of woe Around, the powers of darkness still hold sway; Yet thy pale cheek is lit by one soft ray, And from thy broken lyre sweet echoes flow. Thy head is bowed with disappointment, so

Thou canst not chase the shadows quite away; But o'er thy head there breaks God's glorious day, How bright, thy darkened eyes can never know. Around thee, chaos; and beneath, despair, Whose surging waters leap up to thy feet.

They cannot whelm thee, howsoe'er they beat. Patient and calmly still thou sittest there Thy smile has power to cheer a world's distress; Thou art immortal in thy loveliness!

WILLIAM C. HALL.



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### THE POUND STERLING.

SINCE we endeavoured to show what is Bimetallism, the great Silver Question has continued to be discussed by some few who understand it, and by a great many who do not. A Royal Commission has been appointed, and is still pursuing its investigations, but has yet made no Report, while the volume of evidence it has so far published does not throw much additional light upon the subject. The problem to be solved is, how far has the depreciation of silver affected the purchasing power of gold and thus depressed prices? How far has the appreciation of gold affected the depreciation of silver? And is the restoration of silver to the position of an alternative standard of value with gold practicable and desirable? We are not going to discuss any of the branches of the problem here; but it may help our readers to a better understanding of its conditions, if we present some facts in the history of the Pound Sterling.

Ricardo, the great political economist, said that commodities measure the value of money, as money measures the value of commodities.' But, as commonly understood, money is the vehicle employed by communities for exchanging values; that is to say, it is in use not for its intrinsic value, but as a standard of value. It may have an intrinsic value, as we have seen before in the case of gold, but the intrinsic value is not necessarily the result of its employment as money. Bank-notes and promissory-notes-in other words, paper currency-express value, and are used to exchange values, but are not in themselves intrinsically valuable. The monetary system of a nation exists for the purpose of maintaining an acknowledged standard of value, and hence it becomes a matter of State importance and control. According to the law of England, by statute enacted in 1816, gold is the sole legal standard of value in this country. The Pound Sterling is the unit of value, and the Pound Sterling means now the sovereign of 123.27447 grains troy. The Mint price of gold fixed by law is £3, 17s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per as much as was obtainable for twenty-five shillings

ounce. Silver and copper coins are only tokens; that is to say, they may not be legally used to discharge debts above a small amount.

Mints are said to have been in existence before the time of Athelstan. At anyrate, in his reign (928) regulations were issued for the government of the Mint in London and of several provincial mints under its control. In the time of Edward I., the Mint was managed by Italians, as Englishmen do not seem to have then acquired the art of coining; and in the reign of Edward III., the operators were formed into a corporation by royal charter. It was in this reign that gold was first taken to the Mint for coinage; but of course gold coin was in use long before that. The Romans had gold coins two centuries before the Christian era; and it is possible that the Macedonians, three centuries earlier, also used gold. The Anglo-Saxons, however, only coined silver; and the first record of gold coins struck in England occurs in 1257.

Sovereigns were first minted in 1489, and guineas in 1663. The name of the latter coin was given because the gold from which it was made was brought by some African merchants from the coast of Guinea. When first struck, the guinea was value for twenty shillings; but by 1695 it had become value for thirty shillings. After that, it was reduced at different times, until, in 1717, it became as now understood, equivalent to twenty-one shillings. It is interesting to note that the first guineas bore the impression of an elephant, in token, doubtless, of their African origin. These coins, as they became scarce, rose again in nominal value—so much so, that in 1811 an Act was passed prohibiting their exportation, and also their sale at a higher price than twentyone shillings. In 1817, sovereigns were again coined, and the issue of guineas was discontinued, and has never been resumed.

It is asserted by economists that the purchasing value of the sovereign increased about twenty-five per cent. between 1875 and 1885—that is to say, that in the latter year it was able to purchase in the former year. Other calculations show that within the last fifteen years the purchasing power of the sovereign has increased from twenty shillings to thirty shillings. This is what is meant by the 'appreciation of gold,' taking money in Ricardo's sense as the measure of value of commodities, and itself measured by commodities. The depreciation of prices and the appreciation of gold as the standard of value thus mean the same thing.

Now, the origin of the Pound Sterling was in this way. In the days of William the Conqueror, the management of the currency was in the hands of the Jews, who thoroughly understood the principles of money. They took a certain quantity of silver, of a weight known as the 'Tower pound,' which was something between a Roman pound and a pound troy. the standard of measurement, the unit of value. Out of this pound of silver were cut twenty separate coins, called shillings. Out of a shilling were then cut twelve separate coins, called pennies. The weight of the silver penny was a pennyweight—the two hundred and fortieth part of a 'Tower pound;' and this was the actual coin in circulation, for shillings were only nominally coined. These silver pennies weighed each one-twentieth part of an ounce, and in modern money would be worth about twopence-halfpenny each.

Previous to 1216, rents were paid mostly in kind, and in fact money was not to be found among the masses of the people at all. But in that year coin was made 'Sterling'-a word supposed by some to be derived from 'Easterling,' the name given to German traders in England noted for the pure quality of their money. Camden says: 'In the time of King Richard I., monie coined in the east parts of Germanie began to be of especial request in England for puritie thereof, and was called Easterling monie, as all the inhabitants of those parts were called Easterlings; and shortly after, some of the countrie skillfull in mint matters and alloys were sent into this realme to bring the coin to perfection; which since that time was called of them Sterling, for Easterling.' In Holinshed, we read that 'certain merchants of Norwaie, Denmarke, and of others those parties, called Ostomanni, or, as in our vulgar language we terme them, Easterlings, because they lie east in respect of us.

The term Sterling was applied to what was called the 'money of account'—that is to say, to the pound computed as equivalent to twenty shillings, and the shilling as equivalent to twelve pence. Practically, the word 'Sterling' meant genuine and lawful, or, more properly speaking, legalised money.

legalised money.

The system thus introduced by the German Jews was in vogue down to the reign of Edward I., who banished the Jews from England. Their place as money merchants was taken by Italians; and Italians, as we have seen, were in charge of the coming operations at the Mint. The change is held by many not to have been one to our

advantage; at anyrate, the Italians are blamed for disordering and debasing the currency.

for disordering and debasing the currency.

So far it will be seen that English Sterling money—the standard of value—was silver, and that the unit was the Tower pound-weight of that metal. A shilling was the twentieth, and a penny the two hundred and fortieth, part of the unit—and the nominal value of the coins corresponded with the real value. The Italians introduced gold for coinage purposes, and the whole system had to be altered. In or about 1300, the Pound Sterling ceased to be a pound-weight of silver; for the Tower pound, instead of being divided into twenty parts, called shillings, or two hundred and forty parts, called shillings, or two hundred and forty parts, called pennies, was divided into thirty or forty parts, still called shillings, although twenty shillings was still called a Pound Sterling. After this, money was measured by tale—that is, by the number of pieces—and not by weight. A Pound Sterling was no longer a pound-weight of sterling silver; and in subsequent reigns the metal itself was debased by the mixture of alloys, so as to increase the circulating medium at the expense of the people.

There was, of course, at first no standard for the new gold coinage introduced by the Italians, and gold coins had to be estimated in silver. The ratio was constantly changing; and it was not until 1717 that it was fixed by law. Then, by the advice of Sir Isaac Newton, the guinea was decreed to be equivalent to twenty-one silver shillings, on the assumption that in the open market the gold in a guinea would exchange for the silver in twenty-one shillings. Silver, however, was still the standard of value; and gold, as it will be seen, had to take its valuation from the quantity of silver it would purchase. In time, the position was reversed, and gold became the standard by which everything, including silver, was measured. A Pound Sterling is now the sovereign, weighing, as we have said, 123·27447 grains troy of gold of a certain 'standard fineness'—which means twenty-two parts of pure gold to two of alloy.

The fixing of the guinea as a twenty-one shilling piece has given rise to a great deal of controversy, especially in later times, when the currency question has been so hotly debated. It was expressly stated in the royal proclamation that it was because of the over-valuation of gold, which has been a great cause of carrying out and lessening the species of the silver coins, which is highly prejudicial to the trade of this kingdom.' But the silver pound may be said to have co-existed with the gold pound until about the beginning of the present century, when it was enacted that silver coins should not be legal tender for debts exceeding forty shillings. This was Lord Liverpool's scheme, and besides reducing the legal tender power of silver, it also established gold as the sole unit of value.

The Pound Sterling, which, as we have seen, was a pound-weight of pure silver, is now represented by a gold coin whose value is fixed by law at the rate of £3, 17s. 10½d per ounce of gold bullion. A pound-note, which is the paper form of currency of the Pound Sterling, is founded not upon a pound-weight of silver or an equivalent weight in gold, but upon the gold sovereign, in which it is redeemable on demand. Stated

otherwise, it may be said that the Pound Sterling, which was formerly an actual tangible thing, is now a mere figure of speech. But none of us object to the unlimited repetition of its expression!

# RICHARD CABLE, THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER LVI .- A LAST TRIAL.

JOSEPHINE sat on a bench behind the Magpie with little Bessie in her arms, looking out seaward. There was a good deal of cloud in the sky, but torn, with intervals of sky, through which the sun poured a rain of white light over the water. Seen from the great height of the cliffs, the Atlantic looked like a silvery-gray, quivering sheet of satin, with folds of gray, and dashes and flakes and furls of brilliant white. About the headland of Pentargon, or King Arthur's Head, the breakers tossed, and the water was converted into milk. In the bay, under the cliffs, the gulls were noisy, and their voices, in laughter or objurgation, were re-echoed by the black precipices, multiplied and magnified, till, looking on, one wondered that so much and such strange sound should come from the flying flakes of white that glanced here and there. The wind was from the west; it had not brushed land since it left Labrador; but it had lost its chill and harshness in passing over these endless tracts of ocean; though it blew so strongly that it lifted and would have carried away an unsecured hat, there was a warmth and mellowness in it that divested it of all severity. It was like the reproof of a mother, charged with love and working betterment.

The horizon was full of change and mystery. now dark as a mourning-ribbon, now clear and white as that of a bride; now it was a broad belt, then a single thread; now melting into the sky, then sharp against it. Far away, it was blotted out by a blur of falling rain, or shadow from a cloud; and here again by a veil of sunlight that was let down between the clouds, hiding all

The air was full of music-the roar of the sea, in varied pulsations, and the pipe and flute among the grass and seabent on the down, and the hiss of the sand-grains that were caught and turned over and rolled along in the bare patches. Near the extreme verge of the precipice, where the soil was crumbly, and a false step would plunge into destruction, the sheep were lying at ease, dozing, waking now and then, and approaching the sweet grass to nibble, then going back to the edge of the precipice to sleep again; for the sheep have ascertained that, with a wind on shore, the edge of the cliff is the most sheltered spot; the wind hurling itself against the crag, is beaten upwards and curls over, and falls farther inland, just as might a wave. Consequently, in a heavy gale, partial stillness of air is found at the cliff edge.

Josephine wore a dark-blue dress, and over her head was a handkerchief, pinned beneath her chin. Bessie lay, silent in her lap, with her head on Josephine's bosom, and her thin-drawn face looking seaward. Josephine also was silent; without knowing that she thought, and on her she also was looking seaward. Her face was lap lay little Bessie thinking, as her eyes looked

greatly changed since we first saw her on the lightship. Then she was girlish, with mischief and defiance in her splendid eyes, and life glowing in her veins, showing through her olive skin. Then, there was promise in her of a handsome woman, full of spirit and self-will; of a clever woman, who could keep a circle of men about her, charmed, yet wincing, at her wit and humour. But the Josephine who sat on the bench of the Magpie was not the same. The promise was unfulfilled. The girlishness was gone. The self-confidence had made way for timidity; the defiance in her great dark eyes was exchanged for appeal. There was no mischief more lurking anywhere, in the eyes, in the dimples of the cheek, in the curve of the lips; but there was an amount of nobleness, and mixed with gentleness, great resolution, marked in all the features. It was like the nature of that west wind that they inhaled—strong yet tender, direct yet infinitely soft, soothing, healing, loving, strengthening—

Josephine had gone through a long ordeal, to which she had subjected herself, and from which there seemed no issue. Spiritually, morally, it had done her good; but it had not advanced her towards that end which she sought-at least so it seemed to her. She was no nearer to Richard Cable than she had been. If he conferred on her a boon, it was in such a manner as to rob it of all the grace of a gift and of all the hope it might

What a fascination there is in looking at the sea! Even the most vulgar soul is affected by it. On the sea-border we are on the frontier of the infinite. The sight of the ocean is like the sound of music calling forth the soul from the thoughts of to-day, from its cage-life to freedom, and an unutterable yearning after what is not—the Perfect. At the sight of the sea, all the aspirations long down-trodden, long forgotten, lift up their hands again, and stretch out of the dust of sordid life. All the sorrows of the past, scarred over, break out and bleed again, the blood running down drop by drop, warm, soothing, yet painful. All the generous thoughts that have been pared down and disfigured into mean acts, shake off their disguise, reassume their original dignity, and master us. All the unrealities, the affectations, which have bound us about, break away, and we stand forth fresh and natural and All the selfishness, the contraction of interest to one miserable point, discovers its unworthiness, and the heart swells with a charity that has no bounds.

I have seen those who have taken novels out on the downs to read, sit hour by hour looking seaward, with the novel unread on the lap. The sea was the great reality, the infinite truth waking up in their minds a thousand thoughts and emotions, drawing them out, withering the base, and bracing the true. It showed them in their own selves all the elements of the noblest romance; it revealed to them the true hero or heroine, in themselves, in the ideal, towards which they should ever strive, and in the pursuit of which work out the grandest of romances, which is not a romance, but a great reality.

seaward, and not knowing that she was thinking. In Goethe's ballad the Erle-king calls to the child, uttering promises; and the father who bears the child does not hear the voice, and shudders at the thought that his child may be lured away. The sea-the infinite sea, called to the child and to her who held the child with a voice that both heard—a voice full of promise, but full of

mystery as to what it promised.

The bench on which Josephine sat was made of old wreck-timber, and at the sides stood the curved ribs of a ship or boat, meeting overhead, and boarded in, so as to form a rude arbour. The sides cut off the wind, when it did not blow directly on shore, and the seat was a meetingplace for the coastguard. As Josephine sat here, a man came round the corner of the house and approached the place where she sat. She did not see him because of the planks that framed Five minutes after, another man in the seat. appeared in like manner round the other angle of the house, and came towards her arbour, and he also was unseen as he drew nigh, for the same reason. The first who came was Richard Cable, and he came to see Bessie. As already said, he had not been to the Magnie since she had been there; but of late a great uneasiness had come over him. He remembered what his mother had said, as he moved to Red Windows-that he laid his foundations in his first-born, and set up the gates in his youngest. In his troubled mind the fancy rose that he had lost his first-born—her love, at least, by thwarting her, and ruined her happiness; and that he was about to lose his poor little Bessie in another way. He had struggled against this impression, against his desire to see her, how she was progressing, to assure himself that the fear that weighed on him was unfounded. At length he had ridden over; and having heard from Mrs Corye that Josephine was with the child on the bench, he went in search of her; very reluctant to meet Josephine, and very desirous to see his child. He stood screened by the side of the bench, gray wooden wreek-timber planks, carved over with initials, listen-ing for Bessie's voice, waiting for her to run out on the down, when he would go after her, catch her up in his arms, and carry her off, without having to face Josephine.

At first he doubted whether those he sought were there; but there was a round knot-hole in one of the planks, and on looking through that, he saw Josephine, and the little girl leaning on he saw Josephine, and the little girl teating on her bosom. Josephine's profile was clean cut against the sky, noble, fine, and beautiful; but he could not see from that silhouette how changed the face was. As he thus stood, now looking through the hole at Josephine and Bessie, then, caught by the fascination of the sea, looking out caught by the fascination of the sea, looking out seaward, losing himself in drams full of trouble and pain and froth and brine, there passed a flicker of sunlight over the rolling ocean, like a skein of floss-silk of the purest white blown along the gray surface, and caught and spread by the inequalities, and then lifted and carried on again by the wind. He looked at this till it disappeared, and as he looked, his sense of time passed away, and he knew not how long he had been standing there, unable to muster courage to present himself before those who sat so near him and yet were parted from him. As he thus him and yet were parted from him. As he thus

stood, leaning back against the wall, another man came round the house, from the opposite side, and ensconced himself on the other side of the arbour. This was Mr Cornellis. He had driven up to the Magpie five minutes after the arrival of Cable, and had inquired for Josephine, not by name, but as the young person staying here with one of Cable's children. He had been to St Kerian, and had there learned where she was and what she was doing; and had come on to the *Magpie* after her. But, as he had heard from Mrs Corye that Richard had himself gone in the same direction a few minutes before, he contented himself with slipping round the corner and planting himself beside the bench, screened by the side, where he thought he might stand unobserved and hear what took place before he showed himself.

So Josephine sat on the old bench with the ribs of a wreck arching over her, planked in on both sides, and the sick child on her lap, both silent, both lost in a day-dream; and on each side of her, unknown to her, stood a man with whom she was intimately allied, and yet from both of whom she was widely parted-her father and her husband. She knew nothing of their proximity; she had not heard their steps on the turf; and the wind that blew into the arbour, filled it and whirled about in it, and hummed and piped and broke out into song, and sank into sobs, and pulled at the timbers, making them creak, and sought out their rifts, to whistle through them, so that she could hear no slight sound outside that rude orchestral

Mr Cornellis leaned back against the wall, with his hands behind him, as a protection to his coat, and looked out to sea; but on him, on him alone of the four, the fascination had no power. The same wondrous expanse, the same travelling glories and obscurities, the same mysterious depths and distances, and glimpses into further far-away, and screens veiling the far-off, the same call of the many-voiced ocean in one great harmonious song —passing over the mind of Mr Cornellis, not even as a breath over a mirror that leaves a momentary as a preason over a introversal trace—it affected him not at all, for the faculty was dead in him, if it had ever existed—the faculty of responding to the hidden things of nature. One deep calleth to another deep, sang David, sitting on the hill-slope of Bethlehem, looking away west to the Mediterranean, as the sight of the sea webs in his coult a conscious. sight of the sea woke in his soul a consciousness of the Divine, of the Eternal; and the deep sea still calls to the deep in every human soul that has depth; only to the shallow puddles does it call in vain.

Where the planks were joined on the side where stood Mr Cornellis, a little rift remained. The planks had not fitted originally, or had warped after having been nailed to the stanchions. Through this cleft he looked, and he could see his daughter. He could not see the face of the child on her bosom; but he saw the head over her arm, and the golden hair in dimpled waves flowing down upon Josephine's dark-blue dress, and the parting on the top of the head, and just a strip of

white brow.

Then both men heard the clear, beautiful voice of Josephine raised in song:

O wie wogt es, wie wogt es, so schön auf der Fluth,

and looking in, saw her swaying the sick Bessie in her arms to the rhythm of the melody.

Cable saw more—he saw the delicate, transparent hand of his child raised, stroking the cheek of her nurse, and then—the song of the mermaid was interrupted as Josephine turned her lips and kissed the little hand.

Josephine did not continue the song, but said: 'Bessie, can you kneel on my lap, and let me tell you something?'

The child did not answer in words; she had become very silent of late—the closeness, the reserve of her father was showing itself as an inherited characteristic in her. But though she did not speak, she acted; she raised her head, put her hands on Josephine's shoulders, and knelt on her lap, opposite her, still resting a hand on each shoulder of her nurse. The wind blew in, took her golden hair, and swept it forward towards the face of Josephine; and Josephine was obliged to make her hold her head away, lest the hair should spread itself over her face and obscure her eyes and prevent her from speaking.

'My dear Bessie,' she said in a voice full of gentleness and sweetness, and with a tremble in it that now never left it, 'I must tell you something. I cannot let you coax me, and pat my cheek and kiss me, as you so often do, without your knowing to whom you show this love.'

Then Cable's brows knitted. Josephine was going to betray the trust imposed on her, to tell the child that she was her stepmother, and to implant in Bessie's mind the suspicion that her father had been unjust to one who was kind and good. He took a step forward to leave his hiding-place and prevent the disclosure; but he thought better of his resolution, and desisted. He must not provoke a scene which would agitate his child.

'Bessie,' said Josephine, 'I do not think your father would wish you to be so dear and sweet to me, to let me think you loved me, and remain in ignorance of what should be told.'

'She is false also,' thought Cable; 'she knows I

do not wish it?

'My darling,' continued Josephine, 'look me full in the face—look with your blue eyes straight into mine, whilst I tell you something, and I shall be able to read in your eyes what you think.' She paused, and drew a long breath. 'You know, my pretty pet,' said Josephine, 'how you suffer in your back, how that you have always—that is, since you can remember—been a sickly child; that you have not been able to play with your sisters like those who are strong; that you have had much pain to bear, and many sleepless nights. You know that now you are very weak and soon tired, and you do not care to talk much or take exercise, but to lie quiet on my breast and look at the sea. My dear, I also like to look at the sea; and the sea has been talking to me, and telling me to be true—always true, and deal openly, and never hide what should be known, and reap what has not been sown by me. That is why I want to tell you this thing now, which has been kept secret from you. Do you know why you are infirm and in pain, with a suffering life instead of a life joyous and painless?

'I do not know,' said Bessie.
'No one has told you?'
The child shook her head, and as she did so, the

wind caught her yellow hair and wrapped it about her face, so that she was obliged to let go her hold of Josephine's shoulder with one hand, to thrust back her curls behind her cars.

'May I have your blue kerchief with the white spots,' asked Bessie, 'to tie over my head? The hair blows into my eyes, and I cannot see you.'

Then Josephine unknotted the kerchief from her own head—the knot was under her chin—and tied it over the golden head of little Bessie. How was it that, in some dim way, the sight of that blue, white-spotted kerchief was familiar to Richard? 'It is an old pocket-handkerchief of your father's,' said Josephine, 'and covers you best, as his love is spread over your head—not over mine.'

Then Richard remembered the handkerchief, and the mockery with which once Josephine had spoken of it.

'When your father left Hanford, where he once lived—that was when you were quite a baby, and you remember nothing about it—then he left this kerehief behind, and I have kept it ever since.'

'Were you there then?'

'Yes.'
'Why did papa leave that place for St Kerian?'
'Because, in the first place, the cottage at St

'Because, in the first place, the cottage at St Kerian came to him from your great-uncle; and in the next, he had very painful associations with Hanford.'

'You knew him there?'

'Yes—and it was there that the sad accident happened which has made you a sufferer.'

Cruel, cruel Josephine! always wounding! She was about now to tell his daughter how he had let her fall when he was drunk, and so to turn away the child's heart from him. Thus were his mother's words likely to come true; he had thrown away the heart of his eldest, and the heart of his youngest was to be plucked from him. He set his elbow against the wall, and his fingers he thrust through his hair, and he looked with eyes that gleamed with remorse and anger through the knot-hole at Josephine.

Then she went on, in her low voice, that quivered as sunlight on the surface of water: 'Look me well in the face, dear Bessie, and do not take your eyes off mine. You shall know the truth now, from my lips. The reason why you have a bad back and an unhappy life is this—that you were let fall on a hard stone floor, when you were a baby, and your bones soft and not full set. That is the secret that has not been told you. You were born sound and strong as Mary and Jane and Effie and Martha, and the rest; and now you would be able to run about like the rest, and be strong, and have no pain, but for that fall.—Well?' The great brown eyes of Josephine looked into the blue eyes of the child, inquiringly. 'Have you nothing to ask? Do you not want to know where the guilt lies of ruining all your sweet and precious life?'

Bessie shook her head, and her golden hair did not flutter, but the end of the blue, whitespotted kerchief, with R. C. marked on it, flapped in the wind.

The brow of Cable was drawn and corded like rope, and his knees shook under him with convulsive agitation. Should he now step forth at this supreme moment and arrest the word on the heartless, venomous woman's lips?

Then in the same low, quivering tones, but yet so clear that Richard lost not one word, Josephine went on: 'It was my doing, Bessie. I—and I alone am to blame for all your suffering; and that is also why your father left Hanford—to take you away from me.'

Not a wink, not a contraction of the iris in the

child's blue orbs.

'Some one,' said Josephine, 'said to me that when you were told this, you would hate me, and raise your little fists and beat my eyes till they

were blind with blood and tears.'

Then little Bessie let go her hold of Josephine's shoulders, and threw her arms about her neck, and platted the white fingers in her dark hair and kissed her passionately on the eyes, and then laid her little head on one of Josephine's shoulders, and looked up into her eyes and said: But-I am glad it was you, and I love you a thousand times better.

Out seaward was a long, hard-edged, black roller coming on to the shore, looking as black and hard as the iron rocks against which it was about to fling itself. But at one point the crest broke and turned into foam; at another point far away in the same wave-crest, another white foamhead appeared; and from each side the foam ran inward, and it seemed as if they must meet and turn the whole long wave into one white breaker. But no! There heaved up between the approaching lines of foam a yeasty heap of water, into which the advancing wave dissolved, and lost its continuity. Richard looked seaward at this roller. Little matters determine our actions in moments of indecision. Had the foam-lines met, he would have stepped forward, and an immediate reconciliation might have ensued. But the failure in the wave broke down the dawning desire for reunion, and he stole away back to the inn without a word.

As he left, Mr Cornellis stood forth, and saw him go, and in another moment confronted his daughter and Bessie. But Cable went into the Magpie and ordered his horse. Then said Mrs Corye to him: 'I suppose you can't carry a parcel? The young woman has done all the seven confirmation dresses, and they are tied up in a parcel,

ready to be sent to St Kerian.

'Give them to me,' said Cable; 'I will take them in front of my saddle.'

When Josephine caught sight of her father, she sprang up with a cry of pleasure and with a flushed face, placed Bessie on the seat and ran to him with outstretched arms. She was so to him with outsirected arms. She was so poverty-stricken in love, that she hailed with delight the appearance of one to whom she was tied with the tenderest bands. 'O papa! how kind of you to come and see me! Oh! how is dear Aunt Judith? I have not seen her for so long, and I do love her so! O papa! this is a pleasure.' She held his hand in both hers and remove it and kissed it and went with delight.

wrung it and kissed it, and wept with delight.
'I have come to fetch you home,' said Mr Cornellis. 'Your Aunt Judith is expecting you,

and I want you!
'Papa!' exclaimed Josephine suddenly, 'you are in mourning—deep mourning. What has

happened? I have lost my wife. You know that I married Miss Otterbourne, who was twenty years older than mysslf. She has not lived long.

The complete change in the modes of life, after she had settled into old-maidish ways, broke her up very quickly.'
'O papa, papa! And where are you now?
'At Bewdley, my dear.'

'But that goes to Captain Sellwood.'
'Not at all. She had free disposal of her property, and she has left everything to me.' 'But—it is not fair.'

'I do not ask your opinion in this matter,' he said coldly; 'I have come to fetch you home. Judith is getting old and failing, and I want you to manage the house.'

'But—papa—I cannot leave.'
'Why not? Richard Cable will have nothing to say to you. Has he given you the least encouragement?'

She was silent.

'Do you know that he overheard all that passed between you and the child just now? Had he desired a reconciliation, he would have sought it. He did not. He never will. Give up this absurd and hopeless Don Quixote pursuit, and come with me. I am now very well off. You were at Bewdley as a servant; you come back as mistress. I have packed off the worthless crew of domestics and hangers-on who preyed on the old lady. Come back with me. You have done more than was necessary to satisfy that fellow Cable; and as he still rejects you, show him proper pride, and leave him to himself.'

'Papa!'-she breathed fast-'you are rich

now?

Yes, very.

'Then, oh, do repay the insurance.' He gave her a look, so evil, so full of rage and malice, that she turned sharply about to see Bessie.

He did not speak again; he went away without another word or look, and left without a parting message through the hostess.

Not so Cable.

When Josephine came in, Mrs Corye pointed to the table, on which something was scrawled in chalk. 'Look there,' she said. 'He—I mean Cable—wrote that for you, and when you've read

it, wipe it out.'
On the table was inscribed: 'Thursday—bring Bessie. Friday-confirmation.' That was all.

# THE REVIVAL OF SMUGGLING.

BY A REVENUE OFFICER.

THE discoveries of private stills, and the detections of smuggling operations, which have of late years been the subject of frequent announcements in the newspapers, point to the revival of practices which it was considered had almost been abandoned by the inhabitants of these countries. In one district in Inverness-shire, nineteen illicit distilleries have been discovered within the last five years by the revenue officers; and numerous cases of the same kind have occurred elsewhere in Scotland and in Ireland. The revival of this form of smuggling is due in great measure to the facilities with which the materials used in the manufacture of spirits can be procured. Many persons who are well acquainted with the finished article in the shape of whisky, are not perhaps aware that the grain from which British spirits are made must have gone through—either wholly or in part—an extended process of preparation called malting. This process consists in steeping the grain in water for about forty-eight hours; allowing it to remain in a heap until it germinates; spreading it out on a floor for seven or eight days, to regulate the growth of the rootlet; drying it on a kiln; and finally, grinding or crushing it in a mill.

The process of malting requires a variety of appliances and circumstances, which proved a serious obstacle in the way of the illicit distiller when the law prohibited the manufacture of malt except under the supervision of revenue officials. The smuggler sometimes effected the preliminary operation of steeping by depositing the sacks of grain in a bog or mountain morass, sometimes in concealed cisterns made for the purpose. A lonely 'bothy' or a loft in a dwelling-house was used for the germinating process; and where a friendly miller could not be resorted to for drying and grinding, secret kilns were constructed, and the grain crushed between a rude kind of rollers. But the presence of grain undergoing the malting process is easily known by its peculiar smell, and to prevent its detection by the practised nose of the 'gauger' was a matter which required caution and skill. The mills and kilns to which smugglers might resort for accomplishing the final stages in the preparation of grain for distillation, were frequently inspected by the revenue officers, and heavy penalties inflicted on the owners if malted grain was found on their premises.

As an instance of the difficulties connected with illicit malting, the following story is told on the authority of a Perthshire farmer, who in his early days practised this branch of smuggling. He had on one occasion a quantity of barley in the germinating stage on a loft in his house, when he learned that the excise officer and his men were in the neighbourhood, on the lookout for offenders like himself. Gathering all the hands available on the premises, he had the grain put in sacks and hastily conveyed to a neighbouring wood. As he anticipated, the officer paid his house a visit, but went away apparently satisfied that all was correct. As soon as it was considered that he was clear of the coast, all hands were summoned again, and the grain was brought back. Our friend retired to bed congratulating himself that he had eluded the minions of the law, but awoke to find his enemies at the gate, and in a short time saw them laying violent hands on his concealed property. For this offence he was sentenced to pay a fine. Resolved, however, to pay it at the expense of the revenue, he set about 'running' another floor of malt, was detected a second time, and committed to Perth jail for forty days-a mode of treatment which convinced him that honesty, if not, in his opinion, the best, was at anyrate the safest policy, and henceforth he eschewed all smuggling operations.

It will be seen that the preparation of the grain was a great obstacle in the way of the private distiller producing the finished article. This obstacle was removed by the abolition of the malt duty in 1880. The manufacture of malt, duty-free, for distillation was allowed before that year, but under the strictest surveillance. Malt intended for use in the manufacture of beer was

subject to a duty of two shillings and tenpencehalfpenny per bushel. By the Beer Act of 1880 this duty was transferred to the beer itself, and thereafter all malt could be made without official supervision of any kind. The consequence is that the smuggler can purchase or prepare the materials for distillation without let or hindrance. That advantage is taken of this is apparent from the frequent detections of private distilleries. Smuggling of this nature, however, possesses few of the exciting elements formerly connected with The illicit trader of the 'good old times' defended his property and 'plant' with courage and obstinacy, when discovered; and it some-times happened that the excisemen had to retire vanquished even when supported by the military. The modern offender usually decamps when he is about to be detected, leaving the officers the somewhat barren triumph of seizing or destroying his apparatus. A few instances have occurred of late where a slight show of resistance was made to the invading force; but a successful attempt to defeat the law by force is out of the question nowadays. It sometimes happens, however, that the smuggler, if not altogether successful in baffling his persecutors, outwits them in a way that does credit to his ingenuity. An instance of this occurred a few years ago in a certain district in Scotland. A man had been engaged for a considerable time in illicit distillation. Aware, however, that detection would overtake him some time or other, satisfied with the luck he had experienced so long, and having all but worn out his distilling utensils, he went boldly to the super-visor of the district and offered, in exchange for a pecuniary consideration of greater value than his worn-out plant, to communicate the whereabouts of an illicit distillery. The bargain was struck; and the supervisor discovered, when it was too late—the informer having left the neighbourhood-that he had been sold by the smuggler!

The disposal of the spirits when made is a matter that requires the greatest care on the part of the illicit trader, and can only be done by the connivance of the people of the district. The depressed state of trade and agriculture in recent years has no doubt induced the small farmers and cottars of some districts to purchase whisky that can be supplied to them at one-third the price which the legal trader requires. In former times, the smuggler found ready customers in the remote country publicans; but not many of this class exist now, and of those that remain, few venture on the purchase of spirits which, from their bad quality, are acceptable only to the lowest class of drinkers, and the possession of which it is difficult to conceal from the officers of the revenue. The smuggler is consequently compelled to dispose of his stock in small quantities for direct consumption. Sooner or later, information of his proceedings leaks out; his business prospects are suddenly terminated by the capture of his premises and seizure of his property, while the persistent efforts of the excise officials to make his personal acquaintance render it necessary for him to seek a home elsewhere. It may be safely predicted, therefore, that—unless the revenue authorities remove their officers to too great a distance from the haunts of the smuggler-even the increased facilities which

he now possesses for obtaining his materials will not lead to the continuance of a practice attended with so many risks; and the revival of smuggling is probably only a prelude to its final abandonment.

# THE OLD SECRETAIRE,

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

#### CHAPTER II.

More than half a century had passed since Arundel Secretan had been found with the rapier in his heart, and the west wing had still remained tenanted by the rats and mice and the shade of the unfortunate gambler. Again the Yule-log stood without the door; there was a pleasant sound of laughter in the great hall, for the snow was falling thickly on the bare oaks and pines and dashing against the casement. Inside, all was light and warmth, a huge fire burning on the tiled hearth, rugs and skin-mats scattered about with all kinds of comfortable lounges, from a settee, borrowed from the drawingroom, to the beehive straw-chair, purloined for the moment from the kitchen. Holly and mistletoe gleamed everywhere, from ancient pictures and chain-mail, to the seventeenth-century clock ticking on the stairs. For some moments the merry party were silent, listening cosily to the snow beating on the lattice. Presently, Ada Secretan, sole daughter of the house, roused herself from the contemplation of the cheery blaze to give a fresh turn to the conversation.

'We are here for a whole fortnight,' she said.
'In my limited recollection, I distinctly remember being snow-bound here for fifteen days. Suppose this should happen again, my sisters, cousins, and

aunts!'
A golden head shimmered in the light for a moment, and a low rapturous voice was heard to ejaculate the single monosyllable 'Jolly!' But the rest of the party became suddenly grave at the bare idea of such a calamity.

'Don't imagine it's slow,' came another mysterious voice out of the gloom, 'because it isn't. I was snowed up in Scotland for nearly a week, once. I never enjoyed myself so much in my life.'

'What did you do, Connie?' asked golden-head from her corner, sleepily.

'Heaps of things, my dear. First of all, we ransacked the place from top to bottom—such a deliciously quaint old house, with old cupbonds in all sorts of queer places, and ghostly passages—oh! Then, of course, we had character and theatricals.'

'We might have theatricals here, Ada,' suggested the girl addressed as Connie, though better known to the world of fashion as the Hon Constance Lumley, 'if any of the gentlemen are equal to writing a farce.'

"I have been expecting this," said a man's voice resignedly, apparently belonging to a pair of knickerbockers and homespun hose, half hidden in the beshive chair. 'Of course, you have all forgotten my existence utterly, and equally, of course, I am expected to volunteer my services as author and stage-manager.'

'Oh, Mr Warren, how delightful!' cried a grateful chorus. 'After writing for the London stage, it will be child's-play to make us a little play.'

'Amateurs are so easily satisfied!' continued the dramatist dryly, the hero of more than one successful comedy. 'All you have to do is to give them all leading parts, and there you are, you know!'

'And pretty dresses,' murmured golden-head, intensely interested.

'And pretty frocks, Miss Wynne.—What do you say to attempting something of the Rivals and School for Scandal type? It would save a vast amount of stagework; and surely, in a jolly old house like this, we might hunt up picturesque costumes enough.'

In spite of his affected cynicism, Frank Warren was by this time as much in love with his own scheme as the bevy of fair listeners. With a dexterity born of long practice, he sketched out rapidly the outline of a plot, which he submitted to his hearers, and which they accepted with fervent if subdued applause. Though the snow beat upon the casement, drifting higher round the laurel and barberry in the drive, there was no repining at the weather in the ancient hall, where the firelight fell fitfully upon a ring of fair flushed faces gathered round the oracle.

'Your brother is expected this evening, Miss Secretan?'—Ada nodded assent.—'And with myself, not forgetting our host and Colonel Lucas, will be enough. Of course, we shall not all be able to play in this piece; but those who don't, can take a part in the tableaux vivants afterwards.'

Tableaux vivants, and a play afterwards! exclaimed Miss Lumley, throwing herself back in a pretended ecstasy of admiration. 'Glorious!—Ada, my dear child, with all your picturesque ancestors and lovely ancestresses, you must have some splendid dresses somewhere.'

'Tradition says there are some in the west wing,' Ada Secretan replied; 'though, candidly, I have never had courage to go there and look for myself. The Haunted Chamber is there.'

'Do you boast a Haunted Chamber?' Warren asked with some curiosity.

As the outer shadows fell, the wind gathered strength in the pines; it grew dark inside in the early gloaming, till nothing but the firelight remained. It was the hour and season for a romantic legend, fresh to some of them, and they gathered closer round the ruddy blaze while Ada Secretan told the story. By the time she had finished, darkness had fallen, and the listeners were very silent. 'And all this happened,' concluded the narrator, 'not sixty years ago.'

'Was the west wing habitable then?' Warren asked presently. 'You can understand the interest I take in this pitiful story. For,' continued the speaker, in a higher key, 'Edgar Warren of the story is my ancestor. Indeed, I am the first Warren who has crossed this threshold since that

fatal night."

'The wing was falling into decay; but still it must have been a pleasant place in the summertime; and in it were the suite of rooms set aside for the eldest son of the house from time immemorial. Since that night, I don't think any of us have set foot in the wing.'

'It seems a pity to let such lovely old rooms lie idle,' mused Miss Wynne. 'Though I can understand how little your great-grandfather cared for them.'

'He cared a great deal more than people thought,' Ada replied. 'In spite of his apparent harshness and severity, he was very fond of his son, and bitterly disappointed by his dishonourable conduct. He did not live very long afterwards, when Alice Secretan died; and before his decease, he had the entrance to the west wing nailed up; and not a soul has ever set foot in the building since his death.'

'Well, that's a strange way of showing grief,' Warren exclaimed irreverently. — 'And what about Clive, the young son and heir?'

'He was taken in good hands, and the estate carefully nursed during his long minority—a fortunate thing for us, as it turned out afterwards. He married at twenty-one that foreign-looking lady who hangs up over the staircase there; and broke his neck at twenty-three over some foolish wager, just in time to save everything from utter ruin; and, concluded the fair narrator candidly, 'that is really the reason why the west wing has never been restored to its pristing clory.'

its pristine glory.'
In that case, Mr Secretan has no foolish—that is, no reverence for his ancestor's strange taste,' Warren remarked. 'If your grandfather had not been a friend of "the first gentleman in Europe," that part of Woodside would have been restored long ago! Would he mind some of us

Europe," that part of Woodside would have been restored long ago! Would he mind some of us exploring it?'

The questioner, at some one's instigation, emptied a bucket of pine-knots on the sullen wood-ashes, and roused up a ruddy blaze, roaring and spluttering up the wide open chimney. Rugs and chairs were brought closer round, and a little gipsy table set in the midst. A solemn footman deposited a tray containing gleaming silver and fragile china on the wicker-stand, and vanished. For a time at least, the spell cast over them all by the legend was broken, and a babel of nimble tongues broke loose. Warren raised himself with a great show of reluctance from his shadowy retreat and stood waiting at Ada Secretan's right hand; for at these cosy afternoon teas they had voted the presence of servants a restraint, and the feeling in favour of self-help was unanimous and vol untary. Presently, when every fair one had been supplied according to her needs, the dramatist drew a chair closer to the youthful chatelaine's side, speaking in a low key. 'You don't know how your little romance has interested me,' said he, especially the recollection of my ancestor, Edgar Warren. Talk about having no poetry in real life, with a Haunted Chamber, and a mysterious mansion sealed and barred for nearly sixty years! Miss Secretan, I must have a ramble through these rooms, if I commit burglary to do it.

'So far as that goes, I do not see why all of us should not go. It will certainly have the merit of being a novel Christmas amusement.'

'Then you really think Mr Secretan will consent?'

"Consent to what?' cried a voice behind, bringing with the owner a gust of cold moist air and a general sense of snow and discomfort.—

'What is the last mad scheme I am to consent to, eh! pussy?'

Warren looked up with serio-comic disgust into Mr Secretan's face, or at least as much as could be seen of it under a shooting-cap with the flaps carefully tied under the ears, and a mackintosh from foot to collar. A little snow collected on his boots and gaiters melted in the warmer atmosphere, and trickled across the polished oak floor.

'You have been sitting over the fire, you lazy young people, till you are all of you half asleep. If you really won't have lamps, ring for some more wood, so that I can see where the mischievous ones are.'

Warren rang the bell, and politely offered to relieve his host of hat and coat; an offer declined at once, on the plea of more outdoor work to be done. As the latter still lingered, Warren hastened to press his request.

'Of course, if you like to run wild amongst the dust and black beetles, I have no objection,' said the cheery Squire. 'It will do the place no harm to have a little air let in. Only, don't get frightening any of my pretty visitors; I want nothing but Christmas roses here on Christmas morning.'

'The thing is done!' cried Warren theatrically, as the outer door banged behind the Squire. 'Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors, the mystic west wing is about to be reopened, after an interlude of sixty years'——

But any further declamation was checked by a violent ring at the hall bell; a throwing open of doors, and the entry of three people: one an elegant-looking girl, draped and shawled; the second, a tall military figure; and lastly, a young man in a rough tweed ulster—none other than Walter Secretan of Woodside Manor and Pump Court, Temple; and the before-mentioned Colonel Lucas, and Miss Edith Lucas, his daughter.

Warren stopped in the midst of his florid utterance, and would have come forward, but that he felt a hand laid upon his arm. Looking down, he saw an old man bearing some logs of wood, a bent decrepit man, with heavy overhanging brows, and dark, evil-looking eyes. Somewhat surprised, he would have asked the meaning of this strange conduct, save that the ancient servitor held up a warning hand, and said: 'Sixty years, you say—ay, sixty sorrowful, bitter years.—And you would come, another of your hated race, prying into family secrets.—Listen to me, sir; take an old man's advice, and keep away from yonder wing, or your life, perhaps more than that, will pay the forfeit.' And so saying, he was gone.

It was later in the evening before the astonished hearer found an opportunity of discovering the identity of his strange friend. Without disclosing what he had heard, he drew Walter Secretan out somewhat cautiously. That gentleman was tying his white cravat at the time, a matter just then of more importance to him than anything so mundane as a family servant. That? Oh, that old fellow was my great-grandfather's valet—Silas Brookes, who went on that mad excursion you have heard of. An excellent servant in his day, but getting a little imbecile, you understand.

Warren did understand, and held his peace. But all the same he felt that the words he had heard were the outcome of neither imbecility nor madness. Was he hiding some dark secret, or was it merely rancorous hatred of a Warren that dictated the outburst of bitter spleen?

#### 'ON GUARD' AT THE OPERA.

Some who visit Covent Garden during the Royal Italian Opera season may be surprised to notice that the theatre is under the protection of a military guard; for provincial theatre-goers at least are certainly unaccustomed to find their places of amusement surrounded by a cordon of sentinels. The occasional presence of an armed party at the opera-house, however, may be regarded as an instance of the survival of old customs in the metropolis. Just as a stealthy glance into a Whitehall sentry-box, where the words 'Tylt Guard' are inscribed on the suspended board of forders, suggests the period when a veritable tilt-yard occupied part of the site of the present Horse Guards, so the sentries in the Covent Garden piazzas remind one of the times when playhouse tumults were not by any means exceptional occurrences.

Though the opera guard is now chiefly, per-haps, for ornamental purposes, it is not necessary to carry a retrospect beyond the beginning of the century to discover that its duties were originally no sinecure. For example, when the appearances of Macready were causing an extraordinary degree of popular excitement, the streets in the vicinity of Covent Garden became blocked by a vast crowd; and what contemporary accounts term a 'terrible catastrophe' was only averted by the intervention of a largely reinforced guard. Again, in 1813, the members of the guard and a disorderly audience came into actual collision—the struggle, curiously enough, taking place on the stage, and the result being that the guardsmen were disarmed, and their firelocks' thrown into the orchestra.

In those times, the guard was probably much more numerous than now, when it consists of a sergeant, corporal, drummer, and twelve private soldiers. The party only proceeds to the theatre on special occasions-when royal personages are to form a portion of the audience. Orders are sent to the regiment furnishing the 'public duties' to provide the 'opera;' and sometimes these instructions are very late in arriving, to the confusion of the company sergeants-in-waiting, whose men, if not 'warned' early in the day, are apt to be out of barracks on their own pleasure. Accordingly, on receipt of a late order of this kind, the sergeants in-waiting may be seen rushing from one barrack-room to another, crying out, 'Best clothing for opera!' and 'warning' the first men they can find, quite irrespective of the duty-roster, which the circumstances render useless.

By seven o'clock the little party has 'formed up,' with the drummer-boy on the right, and two or three 'men in readiness' at some distance on the left. These men, as their designation implies, are 'in readiness' to replace any members of the guard who, from being improperly equipped, or other causes, may happen to be disqualified for going on duty. A stalf-sergeant proceeds to in-spect and 'prove' the guard. Having completed this important operation, he orders the men to

wearing beards, may be observed to approach carrying between them a wooden coal-tray: this contains the ammunition, of which ten rounds, sowed up in coarse canvas, are supplied to each soldier with the exception of the drummer, who is merely armed with a short sword. When the ball-bags have been securely buttoned up, the pioneers with the coal-tray retire, the drummer swings his instrument on his back, and the guard is marched off.

When he has arrived with his 'command' at Covent Garden, the sergeant 'numbers off' the men. Then he proceeds to 'take over' the guardroom and its contents. There is no old guard' to relieve; for the opera guard only remains on duty till the conclusion of the per-formance in the theatre. The guardroom differs materially from most apartments of the kind, and, indeed, its furniture, though far from luxurious, presents an agreeable contrast to the ordinary guard-bed and trestle-tables which one expects to see in such places. In fact, were it not for the rifle-rack and the inevitable Board of Orders hanging over the fireplace, it would be difficult to guess to what purposes the room is devoted. Besides the above-mentioned essential articles, it is simply furnished with a table, an armchair for the commandant, and a number of what may be styled 'kitchen' chairs for the other members of the guard.

Having enjoined his men to divest themselves of the more cumbrous portion of their accourrements, the sergeant 'falls in' the first relief; and his satellite, the corporal, straightway posts a 'double' sentry at the doorway by which the expected royal party will enter the theatre. Subsequently, he places two single sentinels in other positions. Then the corporal returns to the guardroom, puts his piece in the rack, and begins to make out the roll of the guard, using his bayonet by way of a ruler. While he is so employed, the men off sentry and sitting in the guardroom begins to look a ruler, at the serves to the begin to look anxiously at the sergeant; they appear to be inclined to make some request, but no one is bold enough to take the initiative. The corporal, however, noticing the situation, musters up courage, and hints to his superior officer that he may as well go to 'draw the pay.' This reminds us to mention, in passing, that the opera guard receives extra pay from the theatrical authorities. Accordingly, the sergeant disappears for a few minutes, and returns bearing a small money-bag. Before he has time bearing a small money-bag. Before he has time to inspect the contents of this, the hoarse call of 'Guard, turn out!' causes the men to seize of Grand, turn out: causes the men to seize their rifles, and the corporal to throw down his pen and fix his bayonet. Rushing out into the street, the soldiers make their way through a crowd to form up in proper array on the opposite side, where arms are hastily 'shouldered.' A close carriage drives up, arms are 'presented,' the royal party enter the theatre, and the guard 'there in' 'turns in.'

The sergeant now empties the contents of the money bag upon the table. Selecting three shillings, he places these in his pouch, already occupied by the ten rounds of ball-cartridge. Then spect and 'prove' the guard. Having completed he hands the corporal a florin, and to each of this important operation, he orders the men to the other men he gives one and sixpence. The 'stand at ease' for a few moments; and afterwards of paper, and takes down what each man desires for supper. While he has gone out in search of the constituents of this meal, the soldiers produce table-knives, which they have conveyed 'on guard' in a manner that might amuse a civilian observer. One man, for instance, takes off his bearskin cap: he has his knife fixed in the basket-work which supports the interior of this form of headdress. Another, opening his valise, finds a knife and fork inside a boot. A third, having been somewhat abruptly detailed for 'opera,' has thrust a knife amid the folds of his greatcoat. Before very long, the drummer enters the guardroom, having with him a basket of provisions, and a large vessel containing beer, of which each man on guard is entitled to two pints. When the supper has been discussed, the sergeant calls for 'two men for patrols,' and marches off to visit the sentries, whom he shortly afterwards relieves, giving each his eighteenpence as they arrive in the guardroom.

The sentries 'on opera' are provided with neither sentry-boxes, watchcoats, nor order-boards. Their 'orders' are of a general nature; and as they are all under cover, watchcoats, and especially sentry-boxes, would be superfluous. The 'double' sentry on what is considered the most important post has already been alluded to. One of the single men is placed under the piazzas; his instructions chiefly relate to keeping at a proper distance the gamin class of the neighbourhood, who are frequently disposed to be intrusive. But in this duty the soldier is ably seconded by the policeman, who inspires a considerably greater degree of fear than the armed representa-tive of authority. The remaining sentry mounts duty within the theatre, marching up and down a kind of corridor in a 'smart and soldierlike manner.' His function may be regarded as being purely of an ornamental nature, unless, perhaps, in the event of fire, when he is instructed to 'alarm the guard.' As the guard only continues for three or four hours at the theatre, the amount of 'sentry-go' which falls to the lot of the men cannot be considered severe. Each soldier remains on sentry about an hour; and in addition to this, he may have to go once on 'patrols,' a duty occupying some five minutes.

As the time draws near for the conclusion of the performance, the sergeant reminds all concerned to be ready to turn-out at a moment's notice. The men place their rifles within easy reach, and pass the interval in stowing away their table-knives and adjusting their equipments to 'go off.' Soon the cry of 'Guard, turn out!' is heard. When arms have been presented to the royal party, the commander of the guard gives the order, 'On with your valises,' an order which is obeyed with great alacrity; and in a few minutes the party has commenced its homeward meanth.

When the opera guard has come pretty near the barracks, the drummer runs on in front, calling at the top of his voice, 'Gate!' After this has been repeated by the sentry of the barrack-guard, the corporal of that body appears with a large bunch of keys, and in a somewhat sleepy manner unlocks the gate. The 'opera' now marches to the spot where it was arrayed for duty in the evening, and is there halted. Two figures advance through the darkness, bearing a coal-tray, in which the soldiers place their ammunition. And

almost before the echo of the stentorian command, 'Dismiss!' has died away, the men of the opera guard have disappeared into their barrackrooms.

#### THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW.

CHAPTER VI.

IT was a month later, one of those chill, drizzling November days when London, both urban and suburban, looks more dreary and soul-depressing than at any other time. Matters with Matthew Roding had gone on from bad to worse. At Chesterfield Villa, there were two men in posses-sion—where an inventory of every article it contained had already been taken-one of whom made himself at home in the servants' offices; while the other sat in state in the gorgeous back drawing-room, turning over some of the gilt-edged volumes with languid interest, and refreshing himself copiously at frequent intervals from a can of beer at his elbow. The servants were scandalised, and would have resigned in a body had not their wages been so much in arrear. Horses and carriages had been sent back to the people from whom they had been bought, but not paid for, so as to enable the best to be made of a bad bargain. Mr Roding's balance at his banker's had dwindled to the smallest amount compatible with a balance at all; in ten days' time, acceptances to the tune of seven thousand pounds would fall due, which, so far, he saw no

possibility of meeting.

At this time he had not left home for upwards of a week. A bad sore throat had laid him up for two or three days; but after he had got better, he evinced no desire to go near the City. 'What good can I do if I go? None,' he said a hundred times bitterly to himself. For the past three months his life had been one incessant slow torture, and now the time had come when he could bear it no longer. He looked fully ten years older than he had looked six months previously-a man gray, worn, haggard, and prematurely old. Grigson came and went between Throgmorton Street and the villa once a day always, sometimes twice. Bunker, meanwhile, had been transferred from the Bankside office to the City. It was necessary that some one should be on the spot to answer the numerous callers, friendly and unfriendly, but for the most part pertaining to the latter category, all of whom wanted to see Mr Roding in person. For these people, Peter had but one answer. Mr Roding, he told them, was away on the continent, engaged in negotiations of the utmost importance with an eminent foreign firm, and it was quite uncertain when he would be back. Peter believed implicitly what he thus stated to be a fact—Grigson had assured him that it was so; for no power on earth would have induced him wittingly to become the mouthpiece of a lie; and so evident was the old clerk's air of sincerity and good faith, that many people went away believing fully what he had told them; but others there were who laughed in his face, and asked him what he took them for, and muttered anathemas, not loud but deep, on the head of the man whose honeyed Many women there are—more women than men, perhaps—who accept the inevitable, if not exactly with cheerfulness, yet with a quiet philosophy all their own; who, knowing that what can't be cured must be endured, yield themselves to the endurance part with the best grace possible under the circumstances. But of these women Mrs Roding was not one. Rather did she pertain to that numerous class who regard any misfortune which may befall themselves as a sort of personal affront on the part of providence, while quite ready to concede that their neighbours deserve whatever may fall to their lot out of the same doleful cornucopia. Travellers tell of certain tribes of aborigines who, when their prayers are not answered, or are answered backward, hack or otherwise maltreat the wooden fetich to which they have been offering their supplications only a little while before, in order to show their displeasure at being so scurvily treated. Had Mrs Roding belonged to any such tribe of idolaters, she would certainly have done as they did.

When the blow first fell, she wept till she could weep no more; after that, she passed nearly all her time in the little boudoir which had been fitted up for her special use. Here, with the room half-darkened, she lay on a couch hour after hour in a sort of sullen torpor, rarely speaking to any one, and so evidently desirous that no one should speak to her, that for the most part she was left to eat her heart out in silence and alone. She showed no interest or concern in whatever might be going on in the house. Now that all the pleasant things of life, or such as had been so to her, were slipping from her grasp, she felt as if there was nothing left worth living for. When her child ventured to go near her—for when he saw that she was in trouble, he remembered nothing except that she was his mother—she would weary of his presence in the course of a few minutes and dismiss him abruptly. Then would Freddy take his little troubles to Mary, and find comfort there.

troubles to Mary, and find comfort there.

Grandad could scarcely fail to be aware that matters at the villa were not altogether as they should be; but, whatever he might see or hear, he kept the knowledge to himself, and went to and fro in his usual cheery, unruffled way, like a man who has put aside life's cares and anxieties for even. When he heard that his son was indisposed and obliged to remain indoors, he sought Mrs Roding, and told her that, should Matthew feel dull for want of company, he, Grandad, would willingly sit with him for an hour or two a day till he should be able to get about again. But Mrs Roding scouted the idea. What her husband needed, she told him, was absolute rest and quiet; and company, even, the entertaining company of Mr Roding, senior—this with a little curl of the lip—would only tend to make him worse instead of better. Besides which, although he was at home, he still had his correspondence and other matters to attend to.

Granded bowed his head in mild assent, and thereafter contented himself with an inquiry each morning as to the state of his son's health. On this November afternoon to which we have how come, Matthew Roding sat shut up alone in his room, an elbow resting on either arm of his chair, listening to the moaning of the windin the chimney, and watching the raindrops

trickle one by one down the window. He heard the wind and he watched the raindrops, but without any conscious effort on his part; they had no share in his thoughts, but served merely as an appropriate setting or framework for them. All within him was dark and dreary; all without was the same; nature seemed to chime in with his mood. He experienced a vague sense of congruity without being definitely conscious thereof.

Now and then his eyes turned and glanced at the clock on the chimney-piece. There were letters he ought to have written, but he did not write them; there were papers he ought to have looked over, but he heeded them not; he could do nothing but wait, wait, wait till the fingers of the clock should point to the hour of four. After that, any moment might bring him the telegram which would announce to him either that he was hopelessly and irretrievably ruined, or else that there was still a final loophole of escape open to him. One last throw was left him in the desperate game he had been playing with Fortune for his opponent. Should the bill of the Burnside and Hilsden Extension Railway pass triumphantly through Committee this afternoon, as he had fair reason to hope it would, then on the morrow the shares would go up like wildfire, and he might even yet be saved. The bill in question was only a very little bill in itself, but a furious battle was being waged over it by two great Companies, and to that fact it owed its importance as a speculative medium in the share market.

The original Burnside and Hilsden Railway was a short local line some thirty miles in length, connecting the two places in question, both of which were fourth-rate country towns of little importance either commercially or otherwise. A short branch of five miles connected the Burnside end of the line with the main line of the South Northern Railway, and thus opened up the world at large to a district which till then had been secluded among wild fells and desolate moors. It had been an article of faith with the promoters of the little line, and for years after it was opened, that some day the South Northern would feel impelled to buy it up—of course at a guaranteed percentage of interest—and assimilate it into its own huge system, as it had assimilated so many petty local lines already. But, so far, the big line had turned a deaf ear to the blandishments of its small neighbour, which, in prosperous years, had never succeeded in paying its shareholders more than an infinitesimal dividend, and in bad years had paid them nothing. So matters had seemed destined to go on for ever.

But one morning there appeared in the Times and other papers a lengthy prospectus of the proposed 'Burnside and Hilsden Extension Railway.' The world—or rather that section of it which interests itself in such matters—was struck with surprise. So carefully had the secret been kept, that the day before the prospectus appeared, the Burnside shares had been quoted at forty-five below par, which was the figure round which they had fluctuated, with only slight degrees of variability, for several years past. Now, however, they went up with a bound, till, in the course of a few days, they stood at par. Of course many would be buyers found to their disgust that

there was nothing left for them to buy, a great proportion of the stock having been bought up by a certain clique who had been in the secret all along. After standing at par or thereabouts for a short time, the Burnside shares began to decline, and several of the more cautious school of speculators, content with the profit they had already netted, took alarm, and became as eager to sell as a little while ago they had been to buy; for the great East Western line, the most formidable of opponents, had announced its intention of fighting the proposed bill tooth and nail, and of throwing all the weight of its vast influence into the scale, in order to have it defeated in Com-At the same time, it was well known that the South Northern would do all that lay in its power to promote the passage of the bill. It was to be a contest of giants.

Well might the East Western buckle on its armour for the forthcoming fray. What the audacious Extension Bill proposed to do was nothing less than, by means of tunnel and cutting, to pierce the wastes of high-swelling moorland which stretched far and wide at the back of Hilsden, and so, by effecting a junction with the main line of the East Western at a point some score miles further north, and obtaining running powers over it for the remainder of the distance, secure access to the great and fast-increasing manufacturing town of Bellhampton, of the carrying-trade of which the East Western had till now had nearly the sole monopoly. By means of this extension, the hitherto stagnant little Burnside and Hilsden line would become an important link in a new through-route to London and the south, albeit the route in question would be somewhat of a roundabout one.

Matthew Roding had bought heavily when the shares stood a triffe below par, in the full belief that the bill could scarcely fail to pass, in which case the shares would go up again faster than quicksilver after a storm.

All week had the battle been raging before a Parliamentary Committee, and to-day it was expected that the all-important decision would be given; therefore was it that Matthew Roding glanced often at the clock.

One after another the slow minutes dragged themselves away till four o'clock had come and gone. Then Matthew opened the door a little way and sat listening for the double knock which might come at any moment. It had been arranged that Grigson should telegraph from Westminster the moment the result was known, and follow up the message in person as quickly as possible.

At length the long-expected summons came. A moment later the telegram was brought him, but he forbore to open it till the servant had left the room. Then he tore it open with fingers that trembled like those of a man stricken with palsy. The message consisted of three words only, but three words that were pregnant with a terrible significance to him who read them—'Bill thrown out.' That was all, but it was enough. The telegram dropped from his nerveless fingers. He sank back in his chair, and pressed his hands to his heart, as though something were stifling him. His last reed was broken, his last hope strangled. Now that he knew the worst, now that he knew nothing could saye him, the tension of his nerves,

which of late had goaded him almost to madness, suddenly gave way. A dull, lethargic apathy began to steal over him. Nothing could matter now; the blow had fallen; he had drunk the cup of bitterness to the dregs.

The afternoon waned and darkened; a servant came in with a lighted lamp and drew the curtains: but Matthew neither stirred nor looked up. Grigson had not yet arrived, but that mattered little; he wanted to listen to no details; the one huge, indisputable fact overshadowed all else. By-and-by there came a tap at the door, which, if Matthew Roding heard it, he did not heed; then the door was opened and Ruff Roding entered. After closing the door, he stood for a moment or two, as if in doubt, and then went slowly forward. Then Matthew looked up, and the eyes of father and son met. Never had Ruff been so shocked at anything as he was now at the changed appearance of his father, whom he had not seen for nearly two years. He felt a choking sensation in his throat, and he crushed back his rising tears as he drew near and held out his hand. 'Father, I heard to-day for the first time that you are in trouble, he said. 'I have come to see whether I can be of any use to you.'

Matthew let his nerveless hand rest for a moment or two between the young man's warm palms; then he said: 'It's very kind of you to come, Ruff. Not that you can be of any use—nobody can be that—still, it's kind. But sit down, won't you? What a beastly day it is!' He evinced not the slightest surprise at his son's unexpected appearance. It may be that, for the time being, he had lost the faculty of feeling surprised at anything. He sat staring stonily into the fire, taking no further heed of his son's presence. Ruff was at a loss what to say or do; nevertheless, he determined to stay on, for there was a look in his father's face—the look of a hunted animal brought to bay and grown desperate—which rendered him vaguely uneasy. He wished Grandad were there; it seemed strange that he was not; but he had left the house some hours ago, and no one seemed to know when he would return.

'This has been a terrible business, Ruff,' said Matthew at length, rousing himself with a deep sigh, but without turning his gaze from the fire—'a terrible business from beginning to end. I'm glad the end has come. I think I shall sleep soundly to-night, which is more than I've done for the last three months.'

'Is there no hope—no possibility of escape from this dreadful tangle?'

'None,' answered his father laconically—'none.' A minute later there came a ring at the front door, and presently Grigson came hurrying in. He stared at Ruff, whom he had never seen before, as though wondering who he was, and what had brought him there at such a time.

'You got my telegram, sir, informing you of the result?' he said. Mr Roding merely nodded assent. 'It came on most of us like a thunderclap,' went on the young clerk, 'although, of course, after Merryfield's speech on the other side, which was certainly a masterpiece, some of

'Spare me the details, Grigson,' broke in Mr Roding. 'The result is enough.—You know what it means, eh?' he added, turning sharply on him. The latter looked very grave, but did not

'It means ruin, Grigson-ruin absolute and irrevocable.'

'I'm deeply grieved to hear you say so, sir; but I sincerely trust matters are not quite so bad as that.'

'They could not be worse; that would be impossible.' So he spoke, little dreaming what a few hours would bring forth.

'I will not detain you now,' he continued after a short silence. 'But be here in good time in the morning. There are a lot of papers you and I must go through to-morrow. He turned and held out his hand—a thing he had never done to Grigson before. The young man pressed it respectfully, bending over it a little as he did so; then, with a brief 'Good-night, sir,' he took

up his hat and went.

The Pater seems to set a lot of store by that fellow,' muttered Ruff under his breath; 'but, for all that, there's something in his face I don't half like. What shifty, flickering eyes he has; and what a cruel, white-lipped mouth, which his thin moustache only half serves to hide! I should like the job of painting his portrait. It seems to me that I could bring out on the canvas the hidden soul of the fellow after a fashion which might possibly startle some of his best friends.'

#### WILD TRIBES OF PATAGONIA.

By the ordinary inhabitants of Europe, a good deal remains to be learned regarding the Argentine Republic. Except by a few persons specially interested in the country, little is known concerning it, even by those of more than average intelligence. Seldom does its name occur in our newspaper columns; topographical accounts of it in ordinary geographical manuals are meagre, and often incorrect; while any reference to the country in common conversation brings out a blank look which indicates the absence of any well-defined ideas about the country or its inhabitants. Yet it is a country of great present interest and much prospective importance. Its geographical extent is enormous. Extending over nearly thirty-five degrees of latitude and twenty of longitude, it has an area of one million one hundred and twenty-five thousand square miles, or a superficies six times that of Germany, France, or Spain, and ten times that of Italy or Great Britain and Ireland. At the close of 1882, the population was estimated at three million twenty-six thousand, of whom three hundred and sixty-three thousand seven hundred and forty-five were foreigners, chiefly Italians, French, Spaniards, Germans, and English, the remainder being Argentines—a mixed race descended from early settlers—together with various tribes of wild Indians, to be found chiefly in the great territory of Patagonia.

The capabilities of the country are prodigious. Supposing the soil to possess, on the average, the same capacity for producing food, and the boxels of the earth to contain raw material wherewith to nourish industry equal to that

greater-there is still room enough for two hundred and seventy millions of additional popula-tion, who could live in greater comfort than the average inhabitant of the Old World. In its central latitudes, the climate of the Argentine Republic is comparable to the finest parts of Europe. It is milder in winter, but rather hotter in summer, than the climate of Italy. Nowhere in the country is it either completely continental or purely maritime; it is rather a medium between the two, and is of the character best adapted both for the health of man and the productiveness of the soil.

Patagonia, the southern portion of this great country, is a region of vast solitudes, thinly dotted with the huts of Indians, and pastured by wild animals, including the guanaco, the ostrich, and other useful creatures. It is a land of romance, much of it still unexplored, and affording scope for tales with any amount of poetic embellishment. Exploration of the country is progressing; and in occasional records of discovery is contained much valuable information. Among recent explorers, one of the most dis-tinguished is Señor Ramon Lista, a member of the National Academy of Sciences in the Republic, who has lately published in the Spanish language, at Buenos Ayres, a volume containing some account of his discoveries.

Part of this interesting volume is occupied with a description of the Tehuelches, a tribe of Indians, noticed by former travellers, but really not known with any distinctness till the publication of this volume. Specimens of the confused and contradictory statements previously current are furnished by Seior Lista. On the subject of their stature the most opposite opinions have been published about the Tehuelches. Piga-fetha long ago described them as giants, saying, 'these men are so large that our head scarcely reaches to their waist.' On the other hand, in the account of Magellan's voyage, published in 1557, the Patagonians are described as two or three handbreadths in height—a handbreadth extending from the end of the thumb to the tip of the little finger extended. In the voyage of Jofre Loaisa (1525-1526), published by Oviedo, it is said 'the men are three handbreadths in height, and the women of equal stature.' In the account of Drake's voyage, published in 1578, the exaggerations of Pigafetha and Oviedo were for the first time contradicted; but Argensada, in his history of the conquest of the Moluccas, quoting the opinion of Sarmiento of Gamboa, in 1579, describes them as nine feet in height. notice of their stature was given in the published accounts of the voyages of Cavendish, the inference from which is that nothing remarkable was observed. Richard Hawkins, in 1593, considered them to be real giants; and in 1599, Oliviero de Noart described them as men of lofty stature. Commodore Byron, who cruised in the Strait of Magellan, in 1764, with the ships Dolphin and Tamar, described the Patagonians as not only men of high stature but actual giants. In 1767, Captain Wallis, who likewise passed the Strait, saw those 'giants,' but said the majority of them were scarcely five feet six inches in height. The naturalist D'Orbigny, who took some measurements among the Indians of Germany—and its capabilities are really much | of the Rio Negro, has placed their average height

at five feet nine inches. The explorer Musters makes them six feet high. The two last-named anthors are considered by Lista to have come nearest the truth. Seven of the Tehuelches, whom he had personally measured, gave an average of six feet two inches. The Indian Hawke measured little more than six feet three inches, and was the tallest man known to him. The chief Orkeke measured more or less about the same. The women are not so tall as the men; but their exact measurement he could not give, as they would not allow it to be taken.
The Tehuelches, therefore, are regarded by Senor
Lista as the tallest men in the world. They are often strong, with feet comparatively small, thick heads, hair black and long, eyes black, large, and a little oblique, as among the Chinese and the Kassequers; the face oval, the forehead convex, the nose aquiline, the mouth large, and the lips thick.

Among Indians without any mixture of European blood, it is not rare to see the upper teeth worn to the root through mastication; but they are almost never decayed. This is one of their most remarkable ethnological characteristics, and is common to nearly all races of indigenous Americans. The same feature has been observed in the prehistoric skulls of Minnanes, Puelches, and Tehuelches, in Senor Lista's anthropological collection. This phenomenon has engaged the attention of naturalists, but no rational explanation has been obtained. The distinguished naturalist, Dr Lacerda, observed the perfection of teeth and the absence of decay in races indigenous to Brazil. Among a multitude of skulls which form the collection in the museum of Buenos Ayres, only one has been observed with any appearance of decay, which had resulted in perforation in an upper tooth. This cannot be explained by the nature or quality of the food consumed; and it is all the more extraordinary because the partial destruction of the upper teeth would naturally predispose to the decay of those below.

The colour of the Tehuelches varies in different individuals. Indians of pure race have a blackish olive colour, which becomes more marked with the advance of years. In mixed breeds, there is observable a colour more clear, and like that of a European. This was conspicuous in a chief called Csom Chingan, who described himself as the son of an Indian woman and an inhabitant of Carmen of Patagonia. Csom Chingan measures about six feet, and prides himself on having a very little moustache, which Indians in general have not, having only a growth of down on the upper lip.

The men are generally strong, and sometimes graceful; the women are robust, gracious, and of beautiful form; but, with advancing years, they become positively ugly in appearance. There is never seen among these Indians any one crooked, handless, or a cripple.

The Tehuelches are very indolent about the necessities of life, but display much activity in connection with their pleasures, especially dancing, gambling, and drinking. Dancing is with them an important occupation, to which they resort in all the principal events of life. The passion for play is very great. After a fit of drunkenness, they will sit round the fire and play for their horses, their dogs, and even their arms.

The dress of these Indians is very peculiar. The clothes of the men consist of a chiripá, made of cotton or woollen, a plaid of guanaco skin, and sometimes a shirt, with loose drawers half a yard wide at the foot, which they buy at Pinta Arena, or in Carmen of Patagonia. They wear likewise a waistband decorated with silver, and a headdress and boots made of horse-skin. The women usually wear a gown of woollen or cotton, without sleeves, which covers them from the shoulders to the ankles. At the top of this, in all seasons, is a cape of skin or of woollen cloth, which the rich women secure across the chest with a silver pin of ten or twelve centimetres in length. The other objects of decoration which make up the feminine dress consist of shining beads, hats made of straw, and silver earrings, which are worn likewise by men and boys. Both men and women paint their faces and their arms with othre, sometimes black, which is said to protect the skin best from the solar rays and the dryness of the atmosphere; but chiefly red, which is most easily obtained.

The Tehuelches have a distinct language, which does not appear to have altered much for at least a century. Any little changes observable have arisen either from the change of conditions incident to all languages, from the sound of words as presented to the ear, or from the nationality of each traveller who took note of the language. They have no system of writing, and their traditions are very confused. Some old people say that in remote times their tribes consisted of many thousands; but a great deluge which covered the whole low lands had caused the destruction of multitudes, and the few who remained saved themselves by ascending the higher grounds. This tradition is interesting, referring, as it obviously does, though vaguely, to a great flood which has at one time destroyed a great part of the existing fauna. They have no religious symbols or ceremonies; but the custom of burying the dead in the position occupied by infants at the maternal bosom is thought to imply a belief in the dogma of the resurrection. They believe in the existence of a malignant spirit called Walichu, who alone causes all infirmities and misfortunes, and against whom they try to fortify themselves by means of sorcery. The 'Chouka Doctor,' to whom they resort, employs, for the alleviation of infirmities, certain vegetable remedies; but when these are not efficacious, efforts are directed to exorcise the evil spirit. With this object in view, they assemble the men and women of the tribe; then they shout and strike the tent where the sick person is, with the design, apparently, to frighten away the evil spirit. Sometimes the parents or friends of the spirit. patient leap on horseback and gallop off at full speed, by which means they assure themselves that the Walichu is left far behind.

The marriage ceremony among the Tehuelches is very simple: when a young man wishes to marry, and has in view any desirable young woman, he decorates his person with his finest-clothes and with the best ornaments in his possession. Thus arrayed, he seeks an interview with the father, mother, or other nearest relatives of the damsel, to whom he offers some dogs or articles made of silver. Should his presents be accepted, the marriage is arranged and concluded. The newly married couple now live under the

same tent, where a ball is given on the day after the marriage. When night comes, the feast is concluded with a general round of drinking, if sufficient alcohol can be obtained.

Both men and women among the Tehuelches are great smokers. The pipes are made of wood, or stone, generally with silver or copper tubes, and are made by the people themselves

or stone, generarly with silver of copper titles, and are made by the people themselves.

Though indolent in habit, they are great hunters, and have numerous packs of mongrel greyhounds, the usefulness of which is so much appreciated, that for a young and swift dog they will pay as much as sixty dollars (twelve pounds), which may be in silver or in estimated articles, such as feathers or rugs of guanaco skin. When these Indians are not occupied with the chase or in breaking horses, they pass the time in lying with their faces downward, or in making saddles, boleadoras, and whips, or spurs, which they make of hard wood.

# OCCASIONAL NOTES.

#### ANCIENT SYBARIS.

ALL lovers of classic archæology will be pleased to learn that the Italian government has decided upon granting funds for the exploration and examination, by carefully conducted excavations, of the site of the ancient and interesting city of Sybaris, which, as is commonly believed, owed its ultimate decay and downfall to the excessive luxury of its citizens. They were once a really brave and warlike people, but degenerated into such effeminacy that they fell an easy prey to the inhabitants of the sister-town, Croton, the city of Pythagoras, by whom they were conquered, and of Pythagoras, by whom they were conquered, and the city utterly destroyed (B.C. 510) by turning the waters of the river Crathis so that they flowed over and covered the site. The city was situated in Lucania, in Italy, at the mouth of the river, on the Bay of Tarentum, the present Taranto, and was founded by a colony of Acheans. It soon became rich and powerful, and at one period had the command of four adjacent nations, of twenty-five important towns, and also of an army of three hundred thousand men. The circuit of the city walls is said to have been nearly seven miles in extent, and the immense suburbs covered a space of eight miles along the banks of the Crathis. Though often destroyed, Sybaris always seemed to have the power of rising from her ruins, to be rebuilt, and to become as powerful as ever, until finally destroyed by the Crotonians. The site of the ancient city having been determined by the French archeologist M. Lenormant, no difficulty will arise on that head, and the excavations will be commenced shortly. A vast layer of earth, many feet in thickness, has accumulated over the ruins of Sybaris during the space of nearly two thousand four hundred years which have elapsed since its final destruction; and it is believed that the exploration of this mound of earth will be the exploration of this mound of earth will be rewarded by the discovery of many objects of great interest, which perhaps may help to give a vivid picture of Hellenic manners, customs, and home-lile at that far-off period. The site of the remains is situated near the railway station of Rufisloria, in the valley through which the river Crati new runs, and close to the town of Cassano,

situated on the western side of the Gulf of Taranto. The reports of the excavations will be anxiously looked for by all who feel an interest in this remarkable exploration, and it is to be hoped that the work will be carried out with energy.

#### AN ECONOMICAL STEAM-BOILER.

The announcement in the Times that a new steam-boiler had been patented, the use of which would effect an economy of upwards of forty per cent. in the consumption of coal, has been followed by the exhibition at Millwall of a new furnace and steam-generator, for which its inventor, Mr T. Lishman, claims even more surprising results. Its chief features appear to be the total consumption of smoke, and the utilisation of the heat produced to the utmost possible extent before the gases are allowed to escape. A large number of gentlemen connected with shipping, engineering, and manufactures attended the inspection; and at a subsequent gathering, at which Mr J. C. Wakefield, of the firm of Inglis and Wakefield, Glasgow, presided, Mr Lishman explained the details of his invention, and stated that it had been practically tested at Sir William Armstrong's Elswick works and elsewhere, in comparison with the ordinary steam-boiler; and with a smaller consumption of fuel, had evaporated fourteen and three-quarter pounds of water for each pound of fuel consumed, as against an evaporation of eight pounds in the ordinary boiler. The general result of the tests was to show that the new apparatus would effect a saving of from fifty to seventy-five per cent. in the consumption of fuel, while its complete combustion of smoke would render chimney-shafts unnecessary. It is intended to fit up one of the generators in Messrs Inglis and Wakefield's works, and its practical working will be watched with the greatest interest.

#### THE HEART SHALL FIND ITS EDEN YET.

FULL many a day which darkly dawns
And shadows forth a world of cares,
With sudden light grows clear and bright,
And Noon a sun-gold crownlet wears.
Thus shall it be with eyes tear-wet,
The heart shall find its Eden yet.

Come shine or shade, come joy or woe,
To cheer or sadden fleeting hours,
A little while and life shall smile,
And all the earth be decked with flowers,

For all who on this weeping earth
Grow old beneath the toil and pain,
At night or noon, or late or soon,
Shall find the heart grow young again.

The brightest hours are still to come,

The fairest days, the noblest years;

For shining skies and sunny eyes

Shall bid a long farewell to tears:

Through Love's bright gates wide open set,

The heart shall find its Eden yet.

DAYLD R. ATKEN.

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# AFTER THE CALM.

As the mist deepens day by day, less diaphanous in the mornings, and the hills are hidden, a wondrous silence everywhere—a change is going on, like a stream rising imperceptibly. There is a fresh touch of crispness in the air at nights; and occasionally, if you look towards the north-west, you can feel a passing breath on your face, as if some one had breathed upon it. Very late in the evenings, listening intently, there is a far-off sound, a moaning in the pines before the coming storm. A gentle movement in the ivy ruffles every shining leaf, but only for a moment ere it has gone. Presently, there comes another rush, more violent than the last-a shower of leaves flutter in the air, a boom across the valley resembling a rushing wind in the sea-caves, a dash of cold spray upon the casement-then silence deep, insensate as the grave. In your troubled dreams you seem to hear the uneven din of conflict, the hollow thud of mighty rain; and, as morning struggles through, the mists have rolled away, a drenching, blinding rain obscures the distant hills, the forest has rocked before the gale—the Equinox has come.

Under the dripping hedgerows next the covert side, a running stream fills every ditch, where the sodden leaves lie thickening before the wind, as they come down in whirling showers from the elms, bare at the summit now, like a ship half dismantled of her swelling canvas. On the sloping lawn, but yesterday hard and smooth, small heaps of earth arise where the worms have been at work; countless leaves wedged in tiny crevices, as if they had been planted there, seem to disappear before the observer's eye, drawn down into a million subterranean passages, to fertilise next spring's pasture. Every infinitesimal mound thrown up round the bare roots of the sward comes up to make a top-dressing, more nutritious than the most life-giving manure, acting at the same time as a drain. Without a sound or semblance of life visible, millions of earthworms in

and fructifying, without fee or reward, changing every spring and autumn the character of the soil; drawing down in leaves and decaying vegetation the richest plant-food, and exuding a wealth of matter such as no science can supply. And all this infinite and necessary labour accomplished unseen, unaided, save by that instinct granted so mercifully by the great Architect himself.

Are there voices in the gale, or is it that 'the sightless couriers of the air' fan the sleeping flame of imagination? There is a steady roar in the great wood, changed almost out of recognition since yesterday, like the din of some great conflict, an angry boom high up in the rocking branches beaten by the rain. There is no doubt of this majestic wrath, something awe-inspiring, almost terrible, in its belching thunder. It comes rushing past overhead with a swift motion, as of an aërial squadron of cavalry sweeping on to a solid phalanx of expectant soldiery; the sharp shrill screams might pass for a flight of bullets whirling by. But if there be no hidden message in the wind, we can read something in the hoarse trumpet-calls—the victory of the gale in the fight, renewed with the red rising of the sun; a triumph over nature. First the leaves turn to glowing colours, then fall, and reveal branches bare, like a useless fleet of ships in dock. We can read in the dismal moan the tale of leaden skies, where the heavenly sluices are drawn up to the deluge; of long bleak nights under the cold moon; of the wind whistling mournfully outside the casements, and the great wood lying under a white pall. Day by day the issue of the conflict becomes clearer, till the final consummation is attained. There is something inexpressibly sadin the last shower of falling leaves, the last wild wheel of the swallow as he poises his flashing wings, and turns his sunny back to cold northern skies and the mad north-western gale.

comes up to make a top-dressing, more nutritious than the most life-giving manure, acting at the same time as a drain. Without a sound or semblance of life visible, millions of earthworms in the hollows; the plough has been dragged out from its bed of nettles and dock-this out pasture toil on night and day, draining leaves under the hedge, its share pointed to the

furrows. Guiding the handles, a stalwart countryman lounges along, with many a blithe whistle and droning admonition to his team, tearing up the earth into long even ridges, thrown over smoothly, as if cut by a knife. Close behind, in grave procession, a colony of rooks follows, making little noise, for this is a strictly business matter with them, and the feeding is rich and varied. The sheep-dog, following the furrows, turns occasionally and scatters these sable visitors, till they rise and wheel in wide gyrations, with tail feathers spread, bearing up against the wind. They do not rise with a swift, sudden motion-no rook ever does—but hop solemnly three times before their pinions bear them upwards. There is an angry chatter borne down the breast of the gale; they drop down again one by one in a long string, following up the plough. The ploughman holds the guiding lines upon the handles of his plough, as he heels over against the stubble, much as a cyclist sways with his machine round a sharp curve. There are furrows at equal distances to check the evenness, straight as an arrow from

hedge to hedge—marvellously true.
Suddenly, in the din and roor, a quick flash of light breaks through the clouds in the north-west, a brilliant ray of sunshine, as every cloud seems to melt away into an imperial blue. A great silence falls; you can hear the wind meaning away in the deepening distance; the forest trees no longer rock in the cradle of the gale—the leaves alone tremble and murmur. As the light shines down from above, every one of them seems transparent, a pale, yellow, relucent glow faintly tinged with pink; the eating chestnut a deeper brown; the Spanish chestnut more opalescent. Between two belts of larch, the trunks shining like silver, is a long stretch of bracken, breast high, and tinted with a wild array of fantastic splashed with red, and mottled in the greater leaves; another spray a faint cream, again with the subtle presence of pink, a tint which is more suggested to the mind than seen. Looking down the opening, filled with this soft nebulous fire, the eye is conscious of a thousand gradations of mordant emblazoning. Perhaps there are actually but three at most to which art could give a name, though in this distemper, this carnival of gorgeous staining, a practical analysis of dyes could see nothing but a poor achromatism; but it comes, meteoric to the eye, as the most brilliant dyes come from the blackest coal-tar. It is a selfluminosity, a phosphorescent glow, the clearer for the rain and sunshine. Over it the ash-wands arise, and round them a delicate tracery of brambles; dogrose with dull red berries, a faint bloom upon them, in contrast to the wild-grape fruit, glowing out of their golden setting like a priceless growing out of their goiner secting line a priceless carbuncle. Here, underneath, is a graceful weed with a long stem, milky white upon the one side, purple on the other, with leaves shaped like a rose; a washed-out cream, opal blue on the edges, and barred in every delicate vein with the bloomy blue of an Orleans plum; only a wild woodland weed to which one cannot give a name; yet land weed, to which one cannot give a name; yet the dew and rain and morning sun have beautified it as if it had been some priceless flower. It is like walking through a glowing furnace, a painless fire filled round and overhead with autumn gold; every flicker of the leaves a lambent flame, every

bending wand an ignis-fatuus, an aurora of its own creation; a yellow furnace with the cardinal colours in the fire, a faint rubescence rubifying to the eyes, mantling and changing in its wondrous phantasmagoria. Words fail, while the senses are

lifted up and glorified.

But the fresh-born silence is rudely broken by the tramp of many feet, a wild hollo, and strange calls as the beaters force their way through the dense undergrowth. Almost at their feet, a brilliant meteor arises, and with a peculiar corkscrew flight, whirls over the oaks to the drives where the guns are standing. Down the wind he comes, with drum and whistle; a hidden voice cries 'Maark!' as he flashes over the brief opening; bang ! go the guns, and down straight pitches the beautiful bird, crash into a thicket, followed by the dogs. The old retriever has him. See how gently he takes the quarry in his mouth, with just one upward toss of his curly black head, to carry the bonny cock on the balance, so that not so much as a feather shall be disarranged. Down at our feet he lays him on the grass, a last year's bird in full plumage, as the tuft of saffron feathers, the wiry feathers above the tail, denote. What a radiant sheen is upon his neck, a bronze gold shading down the throat to a gorgeous, purple, with the scarlet plush under the eyes. The woods are lofty here, and every bird clears them a veritable 'rocketer' as they cross the line of fire in quick succession, amidst a constant fusilade from the guns, and strange cries from the beaters as they call to one another. But, fast as they come, the keenest shot in the country would be no match for most of them, for the sight is wonderfully short and the birds are high overhead. Presently, a lull comes, and looking down the drive, you may see a rabbit skip across jumping as he reaches the open; and a frightened blackbird, with his shrill piping scream, standing out with his peculiar flirt of the tail and rapid dropping of the wings, which always denotes alarm in the 'stormcock,' as the village hinds call him. An old dog-fox, with a white tag to his brush, slinks across the drive stealthily, the very embodiment of vulpine grace, though his fur is wet and draggled, and the clay on his pads shows signs of a long marauding excursion. Like a snake in the grass comes a stoat, crawling close to the herbage—never, as is his wont, showing more of his lithe, long frame than is necessary for locomotion.

Since I stood, gun in hand, in this same spot a week ago, I note a wondrous change. There is a wild crab tree hard in front, against an ash sapling. Seven days since, the fruit was green and hard; the ash sapling a mass of leaves; now the apples peer down from the branches a ruddy red; the ash bears upon its roles but a scart hardful of vellow mottled. poles but a scant handful of yellow mottled foliage. Since my last visit, the birds, driven in from the stubbles, have commenced to eat the Here is a bush of wild-rose—not the berries. berries. Here is a bush of wild-rose—not the pink-flushed rose with the yellow centre, but the white variety, with the smooth black stem, which blooms in July—though, strangely enough, the haws are wont to open somer than that of the fairer and more delicate sister-flower. The haws are smaller, but dead ripe now; and on the bush opposite, every shining berry has been scooped out, only leaving the husk. Close

alongside is an ordinary dogrose bramble, the haws much larger, but as yet untouched; and if you gather one, you will note that on the under-side they are still pale yellow. Looking closely at the brier, they would appear to be uniformly red; it is only on the under side next the ground that the yellow gleam can be seen. But the birds know. A little to the right is a thorn-tree, its leaves burnt a deep brown; a vivid mass of berries, so that they seem to weigh down the branches. In a somewhat observant life, spent for the most part by mead and stream, and never for very long beyond 'the babble of green fields, I have never seen the berries as they are this year. The village hind by my side, with the recollection of more than one hard, cruel winter before him, sighs as I point out this profusion, and prophesies another winter like the last. 'When the A'mighty' sends all them hips [berries], it ain't for nout,' he says. 'The birds do know. See how the starlings begin to forgather o' marnings. Did ye ever knaw them so early afore?' That God sent the berries to feed his feathered choir, and that, according to the berries, so will the winter be, my companion firmly believes. Perhaps he is right; his faith is not far wrong. He has a simple west-country face, and a clear ruminative eye; it is only when he walks that you see what a cripple he is from the hereditary rheumatism, perhaps accelerated by the cider he drinks in such quantities. Even the boys beating in the woods, fine healthy lads all of them, begin to show, by the stiffness in their knees, that the old curse is upon them. Truly, it is wonderful with what patience, hardship and want and pain can be borne by our labourer of the fields without complaint, and what a little it takes to gladden his simple soul.

We beat the woods in transverse sections, working higher as we do so, till we reach the summit. The brightness of the afternoon holds good, though, occasionally, a long gust of wind tears over the oaks above. Before and behind, all round, can be heard a constant fire from the guns, as if an enemy's skirmishers had invaded the thickets: in one sheltered corner a dog sits up with lolling tongue and panting sides; close by, an empty stone jar against a huddled heap of shining plumage, the silver fur of the rabbits, no longer a warm brown, and the opal tints of the wood-pigeons. Up on the summit is an open field of turnips, which we cross in a serried line, driving the pheasants before us towards a dark belt of pines, where there is a mournful murmur, though the blazing woods lie peacefully still. As the line wheels round, facing downwards, there presents itself such a smiling panorama as is seldom seen. Right in front, belted on three sides by the forest, lies a noble house with downby the forest, lies a none nouse with down-trending lawns; behind, hills rise; and away in the uttermost distance, a sharp craggy peak—a misty glimpse of the Clee Hills; sharp to the left, the Black Mountains, ridged and furrowed with white lines, which lines are nothing else but snow. Along the centre of the

after crag, even to the valley below us, as the shadows pass across the open champaign. Far to the right rise the Malvern range; and apparently almost at their feet, so deceptive is distance, the cathedral tower and church pinnacles of Hereford shoot up like gray needles in the clear air. The pines murmur behind; the light beyond shines dimly through the purple haze there always is in the pinewoods, where the ground ashes and underwood are cut, and piles of fagots stand; where we walk upon sweet, fresh, smelling cones, and woodchips ankle deep. A fragment from the great storm upon the mountains yonder has been torn away, and come rushing across the valley, blotting out wood and pasture, where the dogs are driving the sheep home, and the distant ploughmen crawl like pigmies. Overhead, the firs toss and moan; a touch of sleet strikes coldly on the face, and everything is lost in the drenching blast. Presently, the light struggles through again, the thunder of the rain ceases, and the colours seem to have brightened, as under a new varnish marvellously prepared.

In these pinewoods, filled with the blue haze, trunks where the trees have once been 'felled have rotted, and thrown up a new vegetable growth—giant fungi with a covering like leather in toughness and texture, some of them soft to the touch and large as a lady's umbrella; others with a fibre strong enough to resist a stout blow. They are much finer in quality than those grown in the open, but they derive no warmth from the sunshine, so they lack the belted zones and vividness of colour peculiar to their fellows of the fields. In the semi-darkness, the birds fly over our heads untouched—there is no light to shoot. From the boundary-line of the firs, down nearly a quarter of a mile below, is a natural avenue, formed of hazel wands and trailing verdure; a green alley, filled with a dim semi-tone of refracted light, almost like a visible darkness. Against this is the outer boundary of the woods, where we take our stand in an orchard for a final battue. Here, by reason of its being a shaded hollow, perhaps, the grass is green; the apple boughs still lie under their russet coat; the fruit gleams gold and waxen, streaked and varnished red against the background. Some fern-leaves, the fronds hardly yet uncurled, peer out of the hedgerows; a late harebell or two, and some blue dog-violets without smell or fragrance. Against the wood, a belt of gleaming holly shines, every leaf lustrous, a prodigal waste of berries like points of scaling-wax against the everlasting though sombre green. It is getting dark now; there is a salmon-hued flush in the west, where the sun shines over the dismantled tree-tops; but the loud whir of pinions tells us where the birds loud whir of pinions tells us where the birds are, as they slide out of cover into the open on wings of wind. There is a quivering hum in the air, the hollow grate a pheasant's wings will make as they come sailing over one by one; a quick bang, bang, bang! in this warm corner, a puff of feathers falling like coloured snow, till, presently, a beater's head appears behind the hollies, and the last untouched bird goes humiling with his whittle colour across the small ming, with his whistle going, across the apple trees. A few pigeons wheel in and out; a few more shots are fired; the keeper's whistle sounds range, a storm is raging—a heavy white cloud, ming, with his whistle going, across the apple black as ink at the base, as it sweeps grandly trees. A few pigeons wheel in and out; a few along; before it is a dark shadow; behind, more shots are fired; the keeper's whistle sounds following in its track, the sun lightens crag by the woodman's cottage, answered by many

furrows. Guiding the handles, a stalwart countryman lounges along, with many a blithe whistle and droning admonition to his team, tearing up the earth into long even ridges, thrown over smoothly, as if cut by a knife. Close behind, in grave procession, a colony of rooks follows, making little noise, for this is a strictly business matter with them, and the feeding is rich and varied. The sheep-dog, following the furrows, turns occasionally and scatters these sable visitors, till they rise and wheel in wide gyrations, with tail feathers spread, bearing up against the wind. They do not rise with a swift, sudden motion—no rook ever does—but hop solemnly three times before their pinions bear them upwards. There is an angry chatter borne down the breast of the gale; they drop down again one by one in a long string, following up the plough. The ploughman holds the guiding lines upon the handles of his plough, as he heels over against the stubble, much as a cyclist sways with his machine round a sharp curve. There are furrows at equal distances to check the evenness, straight as an arrow from

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Suddenly, in the din and roar, a quick flash of light breaks through the clouds in the north-west, a brilliant ray of sunshine, as every cloud seems to melt away into an imperial blue. A great silence falls; you can hear the wind moaning away in the deepening distance; the forest trees no longer rock in the cradle of the gale—the leaves alone tremble and murmur. As the light shines down from above, every one of them seems transparent, a pale, yellow, relucent glow faintly tinged with pink; the eating chestnut a deeper brown; the Spanish chestnut more opalescent. Between two belts of larch, the trunks shining like silver, is a long stretch of bracken, breast high, and tinted with a wild array of fantastic colouring; some of the fronds a golden yellow, splashed with red, and mottled in the greater leaves; another spray a faint cream, again with the subtle presence of pink, a tint which is more suggested to the mind than seen. Looking down the opening, filled with this soft nebulous fire, the eye is conscious of a thousand gradations of mordant emblazoning. Perhaps there are actually but three at most to which art could give a name, though in this distemper, this carnival of gorgeous staining, a practical analysis of dyes could see nothing but a poor achromatism; but it comes, meteoric to the eye, as the most brilliant dyes come from the blackest coal-tar. It is a selfluminosity, a phosphorescent glow, the clearer for the rain and sunshine. Over it the ash-wands arise, and round them a delicate tracery of brambles; dogrose with dull red berries, a faint bloom upon them, in contrast to the wild-grape fruit, glowing out of their golden setting like a priceless carbuncle. Here, underneath, is a graceful weed with a long stem, milky white upon the one side, purple on the other, with leaves shaped like a rose; a washed-out cream, opal blue on the edges, and barred in every delicate vein with the bloomy blue of an Orleans plum; only a wild wood-land weed, to which one cannot give a name; yet the dew and rain and morning sun have beautified it as if it had been some priceless flower. It is like walking through a glowing furnace, a painless fire filled round and overhead with autumn gold; every flicker of the leaves a lambent flame, every

bending wand an ignis-fatuus, an aurora of its own creation; a yellow furnace with the cardinal colours in the fire, a faint rubescence rubifying to the eyes, mantling and changing in its wondrous phantasmagoria. Words fail, while the senses are lifted up and glorified.

But the fresh-born silence is rudely broken by the tramp of many feet, a wild hollo, and strange calls as the beaters force their way through the dense undergrowth. Almost at their feet, a brilliant meteor arises, and with a peculiar corkscrew flight, whirls over the oaks to the drives where the guns are standing. Down the wind he comes, with drum and whistle; a hidden voice cries 'Maark!' as he flashes over the brief opening; bang! go the guns, and down straight pitches the beautiful bird, crash into a thicket, followed by the dogs. The old retriever has him. See how gently he takes the quarry in his mouth, with just one upward toss of his curly black head, to carry the bonny cock on the balance, so that not so much as a feather shall be disarranged. Down at our feet he lays him on the grass, a last year's bird in full plumage, as the tuft of saffron feathers, the wiry feathers above the tail, denote. What a radiant sheen is upon his neck, a bronze gold shading down the throat to a gorgeous purple, with the scarlet plush under the eyes. The woods are lofty here, and every bird clears them a veritable 'rocketer' as they cross the line of fire in quick succession, amidst a constant fusilade from the guns, and strange cries from the beaters as they call to one another. But, fast as they come, the keenest shot in the country would be no match for most of them, for the sight is wonderfully short and the birds are high overhead. Presently, a lull comes, and looking down the drive, you may see a rabbit skip across, jumping as he reaches the open; and a frightened blackbird, with his shrill piping scream, standing out with his peculiar flirt of the tail and rapid dropping of the wings, which always denotes alarm in the 'stormcock,' as the village hinds call him. An old dog-fox, with a white tag to his brush, slinks across the drive stealthily, the very embodiment of vulpine grace, though his fur is wet and draggled, and the clay on his pads shows signs of a long marauding excursion. Like a snake in the grass comes a stoat, crawling close to the herbage-never, as is his wont, showing more of his lithe, long frame than is necessary for locomotion.

Since I stood, gun in hand, in this same spot a week ago, I note a wondrous change. There is a wild crab tree hard in front, against an ash sapling. Seven days since, the fruit was green and hard; the ash sapling a mass of leaves; now the apples peer down from the branches a ruddy red; the ash bears upon its poles but a scant handful of yellow mottled foliage. Since my last visit the birds driven Since my last visit, the birds, driven foliage, in from the stubbles, have commenced to eat the berries. Here is a bush of wild-rose—not the pink-flushed rose with the yellow centre, but the white variety, with the smooth black stem, which blooms in July—though, strangely enough, the haws are wont to open sconer than that of the fairer and more delicate sister-flower. The haws are smaller, but dead ripe now; and on the bush opposite, every shining berry has been scooped out, only leaving the husk. Close

alongside is an ordinary dogrose bramble, the haws much larger, but as yet untouched; and if you gather one, you will note that on the underside they are still pale yellow. Looking closely at the brier, they would appear to be uniformly red; it is only on the under side next the ground that the yellow gleam can be seen. But the birds know. A little to the right is a thorn-tree, its leaves burnt a deep brown; a vivid mass of berries, so that they seem to weigh down the branches. In a somewhat observant life, spent for the most part by mead and stream, and never for very long beyond 'the babble o' green fields,' I have never seen the berries as they are this year. The village hind by my they are this year. The village hind by my side, with the recollection of more than one hard, cruel winter before him, sighs as I point out this profusion, and prophesies another winter like the last. 'When the A'mighty sends all them hips [berries], it ain't for nout,' he says. The birds do know. See how the starlings begin to forgather o' marnings. Did ye ever knaw them so early afore?' That God sent the berries to feed his feathered choir, and that, according to the berries, so will the winter be, my companion firmly believes. Perhaps he is right; his faith is not far wrong. He has a simple west-country face, and a clear ruminative eye; it is only when he walks that you see what a cripple he is from the hereditary rheumatism, perhaps accelerated by the cider he drinks in such quantities. Even the boys beating in the woods, fine healthy lads all of them, begin to show, by the stiffness in their knees, that the old curse is upon them. Truly, it is wonderful with what patience, hardship and want and pain can be borne by our labourer of the fields without complaint, and what a little it takes to gladden his simple soul.

We beat the woods in transverse sections, working higher as we do so, till we reach the summit. The brightness of the afternoon holds good, though, occasionally, a long gust of wind tears over the oaks above. Before and behind, all round, can be heard a constant fire from the guns, as if an enemy's skirmishers had invaded the thickets: in one sheltered corner a dog sits up with lolling tongue and panting sides; close by, an empty stone jar against a huddled heap of shining plumage, the silver fur of the rabbits, no longer a warm brown, and the opal tints of the wood-pigeons. Up on the summit is an open field of turnips, which we cross in a serried line, driving the pheasants before us towards a dark belt of pines, where there is a mournful murmur, though the blazing woods lie peacefully still. As the line wheels round, facing downwards, there presents itself such a smiling panorama as is seldom seen. Right in front, belted on three sides by the forest, lies a noble house with downtrending lawns; behind, hills rise; and away in the uttermost distance, a sharp craggy peak—a misty glimpse of the Clee Hills; sharp to the left, the Black Mountains, ridged and furrowed with white lines, which lines are nothing else but snow. Along the centre of the range, a storm is raging—a heavy white cloud, black as ink at the base, as it sweeps grandly along; before it is a dark shadow; behind, following in its track, the sun lightens crag

after crag, even to the valley below us, as the shadows pass across the open champaign. Far to the right rise the Malvern range; and apparently almost at their feet, so deceptive is distance, the cathedral tower and church pinnacles of Hereford shoot up like gray needles in the clear air. The pines murmur behind; the light beyond shines dimly through the purple haze there always is in the pinewoods, where the ground ashes and underwood are cut, and piles of fagots stand; where we walk upon sweet, fresh, smelling cones, and woodchips ankle deep. A fragment from the great storm upon the mountains yonder has been torn away, and come rushing across the valley, blotting out wood and pasture, where the dogs are driving the sheep home, and the distant ploughmen crawl like pigmies. Overhead, the firs toss and moan; a touch of sleet strikes coldly on the face, and everything is lost in the drenching blast. Presently, the light struggles through again, the thunder of the rain ceases, and the colours seem to have brightened, as under

a new varnish marvellously prepared. In these pinewoods, filled with the blue haze, trunks where the trees have once been 'felled,' have rotted, and thrown up a new vegetable growth—giant fungi with a covering like leather in toughness and texture, some of them soft to the touch and large as a lady's umbrella; others with a fibre strong enough to resist a stout blow. They are much finer in quality than those grown in the open, but they derive no warmth from the sunshine, so they lack the belted zones and vividness of colour peculiar to their fellows of the fields. In the semi-darkness, the birds fly over our heads untouched-there is no light to shoot. From the boundary-line of the firs, down nearly a quarter of a mile below, is a natural avenue, formed of hazel wands and trailing verdure; a green alley, filled with a dim semi-tone of refracted light, almost like a visible darkness. Against this is the outer boundary of the woods, where we take our stand in an orchard for a final battue. Here, by reason of its being a shaded hollow, perhaps, the grass is green; the apple boughs still lie under their russet coat; the fruit gleams gold and waxen, streaked and varnished red against the background. Some fern-leaves, the fronds hardly yet uncurled, peer out of the hedgerows; a late harebell or two, and some blue dog-violets without smell or fragrance. Against the wood, a belt of gleaming holly shines, every leaf lustrous, a prodigal waste of berries like points of sealing-wax against the everlasting though sombre green. It is getting dark now; there is a salmon-hued flush in the west, where the sun shines over the dismantled tree-tops; but the loud whir of pinions tells us where the birds are, as they slide out of cover into the open on wings of wind. There is a quivering hum in the air, the hollow grate a pheasant's wings will make as they come sailing over one by one; a quick bang, bang, bang! in this warm corner, a puff of feathers falling like coloured snow, till, presently, a beater's head appears behind the hollies, and the last untouched bird goes humming, with his whistle going, across the apple trees. A few pigeons wheel in and out; a few more shots are fired; the keeper's whistle sounds by the woodman's cottage, answered by many

shrill signals; the dogs throw themselves upon their haunches; one by one we fall in together. A goodly heap of slain-twenty brace of pheasants, a half-score of rabbits, and a leash of pigeons; and as yet the burnt foliage is on the trees, the oaks are thick with leaves, and the larches form a cover almost impenetrable. Velveteens is satisfied.

As night drops upon us like a pall, there is no mist coming up from the east as the sea-fog rolls in with the tide; no promise of hazy mornings any more, with the sun-tinted mirage of the afternoons. The wind dies in short puffs; a keen shrewd air blowing the haze away, and dis-closing, with a gradually increasing complement, a million frosty stars. You can feel the frost upon cheek and brow; but no man should venture to say what of the morrow, for it might vary from one more touch of Indian summer, a day of infinite calm in the blazing woods, and sunshine in the hollows; or, again, there might be the thundering blast of the morning, with the sheeted rain like a liquid wall on the fallows, and the gulls driven landward from the sea. Then shall the conflagration of the woods have burnt to the last fibre, and the red flush die to ashes, the sombre livery of a turgid December gray. But to-day they burn with a luminous shine; and the apple-racks are waiting for the ripening fruit. But a nation has died in a day before this, and nature only dies for a season; so long as her forehead is wreathed with the grape, and her face ruddy with harvest promise, we care not to see the yellow rottenness of the side which faces farthest from the generous sun.

# RICHARD CABLE.

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER LVII .- THE FOUNDATION.

RICHARD CABLE scarcely slept all night. thought of many things. He thought of what he had seen and overheard at Pentargon. He saw in the darkness the arms of his child round the neck, interlaced with the hair, of Josephine, her head tied up in his blue, white-spotted kerchief, lying on her shoulder, looking up into the pale face of her nurse, with a soul of love and forgiveness streaming out of those blue eyes. But he thought of something beside-of the plan he had made for Mary; and he was by no means sure that she would be well content with the arrangement. One circumstance had, however, occurred to make his way easier. When a young man has been refused, his self-love receives a wound more severe than his heart, and he is then impelled to do some act which will retrieve his lost self-respect. A man who has been refused, or jilted, is ready to propose to the next girl he sees; and no sooner was Walter Penrose aware that his suit for Mary Cable was unacceptable, than he offered himself to Sarah Jones. He did not care particularly for Sarah; but he did not choose to have it thought in the place that not choose to have it thought in the place that! Then she held up her head, looked full through he was a rejected lover; and he did not choose has tears in her father's face, and answered: 'Yes,

that the Cables should consider him as inconsolable. As this engagement was hurried, the wedding was also hurried; Sarah Jones had no desire to let Walter slip through her fingers by delay, and Walter wished to have his fate settled irrevocably as speedily as possible, out of defiance to the Cables, who had slighted his pretensions.

After breakfast one morning, Richard Cable said to Mary: 'Child, when you have cleared away, come to me into the summer-house; I have a word to say to you of some import-

'Father, I hear the bishop arrives to-morrow.'
'Yes; but I am not going to speak to you about the bishop.'

'And the confirmation is on Friday.'

'Yes; I suppose so; but that is not the matter.

He saw her and Martha exchange looks. Martha put up her lip and looked sulky. Martha had inherited her father's stubbornness. She and Mary clung to each other, as the twins who intervened between Mary and her were fast friends and inseparable. Martha looked up to Mary with passionate love, regarded her as the most beautiful and perfect girl in the world; fought her battles, resented every slight shown her, or supposed slight, as she would bridle with pride and pleasure at every acknowledgment of her sister's excellence.

Cable went to his summer-house and smoked a pipe. Before he had finished it, he heard a timid foot on the gravel, and in another moment

Mary stood in the open door.
'Come in,' said Cable.—'What is the matter? Upset because you have broken a plate? Bah! Fourpence will set that to rights.—Come inside, Mary dear; I must have a serious word with you.

She entered, trembling, and with changing colour, changing as fast as the flushes in the evening clouds. Tears sparkled on her eyelashes, as raindrops on fern-leaves in the hedges at morn.

'What is the matter, child? Why are you frightened? Your father will never do anything to displease you. You can rely on that. His whole care is for your happiness, and it is for your happiness that he is now arranging.

She raised her blue eyes; they were swimming with tears, so full of tears that he could not read through the watery veil what they said. He could not say for a moment any more. His pipe did not draw as it should; he unscrewed it and blew through the nozzle. His blood throbbed in his temples. He was vexed with his mother because she had refused to speak to Mary about his purpose, and relieve him of the irk-some obligation. 'Mary,' he said, after a long pause, during which she stood before him with folded hands and lowered eyes—'Mary, I suppose you have formed a rough guess what my business is with you?

She made no answer with her lips. Had he looked up, he might have read the reply in the pain-twitching lips of his child and in her shifting colour.

Can you give a guess at what I have to say?'

dear father, I know-I can guess what you want to to say. But—O father! father dearest—spare me this time—do not say it.' to—to say.

'Spare you this time?' echoed Cable. 'What is the meaning of these words? When have I not been considerate and kind to you-to you above the rest?'

No answer.

He waited; but as he received no reply, without looking in her face, he began again:

'Father,' she said, 'let me'-- But her voice failed her, and she put her hands over her eyes.

'You do not know what is good for you, my child,' he said. 'You are indeed still very young, - But never mind; scarcely eighteen, and yetyour mother was married early. If I have doubted for a moment whether I acted rightly on a former occasion, my doubts have vanished to-day. That young fellow, who once took a fancy to you, is now-- Hark!

At that moment the bells of the parish church began a glad peal. The wedding service was over that united Walter Penrose with Sarah Jones, and the ringers were sending the welcome

from the church tower.

Then Mary raised her hands, clasped them over her head, uttering a piercing cry, and sank at her father's feet: 'Father! O my father! you have killed me!'

Cable caught her, and tried to raise her; but she twisted herself from his hands, and on her knees staggered round the summer-house, clasping her ears, to shut out the reverberation of the

wedding bells.

Cable went after her; he caught her in his arms and held her; but she slipped down on the floor again and lay her length on it, beating the floor with her head, as one mad, and then scrambling up on her knees and throwing herself in a heap in the corner. 'O father! my father!' she cried, 'this is your doing! Walter does not love any one but me; and I—I love, and can love none other. I shall never, never marry now! You have made me miserable—you

have broken my heart.'

Richard Cable was as a man turned to stone. He could not speak; he tried, but his voice failed. He put his hand to his brow, and a deep groan escaped his breast. All at once he stood up; he could not breathe in the summer-house. He was stunned by the reverberation of those St Kerian bells, beating in upon his brain, from all the eight sides of his wooden house. He left Mary kneeling on the ground; he rushed forth. He opened his gate and hobbled down the road. He could not bear to face his children. He did not feel the ground under his feet; he was like a dreamer, falling, falling, touching nothing. The birds sang in the bushes, the holly leaves reflected the sun from their shining leaves on the hedge. Everything swam about him. He could not run because of his thigh, and he had not his stick, so he went painfully, lurching like a drunken man. He had pierced his best loved daughter's heart; he had robbed her of her happiness, alienated her from him for ever-he had laid the foundation in his first-born.

Whither was he going? He did not know himself. He wanted to be away from Red Windows, somewhere out of the sound of Mary's | face.

sobs, away from the reproachful eyes of her sisters; somewhere where he might be alone in his misery. There was one spot to which instinctively he gravitated—the old cob cottage. He did not consider that it had been given up to Josephine, or if he thought of that, he remembered she was away, and that, though she dwelt in it, it was now vacant. He did not rest till he reached it. The key was kept in the same secret place, the hole in the thatch, and when he put his hand there, he found the key. He opened the door and went in. He did not look about him; he saw the old armchair in the old place, and the table and the seven stools. The hearth was cold; the room was still, only a few flies humming in it. There were a few trifles that belonged to Josephine on the chimney-shelf and on the table; and to a crook in the ceiling hung a bunch of pink everlastings, head down-ward. He threw himself into the old chair and folded his arms on his knees, and laid his head on his arms and wept.

How long he sat there he did not know; thoughts hot as molten metal flowed white and glaring through his brain. Had he been happy in Red Windows? Was he not more miserable in his wealth than he had been in his poverty? What had his money done for him but steal his children's hearts from him, and seal up his perception of what was for their welfare? There, round the table, were the stools of his children, on which they had sat as little things and eaten their frugal meals. How much better they had tasted seasoned with love, than the richer repasts

at Red Windows strewn with verjuice.

Those bells! Those wedding bells were still ringing! Oh, what a happy day for him, had they rung for Mary's wedding! How content he might have been with her down in St Kerian, near the smithy. Then every day he would have strolled into the village to see her and talk with the smith, his son-in-law. Now that was over. Mary's heart was broken. The bright future of the dearest being he loved had been dashed to pieces by his hand. Could she ever forgive him —him who had spoiled her entire future, blighted her whole life? How could he live in the same house with her whose happiness he had wrecked?

Then he remembered what he had witnessed on the cliff behind the Magpir—he saw again the little head bound up in his blue kerchief, resting on Josephine's shoulder, looking up into her face, and saying: 'I am glad it was you, and I love you a thousand times better!'

O wondrous beauty of forgiveness! St Luke's summer in the moral world, when a soft glory illumines the fading leaves and drooping vegetation, and makes the touch of decay and death

seem the touch of perfect loveliness.

What was the worm at the root of all Cable's happiness, that which had robbed all his successes of satisfaction? Was it not the bitterness with which he had thought of Josephine, the savage determination with which he had stamped out every spark of relenting love that had for a moment twinkled in his gloomy heart?

As he thus thought, he groaned. Then, sud-

denly, he was roused and touched by a hand. He looked up, bewildered. Jacob Corye the innkeeper stood before him with agitated, mottled

'You've heard it? It is true! We are all done for.'

Cable could not collect his senses at first

'I came over at once, the moment the news reached me. I went up to Red Windows. Then I heard you had gone down lane. Some one saw you come on here. I followed.—Is it true? Tell me what you have heard. My God! this is frightful!'

'I do not understand you.'

'The Duchy Bank has failed—stopped payment. I had three thousand five hundred pounds in it. And you?

'Everything,' answered Cable.
'Just heard it. Could hardly believe it. I came over here. It is a frightful loss to me. Three thousand five hundred pounds! Why, I

can never start the Champagne Air Hotel?

'It is my ruin,' said Cable. 'I owe money for Red Windows, and I have put my savings into shares in the bank as portions for my girls.' He put his hands over his brow and laughed fiercely. Naked came I into the world, and naked I shall go out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; but I cannot and I will not say, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

'Three thousand five hundred pounds!' groaned 'That takes pints of blood out of one's

veins.

'I am bled to death,' said Cable.

Look here! What will become of Red Windows?

'It will be sold over my head. I have not paid off; and I am a shareholder.'

'You have everything in the bank?'

'Every penny.'
'Look here, Uncle Dick,' said Corye. these circumstances, we must give up the Champagne Air Hotel? Yes.

'And we must think no more of mating my Joshua and your Mary.

'That is past,' said Cable.

'Three thousand five hundred pounds!' groaned Jacob.—'Well, I pity you. I can feel. I am cruel badly bitten.' Then he went away.

Richard Cable remained in the same position

and in the same place. He did not return to Red Windows for his dinner. He sat, stunned with despair, rocking himself in his armchair, looking upon the white ashes of his first life, and Red Windows for his dinner. the ashes of his second life. His first ambition had been realised, and had turned to dust when he grasped it. The second had been realised, and had failed him also. What was done could not be undone. He must return with his daughters to the poor cob cottage. The wealth was gone as a dream-not a happy dream-a dream of disappointed ambition, of pride unsatisfied. It would have been better for him and his children if he had never left his stone-breaking, never separated himself from them. That episode of prosperity, like the episode of marriage with Josephine, had done nothing for him except unfit him for the life he had been accustomed to lead. He felt inclined in his misery to take his stone breaker's hammer and break his daugh-ters' hearts with it, one after another, and then die himself. Red Windows must be abandoned, and they must all accommodate themselves as best they could to the cottage, and cultivate again-

the three-cornered garden; and he must go along his rounds with the van of calves and droves of young stock, rebuilding slowly his broken-down fortune.

'Cursed be the day,' muttered Cable, 'that ever

I dreamed that daring dream!

His head was burning. He now; his eyes were fireballs. He could not weep ls. The fountain of tears in his heart was dry as an old cistern, and nothing lay at the bottom but grit and canker. One thing that embittered his misfortune most of all to him was the thought of how the St Kerian folk, whom he had held aloof from, would rejoice over his misfortune. 'Those who had most fawned on him in his prosperity would now turn their heel upon him. How Penrose the blacksmith that day would laugh over his ill-luck, and bless his stars that his Walter had escaped union with one whom misfortune followed! How Tregurtha, from whom he had purchased Summerleaze, would rub his hands, and vow that the day had now come which he had long foretold, when Uncle Dick's pride would be brought low!

Then the strength of Richard Cable's character began to manifest itself again, as these galling visions presented themselves before him. true that he was a ruined man; but he had still the brains and the skill to make a new fortune by following the same course he had already pursued. As he began to think of the future, the present lost its intensity of bitterness. He felt that he still had in him sufficient energy to begin life for the third time; but he was shaken, and he could never hope to recover all that was now taken from him. There were other competitors stepping in where he had shown the

Whilst thus thinking, he heard the door open, uncle Dicky, said the smith, 'what be this bad news I've heard? The Duchy Bank gone scatt [broken] and all your savings lost?'

Cable nodded and sighed. 'Bless me,' said Penrose, 'that's a bad lookout for you. Have you nothing laid by elsewhere?'

Cable shook his head.
'By the powers!' said the blacksmith, 'I'm mighty sorry for you. I've been at the wedding of my boy, and I'm only sorry he weren't spliced to the other one. Your Mary would have suited me better than Sarah Jones. But it was not to be; so let the past lie covered with leaves. Sarah Jones brings some money with her; but she has a shrewish temper, if what folks say be true. I'd rather have had your Mary without a penny than Sarah with all her brass.—But there! what is done is done, and to-day the parson has hammered them together on the anvil, and there'll be no parting after that, whether they agree or not. for her sharp tongue, he must learn to put up with it and turn its point with gentleness.'
Cable sighed, and thought of his marriage with

Josephine.

'Well, Uncle Dick,' continued Penrose, 'I've just seen Jacob Corye, who is badly hit. But he says you are worse bitten than he, and that there was nothing left for you and your maidens but the workhouse.

Cable looked up, ironically, and said: 'No, not

'No,' pursued the blacksmith; 'I knew it

could not be so bad as that. Still, I thought I'd come on and see.—Corye said you were here taking on dreadfully about your loss, and like to do yourself an injury. Then an idea came into my head; it flashed up like a spark on red-hot iron. I came on and here I find you.

hot iron. I came on, and here I find you.'
'Yes,' said Cable, 'here you find me.' He was
not angry with Penrose for his intrusion. He
felt that it was kindly meant, and the sympathy

of the blacksmith touched him.

'Now, harky' to me,' said the blacksmith, lowering his voice. 'I know you well enough—a straight man as ever was. I reckon I'm a straight man too; and where I'm crooked, may God Almighty hammer me out of my crookedness with the hammer of adversity, straight again! But there-I've come to say that I've a matter of a couple of hundred pounds lying idle—thank heaven, not in a bank, but in my old woman's nightcap, and stuffed up the chimney in our bedroom—all in gold, and you're heartily welcome to the loan of it as long as you like. You leave this door unlocked to-night, and I'll come along as if I were out to smoke, and blow off the drink I've had to take because of all the toasts and well-wishings, being my son's wedding day; and I'll come in here, nobody seeing, and I'll put the old woman's nightcap and its contents into thicky [yonder] oven, where you'll find it tomorrow morning, and nobody the wiser.-No words, said Penrose, starting up. 'I reckon I hear steps coming. I'm wanted because the hear steps coming. young people are off.

Before Cable could recover his speech, for moved to the loss of words he was, Penrose was gone. At the same moment in came three other men, Tregurtha the farmer, Bonithon the saddler, and Hoskins the miller. Each looked at his fellow to speak. Tregurtha, nudged by the saddler and the miller, after a few ineffectual whispered remonstrances, came sheepishly forward. 'You're in the old nest again, Uncle Dicky, he began, then coughed. 'Us three chaps were in the Silver Bowl just now, when Jacob Corye came, mighty took-on about the loss of his money through the basels of the Tourist T his money through the break of the Duchy Bank: He told us as how you had lost everything—as you'd put all the fortune you had into the Duchy, and took it out of calves and bullocks. I reckon it were a mistake. Keep your money in flesh, say I. I once lost a power of money in law. I never went to law again after that. It taught me a lesson, and I've profited by it. That is why I've money now. You may lose a calf here or a cow there of milk-fever, or a horse with the glanders, or a pig with the measles—and talking of that, my wife's cruel bad wi' erysipelas-but you've other things to fall back on. It is not so with a bank; that's like the bridge in the nursery story, which when it bended, there the story ended. Well, old friend, we that is, Ephraim Bonithon, and Tony Hoskins, and I, was very troubled when we heard you had got pixy-led in Queer Lane; so, when Corye was gone, we put our heads together. Now, us three—that's Tony Hoskins, and Ephraim Bonithon, and I—have all of us got money laid by, are warmish men in our way—the thermometer in us don't go down to zero. So we've come to say, if you want to get on in the cattle business and are pinched to start with again, we three-

that is to say, me, and Ephraim Bonithon, and Tony Hoskins—be ready to stand security for you to any sum in reason that you like to name.

—And, continued Tregurtha, 'don't you never go for to think and suppose of selling Red Windows. Us of St Kerian be proud of that house standing up above the town, and us shows it to the little uns as a visible lesson to 'em of what uprightness and energy and perseverance may perform. Moreover—and besides'—he took breath after this word-'us three men, the afore-in-mentioned Tony Hoskins, and me, and Ephraim Bonithon, can't abear to think of them seven shining and adorning beauties, your sweet maidens, God bless 'em! should not be housed in a nest worthy of such treasures. Then therefore and because'-another long breath-'if the creditors dare to sell that there house over your head, then we three—that is, Ephraim Bonithon, Tony Hoskins, and I. say-confound their eyes! And we'll buy the house and make it over to you, to repay us as you earn the money.' Then he drew a long breath and said 'There!' and the other two drew the backs of their hands across their noses and grunted 'There!'

Then suddenly, panting, in the doorway stood little Lettice, who cried: 'O father! come, come quick! Who do you think is come to Red Windows? The bishop and Mrs Sellwood; and they say they are old friends of yours; and want to see you and us all—and are asking after little Bessie.—And,' after panting a while, 'the bishop has brought a to-day's paper from Launceston, and he says it's all a parcel of lies about the Duchy Bank; it's the other bank, the name I can't call to mind, is broken, and not the

Duchy.

Then Richard Cable held out his hands and clasped and shook those of Ephraim Bouithon, William Tregurtha, and Anthony Hoskins, shook and squeezed them, but said nothing; yet, as he hurried away, his body shook, and his breast heaved convulsively, and sounds issued from his mouth, that made Tregurtha say: 'By George, he is pleased—how he is laughing!'

But Lettice, looking up in her father's face as she ran at his side, asked: 'Papa, why are you

crying?

Then he said in a choking voice: 'Run, Lettice—run after Mr Corye, and tell him not to fail to send little Bessie and—her who is with Bessie, in his gig, to Red Windows, to-morrow.'

#### SALT-MANUFACTURE IN INDIA.

The tax or duty on common salt, or what is chemically known as sodium chloride, forms not only one of the main sources of the revenue of British India, but the manufacture and sale of the commodity itself, constituting one of the great government monopolies, give work to thousands of both Europeans and natives, under a separate department of the State, embracing a comprehensive machinery for the supervision of the industry, and prevention of contraband practices throughout the country. The vast extent of coast-line, with extensive estuaries and connected lagoons carrying the briny fluid of the surrounding ocean far inland, the excessive heat and dry parching land-

winds that prevail during the summer months, lend special advantages to the manufacture of salt from sea-water by solar evaporation; and ordinary cultivation ceasing when it is sufficiently warm for salt-manufacture to commence, such native labour as is necessary for its actual manipulation is readily obtained at a very moderate cost, rendering the value of the manufactured article so trifling, that even with the additional percentage tacked on by the government before sale, all imports of it are easily kept out of the local markets.

The sites taken up by salt-works, chiefly barren wastes where nothing else will grow, are situated either close to the estuaries through which they draw their supplies of salt water direct from the sea during spring-tides, or on swamps largely impregnated with natural saline deposits, where pits being sunk, the necessary requirements are met by percolation in subsoil brine. The usual practice is to farm out such land, free of all rates, to suitable persons, who supply the labour, and manufacture the article under government superintendence, receiving in return a fixed rate per ton for all approved salt made by them and delivered into store within a given time.

The works, extending from fifty to a hundred acres in area, are divided into beds, varying in size from ten by fifteen to thirty feet or so square, partitioned off by irrigation channels, along which the water is passed from one to another, and small embankments a foot in height, the larger divisions being utilised as 'condensers,' or wide shallow expanses for evaporating purposes; while the smaller ones, more easily got at, are reserved for crystallising the salt in.

The system of manufacture in India differs considerably from that of other countries in the separation of the various saline ingredients held in solution in sea-water, the ordinary composition of the latter being about 96.5 per cent. of pure water to 3.5 per cent. of various salts, principally sodium chloride. Work commences soon after the cessation of the annual tropical rains or monsoon, all the beds being first flooded with salt water. Thus thoroughly saturated and cemented, they are then carefully levelled and hardened by being beaten down repeatedly with heavy oblong logs of wood, those intended for crystallising in being further closely stamped by the feet of the workers: and the surface soil of stiff clay soon becomes impermeable, and a day's exposure to the sun renders the beds fit for use.

The condensers being divided into three series, the first or primary lot are next filled with salt water to a depth of six inches, and left to evaporate, being added to from time to time for maintenance of the original depth; and as the liquid gains in specific gravity, or becomes denser, Baume's hydrometer is applied, and the brine soon marks ten degrees of density, when it is passed on to a secondary set, those emptied being refilled. From the secondary set, the heavily laden

liquid is allowed to gravitate, in due course, into a third or finishing set of condensers. And on marking twenty-five degrees, the brine is ready for the crystallising beds; all organic matter and the less soluble salts held by the water in the first instance having been deposited on its way as evaporation progressed, and the only salts now held in suspension being sodium chloride (common salt), with a small quantity of magnesium sulphate (Epsom salts), and traces of inorganic matter, magnesium chloride and calcium (lime)—the process up to this stage taking about three weeks, the original density of sea-water by Baume's hydrometer being 2.5 degrees, subsoil brine sometimes marking five degrees at start.

There are now two methods of allowing the formation and collection of common salt—the rapid and accretion systems. In the first, the 'saturated brine' from the finishing condensers is run in to the crystallising beds, where sodium chloride at once begins to separate from the liquid, and crystallises on the floor; and by the third day, under favourable circumstances, all the pure salt has been deposited in a white sheet of opaque crystals, and Epsom salts is ready to solidify, the hydrometer now showing thirty degrees of density, and the remaining liquor, called 'bitterns,' from its particularly acrid taste, containing hardly any perceptible trace of common salt. The salt formed on the floor is next gathered up with flat wooden rakes, drained, and stored; a further supply of saturated brine again passed into the crystallising beds, and the same process followed, till, after the third gathering or scraping, the bitterns is got rid of, and the crystallising beds remade as before; the same procedure, as far as they are concerned, gone through ab initio, till the annual rains again set in, the periods varying according to locality.

In the accretion system, the only difference is, that on the brine in the crystallising beds rising to thirty degrees, instead of removing the salt already formed, a fresh supply of saturated brine is let in over it every third day or so for three weeks, the salt allowed to form in layers to the thickness of from three to six inches, and then removed by the hand, the bitterns being subsequently run off and the beds remade as before. In some works, the salt is raked through as it forms, and turned out in hard half-inch opaque cubes. Though of a better quality, it does not generally meet with much demand.

In addition to works proper, such as the above, shallow lakes with loamy or clay beds, communicating with the sea at spring-tides, are also utilised for salt formation. The lake being filled early in the season, the water is left to evaporate, and the various salts allowed to separate in layers; and on the remaining liquid rising to thirty degrees of density by Baumé's hydrometer, the top layer, or that of common salt, is dug out with pick and spade. This can hardly be

called manufacture, though it must be admitted that, requiring less labour and trouble, it naturally recommends itself; but then it must be remembered that facilities for this mode of making salt are not everywhere to be found, and one of the two systems of manufacture has to be resorted to where other difficulties are not present.

Much might be said of the relative advantages of either system; but the outturn of salt from a given area under each being about the same, and owing to the anomaly of the salt being sold by the government in weight and retailed in measure by the dealers, the salt showing most bulk is more sought after; and in the rapid system, this purpose is answered, as, not being allowed sufficient time to thoroughly crystallise, or being, so to speak, forced, the cubes of salt are imperfectly formed and hollow. As it takes a larger quantity to make up an equal weight, and the general Indian consumer not being particular as to quality so long as it is made up in quantity, the rapid system is consequently more in vogue.

On the eastern coast, the manufactured article is next stored on raised platforms in pyramidal heaps of about 132.25 tons each, covered over for protection from damp and rain with twelve inches of clay or thatch; while on the western coast, the annual rains being heavier, rough water-tight sheds are used instead, from which the daily sales are made as required.

The average labour required is one man per acre of land under manufacture for six months, the outturn of salt from the same area being about seventy-two tons per annum, costing when stored about 4s. 41d. per ton, and sold by the government at 7s. 9fd., plus a duty, which varies generally as the Indian budget shows a surplus or deficit, and is at present fixed at es, 28. 65 6. To this of course have to be added the dealer's profit and cost of carriage, which very considerably enhance its value to the consumer, especially in the interior.

The heavy duty on this important necessary to health, and therefore of life, constitutes one of the great grievances of the poorer classes, who, with salt forming spontaneously in the estuaries at their very doors, or easily separated from the soil round their houses, consider it, and not without some reason, specially unjust that they are not permitted to help themselves from nature's supplies, and so have recourse to every means of avoiding the duty, necessitating the employment of a large preventive agency to protect the

The imposition of the duty is defended as being the only direct tax that touches all classes, and the only tribute paid by the poorer section, or the masses generally, for the many advantages the better-to-do orders pay for in the various assessments imposed upon them. But the justice of taxing such a commodity is of course open to very grave question. Not only does salt answer the greater uses required of it, but from it are made, either in the rough crystalline formation or in a more alabaster-like style, the muchadmired ornamental crosses, trays, and vases, samples of which were to be seen in the Indian Court of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition. Once made, the articles are easily coloured or being brought into requisition, finally the great

polished, but of course, being of such deliquescent material, are soon affected by the weather, and have to be kept perfectly free from damp or other. moisture.

#### THE OLD SECRETAIRE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

#### CHAPTER III.

Like most men of his profession, Warren was a keen observer of character; a mystery delighted him equally from a business or an analytical point. of view. Here, then, were all the elements for a seasonable romance—a Haunted Chamber; a mysterious servitor of the good old orthodox type, moreover the only living historian of the tragedy —a trusted servant, who had actually a personal acquaintance, so to speak, with Edgar Warren, and who alone—Warren was sure of that—could solve a dark and blood-stained catastrophe.

Morning broke with snow knee-deep in the drive, huge drifts half-way up the windows, and no prospect of any outdoor amusement. Even the rural postman had not succeeded in forcing his way through. It was, as Constance Lumley observed, when the parliament had gathered round the hall fire, a Christmas evidently to be spent quite magazine-artically. With nothing whatever to do, and no immediate prospect of amusement, conversation began to languish, till one of the party entered with the startling news that the ghost-light had been seen burning in the haunted wing all the previous night. Thereupon, the listeners began to thrill, and a new zest was given to the flagging flow of talk.

'Christmas Eve, the anniversary of the tragedy,' Ada Secretan exclaimed. 'I had forgotten that.' To-night, the ghost walks, rapier in hand, down the dusky passage. Shall we interview him?'

But in spite of nineteenth-century civilisation and the boldness of numbers and daylight, there was no enthusiastic response to this appeal, for each looked at his neighbour, waiting for him to speak.

'Haunted Chamber or not, this is the very morning to explore those old rooms,' Walter Secretan remarked. 'What do you say to us all going?—only you girls had better put on some wraps, for it is sure to be dirty enough. Those in favour of my motion, please hold up their hands.'

Immediately, a host of fair fingers were extended; and the proposal being carried nem. con., the ladies trooped away to prepare them-selves for the coming excursion. As they began to reappear one by one, cloaked and hooded, Warren and Walter Secretan returned in rough laced jackets, bearing between them a gigantic bunch of rusty keys, a small but powerful crowbar, and a dark-lantern.

A short walk along a broad flagged passage brought the sightseers to a flight of steps surmounted by a wide oak door, fitted with long iron hinges, rusty and timeworn, but still forming a powerful barrier against intruders. After some difficulty, a key was found to fit, and the creaking lock forced back by the united strength of Secretan and Warren. The bolts were drawn; but the great fron hinges held, till the crowbar

door flew open with a sullen bang that seemed to re-echo moodily down the dim reverberating

A low corridor was before them, hung with ancient tapestry, torn and moth-eaten, and swaying in ghostly fashion before the cold air. dust lay upon the tiled floor, deadening the sound of footsteps. Still the light of the lantern was enough to guide their somewhat hesitating steps, till at length a hall was reached, in the centre of which was a noble staircase, lighted from the roof by a glass dome, though the accumulated dust of more than half a century made dayight that pallid. Here every step echoed loudly; every vibration of the voice seemed to ring as if the place was filled with mocking spirits. With some more than half a century made daylight dim and place was filled with mocking spirits. With some difficulty they flung back the ponderous iron-lined shutters, and a stream of light poured in. There were rusty-armour figures in dim corners; pictures peeling slowly from their panels on the walls; a colony of rats scudded noisily across the floor under the rotting wainscot. There were three rooms leading out of the hall, the doors of which they had no difficulty in opening—rooms in which old oak furniture had been placed, though the damask had mouldered and left the frames bare. There was nothing of interest in any of these apartments, save one or two curious ornaments; and upon one dusty table, a pack of cards lay strewn, with a decanter and glass, the former containing a pungent sediment.
Up-stairs was a long corridor containing many

rooms, all of which they explored; and here the girls found themselves in their element. There were wardrobes and huge linen-chests containing lace in abundance; tarnished silver buckles and rich brocades; lutestrings stiff as cardboard; a rich treasure of silk and velvet enough, more than enough, of dresses from the time of the merrie monarch! downwards, to furnish material for a hundred ancient comedies. The fair bevy of connoisseurs drew a breath of mingled delight and envy, when this rich harvest had been

gathered into a shimmering heap.
They had drawn apart by ones and twos, each of the party pouring over some newly discovered treasure, as the boxes were turned out pro-miscuously on the floor. Point-lace collars and paste buckles, a heavy garnet signet ring, some delicate cameos, silken hose, and claret-coloured full-bottomed coats slashed with silk—every article of clothing affected by a lost generation was there.

'You don't deserve a shred of these beautiful things, Ada,' exclaimed Althea Wynne, drawing a long breath of unalloyed admiration. 'Fancy allowing all these treasures to moulder here for

years and years!'

""O'er all, there hung the shadow of a fear," Warren quoted.—'Miss Wynne, I am afraid you are a Radical—you cannot understand the reverence due to one's ancestors.—And now, converse the control of the

fees, Miss Secretan, have you not been just a little afraid to ransack these sacred apartments?

'A little, perhaps,' Ada confessed. 'I almost feel guilty of sacrilege now. What do you say to carrying our spoils away?' I think we have done

enough.

'Without inveding the sanctity of the ghostly chamber!' oxied Miss Lumley. 'Perish the thought!—Mr Secretar, lead the way!'

Pin here the first difficulty arose. No one

knew sufficiently the geography of the rooms, to point out the mystic apartment. All Secretan knew was, that the chamber looked out upon a green courtyard facing the east wing, and that it was lighted by an oriel window. At the end of the corridor the explorers found another room facing them, which, after a little cogitation and some speculation as to their exact latitude, Warren declared must be the place of their search. To their surprise, they found this door barred with iron let into the solid masonry, so strongly, indeed, that half an hour's exertion at least was required before they could wrench away sufficient of the barriers to try the key. At this critical moment, swift footsteps came unheeded towards the eager group, and Warren felt himself dashed aside with a force scarcely credible in the feeble frame of the intruder. 'Hold, hold, I say! Have you no reverence for the dead?'

Silas Brookes was standing with his back to the door, a flashing rapier in his hand. He seemed to have thrown off half a century of years; his figure, no longer bent and halting, was drawn up to its full height; a bright colour gave an air of youth to the shrivelled check; his keen eyes flashed with all the fire and brilliancy of perfect manhood. For a few moments the group started back in some alarm, and not a little fright amongst the girls, who clung to each other

in unaffected fear.

'What is the meaning of this folly?' Secretan demanded, the first to recover himself. 'Brookes, you forget yourself. Go back into the house immediately, or we shall know how to treat you.

You are alarming the ladies by this conduct.'
But the words might have fallen on ears of stone. The old man stood with one hand behind him, as if protecting some unseen treasure, the other held forward the rapier, prepared to pierce the first intruder.

'Shall we make a rush for him?' Warren whispered, his blood up by this time. 'We could

easily overpower him between us.'

'Think of the girls,' Secretan replied between his teeth. 'I am afraid we shall have to beat an ignominious retreat. Confound it! this comes of keeping a madman on the premises; and yet I don't like to give in.'

Warren for reply was about to advocate extreme measures, when a happy thought struck him. After all, the situation had its ludicrous aspect; but he was too intent on his new plan to see this now. He whispered a few words in his friend's ear to the effect that he was to get the party away, and leave him to face the strange custodian of the Haunted Chamber.

'You have some scheme in your head?' Walter asked.

Warren nodded. He had a scheme, though it warren housed. He had a scheme, inough is had scarcely taken shape as yet. Nevertheless, it was with a certain feeling of relief that he heard the echoing footsteps of his party dying away in the distance. Then he turned a pair of fearless gray eyes full upon the guardian, standing in the same watching attitude, and commanded him to lay aside his weapon. Brookes threw the rapier on the stone floor with a resounding crash.

if they expected any story of wild adventure, to hear the history of some gruesome tragedy or hidden treasure, they were mistaken. He simply pointed out to them the fact that the old servant was not so much to blame for his conduct as they thought; but that it was more their fault, the simple fact being that the faithful valet was aghast at the idea of the room sacred to his beloved and revered master being given over to ruthless plunderers. Indeed, so smoothly did the wily dramatist put the case, that public opinion, which had been strongly against the obstreperous Brookes, rapidly veered round in his favour, till some of the actors in this affecting little comedy began to feel somewhat ashamed of the part they had played.

'Poor old man!' said Edith Lucas pityingly; 'and all this time we have been accounting him a dangerous madman. I'm so glad!'

Warren smiled under his moustache; and Walter Secretan, turning towards him, caught the look of amusement in his friend's eyes. Presently, under cover of the conversation, he got alongside him, and in a cautious whisper, demanded an account of the interview.

'Too long to tell you now,' Warren murmured.
'Only, if that old gentleman is mad, there is method in his madness.—Wait in the dining-room after dinner till the rest have gone, and I will

tell you my plan.'

They had some time to wait, for it being Christmas Eve, the meal was a long and elaborate affair. It was nearly ten before the last frou-frou of skirts announced the disappearance of the ladies, and nearly half an hour later before the Squire and Colonel Lucas sought the drawing-room with many a sly allusion and bald platitude concerning the want of gallantry of the present generation. Walter closed the door behind them with a parting shot, and taking a cigarette from his case, composed himself to listen to Warren's plan of

'Did it ever strike you what a fine place this west wing would be for a gang of smugglers or coiners?' Warren commenced. 'You are not far from the high-road, within easy walking distance from the sea, and not a single servant in the house dare be near the haunted part of the house after dark. Why, they would be safer there than in London!'

'What are you driving at?' asked Walter uneasily.

'Simply this—that your faithful old servitor knows something about those rooms he is in mortal fear some one else should discover. I need not tell you that my pretty little romance touching his lifetime's devotion was a pleasant fiction. Walter, there is something going on here, and we must find it out.'

'I am afraid I don't quite follow you,' Secretan returned. 'You see, if there had been anything going on, as you suggest, all these years, we must have heard something of it. Depend upon it, poor old Brookes's brain is giving way. Remember, he isn't far short of ninety.'

'No more mad than I am. I convinced him diplomatically that there would be no further interference on our part, and you should have seen the look of relief on his face—it was a study for an artist. Now, in the next place, as to these ghostly lights they talk about'—

'They certainly do exist,' said Secretan with quiet conviction. 'I have seen them myself many a time when I was a boy.'

'That exactly confirms what I say!' Warren exclaimed triumphantly. 'Now, look at it from a common-sense point of view. Can you believe for a moment that these lights are the work of supernatural agency?'

supernatural agency?'

'It certainly seems contrary to common-sense.'

'It's contrary to all kinds of sense.—Now, listen here. After I had smoothed the old rascal down this morning, we fell into conversation, and by degrees I learnt a good deal of the life of your ghostly ancestor; and, with all due deference to your family pride, I must say a more thorough-paced scoundrel seldom existed. Though, perhaps, the less I say about rascally ancestors the better. Under pretence of wanting a window open, I lured Brookes away, and while his back was turned, I opened bluebeard's chamber with the key.'

'Did you go in?' Secretan asked interestedly, for by this time he had caught some of his companion's enthusiasm.

"It was too risky, especially after I had soothed the old boy's feelings so nicely. All I wanted was to know if the key would fit. It will fit. Now, on every Christmas Eve at midnight that light is seen; so the legend runs. If you are game for a little healthy excitement, you and I will know before morning the origin of this mysterious illumination."

'You can count on me,' Secretan returned, rising and walking up and down the room, to conceal his excitement.—'How do you propose to do it?'

'I propose to do it now, and in this way. It's past eleven; all the others are safe in the drawing-room, and we shan't be missed for an hour. They'll think we are in the billiard-room. A couple of peacoats, a dark-lantern, and a brace of revolvers, and our preparations are complete. Is it a bargain?

A burst of merry laughter as they passed the drawing-room door, mingled with the sound of a piano and some one singing, told the conspirators they had not been missed. As they crept silently along the quiet passages, feeling their way—for they dared not show a light from the dark-lantern—the stable clock chimed the three-quarters after eleven. A few minutes later, after a cautious walk along the unaccustomed corridors, they found themselves at length on the threshold of the chamber where, fifty-six years ago that very night, Arundel Secretan had ended his wasted life in his last hour of despair. Cautiously turning the key with many a creak and groan, the great door swung slowly open, and a second later, the conspirators found themselves safely inside

spirators found themselves safely inside.

Despite the fact of undoubted courage and resolution, each of them was conscious of a certain quickening of the heart and tightness of breath, which came as near fear as it was possible. A feeble moon was trying to struggle through a rushing mass of pendulous cloud, lighting the great oriel window; there was a cold icy draught in the apartment, chilling the adventurers in spite of their additional clothing. As their eyes gradually became accustomed to the gloom, they noticed a funereal bed to the right of the window, with sombre trappings shaking in the wind; and

placed in the centre of the window an ancient secretaire with a high carved back, and countless drawers down either side. Had the place been kept sweet and clean, the rats and mice and all-destroying moths driven away, the apartment might have been termed luxuriously furnished. As Warren and his friend noted these things, the stable clock gave out the hour of twelve with mournful cadence as the notes were borne away on the breast of the wind.

'Now for the family ghost,' Warren whispered cagerly—'the witching hour has come.—Is your

revolver all right, Walter?'

"I hope you won't do anything rash,' said Secretan cautiously. 'Mind, no firing, if it is possible to avoid extremities.—Hist! what was that noise? Verily, we are going to see some-

thing, after all.'

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when the apartment began to be filled by a faint luminous light under the window, throwing the rest of the chamber into deepest shade. The illumination growing stronger, appeared to come from behind the old secretaire. Presently, above it rose two small points of flame, two wax candles in ancient silver candlesticks, and something which gratified the watchers' curiosity indeed. The holder of these lights—a man in the prime of life, with handsome features and full-bottomed wig, was dressed in plush knee-breeches and white silk hose; his feet clad in shoes, latched with heavy silver buckles. He wore also a peach-coloured velvet coat, slashed with pearl-gray silk, and ornamented with gold basket buttons. By his side, as was the fashion of the period, he carried a long rapier in an ornamental leather scabbard. For a moment he stood with his back to the secretaire, gazing earnestly around, then apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, turned to the desk, on which he placed the candles, and took out a bundle of papers. At this grave moment, the watchers, engrossed by this sudden apparition, with its pale deathlike features, were so startled that Warren burst into a condensation. I turned into the figure resolution. sudden exclamation. Immediately the figure rose and confronted them; they saw the rapier flash from its sheath, as the shade of Arundel Secretan arose and started forward. But at this moment a gust of wind blew out the candles, leaving the apartment in darkness; there was a short mocking laugh; and by the time Warren had sufficiently recovered himself to swing round the slide of his lantern, the figure had vanished, leaving not the semblance of a trace behind.

There was the bundle of papers, but where was the spectre? That he could not have left by the door was clear, for that was fast shut, and search as they might, they could find no other exit. It seemed almost like a dream—the sudden entrance, the wonderful disappearance of the lights, and, last of all, the still more wonderful

spiriting away of the figure.

Secretan sat down trembling in every limb; his face was white and set, while great beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead. 'Come away from this,' he said hoarsely, 'It is like tampering with a dead man's secret. Warren, as time as I am a living man, I have seen my ancestor, Arundel Secretan, to-night!'

'Arundel Secretan be hanged!' said Warren contemptuously, as he placed the packet of papers

in his pocket for future and closer reference. 'Your nerves are all unstrung. It was that cunning old scoundrel Brookes, man! I could swear to those sinister eyes among a thousand.'

#### THE DEATH OF 'BLUE BILLY.'

Those of our readers who are familiar with the name of Blue Billy, when they read the title of this chapter, will be ready to ask: 'Is Blue Billy really dead?' and those unacquainted with the name will have some curiosity to know who or what was Blue Billy, how he died, and how he was buried—if he had many mourners, or died friendless in the workhouse. To all such inquiries, the answer must be given—that Blue Billy is not dead yet, but dying; and when he is gone, no one will mourn for him. He is friendless. Those who know him best, hate him most. He is the pest of our towns. He stinketh in the nostrils of the people. His breath tarnishes the fine metals, destroys gilding, picture-frames, bookbindings, and steel plates. Every person shuns Billy. The only good word that was ever said of him was, that sometimes he did good to patients suffering from whooping-cough.

Most people are acquainted with Blue Billy, although perhaps they do not know him by this name. He is the cause of the smell that we experience when we pass a gaswork. Blue Billy is the technical name given to the lime rendered foul in the purification of the gas. To a great extent it is this lime, when it is removed from the purifiers, that makes gasworks a nuisance. We are probably now on the eve of a new era in the manufacture of gas, and there is every probability that the time is not far distant when gasworks will be carried on without causing offensive smells, and when gas will be supplied to the consumers so free from impurities that it will be harmless alike to the most delicate flowers and the finest gilding in a drawing-room. The purification of gas in close vessels has occupied the attention of gas engineers for many years, and it may now be said that the problem has been solved. To enable the general reader to understand the new method, we shall endeavour to explain the process of purification, or as much of it as will be suffi-

cient for our purpose.

Crude gas as it issues from the retorts is charged with various impurities. Chief among these are ammonia, carbonic acid, and sulphur compounds, all of which ought to be removed before the gas is sent to the consumers. Ammonia is a very volatile gas, for which water has such a strong affinity that, at ordinary temperature and atmospheric pressure, it will take up nearly one thousand times its own volume. In order, therefore, to free the gas from ammonia, it is only necessary to pass it through water, when the ammonia will be absorbed, and the other constituents of the gas will pass on. Chemists have discovered two classes of substances, which they call acids and alkalies. These have such a strong affinity for one another, that the moment they are brought into contact, they unite, and form what is called a salt. Ammonia is one of the alkalies; whilst the other impurities, carbonic acid and the various sulphur compounds, are in their nature acid. The affinity

of the acids for alkalies supplies us with the means of removing the second class of impurities by bringing them into contact with an alkali. The substances hitherto used are lime and oxide of iron. Limestone is a carbonate of lime, or a compound of the metal calcium and carbonic acid. When we burn limestone, the heat wrenches the carbonic acid and the lime asunder; and carbonic acid being a gas, it passes into the air and leaves the solid lime behind. It is then said to be in the caustic state. In this condition it is ready again to take up carbonic acid and to unite with it whenever they are brought into contact. But it will also unite with sulphuretted hydrogen. Carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen being the principal impurities in coal-gas, in the process of purification the gas is made to pass through caustic lime, which, by virtue of its chemical affinity, arrests these impurities, and allows the pure gas to pass to the gasholder. But by-and-by the lime gets foul, and the purifiers require to be opened and the lime removed. This is attended with a considerable amount of manual labour; and the smell from the spent lime is not only offensive but highly prejudicial to health. Gas engineers and chemists have long exercised their ingenuity in devising means for doing away with this source of nuisance. The ammonia derived from the gas itself is the agent used to effect this purpose.

It has been already said that the ammonia is washed out of the gas by passing it through water, the water holding it in solution. In this condition it is in the forms of carbonate and sulphide of ammonia. But, just as in the case of limestone, the carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen can be driven away by heat, and the ammonia retained in the water in the caustic state, ready, like the caustic lime, to take up these impurities whenever they are brought into contact with it. This is done in close vessels; and when the process is adopted, a gaswork will no longer be a nuisance to the neighbourhood. The same ammoniacal water is used over and over. As it becomes foul, it is revivified by heating it with steam and dispelling the carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen; and a few sets of pumps take the place of manual labour. The same ammoniacal water being used repeatedly, there will of course be a surplus of ammonia. This surplus may be rendered of commercial value as liquid ammonia; or, utilising the impurities carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen, it may be converted into carbonate and sulphate of ammonia.

Thus, those impurities which gas managers, formerly, were glad to get rid of by any means, may be converted into marketable and valuable products. The process has been tried experimentally with undoubted success in Manchester; and at present, the gasworks in Belfast are being fitted up with apparatus for this method of purification after recent patents by Mr Claus of London. A process lately patented by Mr Young of Peebles, introducing important modifications, promises simplicity and economy, and was a short time ago brought prominently before the North British Association of Gas Managers, by whom it was regarded as a valuable contribution towards the economy and perfecting of the purification of illuminating gas; and arrangements were made

for its practical working. A matter of such importance to gas consumers and to gas share-holders in particular cannot fail to be regarded with general interest.

#### THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW.

#### CHAPTER VII.

NEXT morning the tardily breaking November dawn came all too soon for Matthew Roding; he would have been glad never to see daylight again. He rose earlier than usual, shaved, dressed himself with his customary care, and went down to breakfast; but all his actions this morning were like those of an automaton, and seemed to be governed by no basis of conscious effort. On the table he found three or four post-letters; Grigson would bring the business letters later on. These he took up one after another, and glanced over the superscriptions, as if from them alone it were possible to divine the nature of their contents. One he tore open, the rest he pushed aside as being of little or no consequence. The letter in question ran as follows:

MY DEAR RODING-I should have redeemed those African bonds of mine some time ago, but have only just returned from Scarborough, where I have been laid up for the last six weeks with a confounded attack of gout. I am sorry to hear that you also are indisposed, but trust you will be as right as a trivet again in the course of a few days. I will call upon you to-morrow (Friday) at two o'clock precisely, bringing with me the five hundred pounds, together with the interest as agreed upon, when I trust it will be convenient for you to return me the bonds. The five hundred pounds was of great service to me at the time, and my hearty thanks are due to you for the kind way in which you helped me to tide over my little difficulty.-Believe me, my dear Roding, very truly yours,

VINCENT FITCH.

'Fitch's letter could not have come at a more opportune moment,' said Matthew to himself. 'If he had not written to me, I should have been compelled to write to him. His five hundred pounds is the one little nest-egg I intended all along, unknown to anybody, to save out of the general crash, should the worst come to the worst, which, unluckily, it has. The notice is rather short; still, it will do. Ruff promised to be here soon after nine. I'll give him the key of the private safe as soon as he comes, and pack him off to the City to fetch the bonds. He seems anxious to be of use; besides which, I want Grigson for other matters.'

He was alone this morning, as he had been for many mornings lately—his wife seeming of set purpose to avoid putting in an appearance till after he had done breakfast and gone to his own room.

Shortly afterwards, Ruff arrived. 'How are

you this morning, father?' he asked, with an anxiety he could not hide.

Better, my boy, better both in health and spirits,' he answered with a sigh. 'It was the uncertainty that weighed me down so dreadfully before.—But that's at an end now,' he added with a dismal attempt at a laugh. 'The verdict has been brought in and sentence passed; I know now what I have to face.' Then, a moment or two later: 'I've something for you to do this morning, if you have a couple of hours to spare.

'I am entirely at your service for as long as

you may want me.'

'Then take this key—it is that of my private safe—and hurry down to my office in Throgmorton Street. There you will find Bunker, who probably is known to you already. Give him the key and ask him to open the safe. Inside it, he will find a bundle of papers tied together and labelled, "Congo Electric Lighting Company: Mr Fitch." After giving you the papers he will relock the safe and return you papers, he will relock the safe and return you the key. You will then make your way back as quickly as possible. But, above all things, be careful that you neither lose the papers nor have the papers.

have them stolen from you.'
Never fear, sir,' said Ruff confidently, as he nodded and left the room. He had seen Grandad for a few minutes last evening before leaving the house, and had told him as much of how matters stood as had come to his knowledge. Greatly to Ruff's wonder, his grandfather had listened to him without any expression of surprise or betrayal of emotion of any kind. What did it mean? the young artist asked himself. Was Grandad becoming too old—in a word, too fossilised—to be affected by anything however nearly it might seem to concern him? Knowing the old man as he did, Ruff could scarcely believe that. Or, which seemed hardly more likely, had he been aware all along how matters were going with his son, so that Ruff's news was really no news to him at all? In any case, Grandad was impenetrable, and Ruff had to take home his questions unanswered.

Matthew Roding's breakfast this morning was the merest apology for a meal. He was anxious for the arrival of Grigson; many minor matters had been neglected or overlooked of late which it was absolutely necessary should be attended to without further delay. He knew, of course, that he was ruined—that was a fact nothing could alter or modify; but without Grigson's assistance, it would be a work of some time and difficulty to ascertain the exact position of his affairs. But the minutes passed on without bringing the young clerk. Ten o'clock, eleven o'clock came and went, and still he had not arrived. What could have detained him! Matthew Roding began to pace the room, oppressed by vague fears of he knew not what.

Twelve o'clock arrived in due course, and then half-past, by which time he had nearly worked himself up to fever heat. At last a knock and

his son and Peter Bunker. There was that in the faces of both which told him, before either of them spoke, that they were the bringers of ill tidings.

'I thought it was Grigson who had come at last. Where is he? Why is he not here?' he asked quickly. His hand trembled as it rested on the back of his chair. Surely Fate could have no further blow in store for him! Had he not already drained the cup of misfortune to the dregs?

'I have seen nothing of Mr Grigson this morning, sir; but he looked in at the office rather late last evening—between eight and nine o'clock, in point of fact,' said Peter in his usual deferential

way.
Ah! What did he want there at that time of night?' asked Mr Roding with a startled look. 'He said that you had sent him, sir.'

'That I had sent him! What for, pray?' 'For a packet of papers that was locked up in the private safe.

'I sent him for no papers.—But go on. What

happened next?'
'Mr Grigson unlocked the private safe in my presence, sir—of course he had brought the key with him-and took away the papers he had come for. He said that, late as it was, you particularly wanted them to be placed in your hands last evening.

'But—but—I hardly understand,' said Matthew, pressing his hand to his head with an air of bewilderment. 'How was it possible for Grigson to obtain access to the private safe when the key of it was never out of my possession till I placed

it in my son's hands this morning?'

'I cannot say how that may be, sir,' answered eter. 'All I know is that Mr Grigson had a key with him last evening which fitted the safe and opened it without difficulty. It was the fact of his having that key, sir, which I know you seldom or never let out of your own keeping, that lulled any suspicions I might otherwise have

Matthew turned to his son. 'Did you ascertain for a fact, by personal examination of the safe this morning, that the Congo bonds for which I sent you were not there?

'I did. There were no such papers in the

Matthew Roding sank back in his chair like a man utterly confounded. 'I see it all!' he exclaimed. 'The rogue—the unmitigated villain! I have been robbed, and by a man whom I trusted as I would have trusted my own brother. The consummate scoundrel!'

For a little space no one spoke. Then Mr Roding sighed deeply, once—twice. 'This is the last straw,' he said, turning to his son. 'I thought that nothing more could happen to me—that I had tasted the worst, and yet, see how mistaken

I was!'
'But by what means did Grigson obtain posses-

sion of the key?'

It was not my key he made use of, but a duplicate one. By what diabolical means he became possessed of it, I cannot even imagine. ring. He was sitting with his back to the door, and did not take the trouble to look round when he heard some one enter the room, 'You are late, very late, Grigson,' he began. Then he had knew the end had come, and that he had threed, and his eyes tell, not on Grigson, but on nothing more to expect from me. He knew the Congo bonds were in the safe, and that, if he wanted to convert them to his own use, he had no time to lose. The consummate villain! And I put such trust in him, Ruff, such utter trust! It is like a wound from a two-edged sword.

'Will the loss be a heavy one?'

'You shall judge. Some eight or nine months ago, this Mr Fitch, who calls himself an architect and surveyor, but who is in reality a speculative builder in a large way of business, brought me a lot of Congo bonds, on which he asked me to advance him five hundred pounds, of course at a fair rate of interest. It was out of my usual line of business; but as Fitch is a neighbour and has visited several times at my house, and as my wife and his were very intimate, I strained a point to oblige him, and found him the coin. Although Congos were not of much account in the market at that time, I had reason to believe that they would take a favourable turn before long, and I felt that I had ample security for my money. I was fully justified by the event. Before a month was over, Congos began to rise steadily, and have been going up ever since, so that to-day the bonds on which I advanced five hundred pounds are worth three thousand.

Ruff, whose knowledge of financial matters was of the most elementary kind, was evidently

puzzled by his father's explanation.

"I had a note from Fitch this morning,' resumed Mr Roding. 'He will be here at two o'clock to-day, bringing with him the five hundred pounds in order to redeem his bonds; and I have no bonds to give him!'

But as you have no bonds to give Mr Fitch, he will of course retain his five hundred pounds, in which case I suppose you will be in a position

to cry quits?' Ruff ventured to remark.

'That a son of mine should be such a simpleton!' said Mr Roding with a little scornful laugh. 'Did I not tell you that the bonds I am supposed to have in my possession are at the present time worth three thousand pounds? Even granting Fitch were willing to let me have them at their market value, I should have to hand him over a balance of two thousand five hundred pounds in order to square the transaction—a trifle which at present I don't happen to be possessed of,' he added dryly.

Ruff's face fell; he had not a word more to say. Mr Roding scribbled something on a piece of paper and handed it to his son. 'That is Grigson's address,' he said. 'Take the first hansom you can lay hold of and drive there. Ascertain when the fellow was last at his rooms, and anything further about his movements that may possibly be of service to us. Not that anything you may discover is likely to be of much avail. No doubt he knew where to find not one but a hundred customers for the bonds, had he needed them. It would hardly be a couple of hours' work for such a clever rogue to get rid of them, receive an open cheque in payment, rush off to the bank, get the cheque cashed, and start for the continent, or whatever place he intends to favour with his presence. I've not the least doubt that he's miles away from London by this time.'

Ruff took up his hat and gloves.

'If possible,' added Mr Roding, 'I should like you to be back by the time Fitch arrives. I shall they may be able to probably need the testimony both of you and I have just told you.'

Bunker to confirm the truth of what I shall have to say to him.—How will he take it? There's the rub.—Oh, if I had but my fingers at that villain's throat, they would never lose their hold while there was a spark of life in his vile carease!—Leave me now, both of you, but be in the way when Fitch arrives.'

Ruff came back in due course, with the information that Grigson had not been at his lodgings since eleven o'clock the previous night, when he had packed a small portmanteau and announced that he was going out of town for a few days' holiday. It was no more than Matthew Roding had expected to hear. He deferred taking further steps in the case till after his interview with Mr Fitch.

Punctually to his time, that worthy arrived. He stared a little at finding that Mr Roding was not alone. 'My son and one of my clerks,' said the latter laconically as he shook hands with his

visitor.

Mr Fitch gave a curt nod, then coughed behind his hand and took the seat indicated to him. He was a short, stout, bull-necked man, with purple cheeks and round, protruding eyes. He was dressed in black; a ponderous gold chain meandered over his waistcoat; on one of his thick, podgy fingers flashed a large diamond, which seemed to acquire additional lustre from the grubbiness of the hand it was supposed to adorn.

'Well, Roding, here I am, punctual to a tick,' he began, as he sat down and ran his fingers through his hair. 'I've got the rhino, and you've got the bonds. Exchange is no robbery, as the old saying has it. Five minutes will complete our little business.' While speaking, he had produced a bulky pocket-book, which he now opened, and proceeded, with a sort of affectionate tenderness, to finger the bank-notes therein.

Evidently, Matthew Roding was at a loss in what terms to begin his explanation. 'I am exceedingly sorry to inform you, Mr Fitch, that I have not got your bonds,' he said at last with a degree of hesitation very unusual with him.

Mr Fitch's goggle eyes seemed as though they would start out of his head. 'Eh, now, how's that? Not a long enough notice, perhaps? But I thought you would only have to fetch them out of your safe, or wherever you keep such

things.

'Just what I thought myself, till two hours ago. This morning, I gave the key of my private safe to my son—not being able to go down to the City myself—and asked him to fetch the bonds for me and bring them here in readiness for you; but on proceeding to open the safe, they were not to be found.'

The purple in Mr Fitch's cheeks deepened visibly; he gasped like a fish suddenly taken

out of water.

'Before you say anything, pray hear me out,' went on Mr Roding. He then, as succinctly as possible, proceeded to tell-his hearer when and how the bonds had been stolen, finishing up by saying: 'I thought it best that my son and my clerk should both be present in order that they may be able to confirm the truth of what I have just told you.'

'This is a very strange story that I have had to listen to, Mr Roding—a very strange story, indeed,' said Fitch after a pause. 'Cleverly concoted, without a doubt; but I must tell you at once, sir, that I don't believe a single word of it.' While speaking, he had stuffed the notes belt into his recket book which he now shufback into his pocket-book, which he now shut

with a loud snap.

A deep flush mounted to Matthew Roding's face, and his thick eyebrows came together ominously. 'I hope you don't mean to imply, Mr Fitch, that I and these two gentlemen have leagued ourselves together to impose upon you

with a pack of lies?'
'All I've got to say is that I don't believe the yarn; it ain't good enough,' remarked the other doggedly.

It was only by an effort that Matthew controlled himself. I deplore the unfortunate occurrence quite as much as you can do, Mr Fitch,' he said coldly; 'but really, I am at a loss to know what further evidence I can adduce

to prove the truth of what I have told you.
Deplore—deplore! retorted the other with a scornful snort. You don't think I'm such a fool as to be put off with a few fine words! Do you know, sir, what those bonds of mine, which you hold, or ought to hold, are worth in the market at the present time?'

'I am quite aware of their current value.'
'I knew it—I hadn't a doubt of it. Ye 'I knew it—I hadn't a doubt of it. Yes, yes, you know the value of 'em, never fear! Three thousand pounds—that's what they're worth, not a farthing less. How much did you sell them for, eh, Mr Roding? how much did you sell them for?'

Before Matthew could reply, Ruff sprang to his feet and, crossing the room in a couple of strides, flung open the window. 'Father,' he said quietly, as he proceeded to turn up his cuffs, 'just allow me to have the pleasure of flinging this old rhinoceros out of the window.'

Mr Fitch's face turned a yellowish white; he

hastily put his pocket-book out of sight.
'Sit down, Ruff; I command you!' said Mr
Roding authoritatively. Slowly and reluctantly Roding authoritatively. Slowly and reluctantly Ruff pulled down the window, but he did not

go back to his seat.

There was an awkward silence, which Fitch was the first to break. Perhaps, Mr Roding, if you can't produce the bonds,' he said with an ill-concealed sneer, 'although, in point of law, mind you, you are bound to do so, or else lay yourself open to an indictment for fraud-perhaps, sir, in that case you are prepared to write me out a cheque for the difference between the amount I am indebted to you, principal and interest, and the market price of my property. It would be a trifle over two thousand four hundred pounds, as I reckon it; but that of course would be a mere fleabite to an eminent financier like you!

Matthew Roding felt as though he were stretched on the rack. Mr Fitch, he said, not without a certain dignity, 'I don't know whether or not you are aware of it—you may have heard of it, or you may not—but the fact is I am a ruined man. I have not more than a couple of handred pounds in the world that I can call my

"I expected to be told that—I quite expected

A man in possession, hey? etcetrar, etcetrar. Ah, ah! You see I know more than you thought I did.

Ruff coughed and opened the window a couple of inches. Mr Fitch gave an uneasy glance over his shoulder.

'If these things are known to you, there is no need for me to say another word,' said Mr Roding haughtily.

'But I've got a few words to say to you, Mr Roding—a few words that you will find very much to the purpose, remarked Fitch as he rose, pushed back his chair, and proceeded to button his overcoat. 'I give you till twelve o'clock to-morrow, sir—till twelve o'clock, not one minute longer, in which to produce either the bonds or the money. Either of 'em will do for me; I don't care a dump which it is. But if neither is forthcoming by noon to-morrow, I tell you candidly that I shall at once make it my business to go to the nearest police magistrate and apply for a warrant against you. I think there's no occasion for me to add another word.—Goodmorning, Mr Roding; good-morning, gentlemen all—hem.' He had got hold of his hat and umbrella while speaking, and now, after a final glance over his shoulder at Ruff, he beat a somewhat undignified retreat from the room.

#### A YEAR AGO.

Just a little year ago, You were all to me; Even yet, I scarcely know How such things can be.

Did you mean it all the time? Were you false or true? Is it change of place or clime That has altered you?

Did you think to love me still? Did your fancy stray? Did you change against your will, When you went away?

Do you still remember this, Many miles apart? Ah ! you left your careless kiss Printed on my heart!

Little did my soul divine That the year would see Your dear heart, close knit to mine, Drift away from me.

Yet I dream you brave and true: Through the mists of pain, Still I stretch my hands to you Till we meet again.

Just a little year ago l Ah! my eyes are wet! Cruel Love! do you not know I can ne'er forget?

MYRA.

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# CAN A BLIND MAN SEE A GHOST? BY A BLIND CONTRIBUTOR.

'A MAN may see how this world goes with no eyes,' says the unhappy Lear; and, as is often the case with the demented, he embodies a pro-found truth in a paradox. We hear in everyday conversation, for instance, such expressions as, 'Any one can see that with half an eye.' Or, again, if a peculiarly sharp person is spoken of Oh, he can see as far into a brick wall as most people;' and so on: thus showing that the veracity of the principle expressed in Shakespeare's words in this matter, as in most, has long since been universally accepted. Hence, we have only to go a step further, and it may readily be assumed that, if a man with no eyes can see how this world goes, he can with equal clearness observe what is being done in the world of ghosts. To a blind man, therefore, we ought to turn for all reliable information from that mysterious and awe-inspiring region. He should be the accredited special correspondent, for he, above all people, has the capacity which entirely qualifies him for the post-his papers are, as it were, strictly en règle, and must go unchallenged. He is free of the whole country, even from its frontier to its innermost fastnesses and recesses.

The common question, Have you ever seen a ghost? can only be put to the sightless with any likelihood of getting a reliable reply in the affirmative. To suggest, therefore, that there is anything paradoxical in the query heading these remarks would be absurd; for not only is a blind man the best qualified to see a ghost, but he sees nothing else: we are all ghosts to him; all the world, and all the men and women, merely shadows, with whom, however, he is on the most familiar terms; his every-day companions, his intimates, his bosom friends. His mind's eye clothes them in forms and endows them with attributes entirely of his own creation, according to what he thinks should fit them, by the measurement he takes, from their voice and manners, of their character, stature, and appearance. These are

to him the touchstones to his judgments, and become either the passports to his good graces, or the features which inspire him with distrust, dislike, terror, or even horror. In that they are, in one sense, but visual phantoms, however-nothing but creations of the brain, reflections of ideas-ghosts, in fact-it may be thought they could not imprint themselves on his intelligence so indelibly and substantially as if beheld through the common channel of normal sight. No greater mistake could be made. The spectral image of his friend once established in his mind, the blind man beholds him plainly whenever he thinks of him or talks to him-yes, as plainly, unmistakably as those would do who are blessed with perfect physical vision. When, in our mind's eye, we see a person whom we know by sight, whose features and bodily attributes are familiar to us, his personal appearance is recalled with the vividness of reality, directly we think of him. Equally, the spectral image of any person as self-created by the blind man stands out on his mental retina-not, of course, with the actual vraisemblance of life-that is impossible-but with what to the blind man passes for the same thing. Thus, this can only be a phasma of the real person-in a word, the ghost. It is not necessary, urge the scientific investigators of these matters. for the physical retina actually to reflect the object and convey an impression of it to the brain, in order that the brain may conceive an image of that object; the mind's eye is allsufficient in some cases for the mind; it is so for the blind man, fortunately for him.

His condition, perhaps, may be best compared with that in which the seeing find themselves when asleep and dreaming. What other men see only in dreams, he sees perpetually; for in one sense, his life is a dream, his world nothing but a world of dreams and shadows. Of him as of the dreamer, it may be truly said:

Strange state of being, For 'tis still to be Senseless to feel, And with sealed eyes to see.

Modern scientific, psychological research endeayours to demonstrate that nothing in this region, any more than in any other, is due to chance, but that all in it is regulated by unswerving laws, if we have the wit to read them aright. But the region of psychology being impalpable, there is more difficulty in submitting its phenomena to recognised tests than those of the material world. Hence it is put forward that although, of course, there are no such things as ghosts, in the usual acceptation of the word, there does exist that influence of one mind over another which will create apparitions sufficient to warrant those who behold them in saying they have seen a ghost. In other words, one mind may impress another otherwise than through the recognised channels of sense?—sufficiently, that is, to be entirely independent of matter. There is no commoner form of ghost-story than that which supplies the motive of the popular drama of the Corsican Brothers, where a person on the point of death, or in some extreme moment of peril, suddenly appears, independently of the distance between them, to another person, over whom he has some mental power, or with whom he is bound up by a close personal tie. Extend the principle herein enunciated, and although there may be no dire catastrophe invoking the presence, the image of some one far away, summoned up by thought in a blind man's brain, becomes to him literally the ghost of that some one. For, if that some one were actually standing side by side with his sightless brother, he could only appear in the same ghost-like form. The imaginative presentment of him would be, could only be, identical in both cases; for the man with no eyes could not see him in any palpable shape, but that shape would be none the less real or substantial to him because it was spectral.

We are not, however, attempting to write a scientific or psychological treatise. We have but a fanciful notion for showing that your blind man should be accepted as your most true ghostseer, and that, therefore, the paradoxically sounding question with which we start has for answer a very significant affirmative. If ever it be given to man to see the ghost of his fellow-man, the sightless should be in this respect privileged beyond all others. To them we should look for all true ghost-stories, particularly at a season when such vanities are in the ascendant. Now, therefore, that there is a Royal Commission sitting to inquire into the condition and welfare of the blind, this fact should be remembered. There is always difficulty in finding employment for the sightless, so perhaps the suggestion will open up a new occupation for them. Let it not be supposed there is any lack of sympathy expressed in these words. The blind are proverbially cheer-ful and light-hearted, and will not misunderstand ful and light-hearies, and will less them. They love a joke above all things, and are keenly appreciative of everything which diversifies their circumscribed existence. A professed raconteur with no eyes might conjure up such romances from his darkened world as would make the blood of all of us curdle. At his command, and under every kind of fantastic guise and thrilling circumstance, spirits might be made to parade so startlingly before us that all the ghostly traditions of yore would be utterly eclipsed. Were he likewise a skilled musician—and music wind from the north.

should be his especial metier-he could, with appropriate and creepy pianoforte accompani-ment, tell tales which would strike awe into the souls of the listeners. With a darkened room and suggestive surroundings in harmony with the occasion, such ghostly séances might be got up as would far exceed those of any table-turning, spirit-rapping medium who has hitherto appeared before a credulous public. Recitals of this kind would at least be a novelty, and form an outlet for any histrionic ability possessed among a class of the community who only lack encouragement in the right direction to show themselves not one whit behind the rest of mankind in intelligence, humour, and pathos. It may sound like a quaint conceit, but your blind man may lay the hint to heart, and see if it cannot be acted on, to his own and others' advantage. It is a sportive, if not a sporting notion—let him look to it.

#### RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER LVIII .- PIXY-LED.

'LOOKY' here, Joshua,' said Mr Jacob Corye, as his son was getting the trap ready on Thursday, in which to take Josephine and Bessie to St Kerian. 'As the Duchy Bank isn't broke, you make yourself uncommon sweet to Mary Cable, and tell the father that I'm game to go on with Champagne Air Hotel .- What a shock it gave me when I heard the news! and however it got about is a wonder. If folks tell news, why do they always twist it so as to stick in your ribs? I've heard one of the coastguard tell, who was in Burmah, how the natives there run anuck. They get a sword or a spike, or something onpleasant, and they run along as hard as a racer, skewering every one they meet with it. It be just the same in England with folks; if only they get hold of a nasty, sharp, spiky bit of news, they run amuck with that out of pure wickedness.'

'Father, the sky looks ugly.

'Yes; I reckon we shall have dirty weather; Northern Nannies,\* maybe, drifts of storm and hail; but they'll pass.-What horse are you putting in?'

'Dancing Jenny.'

'Why, Dancing Jenny? She cuts capers in the shafts.'

'You had Derby yesterday to ride over to St Kerian on; and Dancing Jenny wants a run to take the tingle out of her toes.'

'If you was going alone; but with two fragile bits o' womankind, I should say put in Whiteface.'

'Whiteface has no life in him. Leave me alone. Do you think I can't drive? Why, you might set me to manage an Australian buck-jumper, and I'd do it."

His father shrugged his shoulders. 'Well, put on a honey-face yourself to Mary Cable, mind

<sup>\*</sup> A 'Northern Namny' is a cold storm of hail and

you, now that the Duchy Bank is not broke. Get your mother to look at your face before you start, to see that it wears a proper amiable smile.'

There was no parish or other road to St Kerian from Pentargon, because Pentargon was a bay, and not a village; and the road along the cliffs as far as where the artery of communication between St Kerian and the coast entered it, nearly doubled the distance. As the crow flew, and as the track ran for foot-passengers and horsemen, the distance was seven miles; but this lay across moor and between bogs, and only those who knew it could venture along it. The neighbourhood was sparsely populated, and the traffic was small, except along the main turnpike roads. Near the coast, the slate rocks, laden with carboniferous particles that give them a black colour, rise abruptly, but much contorted from the sea; they fall away inland, forming dips, in which are swamps, where rise numerous affluents of the Tamar; and beyond this boggy district extend granite ridges and moors in a chain, forming the spine of the Cornish peninsula. Such population as exists clusters in the valleys and by the sea; the moors are left to solitude and desolation. The short-cut to St Kerian lav across one of the sedgy, marshy basins in the slate, and then over a spur of granite moor, beneath which nestled St Kerian in verdure and shelter from the sea-

Mr Joshua Corye had no idea of going round by the road; the ugly look of the sky made him desirous of getting the journey over as quickly as possible; and Dancing Jenny would be less likely to cut her capers among ruts and swamps than on a broad, macadamised highway.

When the gig was ready, Dancing Jenny began to paw and spring and show the antics that gave her her name; and little Bessie was frightened, and shrank to the side of Josephine.

'Are you wise, Joshua,' said his father, 'putting Jenny in that cart? The shafts are too short for so big a mare.'

'She'll do,' answered Joshua; 'there's no great weight behind.'

'I've put in a keg of Maypie ale,' said the landlord. 'There's a confirmation at St Kerian to-morrow, and perhaps the bishop might like it. He was very partial to it, I mind, when he was here once before—that is, before ever he was a bishop.'

'I didn't reckon on that extra weight,' said Joshua: 'I'll tighten the breeching another hole.' 'You can't do it,' answered his father; 'the

buckle is at its furthest.'

'Then take out the keg of ale.'

'It would nigh kill the bishop with disappointment. I know for sure he's got this liere confirmation at St Kerian just to be near where he can taste Magpie ale. Who ever heard of one at that place before? I knew by the look of his face, when he was here, that he never enjoyed himself so heartily as tasting Magpie ale; and when he'd done, he was off like a long dog [greyhound] home to his missus, t'other side of England, to tell her what stuff we brewed down here.—And now, blowed if he ain't brought his old people, often, but never heeded it till that

missus to St Kerian! What for? I ask. Does a bishop want his missus to help him to confirm? I know better; he's brought her into the neighbourhood to taste the Magpie ale. And, by George ! they shall not be disappointed.'

The old innkeeper helped Josephine into the cart-a tax-cart, that was convertible in many ways, by ingenious arrangement of the seatsand then heaved up Bessie into Josephine's arms. Bessie would sit between the driver and her nurse; or, if she were cramped in that way, on Josephine's lap. Bessie was uneasy at the prancing of the mare, and looked timidly in Josephine's face for reassurance. The latter smiled and appeared to be without alarm, and indeed she had been accustomed to ride and drive since she was a young girl and was not afraid of a skittish

'Now, then, you kangaroo!' shouted Joshua, standing up, leaning forward, and lashing into Jenny, who bounded away at the touch of the whip, docile, conscious, by the feel of the reins, that they were in the hands of one who understood her and would put up with no nonsense.

'It's a wonderful thing to consider,' said Joshua, 'that there are men who can't see the points in a horse. You show them a good beast and a bad one, and they can't choose between them. It is like having no ear for music; and not knowing whether a chord is in tune or not.-Now, then! Jenny; none of your tricks!-Father is rarely taken up with bullocks and heifers; so is Cable; and I don't deny there's money to be made out of them; but so is there money to be made out of horses. Why should we not go in for horses here? To me, there's something mean in always growing bullocks and heifers; there's no science, no art, no interest about it. But a horse is another thing altogether. You can throw your soul into that.—Do you know this way to St Kerian, miss?'

'No,' answered Josephine. 'When I came to

the Magpie, I came along the road.'

That's a distance of twelve miles, or twelve and a half—two sides of a triangle,—I hope you're well provided against wet weather, miss? There's a storm coming on, and we shall be out of all shelter on the moor.

'We have wraps,' answered Josephine.
The wheels of the trap went noiselessly over turf, and occasionally bounced over a tuft of gorse. There were wheel-tracks here and there, and in some places boggy holes full of black water. The tracks radiated away in different directions—it was hard to say in which they most predominated and indicated the existence of a way.

One might easily be pixy-led on the moors,' said Joshua, and wander for days without finding a house. I've been pixy-led myself round a field. Father had in a fresh brew of Magpie ale, and I drank a good deal of it, and then went off to look after a gray I had at grass. The evening was dark; and after I had got into the meadow, I wandered round and about, and about and round, for an hour, and could not find the gate. At last, when I was thoroughly stupid and mad with vexation, I stripped off my coat and turned it evening, and then I proved it .- Drat it! there comes the storm.

A roaring, blinding rush of icy wind, laden with hail, and rain as cold as hail, came past. It was so fierce, so loud, so stinging, that Dancing Jenny was frightened or angry, and leaped and backed from it, and then stood stock-still.

'Get along, you crocodile!' shouted Joshua,

lashing at the mare.

But a stubborn fit had come on Jenny. were on an exposed moor, without rock or tree or hedge to break the force of the gale. The hail swept by them in sheets-it spun along the ground; it cut them as if the ice-particles were small-shot. To face the wind would have been It shook the cart, and threatened impossible. to throw it over.

'By Jove!' said Joshua, 'after all, father was right to ballast us with the Magpie ale. There's a dip yonder in the moor; we'll go down into that, and get under the lee of the hill.—Go on, you blackguardess!' And raising his whip over his head, he lashed Jenny with all the force of his arm. The mare, alarmed at the roar and force of the storm, stung with the hail on her skin, then tender, as she had been clipped and singed the day before, reared at the blow, and with a snort of anger, dashed away with the trap down Joshua put the whip between his teeth and held the reins with both hands; the decline became sharp, the wheels danced over the tufts of gorse, tore through brakes of heather, sprang into the air over a node of quartz-rock, 'Just like an Australian buck-jumper,' laughed Joshua-then Jenny was floundering in a bog, and snap—something must have given way. What then ensued, neither Josephine nor Joshua nor Bessie remembered. They had a recollection of a hammering at the splashboard, of a crash; and when Josephine collected her scattered senses, she, clinging to Bessie, and Bessie clinging to her, lay in the marsh, and Joshua some way off, motionless; and Dancing Jenny had kicked the gig to pieces, and was tearing away with the broken shafts dangling at her sides. But Josephine only caught one glimpse of her in a lull of the storm, and then down the moor-gully rushed the hail and rain again, like water pouring out of a sluice white cotton-grass heads lying prostrate before the wind, shivering, bobbing, as though the whole surface were covered with froth from the sea in flakes, or clots of snow. The cart was kicked to merest fragments—a wheel here, another with the axle there, the splashboard torn to shreds, the seat flung into the midst of the swamp, backrail downwards, and the bottom and sides of the cart as though hacked to pieces with an axe for firewood. The breeching had given way, and the cart had touched the hocks of Jenny, driving the mare, already frightened, into a paroxysm of mad terror.

Josephine's first thought was for Bessie. The child was unhurt, though shaken; and when Josephine rose to her feet, she found that she also had been jarred by the fall, though no hones were broken or cuts inflicted. Her limbs trambled as with bitter cold, and a sickly faintness came over her, that prevented her from gathering together her wits and deciding what was to be done in the emergency. The effort

to stand against the wind and hail was more than she could make, and she sank to her knees. 'Lie still,' she said to Bessie, and drew her shawl over the child, to shelter her from the icy blast and needle-pricking hail. Even kneeling, with her side to the wind, she had hard ado to keep herself from being blown over, and she held to some rushes for support that were tufted with a coarse flower. The gale spent itself, at all events momentarily, and the driving hail seemed to be lifted, as a muslin veil, and beneath it Josephine could see Joshua lying motionless, as she had seen him in the first moment of returning consciousness.

'Will you remain here, Bessie, whilst I go to poor Mr Joshua? He is hurt badly.' The child gave a sign of consent; and Josephine, half standing, half kneeling, staggered along to the prostrate man. He was unconscious; he had fallen on hard ground, not in the marsh. No blood flowed; therefore, he had not been cut; but she was unable to guess the extent of his injuries. The hail was over his face, thawing with the rain into long trickles; his waistcoat, arms, and legs were capped with an incrustation of ice.

What was to be done? She could not leave him. She could not leave Bessie to run for aid. She did not know whence aid was obtainable. The utmost she could do was to get the cushions of the gig and lay one under his head. Then she went back to Bessie.

'My darling,' she said, 'can you walk?'

'Yes; but not far.

'We must do our best. The worst of the hailstorm is over. Come with me; we must find some men who can remove Mr Joshua.'

'But where are they to be found?' Josephine considered for a moment, standing with her back to the wind, with her hand to her head. She could not go down the valley, because it seemed to be nothing but a wide spreading swamp. To return over the way she had come would be to face the tearing wind, and would be ineffectual, because in coming so far they had not passed a house. The only chance of meeting with human beings was in going forward. Bessie must come with her. She could not leave the child to shiver in the cold beside the prostrate man, who might, for all she knew, be a corpse. So she took Bessie's hand, and encouraged her to step out bravely. The child was frightened, cold, shaken by the fall; but she had a stout heart, and promised to walk and keep up as much as she was able.

She returned up the slope, following the wheel-tracks the trap had made in the spongy soil to where it had diverged from a direct course. Then she followed what she believed to be the traces of former traffic, in the presumed direction of St Kerian. She looked about her. On all sides where she could see, where the passage of the storm had not made a blot over sky and horizon, was undulating moor, with here and there a hump of granite standing up through the moss and turf. Not a sign of the horse; not a trace of human industry. The curlews were screaming, and a flight of gulls overhead winged their way inland. Here and there, some sheep stood, clustered tered on the lee side of a granite block.

'Halloo, there!' Before Josephine had seen a man, she was

startled by his salutation. Now she saw him, cowering against a piece of rock, gray-habited, of the colour of the stone.

She went to him at once. There has been an accident. Only a few yards away, down that hollow, a man has been thrown from his gig and hurt. He is insensible. Mr Joshua Corye-I daresay you know him.'

'What !- of the Magpie?' 'Yes, of the Magpie.

'I know him. Is he killed?'

'I do not know. Do go at once to him.'

'I must get help.—Where is it?'

She indicated the exact spot. 'I will go with you and show you.'

'No,' said the shepherd; 'you go on with the child to my cot. You can't miss it. Keep right forward; and when you come to the Long Man'-

'The Long Man?'

'Ay, the Long Man-turn sharp to the right, and a hundred paces off you'll find some peatworks; skirt them, and you'll come on my cabin. There's a turf-fire in it. Warm yourself and the child, till we've got Mr Joshua right. I must go after help, and may be some time

But—the Long Man?

'Of course—you know the Long Man of Carnvean. Every fool knows that. Turn to the right at the Long Man-you can't fail. A blind jackass would find the way.' Then the shepherd

strode away in quest of help.

That Man was the Cornish for stone; and that the Long Man was a stone pillar, a rude primeval granite obelisk, never for a moment occurred to Josephine. She supposed that the shepherd pointed out the way to a fellow-shepherd who would give her the requisite directions, if she forgot those already communicated. So she went on, holding Bessie's hand, in the course pointed out by the shepherd. Whether she came to the monolith or not, she did not remember afterwards; she was not looking out for one, but for a tall shepherd, and she was not at that moment possessed with keen enthusiasm for prehistoric antiquities. She went on, feeling Bessie dragging more and more at her hand, till the little girl burst into a flood of tears.

'What is the matter, Bessie dear?'

'I cannot go another step-my back hurts me.'

Josephine stood still. What was to be done now? 'The distance cannot be great. We shall find the Long Man soon, and he will carry you. Stay! Will you let me take you in my arms?

There; throw your arms round my neck and cling tightly; lay your head on my shoulder, and I will carry you. It is not for far. We are sure to come to the tall shepherd in a minute.

But no man was visible, tall or short. Jose-phine's knees gave way under the weight. She was not strong, and was herself tired and bruised and shaken, and was ill suited to carry an additional burden to her own weary body. Then, suddenly, they were wrapped in dense mist; it came rolling down on them like a solid wall of white wool; and in a moment they were enveloped, and could not see two paces before them. With the descent of the vapour, every fear.

idea of direction was swept away. No distance could be seen on any side, no sky, only a little circle of earth, and that through a drift of whirling watery particles. The sense first produced was one of suffocation, then of chill penetrating to the marrow.

'Bessie,' said Josephine, 'I do not know where to go whilst this fog lasts. I will lay the rug on the ground and wrap you round in it, and

wait.

The child was too frightened and weary to object. Josephine wrapped her round and laid her on the wet moss, and then threw herself down beside her. It was impossible for her to find her way. She would only over-exert herself and fall fainting with her load, if she tried to go on. There was nothing for her to do but go on. There was nothing for her to do but wait. The ground was frosted with hailstones, that showed no token of melting. The earth was black as soot, peaty, full of water, that cozed up under their weight—black water, smelling of A stunted growth of whortleberry grew over it, and rushes; every blade of vegetation dripped with water, where not weighed down with hailstones cemented together. The mist penetrated everywhere; nothing could keep it out. Josephine was wet to the skin; her hands were numbed and aching with cold; her teeth chattered. She rose.

'My dear Bessie,' she said, 'we must make another attempt. There is no token of the fog dispersing. If I could only make out the direction of the wind, it would be some guide. Nothing can be worse than this. Let us make a push on. Now I will try to carry you on my back. I can manage that better than in my arms, at least it will be a change.

So they struggled on. Josephine was warmed by the exertion; but she soon felt that her strength was not equal to more; and she halted, with shaking knees, and looked about her.

Then Bessie uttered a cry of terror. What was it? Through the vapour loomed a gigantic figure, huge as an elephant. It moved—and in another moment Bessie and her bearer saw a sheep run past them. The fog had marvellous powers of magnifying objects seen through its

'There—there is the cabin!' exclaimed Josephine, and hurried forward-to disappointment. She found a huge pile of granite rocks, weathered into layers like strata of aqueous deposits, mosscovered, split into fragments vertically, and with fallen masses, like tables thrown over and leaning on one another. At all events, some shelter was to be had among these rocks, and Josephine scrambled into a cleft, and took Bessie on her lap and laid her head on her bosom. Her bosom was wet, but it was warm. The little girl moaned, but did not speak. Josephine looked at her face. The eyes were closed. Bessie, dear? Then the eyes opened, and shut wearily again.

Josephine sat in the rocky cleft and looked out. The mist drove by like smoke, smoke thick as though the moor were on fire, and the mist had a peaty smell. Where she was, Josephine did not know in the least. Lest she should have gone along westward and strayed far from St Kerian, farther than when she started, was her

The day was closing in, and closing rapidly. She had a watch, and looked at it, but found that it had stopped when she was thrown from She was too tired to speak to Bessie. She could not give her hopes, for she could not frame them herself. If the shepherd came to his hut and found that she wasn't there, he would look for her; but where was he to look? How to find her in such a vapour? She had been hot with carrying Bessie; now, again, she was cold, bitterly cold, and cramp came in her feet and arms. She tried to move; but Bessie uttered a fretful cry, and Josephine, on looking at her, found that she had fallen asleep. She sat on, leaning back on the rock, looking out with stagnant mind at the driving fog, shuddering convulsively at intervals with cold and exhaustion, listening to the sob and wail of the wet wind that played about the rocks and blew through its crevices. The ground fell away below the rocks rapidly, but whither she did not know, and conjectured into a 'clatter -that is, a ruin of granite masses difficult to thread in open day, impossible in fog and dusk. With every wave of vapour a fresh fold of darkness came on. Night was setting in rapidly.

Many hours had elapsed since either Josephine or the child had eaten anything. Bessie fortunately slept. Josephine was not hungry, but faint. She ached in every limb. So great was her exhaustion, that she had difficulty in keeping her senses from sliding away into unconsciousness. The cold weighed on her like a crown of ice, and she had to summon all her resolution not to fall asleep or faint—she knew not which would ensue.

What would happen if they spent the night on the moor? Would they be alive by morning? For herself, she did not care. All her concern was for Bessie, who was intrusted to her, and for whom she felt herself responsible. She had sinned against Richard Cable so heavily, that if she failed to keep safe and restore sound to him his dear little child, the chance of his forgiving her would be gone for ever. Then she remembered how that often when at St Kerian she had seen the moor covered with cloud when the air was clear in the valley. The only prospect of life lay in escape from the vapour, and the only possibility of doing that was to descend from the moor.

She was so spent with cold and hunger and weariness, that she was obliged to do battle with herself before she could muster resolution to rise and recommence her wanderings. Her joints were so stiff that she cried with pain as she got out of her sitting posture, in which she had, as it were, hardened; she hardly knew if Bessie were awake or asleep, she was so silent. Round her neck, Josephine had tied Richard's blue handkerchief, as a protection from the cold, and it hung down in a point behind. She had laid Bessie on the ground before her, between her and the entrance to the rift. She knelt up, and upknetted the kerchief.

'I have been pixy-led,' she said, and sobbed with cold as she spoke; 'I will furn the kerchief.' She held it out above her head, unfolded it, gave it a tose and reversed it, and replaced it about her shoulders. At that moment the cloud-veil parted baloes the rocks, and through the falling night she fooked down as into a lower world, and in

the blackness of a valley that seemed without bottom, saw a twinkle of many points of light. 'One—two—three—four—five—six—seven!' She uttered a gasp of relief—she could not cry. 'Bessie! dearest! Red Windows.'

#### THE WRECK OF THE DERRY CASTLE.

On the 12th March last the iron bark Derry Castle, Captain Goffe, belonging to Limerick, and chartered by Messrs Gibbs, Bright, & Co., left Geelong, in Australia, for Falmouth, loaded with wheat; and for one hundred and ninety-two days she was never heard of. No trace of her could be found in any port, and she was posted at Lloyd's as missing. To the surprise of all who heard of it, the sealer Awarua, a craft of forty-five tons, sailed up Melbourne Bay on the 21st September, having on board eight survivors of the wrecked bark, which, as they narrated, had been cast away on Enderby Island, one of the Auckland group, eight days after leaving Geelong. From a very full account given in the Melbourne Argus, we extract the following particulars of this lamentable tale of the sea.

The vessel left port with a fair wind on the 12th of March, and on the morning of the 20th March, at two o'clock, she struck the rocks at the uninhabited island group above mentioned, and broke up in a very short time. The captain, both mates, and twelve seamen were drowned in trying to reach the reef-bound shore; and seven of the crew and the only passenger, Mr James M'Ghie, endured for four months a series of privations and adventures which seldom occur in real life. It is indeed strange how nearly the Derry Castle was lost without leaving a trace behind. she had struck on any other part of the long line of western coast of Enderby Island than the apex of the north-west point, those who reached the shore alive would have perished miserably on the rocks, unable to scale the inaccessible and almost perpendicular cliffs. The scene of the wreck is rarely visited by vessels; and the only passing craft that was seen in the course of the ninety-one days' sojourn there, failed to see the signals of distress which the castaways displayed.

The Derry Castle made a quick passage to Enderby Island. She had a fair wind, at times amounting to a gale, behind her, and she made the most of her canvas. On the night of the 20th March, only one day more than a week from clearing at Geelong, the catastrophe occurred without the slightest warning. Never was a vessel sent more blindly or speedily to destruction. It was about ten minutes to two A.M., and the chiefofficer's watch on deck. All sail was set, and the bark was bowling along twelve knots an hour before the wind. The chief-officer gave the order to hanl up the mainsail, and the watch were casting loose the braces. Neither the man at the wheel nor the lookout reported land, which the survivors of the watch say could not be seen.

The night was hazy, the sky cloudy-what sailors call a rather dirty night-and the wind freshening. Without the slightest alarm being given, or effort to change the course of the vessel, she ran bow on to submerged rocks, and bumped over them for some distance with terrific force. Then her bow dropped into deep water, and the stern rested high on the reef, with the seas rolling over it. The vessel listed heavily to starboard, and began to break up. She was so close in to the land-about two hundred yards-that the frowning coast-line now rose clearly into view.

One of the survivors, the only passenger on board, Mr James M'Ghie, a native of Limerick, and who had been on a visit to Australia for his health, thus narrates what happened after the ship struck:

'The ship was leaning over very much, and we clung to the rail, standing on the outside on the side of the ship, as we expected she might go right over at any moment. She was crashing violently on the rock at this time. The rudder had been carried away, and the sternpost knocked clean out of her, so that we could see right through her into the water beneath. In about ten minutes the mainmast went overboard with a loud crash. The crew were all in a very excited state at this time; but word went round that she would probably hold together till daylight, and the panic somewhat subsided. Our position was miserable in the extreme—two heavy seas swept over us, the night was bitterly cold, and we had barely any clothing. It became evident that we could not live until daylight, if we clung to the wreck; and we feared that if we stayed there much longer we should become so benumbed as to be unable to swim. I could see rocks at a distance of about two hundred yards away, but there appeared to be little chance of a safe landing there. Taking advantage of a sea which came over us, seven of the party jumped off to make a fight for life. Only one of these reached the shore safely.

I should have mentioned that directly after the ship struck, the captain and first-officer passed life-buoys and life-belts to us who were on the poop, so that we were all provided with them. Five more men jumped overboard soon afterwards and swam for the shore. The rest of us went separately, one after the other. I was the last but one to leave. The remaining man was clinging to the rigging. I could dimly see his figure, but could not distinguish who it was; but I learned afterwards that it was Mr Robins, the chief-officer. I had a life-belt and was a good swimmer, and had little fear but that I could reach the land. The only danger I anticipated was getting there too quickly. The sea was terribly rough; and soon after leaving, I was caught in a wave, which broke over me and twirled me over and over, until I thought I should have been drowned. However, I managed to survive, and swam on. I did not face the nearest rocks, which were high and precipitous, and had been hollowed out at the base by the action of the sea. They were also covered with seaweed or a Swede, and went by the nickname of "Sails" kelp, which hung down in long streams into I knew him by no other. One of the sailers

I had discerned in the gloom what appeared to be like a gully running into the land in a V shape about eighty yards deep. I made for this, and swam safely into the entrance.

Here I had the good fortune to find a spar from the ship, floating end outwards towards the land. I put my arm round this and clung to it. It was driven on to the rocks with great force; but as the end of it struck first, the shock was not so great as to disable me; and when the sea had broken over me and retired, I landed safely on a soft bed of seaweed. I tried to walk, but found that I was unable to do so. My feet were quite benumbed, and I fell down at every effort I made. I crawled for about fifteen yards to the shelter of a high rock, and called out loudly, to find if any one else had landed near me, and also with a view to help anybody who might be trying to land at that place. However, I got no answer. I remained for about an hour under the shelter of that rock, until the sea, increasing in violence, began to break over it, and I was afraid of being washed away. I was still unable to walk, and crawled for a distance of about three hundred yards towards some higher rocks that I could see inland, and reached these with great difficulty.

The salt water I had swallowed made me very sick, and it was with great pleasure I noticed a stream of fresh water trickling from the rocks, with which I refreshed and invigorated myself. On the rocks I now reached I found Nicholas Wallace, one of the seamen, who was calling out loudly in an endeavour to discover any companions. We heard some one answer him; but we remained together there till daylight under shelter of a big rock. It would be about three o'clock when I found him, and day broke about six. As soon as it was day, all the survivors mustered together, and we then found that only eight had reached the shore safely, seven of whom were seamen. It is impossible to describe our miserable and forlorn condition. Not one of us was even half-clad, several were almost naked, and we were shivering with cold. I suggested that we should make a search and see if we might find any of our companions lying among the rocks; and we immediately set about it. The first body we found was that of the secondmate, named Rasmussen. His body was still warm, and he had evidently reached the shore alive, for the sea could not have thrown him where he lay. We did all we could to restore him by chafing his limbs, but without avail. He had probably landed on the high rocks, and stumbling along in the dark, had fallen down a considerable distance into the pool where his body lay. The fall had killed him, or he had been stunned by it, and then drowned in the pool. We also found the bodies of Captain Goffe and a seaman. Both of these had been dashed by the waves on the rocks and killed, as their heads were crushed in. Their

bodies were thrown up on shore.

When it became quite light, we could see some one in the foretop of the ship. Some of the others recognised him as the sailmaker. He was a Swede, and went by the nickname of "Sails." the sea and floated on the surface of the water. got a life-buoy and a bit of line and held it

up to him, as an inducement to try to swim ashore, by showing that we were ready to help him. He took off his coat and boots and made the attempt; but the poor fellow never reached the land. He got to some low rocks, where we could not reach him, as there was a wild sea between, and clung there for a time, but was washed off again, and, as far as we could judge, was crushed by a portion of the wreckage, for we saw him no more. We then broke up into different parties, to explore the place on which we were landed. Two started to make a circuit in one direction, and two in another; I and three others remained near the wreck. One of the parties did not succeed in making the circuit of the island, and returned. The others found an old government depot at the opposite side of the island, but there was nothing there except one bottle of salt.

The only food that floated ashore from the wreck was two tins of preserved fish and half-a-dozen pumpkins. We had no knife, but found two on the bodies washed ashore; and with these we cut rushes and made a bed for ourselves, and slept that night huddled together as close as possible for warmth. We also took the clothes from the bodies we found, and divided them amongst us, to increase our scanty stock.

We buried the bodies on the island.

We did not sleep much that night, for we found that the island was a great resort for seals, and we had settled ourselves right in their track. One of the men had gone apart and taken possession of a hole, which was soon claimed by a seal, which fastened its teeth in the calf of his leg. The man immediately abandoned the place and came running to us shouting, with a large dog-seal after him. The whole of the after-part of the night we had to stand up and defend ourselves against seals. Some of them were of great size, and were very fierce; but a tap on the nose with a piece of wood always

sent them to the rightabout.

On Monday we searched the wreckage and turned over the timber which had come ashore, with a view to preserve all food or anything else that might be useful to us. It was this day that we found the two tins of herrings. On the afternoon of Monday we made our way over the island to the depot, which we found to be a structure about six feet by four feet six inches in size, shaped like a tent. Into this we all erowded that night and slept as best we could. For the next ten days we lived there on shellfish, which we found on the rocks, but in very small and insufficient quantities. They could be obtained only when the tide was low. Some of the men had also killed a seal and eaten it freely, but I could not do so: it tasted like very rancid cod-liver oil. We had no fire, and the weather was extremely cold and wet. We had one box of wooden matches, but there was never sufficient sun to dry them. I had a revolver cartridge in my possession, which I kept as a last resource, and on the tenth day we got a fire by exploding this. We took out the bullet, and managed to ignite a piece of dry rag, which was fanned into fame by being shaken in the wind. This operation was watched with the most intense interest, and when we at last got a fire, our joy may be inaggraed.

The island was covered with a low undergrowth of myrtle, and we kept the fire going by gathering all the dry sticks we could find, as we had no axe to cut wood. About this time we found an old boiler, which had been left on the island by some whaling-party, probably, and with this we increased our food-supply by making a kind of soup of seals' flesh. Some of the wheat with which the ship was laden now began to come ashore. It was swollen with water and salt, but we liked it all the better on that account. We ground this up with seals' flesh, and made a soup, which in our condition was very acceptable. We had plenty of water everywhere, as the island was nearly all a vast swamp. We took our turns at cooking and bringing in firewood, of which we accumulated a supply, in the event of bad weather. Our greatest care was to keep the fire alight, and in order to insure this, two men were always told off to watch it. We would not trust one; and threats of lynching, which might have been carried out, were held out to those on watch, if the fire should be permitted to go out. We felt that our lives depended on keeping it up.

Our troubles were greatly lightened by finding an old axehead on the ground, which had been partly burned. There was no handle in it, and it was very blunt; but with our knives a handle was soon made, and it was sharpened by friction on a piece of sandstone. This instrument proved invaluable to us by keeping up our supply of firewood and enabling the sailors to make a punt. All this time our thoughts were busy with plans for leaving the island. We had flags flying on three different points, to attract the notice of any vessel passing; and we also had bundles of wood ready to light fires on prominent places, should a vessel heave in sight. Men were engaged every day in bringing planks from the wreck, in order to make a punt, and also in carrying over all the wheat that could be gathered up, and of this we accumulated a stock of fifteen

hundredweight.

Two weeks after we landed, we found part of the captain's sailing directory, which had been washed ashore. It was too wet to read, the leaves being all stuck together; but after it was dried, we were able to discover our position, and found that we had been wrecked on Endetby Island, in the Auckland group; and we concluded that the main

island was about eight miles distant.

The part of the main island which was visible to the wrecked men was Port Ross, and there it was believed would be found a government depot containing stores for shipwrecked seamen. To Port Ross, therefore, which was tantalisingly in sight, the survivors used to strain their eyes in hopeless yearning to reach it; but they had no materials to make a boat. The wreckage of the Derry Costle which came ashore from time to time would have sufficed to make at least a raft; but there were no implements to fashion it. So that, in spite of something being seen on the foreshore of Port Ross, which some thought to be a rock, and others affirmed was more like a building, week after week passed without any prospect of escape. Surely never was succour so near and yet so far from those who yearned to reach it. Little more than a raft was needed; in fact, one of the

sufferers was willing to attempt the voyage on two planks lashed together; but this was out of the question. Yet no boat could be made without some cutting instrument to fashion the decking timber and fittings of the Derry Castle which from time to time floated ashore. It seemed that the party must hope on and hope ever that succour would come, and that they could do nothing more to help themselves than to providently parch all the wheat that came ashore, and husband it carefully by keeping every one to the allowance mutually agreed upon, and which was faithfully observed.

But towards the end of May a prospect of release suddenly presented itself, as we have said, by the discovery of an old axehead, which had been left near the old depot probably by some whaling-party. Here was the tool for making a boat! The work was immediately entered upon with hopeful zest by every one. As no boat could have been launched from the side of the island on which the bark was wrecked, on account of the surf, the men carried bundles of the wreckage up the cliff and across the island to the old depot, where the boat was in due course constructed. It was nothing more than an oblong box, six feet by two-and-a-half feet, with the ends running up a little like a Norwegian prow, so as to do duty as a keel or cutwater. The calking was done with odds and ends of rope-yarn, driven into the seams with a piece of hoop-iron, which had also been found. When the boat, such as it was, had been completed, it was launched, and with many hopes and fears for their safety and that of their rude vessel, two of the party—Sullivan and Rennie—pushed off from the shore, and essayed to cross the water which divided the half-starved, nearly naked mariners from what was hoped to be a feast of plenty, if only the stores at the Port Ross

depot could be brought within their grasp.

While the punt was gone those left on the island were subjected to another cruel disappointment. A sail hove in sight—came, indeed, comparatively near; and they set about making such a smoky beacon as a passing vessel might be fully expected to see. But the beacon was made in vain, for the vessel put about and left the men to their fate. It seemed to them that she must be a poaching sealer, who mistook the fire for that of people who were on the watch for poachers, and so gave the island a wide berth. Be that as it may, she came and went; and the survivors were left to rely upon their crank punt, upon the trusty sailors who manned it, and the fulfilment of the belief that the government had stocked the depot

with provisions. Two days passed without any message from the punt, and then on the third day smoke was seen on Port Ross, which assured the watchers that their gallant emissaries were safe. They soon came back with glad tidings, and provisions and clothes, to prove what they had seen in spying out the country. At last, after four months of harassing anxiety and insufficient food, shelter, and clothing, they would be housed, fed, and clothed in comparative comfort, even though their Robinson Grusoe life should be prolonged indefinitely, or until the government steamer Stellas should make her next periodical visit to the Auckland Islands in search of shipwrecked mariners. The transportation of the men and

the remainder of their store of roasted corn from Enderby Island to Port Ross was accomplished without accident, although several trips had to be made before the whole could be freighted across. An attempt was made to employ an old boat that was found on Port Ross; but after binding her round with wire, to prevent her going to pieces, she took in water so freely that she was abandoned. The dingey, too, had to be frequently patched up; but she did the work required of her without mishap, yet in a very slow and toilsome way. Ultimately, the whole of the band, with such possessions as they had, were established at the Port Ross depot, which contained clothing, fat, and biscuits. These were luxuries to the shipwrecked band, who, however, had still before them the prospect of a long and undesirable detention at the port. This was the more unwelcome to them, inasmuch as, while the health of the party had been fairly good, several of them were suffering from the exposure they had undergone. The weather during their sojourn at Enderby Island had been variable, with not a few fine days; but the time of the year—the middle of winter-had made camping-out with little shelter or covering almost unendurable, especially for such a protracted period.

The men were still tortured by the uncertainty as to when they would be released. They had been from the 20th March to the 18th June on Enderby Island—they kept count by notching each day as it passed—and they were destined to remain without further succour until the 19th July, when the Awarua put in to Port Ross in search of a boat which she had left there some time previously. The men on shore, overjoyed at hearing the vessel arrive and drop her anchor—it being after dark—hailed her; but as the weather was bad, they did not venture to board her in their punt. Early next morning, Captain L. F. Drew went ashore from the Awarua, and had a great reception from the shipwrecked party, whom he immediately took under his protection, and finally brought to Melbourne at considerable loss to himself and to his crew, who have shares in what was intended to be a five months' sealing cruise in Bass's Strait. The Awarua encountered such severe weather in coming to Melbourne that the schooner was well-nigh lost. The survivors of the bark, on their arrival in Melbourne, obtained a cordial reception at the Sailors' Home; and with the exception of M Ghie, who was badly affected with rheumatism, none of them appeared to be much worse for all they had undergone.

#### THE OLD SECRETAIRE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

CHAPTER IV.

FRANK WARREN'S practical solution of the apparently thrilling mystery had the desired effect. By one touch of common-sense the ancient tale was dissolved—in an instant the revered family ghost of the Secretans reduced to the level of a vulgar every-day fraud. When the adventurers reached the hall, they had barely time to remove their rough clothing ere they became aware that their absence had at length been noticed. In the hall, which was quite dark, some one had set a huge bowl of 'snapdragon,' the burning spirit.

casting a curious blue glare upon the ring of surrounding faces. Warren was not too much unnerved by his late adventure to miss the opportunity which presented itself of taking the vacant place by Miss Secretan's side.

'Pretty conduct indeed!' said she. 'Give an account of yourselves. We have been seeking for you high and low, till we almost anticipated for you the fate of the unfortunate bride of "The Mistletoe Bough,"—Where have you been?' 'Hunting the "enark," quoth Warren lightly.

'You shall have all my confidence directly .you snatch a raisin for me? I am afraid. 'Certainly not. I have burned my fingers

sufficiently already.-Won't you tell me what you have discovered? You must have found something.

'We have actually had an interview with the family ghost,' Warren commenced; and then drawing her aside, he told her everything under the seal of inviolate secrecy. And, indeed, he must have told his fair listener more than that, for when the last blue flicker in the witches' caldron had burned away, and the lamps were turned up, there was a touch of colour in her cheeks, and a new brightness in her eyes, only lighted by the tale that is never old.

Meanwhile, another conversation equally interesting had engrossed the attention of Edith Lucas and Walter Secretan. They, too, had withdrawn from the rest, and striking unobserved through the dining-room, made their way into the conservatory. There was the soft light from a pair of bronze lamps shining dimly through the ferns, behind which was placed a rustic seat entirely out of observation. For a moment they regarded it in some doubt, much as if such a thing was a new object to both of them, then they sat down. For some time there was silence between them, Miss Lucas engaged in rapt contemplation of her fan. Walter stole out a hand presently and laid it upon the white wrist of his companion, unreproved.

'Don't you feel horribly mean?' asked the girl at length.

'Certainly not,' said her companion coolly. Who was it who said that all's fair in love and war l Anyway, he was right.—My dear Edith, put it to yourself. Would you rather be here as you are, or still in London, enduring the lover-

like gallantry of our gouty friend Ramsden?'
'But General Ramsden ought to be here too,

said Edith demurely. 'I am overwhelmed with grief by that officer's defection. I promised Colonel Lucas he would come; and the colonel—being desirous to sacrifice his daughter to an elderly cripple, whose only recommendation is, five thousand a year and his Order of the Bath-jumped at the chance of visiting his old friend Myles Secretan.

But you have not told me why the general failed at the last moment.

'No? Then I will tell you. I had to exercise a little diplomacy, such as information to the effect that Woodside was a capital place for skating, in consequence of its being in the eye of the cast.—"Ah, I suppose you use hot water pipes in the house, then?" said the general measily.— "My dear str," I replied, "my father would not hear of such a thing; and even if he would, the and low mingle together, forgetful of rank and draughty are so prevalent that they would be class, for a few hours all too brief. When they

useless. But of course an old soldier does not mind that."-All the same, as you know, the old soldier did mind that; hence his lamentable absence on this occasion, to my great grief, as you know.'

Edith Lucas laughed and shook her head reprovingly. 'Of course, it makes a capital subject for amusement; but I could never marry him, Walter. But seriously, I do not like this; I do not like to be engaged without my father knowing. Perhaps he would be angry at first; but in the end I am sure he would consent. O Walter, why, why, don't you ask him and get it over?'

Secretan pulled his moustache and bit his lip uneasily. He was honourable enough, as young men go; but it had never struck him till now that there was anything wrong or underhand in this secret understanding. 'I was going to tell you,' he said. 'You must understand that I am beginning to earn a living by my professionthree hundred a year, perhaps; and another three which my father allows me, for I will not take any more. And I had made up my mind not to broach the subject nearest my heart to your father till I could show him a thousand a year from every source. We have a small outlying estate called Oatlands, which has usually been the portion of the eldest son on his coming of age, and which used to-does now, in factproduce some fifteen hundred a year. unfortunately, my grandfather found his income insufficient for him, and, amongst other places, he mortgaged Oatlands for twenty thousand pounds. The strangest thing of all is that the mortgage is held by General Ramsden.'

'But what has all this to do with us?' asked Edith, somewhat puzzled.

Simply this—that any reduction of the amount of this mortgage increases my income. The surplus over the interest thereon, to put it quite legally, has been saved since I came of age, with that intention .- But of course you cannot understand all this professional jargon. However, it shall be as you wish, darling, only let it remain for the few days you are here, and then I will speak. Don't spoil our holiday.'

'I wonder what your father will think of it,

Walter?'

The lover's face brightened again. 'The dear old governor will be delighted; and so will Ada, I know. Who would not be proud to welcome you as a daughter, when '-

'Oh, here you are at last!' cried Warren, bursting in upon the tête-à-tête with affected unconcern, and looking at everything besides the blushing lovers before him. 'We have been searching for you everywhere. Come and indulge

in the seductive game of blindman's buff,
'Won't something less energetic suit them?' asked Secretan lazily. 'Why is it that all Christmas games must be noisy, not to say dangerous? However, if I must, I must.

So they all joined in that simple game with a zest and gaiety and simplicity of heart that Christmas time brings to us all, when there seems to be an unseen kindly influence in the air—a deeper, holier feeling of good-will and friendship to all—when distinctions are forgotten, and high had exhausted that amusement, Christmas carols were started, after which every one trooped into the servants' hall to wish a happy Christmas to one and all. Whereupon the butler arose with a glittering eye and proposed the health of his master and the visitors; after which the Squire mixed a huge bowl of punch with his own hands, out of which they all drank, including Silas Brookes, whom they insisted upon dragging out from his solitary retreat to pledge King Christmas in a flowing glass. As he glanced over the rim of his tumbler, his eyes fell upon Warren's face with a glance so full of significant warning, that Walter noticed it and drew his friend's attention thereto. But Warren merely shrugged his shoulders, mentally resolving that come what may, the next trick played should be his.

'Is there a fire in the smoking-room still?' he asked, when the last good-night had been said, and quietness reigned supreme. 'It isn't three o'clock yet, and I should like one cigar before turning in. What do you say ?'

As a rule, youth wants but scant excuse for stealing a few hours from the night. Moreover, it had been an evening of pleasant excitement, over and above the seasonable festivities in which they had indulged. Walter wanted no second bidding; and changing their dress-coats for something lighter and more comfortable, they selected a couple of the cosiest armchairs and commenced a somewhat confidential conversation. Presently, the discussion worked round to the visit to the Haunted Chamber.

'Frank, you are perfectly right about that rascal Brookes,' Walter said energetically. 'I didn't think so at the time; but I am certain of it now. The look he gave you over his glass, the scowl upon his face, were identical with the aspect of my counterfeit ancestor. We can't let

'If you think I am the man to give a thing up directly it begins to assume an interesting aspect, you are vastly mistaken, Warren remarked grimly. 'That there is some rascality on foot here, I am certain. Hang it! a man can carry devotion to his master up to a certain point; but it does not rise to the extent of working out this ghost business for over half a century, and denying rightful owners the privilege of looking over their own premises.

'I must confess the mysterious disappearance most alarmed me. Where the fellow could have got to, utterly passes my comprehension. That he did not leave by the door, I am prepared

to swear.'

'And so am I, for the simple reason that I had my back against it all the time, said Warren dryly. But you must remember that your west wing is much more antiquated than the rest of the house; and both from old association and constant habitation in the place, Brookes knows more about it than any living being.-Now, do you remember ever hearing of a secret passage connecting any one part of the house with another?

'So that is your theory, then ?-No; I can't say that I have; and what is more, I don't think

that any such thing exists.

And, on the contrary, I feel perfectly certain there does. To-morrow afternoon, if we can get that wicked old scoundrel out of the way

for a time, we shall soon solve the question. Lombard Street to a China orange, that we find a secret passage from Arundel Secretan's chamber to another part of the house.'

Walter continued to smoke in meditative silence, watching the wreaths of smoke curling round his head. Over all the house there reigned a deadly stillness; the wind outside had fallen, a bright moon shone upon the drawn blinds.

'What makes you think there is a mystery

here?' he asked.

'Isn't there mystery written on the face of it? Here is an old servant so deeply versed in his master's secrets that he can be trusted on a confidential important mission, and not only that, trusted to be the bearer of a large sum of money. He alone knew the real cause of his master's death; he told the story after his own fashion. Before it could be proved, the only other man who could throw any light upon the strange affair was dead too. Need I say that I am alluding to Edgar Warren? How do we know, you and I, that, after all, this money was not actually sent?'

Warren had dropped his voice almost to a whisper. For a few moments, nothing was heard save the monotonous click-clack of the great hall clock and the soft sobbing of a dying fire. There was, moreover, such an earnestness in the speaker's tones, that Secretan fell in uncon-

sciously with his humour.

'You mean, that he brought the money home with him? In that case, what reason was there for Brookes, after telling my great-grandfather that his mission was unsuccessful, to mention the reason of his errand to a soul? And if he had

the money, why remain here?'

'Who can follow the workings of the human mind? But, for the sake of argument, let Brookes from his close connection me try. with his master must have known my esteemed relative well. When he found him at Venice in the autumn of 1823, he must have seen—as other people saw-death in Edgar Warren's face. Fletcher, the valet, told him his master was dying; that, Brookes admitted to me after that dramatic episode in the west wing. Now, here was temptation placed in his way. He would was temptation placed in his way. He would probably reason thus: "If I receive the money, and deny having received it, and my master's friend dies, I am safe. If he lives, then I friend dies, I am safe. must make my escape." Eut fortune favoured him strangely; for in a short time they were both dead. Brookes is a man suffering from some secret remorse; he has lying on his conscience a crime he dare not disclose. Some day, perhaps, you will know. But I am going to force his hand, if I can; and, not to put too fine a point upon it, I should like to clear my family name—for more reasons than one.

Walter had followed this close reasoning carefully, not a little struck by the force of his companion's logic. For a moment he wavered; a little colour crept into his face as he replied: Strange things do happen—things we cannot explain. Is it not just possible that we have seen a supernatural visitor—that the figure you took for Brookes might be, after all, the shade

of Arundel Secretan?

'My dear fellow, I am not mistaken.

besides, ghosts do not handle bundles of papers

in that business-like fashion.'

The speaker drew the packet from his breastpocket and broke the string. There were a
heterogeneous mass of papers, smelling strongly
of damp and mould, the ink upon them faded
to a dull, lustreless red: invitations to rout and
ball, a batch of unpaid bills, and small notes in
more than one feminine handwriting. One there
was, sealed with a coronet, unopened, and bearing
the superscription, 'To Arundel Secretan, Esquire,
of Woodside, Kent.' With an air of faint curiosity, Warren tore it open and commenced to
read. When he had finished, he laid the letter
down with a calm air of triumph. 'When was
Brookes sent to Italy?' he asked.

Early in the autumn or late summer of 1823.

-But why?

Without deigning any reply, Warren read as

VENICE, October 1823.

'Without my fostering care, 'twas but natural for trouble to overtake you. But your sore strait, as you call it humorously, is but a rosy plight; for, hearing of your indebtedness to St Devereux, at Venice (you were both at Rome, remember) I wrote to that nobleman a letter reminding him, quite good-naturedly, of certain little indiscretions of his youth known to me; also, that I had heard of his wonderful luck(?) at cards with you, and demanding from him a receipt for the money, which he was to take as paid. This I now enclose.—That I am your debtor both in money and kind, I own; and it is fortunate that I am at present in a position to aid you-a consummation not always equally possible. All you want, I lack; but in coin and current security, by Brookes's trusty hand I forward you nearly seventeen thousand pounds, leaving just enough for my needs; also a little jewelry, the gift of certain foolish admirers of mine, worth something to you in your trouble. Had you not quitted Venice so hastily, I would have repaid you then all I owed. May it serve you better than it has served me.—EDGAR WARREN.

'And now,' Warren said, when he had concluded this strange letter—'and now, to find out where the cunning scoundrel has hidden the money.'

#### PREMEDITATED PAUSES.

There are many kinds of premeditated pauses. Dickens makes one of his characters resort to one of the most familiar forms of the premeditated pause in a very characteristic manner. Readers of Martin Chuzzlewit will remember that, on a memorable occasion, when Mr Pecksniff came down-stairs to the door of the Blue Dragon, he found Mrs Lupin looking out. In reply to an observation from that lady—'A beautiful starlight night,' said Mr Pecksniff, looking up. 'Behold the planets, how they shine! Behold the—— Those two persons who were here this morning have left your house, I hope, Mrs Lupin?' The two persons referred to were of course Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley. It seems almost impossible to imagine that such a man as Pecisalif would have asked after them

in a direct manner; and therefore Dickens, with that attention to minute detail so characteristic of all his writings, makes him resort to a form of the premeditated pause, as if the matter had just occurred to the immortal humbug. It is a favourite trick of many shallow-minded rogues to break off suddenly in the middle of a sentence and ask a question or make an observation, as if it had just occurred to them.

Another familiar form of the premeditated pause is often used by badgering counsel, who are wont to pause after each word of a question, to give the witness an idea that it is of great importance; but this ruse is not always effective, as the following anecdote will show. Counsel: 'Now-what-did-you-do-when-as-you-say-the-prisoner—threw-a-beer-glass-at-you?' Witness (promptly): 'I dodged!'

Some time ago, a joke turning upon a premeditated pause appeared in one of the comic papers. The scene is a courtroom, and the judge, addressing the prisoner, says: 'I fear you are a great rogue.' With amazing coolness, the prisoner says: 'Not such a fool, my lord, as you'—here followed a lengthy and evidently premeditated pause—take me to be.' This manufactured anecdote was doubtless suggested by the speech made by Lord George Sackville during his trial. The words used by his lordship were: 'I stand here as a prisoner unfortunately that gentleman.' Indicating the judge] 'sits there as my judge,' The result of the non-observance of the pause after 'unfortunately' was that Lord George was accused of contempt of court.

Lord Erskine was in the habit of making a very effective pause in all letters replying to solicitations for subscriptions. He wrote: 'SIR— I feel much honoured by your application to me, and I beg to subscribe —here the reader had to turn over the leaf—'myself your very obedient servant,' &c. One of the best instances of this form of pause occurred in a letter received by a popular physician. This gentleman was pleased with a certain acrated water, and by his recommendations he managed to procure for it some celebrity. For this he expected neither reward nor thanks. Imagine his surprise, therefore, when he received one day from the makers of the aërated water an effusive letter, stating that his kind recommendations had done so much his kind recommendations not do send him a hungood that they ventured to send him a hungo turned over. This Here the page turned over. will never do, said the doctor; 'it is very kind; but I will never think of accepting anything, Here he turned the page, and found the sentence ran-of our circulars for distribution.

Some persons have an annoying habit of anticipating the point of a good story, and of supplying a word when in conversation, if the speaker happens to pause. Canning once set a very effective trap for a gentleman who was in the habit of anticipating the point of his stories; and a husband, by a carefully premeditated pause, effectually cured his wife of the same habit in a somewhat similar manner. 'Dear me!' he said one evening, 'people should be more careful.'—'What about?' asked his wife.—'I was thinking of something that occurred in town last night. Major Baxter and his family sat out in the garden until late; and when the major got up and went into his room he had not noticed that his playful

little son had slipped away. Just as the major stepped into his room, he heard something under the bed-in fact, saw something-and thinking that a robber had secreted himself there, he seized a pistol and fired under the bed, and'-'Merciful goodness, and shot his little son!' exclaimed the wife.—'No,' said her husband, with a quiet smile-'the cat!

It is always advisable to hear the end of a sentence. A literary man, for instance, once said to one of his lady-friends: 'Will you accept my hand'— Gushing maiden: 'Why, er—so sudden—so unexpected.' Literary man (proceeding, unmoved)-'book on political economy?' Somewhat similar is a story told of another couple. He: 'How bright the stars are to-night! They are almost as bright as'——She (expecting 'your eyes'): 'Oh, you flatter me!' He (proceeding): 'they were last night.'

Most orators make more or less use of preme-

ditated pauses for rhetorical effect. A popular lecturer in the north of England is very fond of them; and in this connection he has given a hint that may be worthy the attention of young speakers. In reply to a friend who taxed him with pausing frequently at the beginning of his lecture, as if he were nervous or did not know what to say, he said that the best method of attracting and riveting the attention of an audience is to give them the idea that you are flurried, unaccustomed to public speaking—in short, that you are going to 'break down.'

Lord Palmerston once made use of some very effective pauses which he could not have prepared beforehand, and these are worth quoting in conclusion. Whilst electioneering at Taunton, he was greatly troubled by a butcher who wanted him to support a certain Radical policy. At the end of one of his lordship's speeches, the butcher called out: 'Lord Palmerston, will you give me a plain answer to a plain question?' After a slight pause, Lord Palmerston replied: 'I will.' The butcher then asked: 'Will you, or will you not, support this measure—a Radical bill? Lord Palmerston hesitated, and then, with a twinkle in his eye, replied: 'I will'he stopped. Immediately the Radicals cheered tremendously. 'not'—— continued his lordship. Loud Conservative cheers. When these ceased Lord Palmerston finished his sentence—'tell you.' He then immediately retired.

#### THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

Ir was night. To Matthew Roding, sitting alone with locked door, it seemed days since Mr Fitch's visit, whereas a few hours only had elapsed. No sooner had Ruff and Bunker left him, than he locked bimself in, and had so remained ever since. His wife had knocked twice, but had been refused admittance. Ruff also had come, but had been equally denied. He had sat without stirring till it was quite dark; but at length he had drawn down the blinds and lighted the lamp, and had then gone back to his easy-chair in front of the fire. All day he had eaten

to him. Nearly all his thoughts since Fitch's visit ran in one groove. What ought he to do? In what way did it behove him to meet this new danger with which he was threatened? He knew Fitch too well not to feel sure he would carry out the threat which his last words had embodied. His application for a warrant would be granted; the warrant would be put into the hands of an officer to execute; and to-morrow night he, Matthew Roding, would in all probability be sleeping within the walls of a prison. The charge against him would be nothing less than one of fraud and embezzlement; it would be Fitch's endeavour to make out as strong a case as possible. And how would it be possible for him to prove his innocence? Would Bunker's statement be credited? Would the fact of Grigson's disappearance carry any weight with it? Who would believe that the latter had obtained access to the safe without his, Matthew Roding's, connivance and consent? Then, again, when it came to be bruited abroad that he was ruined—a man hopelessly insolvent, with liabilities amounting to many thousands of pounds-would not the charge against him assume a still graver aspect? Would it not be thought, even if it were not alleged, that in his desperate need he had himself disposed of the bonds and diverted the proceeds to his own uses? In every way, Fate seemed to be working against him.

Even should a prison not be his immediate doom, heavy bail would be required at his hands -and who would risk becoming bail for a ruined man? And then the shame of it-the having to appear in a police court time after time-for such investigations are not concluded in a day-to answer a charge so heinous and disgraceful! Could he ever afterwards hold up his head and look the world straight in the face as he had hitherto done? Even should he be ultimately acquitted—unless, indeed, Grigson should be captured, which was a contingency it would not be safe for him to count on-a certain stigma, never to be got rid of, would cling to him. Men would pass him by on the other side with averted faces; many who had known him in prosperity would know him no more; he would be looked upon as a moral pariah.

As he sat there alone, these thoughts mixed and commingled with many others, some of them of the most trivial import, kept ebbing and flowing through his brain. His heart grew faint within him when he thought of the dread to-morrow. Could he bear to confront it? he asked himself again and again. No; he could not-he would not! There was one way, and one only, out of this terrible tangle in which he had become so hopelessly involved. When they should ask for him on the morrow he must be far away! He was worked up to that desperate frame of mind which does not pause to consider consequences; which, if any casual thought of them intrudes nothing; the mere thought of food was distasteful litself, crushes it down by main force and marches over it to whatsoever predetermined end may be in view. Matthew Roding never stopped to think that his flight at this particular juncture would be set down as undoubted evidence of his guilt. Mind and body alike were unnerved and unhinged by all he had latterly gone through. He felt that it was utterly impossible for him to face the morrow's ordeal. He must escape while there was yet time. Only to get away somewhere—anywhere—he craved for nothing more than that.

No sooner had this thought fixed itself in his mind, than he became possessed by a wild, unreasoning desire to set about its execution without delay. He looked at his watch. It was still only nine o'clock, whereas he could have sworn it was long past midnight. There was just time for a few last arrangements before hurrying to Euston to catch the midnight express. He would go down to Cumberland, to the place where he had spent many happy years when a boy; he would be safe there for a while, and have a breathing-space during which to consider what his future movements must be.

While these thoughts were hurrying brokenly through his brain, like torn clouds blown by a tempest across the midnight sky, there suddenly came an importunate tapping at the door. He started involuntarily, and an icy shiver ran through him; for one brief instant he was possessed by the thought that some one had come to arrest him. A moment later, he recognised the folly of his fears. 'Who is there?' he asked in tones that sounded harsh and strident even to himself.

'It is I-Ruff,' came the answer.

Matthew crossed to the door, but did not open it. 'I cannot see you to-night, Ruff; I am exceedingly busy. Come to me the first thing in the morning.'

'It is Grandad who has sent me; he would like particularly to see you either here or in his own room.'

own room.'

For a space, while one might count six slowly, there was no answer. Then Matthew said: 'I cannot see him to-night—it is quite out of the question. Tell him I shall be glad to see him, and—and explain everything to him at ten o'clock to-morrow morning.' He waited till the sound of Ruff's footsteps had died away, and then he

went slowly back to the table.

Grandad! The word had awakened thoughts and memories he would fain have let slumber. He, too, that white haired, inoffensive old man, to whom he owed so much, and whose generosity he had repaid with such base ingratitude—he, too, would be involved in the hideous ruin that was about to be consummated. He had stripped himself of all he had in the world, and had endowed his son therewith, and this was his reward—that for the short remaining span of his days he should be homeless, and dependent on the charity of others for his daily bread. Oh, the burning shame of it! Matthew Roding sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands; his frame shook with the emotion he could no longer suppress. Nothing in his own troubles had moved him as he was moved now. But with strong men such attacks are both rare and of brief duration. The tempest having spent its late.

arisen. Ruff, he reflected, would never see his grandfather want either for food or shelter. Matthew rightly gauged his son when he said to himself that should such a necessity ever arise, the boy would gladly share his last crust with the old man. But that in nowise lessened the heinousness of his own offence; it was through him, and him alone, that the possibility of such a thing could ever have come to pass.

He looked at his watch again. Half-past nine. He had little time to spare if he wished to catch the midnight train. To Ruff alone should be confided the secret of his whereabouts. It was necessary that he should be kept informed of the progress of affairs at home, and he felt instinctively that he could rely implicitly on Ruff's secrecy and discretion. He would also leave a few lines for his wife; it would be better than a personal parting; he dreaded a scene above all things just now, and Mrs Roding was the kind of woman who would be sure to make

Seating himself at his desk, he wrote a few hurried lines to Ruff, telling him where he was going, but entering into no particulars of his reasons for doing so, and arranging for a means of communication with him without the necessity of having his letters sent to the house. Then he scribbled a hasty note to his wife. She must be guided in everything by Ruff, he told her; and above all things, she must endeav-our to keep up her cheerfulness. Their separa-tion would not be for long. Then from his pocket-book he extracted a thin roll of banknotes. These he counted and proceeded to divide into two equal portions, one of which he put back; the other he enclosed with the note to his wife. When this was done, he turned down the lamp till nothing but a faint glimmer was visible, and then taking the two letters in his hand, he unlocked the door and stood for a few moments, listening intently. There was not a sound anywhere. Closing the door behind him, he sped quickly up the thickly carpeted stairs. It gave him a little start to see his boy's bedroom door partly open and a light shining from within. Hearing no sound, he pushed open the door and looked in. Freddy was asleep in bed, and Mary Nunnely was sitting near him, busily engaged with her needle. The movement of the door startled her, and when she saw Mr Roding's haggard face thrust into the room, she could not repress a slight scream. He held up his hand warningly as he went forward on tiptoe. Happily, the child still slept. Matthew drew near and bent over him, and then laid a hand lightly on his forehead: it burned beneath his touch. The child's soft cheeks were flushed with fever, and his breathing was quick and laboured. Mr Roding turned a startled look on Mary.

'You have no occasion to be alarmed, sir,' she said. 'Dr Brown looked in about an hour ago. He says it is nothing worse than a feverish cold, and that Freddy will be all right in a day or

his frame shook with the emotion he could no longer suppress. Nothing in his own troubles had moved him as he was moved now. But with strong men such attacks are both rare and of lirief duration. The tempest having spent its force, died away almost as quickly as it had in the urgency of the desire that was upon him

to get away, he had for the time forgotten him. Now, however, he felt that to have to part from his boy would cause him the keenest pang of

'You have always been kind to him, Mary,' he said. 'What, indeed, would he have done without you! And you will continue to be kind to him, won't you, after I am gone? But I need not ask. I know you will.'

'After you are gone, sir!' said Mary in utter

He made a little gesture of annoyance; he had forgotten for the moment that his departure was to be a secret from every one. 'Circumstances compel me to leave home for a little while, he explained. 'I hope the parting will only be for a short time; but at present I cannot say exactly for how long.' Then, after a moment's thought, he said: 'Where is Mrs Roding?'

'She has gone to lie down; she complained of a bad headache; but I was to be sure to call her

the moment Freddy awakes.

His wife's absence from the scene materially aided his plans. He would be able to get unobserved to his dressing-room, where ten minutes would suffice him to cram into a bag the few necessaries he purposed taking with him. That done, he would steal down-stairs and let himself out of the house unseen by any one. Once more he stooped and kissed the unconscious child, then taking one of Mary's hands in his, he said: 'God bless you, my dear, for your kindness to my boy! Whatever may happen in the future, I shall never

forget it.' Next moment, he was gone.

Matthew had reached his dressing-room, and had placed the two letters where they would be seen by the first person who should enter, and was just opening his bag, when he was startled by a slight noise behind him. Turning quickly, he found himself face to face with his wife. For once, Mrs Roding had discarded both her jewelry and her trailing robes. She was dressed in a simple morning wrap. Her eyes looked worn and hollow, as if with much weeping, while the rounded contours of her cheeks had lost something of their whilom plumpness. Her husband stared at her, but did not speak. Going up to him, and placing one hand on his shoulder, while with the other she pointed to the bag, she said : 'Matthew, what is the meaning of this? Surely, surely, you are not going to leave me! There was a pathetic ring in her voice that sounded strange to his

Thus brought to bay, he felt that equivocation would be useless. 'Yes, Tilly; I am going away; but only for a very little time, I trust. I cannot help myself; circumstances compel me to go. I thought you were asleep, and that it would be better not to disturb you. I wanted to soften the parting as much as possible. But I was not going without leaving a message. See, here is the letter I had written to you.'

'A letter! What to me is a letter? And you would have gone away and left me without a word! O Matthew, have I deserved this at your

hands? He turned and rested an elbow on the chimney-

piece, but did not speak.

'And yet, perhaps, it is no more than I have deserved,' resumed Mrs Roding after a moment or two. 'If I had been a different wife, you probably away, he hardly cared whither, was still as

would have been a different husband. Ah, how foolish we have been, dear-how very, very foolish! I can see it now; the scales have fallen from my eyes.'

Her husband glanced at her with surprise.

What change had come over her?

'If you must go away, dear-and I will not even ask you why you must-cannot you take me with you?'-Matthew shook his head .- 'I would not worry you; I would not be a trouble to you in any way. I would not care a bit how poorly we might have to live, if only I might be with

He could hardly believe his ears. Perhaps she read in his eyes something of what he

'I have had time to think of late,' she resumed - to think as I never thought before. Both you and I, Matthew, have trampled happiness under foot in our chase after shadows. Is it too late for us to find it again? I do not know-I do not

She had laid her head against his shoulder, and he knew that her tears were falling. There is a contagion in such moods, and Matthew Roding felt strangely moved. He bent his head and pressed his lips to her hair—that hair which once to him had seemed so beautiful, which he had kissed hundreds of times before marriage and so very seldom after.

Presently she looked up with a wan smile and brushed away her tears. 'I didn't mean to break down; but it's over now,' she said. 'I will promise not to annoy you in the same way again. But oh! my dear, you will let me go with you, will you not? Do not leave me behind. I could

be ready in half an hour, or even less.'
'It is out of the question, Tilly. There will be a hundred things for you to look after and attend to when I am gone. Besides, there's the child.' Ah!' she exclaimed with a start. 'For the

moment I had forgotten him. No, no; you are right; he is ill; and I must not leave him. I will not urge you by another word. Tell me what it is that you wish me to do while you are away.'

He tore open the note he had addressed to her and gave it her to read.

'You say here that I am to be guided in everything by your son,' she said slowly, looking at him with wondering eyes.

'Yes; it must be so. There will be so many things to look after of which you have no knowledge and with which only a man can deal.'
Then let it be as you wish.'

Ruff has been badly treated, Tilly, by both of us. I see it, and regret it now. But he is not one to rake up old scores; he is staunch to the backbone; you may trust him in everything.

You know best, dear: it shall all be as you say. More than ever was Matthew astonished. Was it possible that his wife had never betrayed her real nature till now? that her heart, incrusted by a hundred prejudices of education and bringingup, had had no knowledge of its own finer feelings, of its undeveloped capabilities, till Adversity had knocked at the door and imperatively demanded admittance?

strongly upon him as before. Although his colloquy with his wife had taken up but a few minutes, it had by so much lessened the chance of his catching the midnight train. He began to pack his bag hurriedly, giving his wife a few last instructions as he did so. She on her side was not idle. His anxiety not to miss his train had infected her. She strapped up his rug, and filled his flask with brandy; she replenished his cigar-case; nor was a muffler for his neck or his travelling-cap forgotten. In a very few minutes everything was in readiness. 'I kissed Freddy as I came up-stairs,' he said. 'I won't go near him again ; I might disturb him.'

Mrs Roding did not answer; her arms were round his neck, clasping him in a last lingering embrace. He strained her to him, while their lips met again and again. From the heart of each, Love, new-fledged, had freshly sprung. Misfortune had served to bring husband and wife together in a way that prosperity never had and

never would have done.

A few murmured syllables and then it was time to part. 'Do not come down-stairs,' he said. 'If any of the servants should happen to be about, they might think it strange.'

kiss and he was gone,

Although Matthew Roding did not tell his wife so, he had made up his mind to take his departure by way of the back entrance at the bottom of the garden. For one thing, it was the nearest way to the railway station; for another, the road was lonely, and there would be little likelihood of meeting any one who knew him. There was not a creature about the lower part of the house to bear witness to his departure. Was it the chill night-air, or some influence far more occult, which sent a shiver through his frame as he closed the door noiselessly behind him, and plunging into the blackness of the shrubbery, began his dismal flight, leaving wife, child, and home behind him?

As soon as Mrs Roding had in some measure recovered her composure, she proceeded to her child's room. Freddy was awake, and Mary was in the act of giving him some toast-and-water as his mother made her appearance. The child gazed at her for a moment or two with brightly feverish eyes; then he lay back on his pillows and took no further notice of her.

Mrs Roding clasped one of his hot little hands between her cool palms. 'You will make haste and get well, won't you, darling, for mamma's sake?' she said.

'Fweddy don't know-pwaps,' answered the child listlessly, after a few moments' considera-tion. He had a way of speaking of himself in the third person, as though he were some one else.

'Wouldn't Freddy like to go a long journey with mamma—a long, long journey in a railway train into the country, where there are horses and baa-lambs and cows, and beautiful green fields that in spring will all be covered with buttercups

and daisies?

Freddy considered a while; his little mind was evidently revolving the picture thus set before him; then he said: 'Fweddy would like to go a long way in the twain with Mawy. Mawy is kind, and loves me, and I love Mawy?' Then, after a further pause, and with his eyes turned

up to the ceiling, as though he were simply communing with himself: 'Mamma is nearly always ewoss with Fweddy; she calls him a bad boy, and sends him away fwom her. Mawy and Fweddy will go away, and manima can stop at home.

Mrs Roding sank on her knees by the side of the bed. 'Heaven help me!' she murmured between her sobs. 'I have lost the heart of my

child; it is mine no longer.'

#### FIRELIGHT.

Nor summer's noontide glory Enfolding mountain hoary, A breadth of woven gold; Nor moonbeams as they quiver At midnight on the river; Nor starlight pure and cold;

Nor glare of lamps revealing The giddy mazes wheeling, Of feet that never tire-Can rival in their splendour That mystic charm and tender, A trembling, fitful fire.

For while the gay light dances Upon the wall, what fancies Come dancing o'er the soul -Come quicker yet and quicker, The more the bright tongues flicker In lightnings from the coal.

Then palaces are builded, And days unborn are gilded With visionary gleam; 'Tis then the memory passes Beneath the churchyard grasses In retrospective dream,

Ah, Firelight, weird, enchanting, Bright hopes and dreams implanting, Most sweet of lights and blest, Beneath thy benediction, Hearts weary with life's friction Can find a moment's rest.

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#### FIRELIGHT FANCIES.

THE winter spirits are abroad once more, holding their revels mid earth and sky. No one ever sees them, but they are very active notwithstanding, and know everything that is going on in their own particular sphere. They are very curious too. Shall I tell you what they find out? They look into an old house and see the dancing firelight throwing grotesque shadows on the walls, lighting up with ruddy gleam the old pictures and dim corners of a pleasant parlour, where, from quaintly carved brackets, shine out dainty bits of ancient china, pure white eggshell, tinted with a scroll of delicate-hued leaves and flowers; clear bright-blue cups and sugar-bowls, with brilliant winged butterflies poised jauntily on the edge, peeping into the interior; and tall crimson vases of Bohemian cut glass. The bright flames cast cheerful rays out into the dull, wet, cold street, through the crimson curtains and softly falling lace; and wanderers catch the warm radiance, and feel happier for the glimpse into the cosy nest.

The winter spirits like to see people, when, unseen, they sit in the gloaming and think over the scenes of their past life, as they crowd on the memory. They know it is good for them to have just one hour's rest in the firelight from the 'burden and heat of the day,' to think of those that have been 'loved and lost,' of the work done or left undone. If they are young and hopeful, the twilight visions are as bright as the dancing flames, and as full of pictures of a happy future. If they are middle-aged, and weary of the day's work and worry, how grateful are the sensations with which the twilight is welcomed; and the aching eyes are closed in thankfulness for peace and quiet, when resting before the warm hearth on the soft couch, or in the comfortable easy-chair;

The aged grandam drops her knitting and nods in the warm corner, and perchance dreams of the golden days of bygone youth, and of the eternal youth that seems now not far off.

with eager feet down the stairs to the parlour, for their one 'children's hour,' that Longfellow has immortalised in his charming poem. How children love the firelight! How happily they sprawl on rugs or sit on stools at your feet, and watch the flickering flames, as some oft-told tale is related of giant and dwarf, fairy godmother, or the wonderful adventures of Alice through the looking-glass. Now the laughing trots will cling to your hands and beg for 'Another story-just one, please.' Do they ever tire of hearing about, Once upon a time, when all the people lived in tents?-of the long journey across the desert on the backs of camels ? of the wanderings beside the Nile with the turbaned, white-garmented Arabs?-of the rests under the palms, and the welcome springs of water? How the eager fingers stretch out for the rough pencil illustrations that are made by 'father' in the firelight on tiny scraps of paper, that are treasured afterwards for days; and do they ever hear the end of that favourite story? Do not the waving white garments get mixed up with the camels, and sleepy little lips murmur a protest about being tucked snugly into bed?

What can be more delightful than to sit in the ruddy gleam of the firelight with an old familiar friend, and talk of all that has happened to each other, during, perhaps, years of absence and silence!

> To speak of many a vanished scene, Of what we once had thought and said; Of what had been or might have been, And who was changed and who was dead.

The winter spirits love to listen to tales, welling up from the recesses of the memory, of scenes that have been long forgotten-of summer trips taken into the heart of the country, amidst the gray old hills, and woods, and trout streams of early youth—of wanderings in quaint old German towns, and the dim cool cathedrals of the sunny Rhineland; and the vine-clad hills and slopes of fair Italy, where myrtle and orange trees perfume the air with their loads of balmy sweetnesswhere, day after day, the blood-red sun sinks into The spirits see the troops of little ones, tripping the deep blue seas, or rises over the purple hills in

clear, unvarying brightness—of the more northern land of the Midnight sun, where dawn and twilight meet in a close embrace without the darkness of night between—of Welsh valleys and mountain maids—of purple moors and Highland homes.

At the sound of music, the winter spirits peep into the hall, and see blithe young maidens, and hear the trip of dancing feet in a gay reel or dreamy waltz. They see 'eyes look love to laughing eyes again' in the crack and sparkle of the huge wood-fire, as it goes roaring and flaring with mirth up the wide chimney, lighting up the heavily carved roof, the bright winsome faces of the girls, the stalwart figures of the scarlet-clad men, and the flitting forms of fair-haired children as they play at 'Hide-and-seek' in the dim recesses of the hall, amongst the high-backed chairs and 'cramp-corners.'

Then the winter spirits take a flying leap to the cottage homes in the village, and see the firelight gleaming through the little uncurtained windows—the homely supper-table spread, and the rough-handed labourer with his child on his knee, while the wife serves the simple meal.

During the long night-watches in the soldiers' camp, the winter spirits flit round the huge fires and see the ruddy light glow through the chill night-mists, warming the hearts of the watchful sentinels as they pace the weary rounds; or when, later on, boiling their camp-kettles over the blazing logs with faces turned to the 'fitful firelight,' the spirits hear the talk of home and friends, of sweethearts and wives, of mothers and children, many of whom will never be seen again; and of the brave comrades who have perished by their sides.

On the wings of the wind the winter spirits pass through the air and peer into the 'Tramps' Kitchen,' where the big roaring fires are kept up long into the night—where, in bad weather, these homeless souls can dry their soaking garments, and feel the genial heat of the glowing coals permeate their weary, aching limbs, while the leaping, flickering flames cheer their saddened hearts and sorrowful lives.

The winter spirits wonder why so many dwellers in houses love to shut up every blind, or bar every window with heavy shutters, during the long dark nights of cold black frost and blinding sleet. 'How far that little candle throws its beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world,' says that 'wise young judge' the gentle-hearted Portia.

When sitting in our pleasant warm rooms, listlessly watching the leaping flames, and hearing the north-easterly winds make wild 'keenings' round the house, or hollow murmurings in the bare branches of the leafless trees, filling the mind with weird suggestions and dreamy fancies, when our loved ones are all safe under our snug roof-tree—let us not forget the homeless wanderer or the weary traveller in the wild wintry weather —let us leave open the heavy shutters, so that the warm, inspiring rays of the firelight may shine through the curtains and blinds, and help those forced to be abroad in the wind and storm to find their way over wide moors or in dark lanes. The eerie cries of owls and night-birds lose their strangeness when any sort of light is near us; and the rushing blasts that drive the heavy masses of clouds along in shapeless heaps,

lose half their gloomy darkness and piercing cold when the glowing light from the flickering fires is seen in the distance. It tells of human fellowship not far off, and human help also, if need be, to those that are in the outside darkness of the stormy night.

Oh, leave a lamp in the window
To light the gloomy moor,
When clouds and sky are dark o'erhead,
And 'stormy tempests' roar.

Oh, leave a light in the window, In the dark of a wintry night, And show to the houseless wanderer A welcome warm and bright.

#### RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER LIX .- AGAIN: JACOB'S LADDER.

To Richard Cable, broken and softened, the arrival of Bishop Sellwood was welcome. The bishop was staying at the parsonage, and had walked up to Red Windows to see Cable. When Richard arrived at his gate, he saw the bishop in the garden talking to the girls and Mrs Cable, his kind face beaming with pleasure. He came forward at once to meet Richard, and seeing that something had affected Richard, asked to have a talk with him in the garden-house, instead of going indoors. Then Richard told him frankly all his story, laying most stress on his trouble about Mary, and his fear that he had broken her heart and turned away her affection from him.

heart and turned away her affection from him.
'For the matter of that,' said the bishop, 'do not be downcast. The girl is little over seventeen, and though she feels acutely at that age, the feeling is transitory; and before the year is out she will have recovered. It will all turn out for the best. Troubles come on us all, and deepen, where without them there might be shallowness.—And now—about Josephine?'

Then Richard Cable was silent for a few minutes, looking out of the door of his summer-house; but presently he drew a long sigh and said: 'My lord, will you and Mrs Sellwood be with us to-morrow evening?'

'I will answer for her and for myself.' Then, seeing that Cable did not desire further to pursue the subject, the bishop said: 'By the way, Mr Cornellis has played us a nasty trick. He got introduced somehow to Mrs Sellwood's sister, Miss Otterbourne, quite an old lady, and married her. She was pretty nearly twenty years his senior, and she did not survive her marriage long. My boy, was to have been her heir; but she had the disposal of her property, and she has left it all to Cornellis, so my son is left out in the cold. It is of course a bitter disappointment to us all, to my wife especially; but—it is all for the best. I hate reckoning on dead folk's shoes; it always leads to disappointment; and in this case I really believe it likely to do good, for Captain Sellwood has been somewhat inert, as he had this Bewdley estate to fall back on. Now, he is thrown on his own resources, and roused to action. Cable—do you remember once how he went over the palings like a greyhound? When roused, he is energetic, but only when

up, and he has returned to India, and I believe will distinguish himself there, for he has famous abilities, which only need calling forth.' Then he stood up. 'All right, my friend. Mrs Sellwood and I will be with you to-morrow evening, honour bright. Wring my neck, if I forget it!'

All next day the Cable girls were busy with the house, decorating it. Their father, full of excitement, urged them on. The bishop was coming to spend the evening with them, and so 'Welcome must be written up in letters of green leaves and flowers in the hall. Pots of red pelargoniums and variegated geraniums must be set about to decorate the entrance. A good supper must be prepared, and plenty of lights set ready.

Let us have all the lamps and candles that can be spared set round the entrance hall,' said Richard; 'and then, with the flowers and the green leaves, it will look bright and welcoming. And—girls, mind you all put on your white con-firmation dresses. You are to be confirmed tomorrow; but you must wear them also this evening.

Bessie is not here.

Bessie will be here.—Mother, mind that her white dress be laid out for her ready, and also that other white dress of satin you spoke to me

'When will Bessie be here?'

'I cannot say.—Do you hear what a storm is raging? Mr Joshua Corye is going to drive her over, and you do not suppose that he will bring her till the worst of the weather is past. If she arrives in the afternoon, it will be well.'

The afternoon passed, and she did not arrive. Towards nightfall, a boy arrived on a moor-pony, without saddle, with a message. 'Please-Mr Joshua was thrown out of the tax-cart, and took up insensible. He's better, and eating and drink-

ing hearty-like now.'
'Well—and is there no further message?'

The boy looked stupid. 'Can't mind what it was,' he said. 'I lost my cap'; I couldn't hold the pony in.' He was capless, with his hair flying as shaggy as the mane of the pony. The rest of the message had been blown away with his

Then Richard Cable, impatient, but hardly uneasy, went to his stable and harnessed his cob into a trap he had, and just as he was about to start, the bishop came up. After a hasty explana-tion, Dr Sellwood said: 'Give me a hand, Cable; I will come with you; I want to tell you of a plan my wife and I have formed.'

Cable helped the bishop in. 'There will be room for all,' he said, and whipped the horse.

'I want you to let Mrs Sellwood carry Mary off, said the bishop. 'She is a dear sweet girl; and just now is better away from St Kerian. I hinted something of the sort to her, and a twinkle came into her face. There is nothing like change of scene and association for curing a heartache. Bless me l Cable, troubles are like stiles—made to be got over. She shall spend a month or six weeks with us; and you will see, when we send her home to you, she will have freshened up like roses after rain.' The same kind considerate

man as bishop as he had been as rector.

'You are very kind,' said Cable, readily touched in his present mood—'every one, indeed, is kind; Sellwood.

This failure of his hopes has woke him I alone seem the one who has been hard and

Richard Cable drove by the road, because he could spin along it at a fast trot; and over the moor, with night closing in and with a fog gathering, he would not venture. By the time he reached the Magpie, night had set in; but the effects of the storm were dispersing, the mists were clearing, and the sky shining, with its many stars.

'Well,' said Cable, drawing up at the Mugpie door, 'where are they?'

'What?' asked Corye, coming out. 'Are they not with you?

Then only did Cable learn the whole story of the accident. Joshua was better; he was put to bed, but vowed he would be up and take a ride next day.

'He's got such a constitution!' explained his father. 'He's been brought up on Magpie ale.'

But—where are Bessie and the other one? 'That is more than I can tell. They sent Zackie Martin the shepherd after my Joshua, and walked on themselves towards St Kerian.'

But they have not arrived.

'Bless you! they are there by this time. Did you not pass them? Which way did you come?' By the road.'

'Well, that accounts for your missing them. They went the short way over the moor.'

But Bessie could not walk so far. - Where did

the accident take place?'

'This side of the Long Man. Zackie told them the way and how to reach his hut, where there was a fire; but, I reckon, they tired of waiting, and went on.

'They have not arrived. Bessie could not walk

so far.

'Go home over the moor; you'll find them at Red Windows, sure as boys go to stables.—It's a mercy my Joshua wasn't more hurt. He was

quite stupid for an hour.'

Nothing more was to be got out of the inn-keeper. Cable became seriously alarmed. He asked for a light for his lamps, and started over Carnvean Down. He knew the way; he had ridden it and driven it scores of times. He was silent now, and the bishop respected his anxiety. Trails of fog still drifted over the high moorland, but they were speedily passed through; they were lifting in the cold night-air. Occasionally, Cable shouted, but received no answer.

'There is the Long Man,' he said, pointing with his whip to the stone, that rose about sixteen feet above the turf. 'If they are wandering anywhere about, they will see the lamps; we must not go too fast.' Nevertheless, ever and anon Richard urged on the horse. He was nervous; he did not know what to think, whether they were lost on the down or had pressed on. 'You see,' he said, 'Bessie could not go fast. She—that other—must tarry for her; so we may find them at home. I should have wished to have been there to meet them.

They were an hour crossing the moor. As they came to the descent—'Look!' said Richard. Before I started, I told them to light a candle in every window up-stairs. One, two, three, four,

five, six—seven lights.'
Yes, I see; quite an illumination, said Dr

'And I told them to have a blaze of lamps and candles in the hall, that when they came in out of the dark, it would be to welcome light and warmth. Please God they are safe!

'Amen!' responded the bishop.

When they came to the gate, which was open, Cable fastened his horse to it. 'I will not take him out till I know they have arrived,' he said, and walked on over the gravel path to the foot of the flight of stone steps that led to the front door. Then, all at once, he, going before the bishop, uttered a cry, and stood still.

'What is the matter?' asked Dr Sellwood,

pressing forward.

They saw in the dark a black heap at the foot of the steps.

'It is they-it is they! They are dead!' cried Richard, quite unmanned and beside himself.

Then the bishop ran back to the tax-cart and removed one of the lanterns, and came with it hastily to where the heap lay. Cable was as one frozen to the ground, unable to act through over-whelming terror and sorrow. The bishop knelt, and drew back a thick shawl; then the light of the lamp fell on the face of a child, and the child moved, uttered a moan, opened its eyes, and turned them away again.

'It is Bessie!' groaned Cable. 'She is alive,' said the bishop. He gently disengaged her from the arms of Josephine, and for a moment laid her on the ground; then he felt the pulse and looked at Josephine. Then he took up Bessie again, and said in a low, shaking voice: 'Cable—I will carry the child in. She is in no immediate danger. It is other with Jose-phine—your wife. I must get your mother to bring her a cordial at once. There is hardly any pulse, scarcely breath left. She is sinking from over-exhaustion; and I do not know whether she will live or not. You stay by her; you alone You stay by her; you alone can save her. The soul is fluttering on her lips to depart; try to stay it.—I will send for a doctor; but her fate will be settled one way or the other before he comes.' He had set the carriage lantern against the first step, the end, unperceived by him, was on the shawl, and as he lifted Bessie, he drew the shawl away and upset the lantern, which was extinguished. Holding the little crippled girl in his arms, he ascended the flight of steps and struck at the front door, that flew open; and he was dazzled with the blaze of many lights and the sight of the young girls standing there all in white. 'My dears' he said, 'I have Bessie; she is safe. Your father is below; he wants light.—Quick! Go to him, and—and kiss your mother.' Then he pushed past them with his burden, calling for Mrs Cable.

Below, in the darkness, at the foot of the flight of stone steps that led up to the house, was Richard Cable, half-kneeling, half-sitting, staying up Josephine in his arms, holding her to his heart, trembling, sobbing, crying out of the depths of his heart to God to help him. Then, in choking voice, with a struggle to force the tones, as he held the hardly conscious form in his arms, he began to sing the melody—not the words, which he did not know, but the air of the mermaid's song, swaying her to the cadence of the tune, as if she were a babe he was hushing to sleep. Was he fulling her to her eternal sleep? Was she dying in his arms? And as he

thus sang and swayed her, down the stairs from the brilliantly illumined hall came the six girls, all in white, and each carried a light-Mary first, then Effie, then Jane, Martha next, and Lettice, lastly Susie. In their haste to obey the bishop and to assist their father, each had caught up a light; and so, each carrying a light, in the still air, under the stars of night, the six girls in white came down the steps to where their father held the exhausted Josephine. They came round Josephine opened her, each holding her light. her eyes feebly, scarce conscious that she saw aught; then Mary stepped timidly up to her and kissed her, and passed on; then Effie, and she went by; and Jane kissed her, stooping, and holding her light; and Martha next; and after her, Lettice; and last of all, little Susie.

Then Josephine's eyes opened wide; the soft warm kisses of the children and the light roused her failing spirit, and the open eyes looked, no longer with the glaze of death on them, but with a far-away, searching, earnest longing—upwards, into the dark sky, set with ten thousand points of

light.
'Josephine!' said Richard Cable—'Josephine!' It was the first—the only time he had uttered her name since they parted on the night that he

sought her at Brentwood Hall.

She did not answer—she had not strength to answer; but a slight movement was visible on her lips; and as the children stood with the circle of light round her, and Cable looked down into her white upturned face, he saw water rise in the eyes that had been dry, and brim them, and run over the long lower lashes, but-they never fell, for he stooped and received them on his lips.

Then the bishop appeared with something Mrs Cable had given him for Josephine to take whilst she attended to little Bessie. 'She may be carried in now,' said Dr Sellwood. 'Richard has brought

her back from the brink of the grave.'

#### CHAPTER LX .- TWICE MARRIED.

'And now, sir—I mean, my lord—I shall venture to ask you to marry me again,' said Richard Cable to the bishop, the evening after the confirmation.

'Good gracious, Cable!' Dr Sellwood started. 'Well,' said Cable in his leisurely, resolute way 'now that Josephine is recovering, I should like

to be married again.'
'Married again!' Dr Sellwood's rosy face became mottled.

'Well, my lord,' said Cable, 'you see—before, it was Josephine married me; and now, I want to marry her.'

'But you are married. It can't be done.'
'Why not? It is not bigamy, is it, to be married twice to the same woman?'

'Bigamy—good gracious —it looks something like it; and etymologically —

'I beg your pardon, sir—I mean, my lord—I do not understand.' 'According to the derivation of the word, it

does make it a case of bigamy But I cannot be punished for it—can I?

'No; hardly that

'Or you for marrying me again?'
'No; hardly.'

'Then, bigamy or no bigamy, I wish to be remarried.—You see, it will be good several ways. Folks at St Kerian never knew that Josephine was my wife; and they would ask questions and talk, and want to worry out all our past troubles and differences, if I were simply to declare we had been married, but separated. Whereas, if we get married here, in the church, publicly, no one will think to ask any questions, and there will be no nose-poking into the past, to cause Josephine and me annoyance.'

'There is something in this.—I will turn it over in my head. Of course, the registers could not be used, but the ceremony.—I will write and ask my lawyer.—How is little Bessie?'

'Failing,' said Cable. 'I am about, I suppose, now to build up anew my domestic life, and I have laid the foundation in my first-born, and shall set up the gates in my youngest.'

'As for Mary,' said the bishop confidently—'no such thing. She'll get over this matter much more speedily than you imagine, and not a bit of her love to you will be lost. Take my word for it, all will come right in the end. You are going to lend her to us for six weeks.'

are going to lend her to us for six weeks.'
'Why!' exclaimed Richard; 'good gracious me! it must be for another reason.'

'What must be?'
'My bigamy.'

'Why? What is the second reason?'

'All is prepared for it—to the bridesmaids' dresses. My daughters have their confirmation garments, and Josephine her white satin wedding gown, laid out up-stairs all ready.'

Two years have passed. Richard Cable is the Richard Cable of old in gentleness, tenderness; all the sullenness and bitterness have passed away completely. But he is not the Richard Cable of old altogether, for there is a refinement of manner about him which he lacked when our story began and we first encountered him. But Josephine is very much altered from the Josephine with whom we made acquaintance on the lightship, now full of love and forbearance, and that ineffable sweetness and charm which only self-conquest and suffering can give.

'Richard,' said she one morning at breakfast, 'what is to be done?—Now that my poor father is dead, Bewdley comes to me. I am continually coming in for estates to which I have no

right.'
'Do you remember how the bishop told us we were to cease knocking our heads together about Hanford? Now we have that, we do not want more.'

'No; I have no right to Bewdley. I shall make it over to Captain Sellwood, just as I made over Hanford to you.'

'Perhaps he will act as I did.

Josephine sat dreamily opening the letter just arrived by post. All at once her interest was roused, her colour mounted, and her eye sparkled.

'What is it, Josephine?'
'This difficulty settles itself.'

'How so?'

'Look, Richard! Here is a letter from Mrs Sellwood.'

'How is Mary? When is she coming back? She spends half her time with the Sellwoods.'
'Look, Richard!—Mrs Sellwood——But do

read, Richard.' She sat looking eagerly in his face as he deciphered the not very intelligible writing of the bishop's wife. Then his colour came and his eyes sparkled.

'Well,' said Josephine, 'does it not settle itself?'

'Not at all. Bewdley is yours, and Mary is my daughter.'

'Nonsense, Richard. There is no mine and thine between us, but all things are in common. —What do you say?'

'The bishop was right. Mary is consoled for the loss of Walter Penrose.'

'He is right. He always said: All will turn out well in the end.'

'And what can be better than that Captain Sellwood, who has come back from India, should have our dear Mary, and with her, that we should give him Bewdley?'

THE END.

#### WHY IS WHEAT SO LOW IN PRICE?

A SIMILAR question was asked, and answered, about Sugar in No. 195 of this *Journal*; and those of our readers who are themselves, or who have friends interested in agriculture may wish to know whether or not natural causes have depressed the value of our great cereal.

Wheat was for a long period the principal crop on good land in Britain, and would have continued to be so but for a variety of circumstances which have tended to render its production on many farms unprofitable. When the production of any commodity ceases to be remunerative to the producer, the natural consequence follows in the restriction of the produce. That this economic law has affected the growing of wheat, a very few considerations will make obvious. Previous to 1846, the price of wheat and other cereals was good, because they were subject to Protective laws; but with an increasing population at home, for whose wants our own agricultural produce was insufficient, and with heavy duties on all grain entering our ports, the result came to be a kind of dearth of the staple article of food, entailing great want and suffering upon the poorer portion of our population. But with the repeal of the Protective laws, another set of forces began to operate. Our ports were flung open to importers, and among other things, wheat gradually began to be thrown into our markets at an increasing ratio, America soon becoming the chief contributor. For the twenty years following, the effect did not tell heavily against the home-grower, because the high rates obtained for all agricultural products during and after the period of the Crimean war, enabled our farmers to hold their own. And not only so; the farmers became so prosperous, that rents swiftly rose, till they doubled and sometimes trebled those of previous years. In the meantime, the prosperity of agriculture at home was shared by the agriculturists in America as well, with the consequence that the area of wheat-production - But do was largely increased in that continent,

Here, then, were our home-farmers face to face with two dangers. The first, high rents, was due to competition among themselves; the second, the increased supply of American wheat, was due to the high prices obtained in the British market during those prosperous years which made it practicable and profitable for the Americans to ship a more and more increasing supply of wheat for the wants of this country. So long as our farmers obtained, even in spite of this competition from abroad, a price for wheat large enough to pay the expense of cultivation and the increased rents now exigible from them, with a fair margin of clear profit over and above, things went very well. But by-and-by, and as a necessary result of the operation of a simple economic law, the amount of American wheat sent into our ports increased to such an extent that home prices began to fall. But while the markets fell, the rents remained stationary; and here it was that our farmers began to feel the pinch. In the United States, the wheat area, between 1870 and 1880, rose from a little under nineteen million to something like thirty-eight million acres. In other words, the power of wheat-production in the States had in those years doubled itself. In other countries-Australia, the Bombay Presidency, the Native States of India, and elsewhere—there had at the same time been a similar increase in wheatproduction, and in a short time our markets became glutted with the united imports of these. So long as our farmers could obtain from forty to forty-five shillings per quarter for their wheat, they could struggle on, though not in some cases without the help of the landlord in the shape of But when the price fell even reduced rents. below forty shillings, a new set of circumstances had to be faced.

And not only did this later fall in prices affect the British farmer, it affected the American grower also; and for some years past, as a consequence of this, the area of land for wheat-production has decreased both in the States and at home. In this country, since 1876, the area of the wheat-crop has decreased by nearly eight hundred thousand acres, or about twenty-five per cent. of the whole. Yet even this, conjoined with the limited production in the States, has not sufficed to revive prices. At home, rents have gone down, and so have wages, yet the growing of wheat does not pay the farmer. In the States, the amount of production has been curtailed, the carriage to the seaboard and the ocean-freightage have been reduced, and still prices do not come to a point which makes exportation on the old scale The American farmer, indeed, is profitable. crying out that he cannot grow the article to sell in London at thirty shillings per quarter, and that Chicago is no longer mistress of the situation, as she is being undersold by the produce of the

And this brings us to point out a chief element in the solution of our question, why wheat is so low in price. India possesses large tracts of land suitable for wheat-growing, and the area actually under this crop in 1836-87 is given as twenty-five

million acres, with an out-turn estimated at over six million tons. Here an anomaly presents itself. While the European and American farmers have to accept much lower prices than they used to do, the Indian grower is getting nearly as much as ever for his produce; and the opening of the country by railways is enabling him to send it to the ports in yearly increasing quantity. The explanation of this is, that he is paid in silver rupecs, which have the same value to him as ever, being the currency and standard of value in his country. Silver, however, is with us only an article of merchandise, not, as gold is, a standard of value; and at present it can be bought at a decline on its value prior to 1873 of thirty per cent., and sent out to Bombay or Calcutta to pay for purchases of wheat. A small charge for coinage is made at the Indian mints; but it is found in effect that eight ounces of silver will enable a merchant to lay down in London one quarter of wheat. If the silver costs him five shillings per ounce, as it did on the average before 1873, the wheat might be sold in London at about forty shillings per quarter; but if it costs (as it does to-day) only three shillings and eightpence per ounce, then he can afford to sell his Indian wheat in the London market at twenty-nine shillings and fourpence.

To put the matter in another way: a Bombay merchant consigns his wheat to London for sale, and it is sold in Mark Lane at, say, thirty shillings per quarter. After deducting five shillings to pay freight and expenses, there would be twenty-five shillings left with which to buy silver, or, what amounts to the same thing, a bill in rupees on Bombay. At present exchange-rate of one shilling and fivepence for the rupee, there would be remitted seventeen rupees eleven annas for each quarter of wheat; whereas, if exchange were at the old rate of two shillings, only twelve and a half rupees could be sent. The effect of and a half rupees could be sent. the latter remittance would be that if his wheat cost him about seventeen rupees in Bombay, the Bombay merchant would sell no more in London until the price rose to forty shillings. It should be, therefore, plain to our readers that India has a considerable influence on the price of wheat in England, and that this is owing to the fall in the value of silver. A further fall in the value of the metal might further depress the price of wheat, as twenty-four shillings per quarter would recompense the Indian grower if silver fell to three shillings per ounce.

But while the present price of wheat is, as we have shown, injuriously affected by the imports from India, yet it must be remembered that there are various counterbalancing circumstances which will always act so as to prevent a much further decrease. For instance, if India could have sent us all the wheat we require for home consumption over and above our own production, its influence upon our markets would have been predominant. But as it is, out of fourteen million quarters of wheat imported from abroad last year, only two and a half millions came from India. It will be obvious, therefore, that, unless the area of wheat-production in India is largely increased, all that its imports can do is to prevent American and other producers getting so high a price as they formerly obtained in our markets. On the other hand, the fact that India cannot give us all we require,

and that we are obliged to draw upon the States, Australasia, and elsewhere, for a further supply, will prevent the price from sinking to the lowest point at which wheat can be sent to us from India. By this action and interaction, therefore, of conflicting interests, a certain amount of stability is brought about; though the restingpoint is, we fear, much below what the British farmer would require to render wheat-growing once more profitable.

Having pointed out that at present India cannot supply us with all the wheat we require, it may naturally be asked if she is ever likely to be able to do so. It is a difficult question to answer. It must be remembered that India suffers grievously from time to time from droughts and from excessive rains, and the recurrence of these periods, each equally hostile to the growth of wheat, will, it is believed by many, place a certain check upon its production. But Professor Wallace, of the Chair of Agriculture in the University of Edinburgh, who has recently returned from a six months' visit to the agricultural districts of our Eastern Empire, is of opinion that the production of Indian wheat is more likely to be steady than fluctuating, and that it will form a substantial item in our country's imports. 'It was not, however,' he said, 'wheat of the quality wanted in this country, being impure and deficient as regards gluten. We have, therefore, two opposing opinions as to the likelihood, or otherwise, of a steady increase of wheat importations from India.

At home, however, the position is sufficiently embarrassing. From an inquiry made in 1885, by the Mark Lane Express, the fact was brought out that wheat could not be grown in England under an average cost of thirty-six shillings per quarter. If it is produced at a less cost than this, the quality of the soil must be excellent, the rent moderate, and the farmer must be able to sell the straw. It should be borne in mind, in estimating the ability of other countries to undersell us, that the average yield in England is double that of the United States, and treble that of India. We have also our own wheat at our doors, whereas India must send hers perhaps a thousand miles by rail and six thousand by sea. American wheat has the same obstacle of distance to contend with; and although a great reduction in railway and shipping rates has occurred during the last few years, the transatlantic growers get so little for their crops, that they are in the greatest possible financial distress. So badly off were the farmers in Dakota last winter, that the State legislature decided not to collect the taxes.

The difficulty brought about by the lowered gold-value of silver is one that will have to be faced some time or other. A Gold and Silver Commission has at present under its consideration, among cognate subjects, this very question of currency, but whether they will be able to suggest an efficient remedy is not yet considered as beyond the region of doubt. Mr Goschen, recently waited upon by a deputation on the subject, spoke guardedly, and confessed that the difficulty, even to skilled economists and financiers, was one of no slight moment. He seemed to prefer waiting for the Report of the Commission before committing himself to any opinion, either

in favour of bimetallism or otherwise. It is to be hoped the Commission will be able to suggest some way out of the difficulty, which is a very serious one for our agricultural population.

#### THE OLD SECRETAIRE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

CHAPTER V.—CONCLUSION.

AFTER a long and earnest consultation, lasting almost till daylight, it was finally decided to make another expedition to the Haunted Chamber, with the object of discovering, if possible, any secret passage existing thence to another part of the house; only Warren stipulated that nothing further should be done until he should have completed his little domestic drama, the main portion of which had been written, only a few finishing touches being required to make it ready for distribution among the actors. And so far his prognostications having proved correct, Walter Secretan was content to leave the matter in his friend's able hands.

It was, of course, impossible to do anything on Christmas Day, even to get out to church, for the weather had taken a change in the night, and morning dawned with a strong wind and snow falling heavily. A kind of informal service was held in the drawing-room; and afterwards, for lack of other amusement, the party assembled one and all in the hall to listen to Warren's comedy, which was declared to be, with one or two trifling alterations, exactly the thing required.

There is one thing we want now,' Warren observed, when parts had been chosen and the manuscript had been given into willing hands to copy—'the suggestions for the tableaux vivants. Can't some of you ladies suggest something original? We are all tired of Lady Jane Grey, Mary Queen of Scots, and Joan of Arc.'

When are we to be ready for the first rehearsal? Althea Wynne demanded. 'It will take me quite a week to learn my part.'

'In that case, we shall be reluctantly compelled to cut you out,' said Warren firmly, 'because the first rehearsal—of which I propose to have three—will take place in this hall to-morrow night at eight. Why, the great charm of private theatricals is in half-knowing your part, and finding your fellow-performers worse than yourself.'

'Mr Warren is quite right,' said Constance Lumley promptly; 'and so far as utter ignorance of the book-part is concerned, he shall not find me wanting. Besides, is there not an individual known as the prompter?'

'Most admirable of amateur actors, being least seen and most heard!' Warren laughed.—'I suppose that is settled then.—And now for the tableaux.'

'What about Queen Eleanor and Fair Rosamond?' Edith Lucas suggested. 'Or perhaps'—— 'The Eye of St Bartholomew, as interpreted by Millais,' suggested a demure voice in the background—an inspiration treated with contemptuous silence.

'What you want to do is to show off your dresses and look nice,' Warren observed. 'We seem to have everything to hand; only there is a plentiful lack of ideas, as Mrs Malaprop would say.—Now, do make up your minds.'

Finally, the choice fell upon three—the trial scene from the Merchant of Venice, after a struggle for the part of Portia; one founded upon the most pathetic scene in Enoch Arden; and finally, the play-scene from Hamlet—with, as Warren observed, the full strength of the company. Once decided, there was a general exodus on the artistes' part to make selection out of the rifled treasures of the west wing as apparel on the eventful night.

'Now is our time!' exclaimed Warren, when the last of the fair performers had disappeared. 'Old Brookes is safe in the billiard-room for the next half-hour, marking a game between the colonel and your father.—Get a couple of helpers out of the stable. I want that old secretaire out of the Haunted Chamber—it will be useful as an article of stage-furniture.'

of stage-furniture.'
'Have you made up your mind what is to be done?' Secretan asked, when he had despatched a messenger for the desired assistance.

'Almost. I am going to try and frighten the man—work upon his fears, if possible.—Mind you, not a word of this; I want it, if possible, kept a secret. I do not want anything we know, or what we are going to do, to be guessed even by the other players. I suppose you intend to have the servants in to see the performance?'

the servants in to see the performance?'
'Of course.—Where else should we get our audience?'

'That's exactly what I wanted to know. "The play's the thing wherein to catch the conscience of the king"—only, in our case the drama will play quite a secondary part in bringing that wicked old rascal to book.—Allons.'

'I suppose you know what you are talking about?' Secretan observed. 'For the life of me, I

'If you knew a little more of the divine bard, you would,' Warren observed airily. 'Perhaps it will dawn upon you presently.—However, here

Daylight made but little difference to the apartment. Upon everything lay the melancholy of decay—the carpet torn, and faded by the rust and dust of half a century. In the large open grate, a handful of wood-ashes still remained, with some charred embers, the remains of papers partially destroyed. Over the handsome cornices, once gay with gilt, a fine powder had settled, and great spiders had spun their nets.

With the assistance of the two stout helpers, they raised the old secretaire, though a lever had to be employed. As it gradually slid along, Warren's foot slipped through an open space. He recovered himself with a great shout, for, as the desk gradually moved away, an open trapdoor stood revealed.

\*The ghostly passage! he exclaimed, whilst Secretan and the helpers looked on open-mouthed.—This is the way he must have gone. You see, it is exactly behind the secretaire, and protected by this movable back. Look!

He pointed to the opening, where, at that moment, a head and shoulders had appeared. It was Silas Brookes, a look of deadly hate and vengeance upon his face, in the eyes fixed upon Warren with such rancour. As he stepped into the apartment in profound silence, they saw that he wore the masquerade dress of Arundel Secretan. The trembling hand was laid upon the rapier; but ere he could draw it, Warren, reading the mischief in his eyes, was upon him, and bore him to the ground.

'You two go and fetch your master and Colonel Lucas,' he said to the dazed helpers. 'You need not trouble to return again;' and the half-stupefied servants hurried off to obey the stern command.

There was not a word spoken till the host and his guest entered. Brookes's eyes wandered from one to the other in a defiant, hunted fashion: he knew that he was found out. But with his iron nerve, he was not the man to cry out for either mercy or forgiveness. Utterly amazed, the Squire looked to Warren for an explanation.

'Allow me to introduce you to the family ghost,' commenced the triumphant dramatist, 'as interpreted by this faithful servant.—But I forgot that you are entirely in the dark as to what has transpired. Call to mind, in the first place, your family legend, and the part one of my family played in it. You gave me permission to search these rooms, and thereby hangs a tale.' So saying, Warren related all he had seen and heard, ending his narrative by placing in the Squire's hand the fateful letter dropped by the ghost in his flight on the eventful preceding evening. As he read, his usually benign features became stern and hard. To the end he perused it, and then turned to Brookes, speaking in a voice clear and metallic, such as the ancient servitor had never heard before.

'Where have you hidden this money, you scoundrel?' he demanded.

There was no answer to the thrice repeated query. By this time the news had spread through the house, and one by one the visitors had joined them. Mr Warren threw the letter to Brookes, who read it slowly, ponderously to the end. His

who read it slowly, ponderously to the end. His face turned to a pale ashen gray; he clutched at his throat, then the words burst from him, as he threw himself upon his knees at his master's feet, covering his face with trembling hands: 'I never meant to wrong my master—never! never! But the temptation. I found out Mr Edgar Warren; I got the money. It was when his valet told me that he was dying, the temptation overcame me. In London, I changed the notes into gold. I brought it down here. Then I saw my dear master. I lied to him, and he died by his own hand. Oh! if I could have only known—if I could have only guessed! I thought myself safe.—After my master's death, I was afraid to speak. The servants talked about his ghost. That was my opportunity. I had hidden the gold. Bit by bit I carried it here into this very room. I knew I should not be interrupted, so gradually I got it here—hidden, all of it safe. To keep it safe, I have played the ghost for all these years. But I have not been dishonest

—it is all there. I intended to confess before I died; I intended to be honest. I am no thief, so help me heaven!'

'Where?' Warren demanded impatiently-

where, man?'

'In the desk behind you, in the old secretaire—every penny of it. And now perhaps you will be content.' He rose to his feet, as if to quit the room. The Squire signified to Warren to let him pass; and so he went without another word.

The ancient piece of furniture, now such an object of interest, was speedily prised open, and a breathless knot of spectators gathered round. The head of the desk had a circular top, which, upon being opened, disclosed a nest of drawers, each full of papers and memoranda, the drawers down either side being filled with a mass of odds and ends, but no signs of money. It was certainly strange. Apparently, there was no space to be accounted for, till a rule was applied to the side, and it was discovered that, behind the nest of drawers, a considerable space yet remained. They drew out every one of the tiny drawers, but no sign of an opening could be seen. Walter Secretan, in a fit of impatience, jammed the head of a hammer against the frail wood, and as he did so, the fabric gave way. Placing his hand in the aperture thus formed, he drew out one by one seven leather bags, each fastened with a small padlock, and a flat shabbylooking case, which he opened.

There was a cry of delight from the ladies, as a magnificent diamond necklace flashed and shimmered in the light, a quivering fire of stones in a tarnished gold setting; but no damp and decay could pale the gleaning jewels. As they passed from hand to hand admiringly, Secretan employed himself in cutting the top off one of the leather bags; and plunging his hand in, he drew out a score or two of English gold coins. When they came to count it, it contained two thousand four hundred pounds. A careful addition of the remaining bags brought up the total to sixteen thousand two hundred and eighty pounds in good English money, which, including the necklace, must have represented close upon, if not quite, the sum of twenty thousand

pounds.

There was a kind of stupefied silence for a few moments; then every one seemed to find his voice at once, speaking in a clamorous din.

'Warren, I thank you,' said the Squire warmly.
'I owe you a deep debt of gratitude, so deep that I scarcely know how to repay you.'

'I shall soon put you to the test,' Warren replied, significantly.

'Well, of all the callous scoundrels!' cried the colonel, when he had sufficiently recovered to speak. 'Fancy having a man like that under your roof! I would soon make short work of him.'

'Gently, gently,' cried the Squire good-humouredly. 'Remember the poor fellow has suffered terribly; and remember Christmas time, colonel. Peace and good-will to men. If he has repented, truly we must not withhold our forgiveness.'

Well, if he hadn't been a rogue, you would be some thousands worse off, was the practical reply. 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody luck, Secretan.—Eh, Warren?'

'It shall blow some one luck,' said the Squire, turning to Warren significantly. 'Come into the smoking-room and talk it over.—So, this is what a snowy Christmas comes to, is it? They say no snow no matrimony, and in this case'.—

'History repeats itself,' said Warren calmly,

indicating Walter and Edith Lucas.

They had the hall to themselves, both gazing out over the snowy landscape, her head upon his shoulder, his arm wound round her slender waist.

'Why, bless me!' exclaimed the colonel, staring through his eyeglass, 'it's my daughter, and your son, Secretan.—And all this time I was under the impression she was in love with somebody else,'

'A mistake, sir,' said Walter lightly, 'as I hope to convince you presently. You see, General Ramsden is all very well; only, unfortunately,

Edith does not love him.'

'Unfortunately! you ungrateful young rascal! Why, bless me! in that case, why didn't she say so at once? I am sure it was no wish of mine.—But you young people always delight in making mysteries of things, and we have had mystery enough for one day.'

mystery enough for one day."
'Well out of that, darling!' said Walter, as the elders disappeared. 'But I am just cynical enough to believe that he would not have been quite so amiable, if it had not been for the

discovery in the Old Secretaire.'

#### OXYGEN STARVATION.

IF we are asked which of the many necessaries of life is best entitled to the chief place, we must surely reply, Oxygen. This gas forms about one-fifth of the bulk of the atmosphere, and our wants are supplied by the act of breathing, so regularly and ceaselessly performed by every one. It is possible to live for a long time without the protection of a house or of clothing; it is even possible to live for many days without food; but if we are deprived for only one or two minutes of oxygen, the consequences are serious, and may be fatal. This is perhaps one reason why, of all things that our bodies require, oxygen. is the only one the regular supply of which does not depend upon our own attention. The pangs of hunger and of thirst warn us when food and drink are necessary, but they can only be satisfied by our putting forth conscious effort. A man may be hungry; but if he is too lazy to seek out food and raise it to his mouth, he will starve. But it is not so with oxygen. We have power, it is true, temporarily to stop our breathing or to increase its rapidity by an act of will; but even when we forget all about it, the breathing continues.

This is one of the many mysteries of our being, always before us, but seldom thought of; and yet it is very striking. This frequent and important act of our daily life has not been entrusted to our care, but has been so arranged for that it is performed every three or four seconds from the moment of birth until death, without requiring

one thought from us. The breathing apparatus never sleeps.

Again, oxygen is so closely connected with the great vital processes upon which our growth and daily energy depend, that food itself is useless unless accompanied by a large supply of it. Indeed, when the quantity of oxygen which a man consumes in his lungs daily is calculated, it is found to be greater in weight than all the dry food he requires during the same period.

Yet again, if we wish a house and clothing and food, we must work for them; but for oxygen there is nothing to pay. It is free to all, and lies around us in such abundance that it never

runs short.

Here, then, we see every means taken to insure that all our demands for oxygen shall be freely and fully met, and yet we are assured by medical authorities that a very large proportion—some say one-fourth-of all the deaths that take place is caused, directly or indirectly, by oxygen starvation. Now, what unfortunate circumstances prevent so many persons having a sufficiency of this all-important gas? The chief one undoubtedly is congregating in towns. Instead of living in the country, where every household might have a large free space of air around it, we draw together, for the convenience of business, to great centres. There the houses are crowded closely together, often piled one on the top of the other, so that, instead of an over-abundance, there is only a limited quantity of air for each. This is made unfit for the support of life by the very act of breathing; the impurities are increased by the waste products of manufactories; and oxygen is destroyed by every fire and lamp and gas-light. The winds and certain properties of the atmosphere constantly remove much of the impure air and bring in a pure supply; but the crowding together in many parts of a town is so great, and the production of poisonous matters goes on so continuously, that instead of each breath containing its full proportion of oxygen, the place of that gas is taken up to some extent by what is actually hurtful to life. When this is the condition of the atmosphere outside the dwelling, it is necessarily much worse within it, for there the displacement of impure air by pure cannot take place so rapidly. The conse-quences are as already stated. Large parts of our town populations never have sufficient oxygen; their lives are feeble and full of suffering, and numbers die before their time,

Such facts are painful to contemplate, but a knowledge of them puts the wise man on his guard, and he may do much for himself. In the choice of a house he will remember the advantage of a great air-space around it, and of plenty of space within it, so that bedrooms may not be overcrowded. Or if a large house is beyond his means, he will take tare that the rooms are not crowded with furniture, for every piece of furniture excludes an equal bulk of air. When he enters the house, he will see that at all times as much fresh air from the outside is admitted, by means of open doors and windows, as can be allowed without inconvenience from cold; and as

often as possible he will have a blow through, to clear out all odd corners where foul air may linger. Pure air and good food make pure blood, and only pure blood will give good health.

#### THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW.

CHAPTER IX .- CONCLUSION.

DURING the solitary watches of the night, Mrs Roding's thoughts were mostly with her husband. When should she see him again? What dreadful thing had he been guilty of, that necessitated his sudden departure after dark, and unknown to any one? Vague, sickening fears of some terrible misfortune—all the more terrible because its proportions were unknown to her—haunted her all through the dark hours. She welcomed the daylight, when at length it came, as if it were a friend.

About half-past nine, Ruff sent to inquire whether she was at liberty to see him. It was strange how glad she felt at his coming. Half her troubles seemed to take to themselves wings as he walked in with his bright smile and clear resolute eyes. She advanced to meet him, and held out her hand frankly, blushing a little as she did so, for the remembrance of the past was still upon her.

'I am glad you have come, Ruff,' she said, 'because I have a letter for you which your father left with me last night. He—he has gone away, Ruff; circumstances compelled him to go. But the letter will no doubt tell you everything. She choked back a sob, and then sat down and

waited while Ruff read the letter.

When he had come to the end of it, he slowly refolded it, looking at her with grave, sad eyes as he did so, but not giving utterance to a

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'He has told you more than he told me—I feel sure he has,' said Mrs Roding with a quaver in her voice. 'I neither know why he went away so suddenly, nor where he has gone. I suppose, I may take it as a fact that we are ruined. Your father said I was to rely upon you, and be guided by you in every way. Of course, his wishes are sacred with me; and in any case, in this dreadful state of affairs I should neither know what to do nor where to begin. I am but a poor, weak woman, Ruff, and I must leave everything to you.'

'Rather different this from the Mrs Roding of other days,' was Ruff's unspoken comment. Then he said aloud: 'That my best efforts will be at your service, you may make yourself quite sure, Mrs Roding. Still, I am only a painter, and know little or nothing of what are called business matters. Don't you think that, under the circumstances, it would be a wise thing to take Grandad into our counsels and obtain the benefit of his experience?'

Mrs Roding's eyebrows lifted themselves in sheer astonishment. Call in Mr Roding, senior! Why, he's verging on his second childhood.—Of

what possible assistance could he be?' Grandad is shrewder than you think, Mrs Roding. In any case, his experience would be invaluable to a duffer like me.'

'Just as you please, of course,' she answered

with a shrug. 'Matters are left in your hands, not mine.'

Without more ado, Ruff rang the bell. 'Ask Mr Roding, senior, if he will oblige me by stepping as far as this room,' he said to the servant who answered the summons.

Five minutes later, Grandad's tall, gaunt figure stood framed in the doorway. After bowing gravely to his daughter-in-law, he looked inquiringly at Ruff. Mrs Roding did not speak. The old leaven in her was at variance with the

'Come in, Grandad, and take a seat,' said Ruff cordially. 'We want a little of your advice.'

Mrs Roding screwed up her lips; it was all she could do to resist saying: 'You may want this old man's advice, but I certainly do not.

'You are welcome to it for whatever it may be worth, answered Grandad as he took the proffered chair. 'But what's your difficulty?'

Before going into details, it may be as well that you should read this,' said Ruff as he handed him his father's letter.

Grandad set his spectacles astride his nose, and read the missive through with his usual deliberation. 'A bad state of affairs, very bad indeed,' was his comment as he gave the letter back to Ruff. 'What do you purpose doing?'

That's just the point where your advice is needed. For my part, I must confess that I'm thoroughly fogged. With my father and Grigson both gone, how will it be possible to find out the exact state of affairs?'

'We must begin at the beginning,' said Grandad

coolly.

'That is, if we can find a beginning,' answered Ruff.

'If we can't find one, we must make one. In my opinion, we had better make a start here—that is to say, we had better endeavour to obtain an estimate of the private liabilities before dealing with the business ones.—Does my suggestion fall in with your views, Matilda?'

She only half apprehended his meaning. 'Yes -yes; I suppose so. No doubt, you know best, she answered in some confusion. She could not recollect when he had last called her by her

baptismal name; why should he do so to-day?

From one of his capacious pockets, Grandad produced a memorandum book, and from another a stump of lead-pencil. 'It may be as well to put down the figures as we go along,' he said.

The process took a little time, for Grandad was one of those slow, elaborate writers who cannot bear to be hurried. When he had set down the total, and had verified it by going over the addition a second time, he took off his spectacles and leaned back in his chair. Looking Mrs Roding straight in the face out of his deep, cavernous eyes, he said: 'Perhaps it would interest you to be told the sum-total of this little account?

She was powerless to answer him.

The figures I have just taken down, he went on, represent an aggregate of twelve hundred and ninety-four pounds six shillings and tenpence.'

'Can it be possible!' gasped the helpless

'And this forms only a tithe of Matthew | 'What have I done to deserve so much good-Roding's responsibilities. These, his private debts | ness?' she murmured. 'Nothing—nothing!'

-although not the whole of them-amount to so many hundreds of pounds. His business debts, I have reason to believe, represent nearly as many thousands. And yet, only three years ago, he started afresh in life with a balance of ten thousand pounds and a business unburdened with debt or liability of any kind. It is strange— it is passing strange. He breathed on his spectacles, and began to rub them with the silk handkerchief he reserved for that purpose, He had spoken gravely but dispassionately. There might be an echo of sorrow in his voice; there

was none of anger.

Some minutes elapsed before Mrs Roding could sufficiently command herself; at length she said: 'That we are ruined, I am quite aware, Mr Roding: my husband gave me to understand as much as that before he left home. But if he is to blame—and who can say that he is not?-am not I to blame also? I have not been the wife to him that I ought to have been. Knowing, as I did, his eager, sanguine disposition, his buoyant nature, which nothing can long repress, I ought to have restrained him, instead of urging him on by my example in the mad course he was pursuing. Had it not been for my extravagance and insensate vanity, had he seen that I was determined not to follow in his footsteps, it may be that he would have turned back before it was too late, and this catastrophe might never have come about.' She turned aside to hide the tears she could no longer restrain. 'Oh, Mr Roding, you cannot tell, you do not know, how unhappy I am!' she presently exclaimed.

'I can indeed believe that you are most

unhappy.

'Yes-but there is one thing that makes me more unhappy than all the rest. My husband has left me without telling me where he is gone, or when I shall see him again. That—that is worse than all! I could have borne poverty, have borne anything, as long as we were together. I do not even know what it is that he has done to compel him to leave his home like a thief in the night. Ah! Mr Roding, have you no grain of comfort for me? Cannot you tell me where Matthew is and when I shall see him again? Take pity on me—take pity! She came forward and knelt by his chair, and took one of his gnarled hands in hers and pressed it to her lips and wetted it with her tears. 'I have been a vile, wicked woman-no one knows it better than I know it to-day. All along, I have done my utmost to injure you-you, my husband's father and our most generous benefactor. Ah! it seems incredible-impossible of belief, and yet it is too true. But yours is one of those noble natures which return good for evil, and perhaps, after a time, you may be able to say even to me, "You are forgiven."

Grandad stood up, and taking both her hands in his, raised her to her feet. 'It is said already, if not by my lips, then in my heart, he answered very gently and gravely. Who am I, that I should constitute myself a judge of others? With that he took her face between his hands and tookled her face between his hands and touched her forehead with his lips, as a seal and token that the past was forgotten.

There was a tiny gong close to Grandad's hand; this he now struck three times in quick succession. An instant later, Matthew Roding appeared in the doorway. With a cry that was compounded of joy and utter amazement, his wife sprang forward and flung herself into his arms. Grandad and Ruff turned away, and busied themselves among their papers.

Scarcely was this incident over, when a loud summons at the front door made itself heard through the house, and presently a servant announced, 'Mr Fitch, to see Mr Roding.' Matthew turned pale. 'Twelve o'clock was the hour named, and it is now scarcely eleven.

'Mr Fitch is here at my request,' said Grandad. They all stared at him. 'I sent him a note a couple of hours ago, he went on, 'asking him to come here as early as possible. I thought that I would see him myself, with the view of ascertaining whether there was not a possibility of our being able to arrive at some sort of amicable arrangement.'

Matthew started to his feet. 'Don't see him, father-don't go near him! It is altogether useless; he will only insult you. Leave him to do

his worst.

'Still, now that he is here, I may as well have a word with him, said Grandad with quiet persistency. Then to the servant: 'Show me to the room in which Mr Fitch is waiting.' As he went out, he beckoned Ruff to accompany him.

Mrs Roding could not get over her astonishment at her husband's reappearance. 'It is all through Grandad that you see me here, he said in answer to her questions. 'I was just about to open the door at the bottom of the garden, when he laid his hand on my shoulder. He had been smoking an outdoor pipe in the dark, as he often does. He made me go back with him into his room, and there I opened my heart to him, and told him everything. Would that I had done so six months ago! It was he who counselled me to remain and face whatever might happen. He showed me what a coward's act it would be to take to flight at the very time I ought to stick to my colours like a man. He made me feel ashamed of myself, and that's the truth; and—and so here I am, and here I mean

to stop, come what may.'
'Heaven bless him for giving you back to me!'
said Mrs Roding fervently.—'But here he is.'

Grandad entered smilingly, a slip of paper in his hand. 'Read that,'he said to his son; 'I don't think Mr Fitch will trouble you again in a hurry.

Matthew took the paper and read. It was a receipt in full for two thousand four hundred and odd pounds—the balance, in fact, between the sum due from Fitch for the borrowed money with interest on the same, and the current market value of the Congo bonds which had been deposited as security for the loan.

To Matthew Roding, it seemed as if nothing less than a miracle had been wrought on his have done this, father!' he exclaimed at length. But—but I don't understand — And then

he paused.

"You don't understand where the coin came from to do it with, eh?' said Grandad, rubbing his hands and chuckling to himself. 'Well, well;

I happened to have a little bit hid away in a stocking, and it seemed to me that I could not put it to a better use.'

'Father,' said Matthew, in a voice replete with emotion, you have lifted from my shoulders the heaviest burden of all. This it was that drove me from home, or would have done, but for your intervention.'

At this juncture Ruff returned; he, too, carried a slip of paper, which he gave to Grandad, who, after glancing at it, passed it on to his son. was a receipt for the overdue rent.

For a time Matthew's power of speech seemed to have left him. 'Father, what can I say except that you overwhelm me with humiliation!' he

contrived at length to stammer out.

'Ah, ah, say you so? Just wait till I have done with you,' answered Grandad, at the same time making a sign to Ruff, who again left the room. 'Here is a schedule of your private liabilities,' he went on, 'which, with a few exceptions, will, I believe, be found to be tolerably exhaustive. Now, as there happen to be a few more stivers left where the others came from, I think we couldn't utilise them better than by sweeping these outstandings into limbo and starting afresh with a clean slate. What say you?'

Are you a wizard, father, or what are you?'
Grandad laughed aloud; he was evidently in
the pleasantest of humours; but before he could reply, Ruff and Bunker entered the room. Grandad having motioned to the old clerk to take a chair close by him, drew from his breast-pocket a thick roll of bank-notes. After counting and separating a certain number from the rest, he put the roll back into his pocket. Then turning to Bunker, he said: 'Here are a number of bills which I wish to have settled at once; you will find the address on each of them. And here is a summary showing the aggregate total, together with bank-notes for the amount. Verify the notes, and then set off at once. You will, of course, take a hansom, and you will come back here as soon as you have finished your round.'

'Right you are, sir,' answered Peter as he proceeded to finger and count the notes with his customary business-like deliberation.

While he was thus engaged, Matthew and his wife looked at each other with wonder-stricken eyes. Each knew that the same thought was in the other's mind. The money—the money wherewith these miracles were being workedwhere can that have come from? They were to be enlightened sooner than they imagined.

Taking off his spectacles and leaning forward a little with his arms resting on the table, Abel Roding confronted his son. 'So far, we seem to be threading our way out of the maze,' he said; but it won't do to halloo yet awhile. In the course of the talk you and I had together in my room last night, I think you mentioned that certain accommodation bills of yours, representing somewhere about three thousand pounds, would fall due in the course of the next two or three weeks, and that you had no means whatever of meeting them?'

'That is precisely the state of the case.'

'And there will be some other matters to meet

as well I'
'Undoubtedly—a few. Probably a couple of thousand pounds would cover the lot.

'And your balance at the bank?'

Matthew lifted his shoulders. 'The merest trifle, somewhere about sixty or seventy pounds, I imagine.'

'Then, notwithstanding what has been done already, the Bankruptcy Court still stares you in the face?'

'I see no other prospect before me.'

'Ah, my boy, as we say in the North, you have brought your pigs to a pretty market.' He drummed musingly for a few moments on the table with his fingers. Then turning his keen eyes full on Matthew, he said: 'You look fagged and ill; and no wonder. My advice is, that you and Matilda should start this very day for a month's holiday. Go down to Cumberland—go on the continent—go anywhere, so long as you get a thorough change and leave all your worries behind you.'

Matthew Roding drew a deep breath and flushed to the roots of his hair. 'If I could but do as you suggest, father!' he said. 'But about the acceptances? I cannot run away from my

liabilities.

'You would have done so last night but for me,' answered Grandad with a grim smile. 'As for the acceptances, you will have to leave them and everything else for me to arrange while you are away.'

'Pardon me, father, but I fail to understand

how you intend'-

'Then your wits are scarcely so keen as they used to be. There is but one way of meeting your liabilities honourably, and that is by paying them.—I am not surprised at your astonishment. Allow me to enlighten you. When I transferred my business to you, and lodged ten thousand pounds in your name at the bank, you were under the impression that I had beggared myself to do so. Were you not somewhat of a simpleton to imagine anything of the kind? Ought you not to have known human nature a little better than that? I endowed you with a portion only of my fortune; had that portion been the whole of it, where would you be to-day? You and I courted the fickle goddess in two very different ways. What your way has brought you to is patent to everybody. My method of going to work was the exact opposite of yours. I never speculated rashly; what I made, I invested judiciously, being content with small margins of profit. I never took a step in the dark knowingly. profit. I never took a step in the dark knowingly.

My fortune was the slow patient accumulation of many years. You know the adage-"Many a little makes a mickle;" and my case proved the truth of it.

There was silence for a time after Grandad had ceased speaking. Two at least of his auditors were too amazed for words. What must their

thoughts have been !

'As for the Bankside business,' resumed Grandad after a space—'I should like you to go back to it, on your return from your holiday, by which time Bunker and I will have overhauled affairs and got them a little bit ship-shape. My predecessor made a fortune in the business; I followed suit; and there's time enough for you to do the same, if only you will take to heart the lesson of the past, and keep it in memory through the years to come.—But I am not going to preach at you. The best thing you can do is to send

out for a Bradshaw and get your portmanteau packed.

Everything was carried out in accordance with Grandad's arrangements; and Matthew Roding started life afresh, a humbler and a wiser man, Ruff and Mary were married shortly after, and on their return from their wedding trip, Grandad took up his abode with them. Freddy is in the happy position of having two homes, and he divides his time pretty equally between them.

Of Grigson it may just be recorded that he was arrested in Paris about a month after his flight. Ruff found a photograph of him in an album of Mrs Roding, for the specious, showy clerk had been somewhat of a favourite with his employer's wife. It was through the instrumentality of the photograph in question that he was captured.

# THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AT a meeting lately of the Royal Microscopical Society, Mr Crisp called attention to what he regarded as a misstatement on the part of Sir Henry Roscoe in his Presidential address to the British Association. In this address, Sir Henry Roscoe treated the one-hundred-thousandth part of an inch as the limit of visibility with the highest known magnifying power. Mr Crisp pointed out that the limit of visibility can hardly be definitely stated, but he assumed it to be beyond the one-five-hundred-thousandth part of an inch. Dr Dallinger, the President of the Society, corroborated Mr Crisp's observations, and said that he himself had certainly seen objects which were between the one-two-hundred-thousandth and one-three-hundred-thousandth of an inch. This correction is worth recording, if only as a proof of the marvellous perfection to which the modern microscope has attained.

A French pharmaceutical journal describes a new disinfectant liquid of great efficacy and power which has recently been produced at Paris from coal-oil. In appearance it is a sirupy brown liquid of a not disagreeable odour, which turns milky on the addition of water. It is described as being the result of a peculiar saponification of coal-oil by caustic soda. It can be used for all purposes where disinfection is required. It will destroy moss and fungus on trees; and by sponging a horse with a weak solution of the compound,

aggressive flies are kept away.

A new form of boat, which may be described as a water-bicycle, has recently been tried with success in New York harbour. This curious vessel consists of two cigar-shaped tubes, each twelve feet in length and one foot in diameter, connected together by an iron framework. Between the tubes is a light water-wheel, which is worked by pedals, the navigator being seated upon a bicycle saddle fixed above the wheel. Although, on the day of the experiment, the wind was blowing hard and there was a choppy sea, the novel boat travelled three miles in forty-five minutes.

Some very interesting particulars concerning the art of diamond-cutting were recently contributed to the *Times* by Mr Lewis Atkinson, the

manager of the British diamond industry which attracted so much attention in the Cape of Good Hope Court of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. From this source we learn that up to the end of the year 1885 no fewer than six and a half tons of diamonds had been extracted from the four principal mines of South Africa, the value of the gems being estimated at about forty millions sterling. When these mines were discovered, there was only one diamond-cutter in London, and it became necessary to bring Dutch workers from Amsterdam. These workers struck several times for higher wages; but when, flushed with success, they demanded eighteen pounds per week, they were dismissed, and Englishmen put in their places. The great secret in diamond-cutting is patience,' and for this reason it is thought to be a form of labour peculiarly adapted to women. There are now many diamond-cutters in London in full work, and it is believed that the industry is being rapidly restored to Britain, from which country it migrated to Amsterdam two hundred years ago in consequence of religious persecution. The Americans are credited with being the best judges of diamonds in the world, and it is stated that they buy about three millions-worth annually from English cutters.

About ten years ago, Dr Goodrich of Kensington pointed out the danger which might result from the possibility of disease-germs escaping from the open windows of hospitals; and subsequently other medical men have called attention The late to the same possible source of infection. scarlet-fever epidemic in the metropolis has had the good effect of once more reviving this important question, and it would be well if a special inquiry were undertaken to ascertain whether the evil complained of is real or imaginary. It would be possible to arrange a system of ventilation which would insure the foul air from our hospital wards being passed through a furnace before mingling with the outer atmosphere. On the other hand, would such a course be consistent, while the foul air from our sewers is plentifully

emitted from every street grating?

The system of electric traction for tramcars is steadily advancing, especially in America; and it is prophesied that in another ten years, or thereabouts, horses on tramcars will have been alto-gether superseded, with benefit to man and beast alike; for the poor quadruped of our streets has no harder work to do than the continual stopping and starting of these heavy vehicles. But we cannot boast that humane feelings have had much to do with the change. The fact is, that while horse-flesh costs about fivepence a mile, the electric system is about one penny less; it therefore pays well to be humane in this matter.

The increasing use of the electric light has led to great improvements in the electrodes or carbon rods between which the luminous are is produced. Formerly, these rods were simply sawn from dense gas coke. But it was soon found that the impurities contained in this material led to constant flickerings and other irregularities. So processes for manufacturing the rods were invented and practised, first in France, then in America, and eventually the industry was founded in this country by a Company which has its headquarters at Millwall. In the process adopted at these works—that of Dr Liepmann—specially prepared

coke is first of all pulverised in a disintegrator; it is then hardened by heat, mixed with a tarry compound, and thoroughly incorporated into a plastic mass in a mill. It is afterwards subjected to hydraulic pressure, and forced through dies of different apertures, so as to form rods of various thicknesses. These are cut into twelve-inch lengths, and after being air-dried and straightened, are baked at a red-heat in cast-iron boxes. At the same works, carbon plates for batteries are also made, the weekly output of both rods and

plates being about twenty thousand.

The recent fatal accident in a lead-mine, through the ignition of gas by shot-firing, once more calls attention to the necessity of finding some safer means of blasting rock than is afforded by gunpowder. The offer of Mr Ellis Lever to place in the hands of the Home Secretary the sum of one thousand pounds, to be divided between the inventor of such a boon and the producer of the best safety lamp for miners' use, has, for apparently very inadequate reasons, been rejected by the government. It would seem, however, from recent experiments, that the new explosive, Roburite, described recently by us (No. 203), fulfils all the conditions required. It will do the same amount of work in detaching rock as gunpowder will, while it emits neither flash nor sparks. Experiments made in chambers charged with explosive gases mingled with coal-dust showed that roburite does not ignite them. We trust that these results will be verified by further trials, and that by these means one of the most deadly risks which the miner has to meet with will cease to exist.

It is always a matter for regret, especially for the taxpayer, that our expensive engines of warfare are superseded by something different almost as soon as they are completed. Our smallarms, for instance, have generally been superseded by some other pattern before they have been furnished to all our troops. The torpedo boats about which we have heard so much during the past few years, and which have always been considered such marvels of speed and power in a small compass, are now found to exhibit several grave faults. They are crank, uncomfortable, and wet at sea, and therefore so unpopular with the service, that they are never used except for practice; and even when this happens, some defect is sure to be detected, owing to the idleness to which they have been condemned. So they are to be replaced by a new type of torpedo vessel which shall combine the good qualities of the old boats with the general usefulness of a pinnace. The first boat of the new pattern was lately tried at Poplar, and gave, it is said, great satisfaction to all who watched her performance.

An artificial substitute for gum-arabic which is said to possess the appearance and properties of the genuine article, is described by the American Druggist. It is made as follows: Twenty parts of powdered sugar are boiled in fresh milk seven parts; with this are mixed fifty parts of a thirty-six per cent solution of sodic silicate (waterglass). After cooling to a temperature of one hundred and twenty-two degrees Fahrenheit, the mixture is poured into tin boxes, when the imitation gum separates from it in granular masses. This product cannot be used for adulterating true gum without ready detection.

Methylated spirit is a compound which is used for various purposes in the arts, and is also pretty well known in the domestic household. It consists of spirits of wine rendered nauseous to the taste by the admixture of a certain proportion of wood-naphtha, an addition which is purposely made to it, so that it cannot be used for drinking purposes, to the prejudice of the revenue. It was believed that by no process could its disagreeable smell and taste be taken from it; but this seems to be an erroneous idea. A mineral-water engineer and manufacturer of essences has recently been fined for using this potent spirit in his trade; and it almost raises a smile when we learn that his principal use for the fiery compound has been in the manufacture of essences wherewith to flavour so-called temperance beverages. The analyst at Somerset House who examined some of these sweet compounds deposed that they were composed entirely of methylated spirit diluted with water, and suitably flavoured. The half-gallon of samples purchased from this manufacturer, upon which the prosecution rested, cost twenty-four shillings, while the price of methylated spirit per gallon undiluted is three shillings and sixpence. It is an uncomfortable thought that other popular drinks may be added to by the same vile compound.

In Germany, paving-stones are being manufactured by a new method. The material is a kind of brick made by mixing finely ground red argillaceous slate and ground clay, with five per cent. of iron ore added to the mixture. This compound is moistened with a solution of sulphate of iron to which fine iron ore has been added; it is next formed into slabs by pressure, and submitted for several hours to the action of

a furnace.

In the recent review of 'The Progress of Preventive Medicine during the Victorian Era,' which formed the subject of Dr Thorne Thorne's address to the Epidemiological Society, a good deal of attention was directed to the gradual decline of smallpox in this country. In the period between the years 1838–1842, the deaths from this disease in England amounted to 57°2 per hundred thousand living. In the similar period of five years 1880–1884, the death-rate had sunk to 6°5 per hundred thousand. It is believed that vaccination has not only had a direct influence in this marvellous reduction in the number of victims to a terrible scourge, but has also to some extent acted indirectly, in rendering the disease.

It is a matter of common knowledge that indiarubber tubing gradually loses its elasticity, and becomes so hard that it will readily crack by pressure with the fingers. This alteration of structure is said to be due to the gradual formation of sulphuric acid, by the action of the atmosphere upon the sulphur contained in the material, and which is added to it in the vulcanising process. The deterioration can be obviated by occasionally washing the tubing with a weak alkaline solution.

An interesting paper on 'Primary Batteries for Illuminating Purposes' was recently read at a ago, I tried the effect of good thick sweet cream meeting of the Society of Engineers by the past stirred into very hot milk, that is, immediately President, Mr Nursey. We may broadly say that after boiling. The mixture remained, as I had such an exposition of the capabilities of these

batteries was much wanted, for new kinds are constantly being invented, and many of them are much vaunted by those who have an interest in their commercial success. After describing the best known of these batteries, Mr Nursey suggested that they should be submitted to a committee of independent electricians, chemists, engineers, and others, so that each battery might be subjected to a rigorous test. In this way alone the survival of the fittest would be secured, and investors would save their capital. In the discussion which followed the reading of the paper, Mr Preece, whose position at the Post-office has given him great experience of the behaviour of all kinds of batteries, expressed himself as being to a certain extent an opponent of primary batteries. He believed that any attempt at lighting mansions or houses by their aid must end in failure. One point in his remarks is especially worthy of notice. The inventors of new batteries are very fond of saying that the by-products will almost pay the expense of maintenance. Mr Preece tells us that in the Post-office are some five hundred thousand batteries, the products of which are of course very weighty. These products, however, have never yet paid the cost of collection.

A new process has been patented in America for the manufacture of tin plates of great length. The substratum is of steel, which, first rolled hot, and then cold, is gradually reduced to the required thickness. The surface of the metal is next secured; and then, in the form of a continuous plate, it is fed into a bath of molten tin. After the metal has received in this way a coating of tin on both sides, it is passed between highly polished rolls under immense pressure, by which means the tin and steel are so consolidated together that the finished plate is superior in every

respect to the ordinary article.

There was recently sold in London six tons of ivory sent by Stanley from the Congo via Belgium. The weight and quality were considered good; and Messrs Rodgers and Sons, the great cutters of Sheffield, were the buyers. It is stated that this firm consumes annually the ivory produced by eight hundred elephants. At this rate of consumption, the increase in value of this beautiful material, and the threatened extinction of the elephant, are not to be wondered at. It seems that the African ivory-dealers are quite as expert at trade tricks as are the members of more civilised communities. They have discovered the advantage of pouring lead into the cavity of the ivory tusk to increase its weight, a mode of deception which often remains undiscovered until the workman saws the tusk asunder, when the teeth of the tool break against the inserted metal. As ivory is twelve shillings a pound, the fraud is a profitable one.

Mr Tuer, of the Leadenhall Press, writes us as follows with regard to the use of cream with hot milk for the weakly: 'The value of cream as a nourishing and sustaining food is well understood; but it is a food apt to disagree. If mixed with milk before boiling, cream becomes partially coagulated; and cold milk with added cream is difficult of digestion. Some months ago, I tried the effect of good thick sweet cream stirred into very hot milk, that is, immediately after boiling. The mixture remained, as I had become posterily limited and without tonderer.

to coagulate. Grateful to the palate and easily assimilated, I find, from daily experience, that a full mid-day meal of this food—at all times, for the weakly, infinitely superior to cod-liver oil—consisting of a quarter of a pint of cream, a pint to a pint and a half of milk, and a due proportion of bread, may be taken even by a dyspeptic like myself without fear of after-discomfort.'

#### NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

SILENT we stand 'neath the wintry sky;
The minutes are going fast;
When out on the midnight air there rings
The sound of the bells at last;
Clashing and chiming the Old Year out,
As we stand at the New-Year's door,
Waiting with half-reluctant steps
To cross its threshold o'er.

Full of changes the Past has been;
And changes will come again,
Bringing their wealth of untold joy,
Or a weight of infinite pain;
Loosening our hold on earthly things
And pleasures, so transient here;
Welcoming in fresh loves and lives,
And parting with those held dear.

As we look back with a lingering glance
O'er bygone months and days,
How little we find for murmuring,
How much we find for praise!
Should we, then, hesitate to cross
And enter another year,
Rich in that all-sufficing love
That casts out every fear?

Hush! For one moment, silence reigns;
Stilled is the merry din;
Quietly let the Old Year go,
And let the New pass in;
Only an instant, and then, with a rush,
As if all the bells of earth
Had caught the sound and lent their voice,
Is welcomed the New-Year's birth.

Mena Bielby.

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